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FALSTAFF. "Bardolph, follow him: a tapster is a good trade."—*Act I., Scene III.*

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. DECEMBER, 1889. No. CCCCLXXV.

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

I.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"NEVER was theatrical enterprise so hurried as this, and it is a new thing, perhaps, to invent, write, learn, and play a comedy in a fortnight." So says Molière in the preface to *Les Fâcheux*, which was acted at Vaux, in Fouquet's great and final fête, the cause and scene of his fall, on August 17, 1661. In bragging of his speed, or rather in excusing the faults of his play by reason of its too prompt execution, Poquelin reckoned without his Shakespeare. The *Merry Wives of Windsor*, if tradition speak truth, was invented, written, committed to memory, rehearsed, and acted in a fortnight. Shakespeare is not easy to beat in any department of his art, and he who "never blotted a line" could work as quickly as Molière, with all the tags and *chevilles* which M. Scherer used to deplore. Both men—both Molière and Shakespeare—were managers and actors first, authors afterwards. They were obliged to supply the wants of their companies, and to meet the demands of the people, the monarch, or the great nobles, without dreaming much about immortal fame. It is amusing to think of Shakespeare's quandary, if the Baconian theory of the authorship were correct, to fancy Shakespeare rushing to Bacon with the news that the Queen wanted a comedy in a fortnight, and that comedy on Falstaff in love! Verulam must have been hardly put to it in that active fortnight, between his legal duties, his writing, and the rehearsals.

Guess and tradition fill most of the vacant spaces in our knowledge of Shakespeare. As to the traditions about the *Merry Wives*, we may admit that the nature of the play justifies them, and therefore, perhaps, it originally suggested them. About *Les Fâcheux*, M. Jules Lemaître observes that, whether it were written in a fortnight or not, it reads as if it had been. The same criticism holds true about the *Merry Wives*. It is a hasty work, and looks hasty. Again, if Elizabeth did not command the play, and give the hint about Falstaff in love, she well might have done so. That her victorious and virginal Majesty admired Sir John is very much to her credit. It shows that as she had a more than womanly courage, and,

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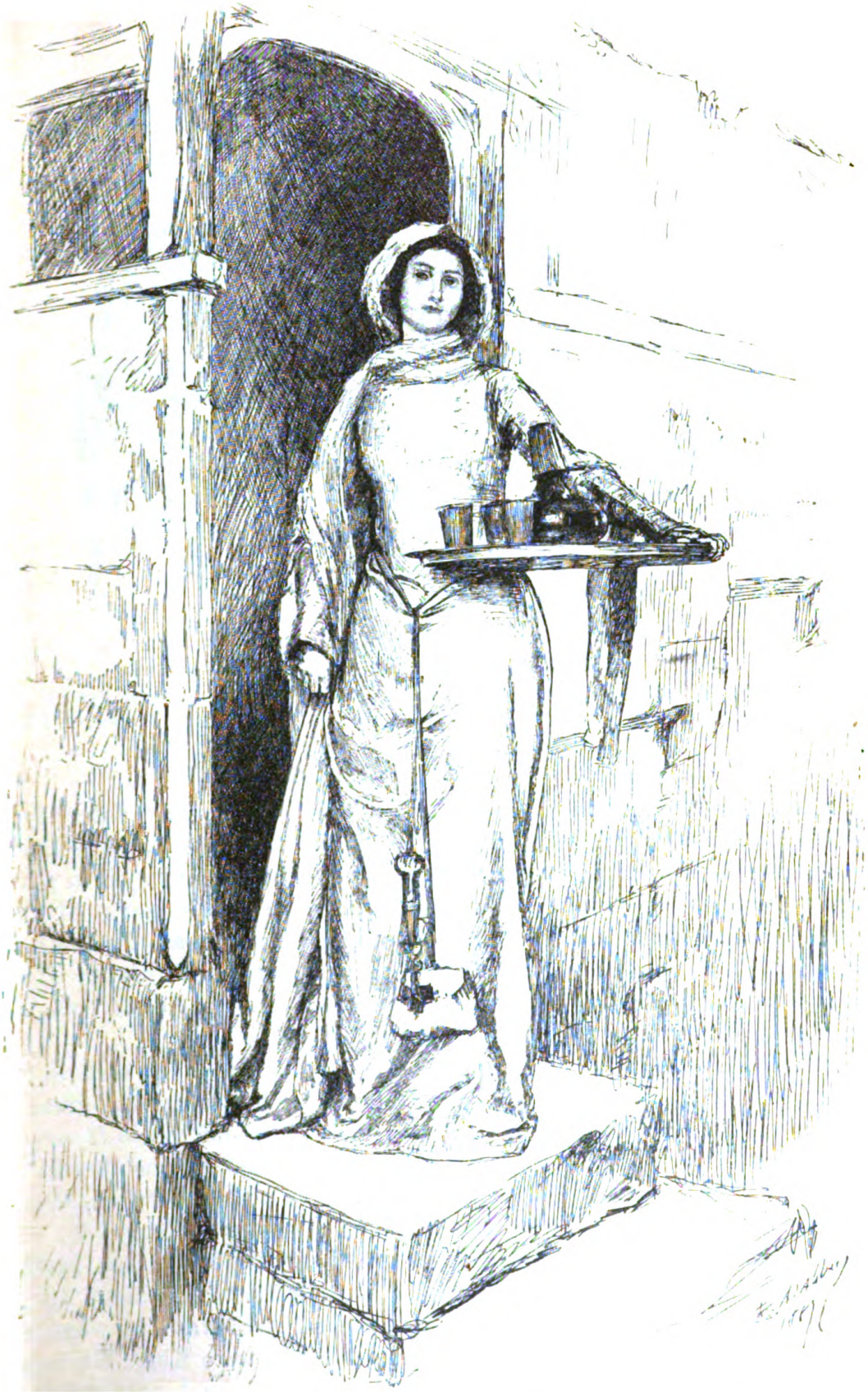
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like her father King Harry, "loved to look on a man," so she had a more than womanly humor. The fat knight is one of the characters who make women like Mrs. Pendennis regard Shakespeare with that lady's unfriendly eyes, Shakespeare, "whom she pretended to like, but didn't." Falstaff is the character that Rabelais would have drawn if he could: compare him with Father John of the Funnels and with Panurge; how much more godlike jovial is the knight! All his days Rabelais was unconsciously striving to invent Falstaff, feeling after him, and never finding him! M. Darmesteter says that Falstaff is a type of the lower form of British gayety, ever coarse when not bitter. In coarseness Rabelais can give many points to Sir John, who, as for bitterness, had no gall.

Beloved knight! Compare his frank robberies with Panurge's many evil and disgusting ways of getting money. Observe the poetry of Sir John's maraudings: "Let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the night's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, *minions of the moon*." It is a merry harvest-moon that looks down upon Sir John with her golden eye—a gay Selene that loves this portly Endymion, "little better than one of the wicked." Of the knight surely that gentle German professor was thinking, who, when his country-folk said that the English "had no philosophy," replied, "Yes, they have their humor." The rascal has given us medicines to make us love him; we have drunk medicines; he is the most comparative, rascallest, sweet old knave. But sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, old Jack Falstaff! we do not look for ladies' love for thee, and all the more honor to Elizabeth, if, indeed, she loved thee well! Nor do we expect the fat knight, who was "as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be," to sigh much after ladies. "Falstaff in love" is a paradox; he pretends an affection for Mistress Ursula, "whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair of my chin." Who was Mistress Ursula—does Dr. Furnivall know?—the lady of penetration that sighed for Sir John? She cannot be the hostess to whom he swore upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, she to whom, if he were an honest man, he "owed himself and the money too," she who admitted that "an honester and truerhearted man!"—with an amorous aposiopesis. No, Sir John was not the knight for ladies' love, and when Shakespeare, "our humble author," promised to "continue the story with Sir John in it," we cannot think that Sir John was to be an amorist. Queen Elizabeth may have suggested the idea, as tradition declares, and Shakespeare may have worked it out in a fortnight, and so we have the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

These traditions are not very early, nay, in a literary form, in printed books, they appear very late. In 1702, John Dennis, he of the Phrenzy, put forth his *Comical Gallant*, an improved version of the *Merry Wives*. In his "epistle dedicatory" he says that Queen Elizabeth commanded the piece, and had it done in a fortnight,

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ENTER MISTRESS ANNE PAGE WITH WINE.—*Act I., Scene I.*

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MISTRESS QUICKLY. "Have not your worship a wart above your eye?"
—*Act I., Scene IV.*

nor is it impossible that the preface to *Les Fâcheux* itself suggested to English minds this legend of expeditious work. Between 1661 and 1702 a French fact had time to develop into an English myth. It is Rowe who, in his *Life of Shakespeare* (1709), says that the Queen "was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry IV.*, that she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love." In 1710, Gildon "is very well assured" that the Queen "had obliged Shakespeare to write a play of Sir John Falstaff in love,"—a play achieved in a fortnight, "a prodigious thing when all is so well contrived, and carried on without confusion." As the first quarto edition of the play dates from 1601–2, the tradition was a century old before winning its way into print. The title-page of the quarto of 1602 says that it has been acted "Both before her Majestie and elsewhere," and there proof and traditions end, and guessing begins.

We do not know for certain the place of the play in chronological series. Though Falstaff dies in *Henry V.*, there is no reason why he should not be revived in a piece of which the action is in the reign of Henry IV. But *is* Henry IV. on the throne still, in the *Merry Wives?* A passage in Act III., Scene II., reads as if he were not; as if Henry V. were King. It is said of Fenton that he kept "company with the wild Prince and Poins," and

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SLENDER. "Why do your dogs bark so?"—*Act I., Scene I.*

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this reads as if that wild fellowship were now a thing of the past.

On the other hand, in the quarto, an early piratical edition, Falstaff supposes the Fairies to be "the wild Prince stealing his father's deer," which proves that contemporaries thought Henry IV. was King, even if the words are not Shakespeare's.

It is not an important matter, as Shakespeare had an undoubted right, after killing Sir John in one play, to give us a chance adventure of his earlier days in another and later piece. There is a great deal of learning about Shallow, and the supposed caricature of Sir Thomas Lucy, and the "luces" in his coat of arms. When we say that there is "a great deal of learning" about any matter, we generally mean that nothing concerning it is known and much is guessed. In examining some boys once on Shakespeare, I received one answer to this effect: "We have been told till we are tired to death of hearing it, that Greene called Shakespeare a *Shake-scene*." I confess that I am tired to death of being told about Sir Thomas Lucy and the deer and the rabbits. As Dr. Johnson said concerning the Second Punic War, I never wish to hear of it again as long as I live. The tale about Lucy and the bucks is in Rowe, 1709, and was written down earlier by the Rev. R. Davies, who died in 1707, and who might have been better employed than in collecting and perpetuating such tattle. Davies was such an ass that he calls Sir Thomas Lucy "Sir Lucy," and makes him out to be "Justice Clodpate," as if Shakespeare ever introduced a Justice Clodpate. If Shakespeare poached, he only did what most of us have done when we were young, and had the chance. The Lucys carry three luces, or pikes, in their shields, not a dozen, like Shallow. The whole question, even if it could be answered with certainty, is not worth the gallons of ink that have been spilt over it, and might well be left, with the authorship of Junius's Letters, and the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, as a happy hunting-ground for bores.

The *Merry Wives of Windsor* is not one of the best of Shakespeare's plays; it is one of the least good, as is natural. We can hardly suppose that he wrote it out of his natural vein: he knew better than to introduce Falstaff in love: he was lowering the delightful character to the level of a royal or of a popular demand.

Falstaff "cannot cog," he is no "lisping hawthorn bud"—very far from it—"that smells like Bucklersbury in simple-time." It is with a visible struggle that he quotes Sidney, "Have I caught my lovely jewel?"

Moreover, the piece has reached us in poor and more or less apocryphal condition. The quarto clearly does not exactly represent the original. It is a piratical publication, like Neufvillenaine's piracy of Molière's *Sganarelle, ou le Cocu Imaginaire.** The quarto is a bad text; the folio is not a good text; "each in turn convicts the other as imperfect." We do not know whether their imperfections are departures from one common original, or whether each is untrue to a different original—one a sketch, the other

* See Grigg's fac-simile, with Mr. Daniel's Introductions, to which much is owed here.

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MISTRESS FORD. "Why, this is the very same: the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?"—*Act II., Scene I.*

a completed work. There is a conspicuous muddle in Act III., Scene V., where a whole day and night appear to pass in the course of a single scene, Mr. Daniel says, though I confess that I do not read the passage in the same way. The action seems to me to occur on the morning after Falstaff's ducking, and very early in the morning. Mr. Daniel says it is the afternoon of the day of that misadventure. But "this is affectations." The text

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is corrupt; the piece was hurried and palpably forced: the low comedy of Sir Hugh Evans and Dr. Caius is not an example of Shakespeare's best low comedy. Yet how much would be lost, how many familiar phrases, how charming a picture of an English girl is Anne Page, how delightful a set of fools in Shallow and Slender, if the *Merry Wives* had perished! Here, for once, we have Shakespeare's humor playing among domestic scenes, under Windsor towers, in Datchet mead, among his own people, without much intermixture of higher poetry, or of historical events. To be sure, many of his characters, in whatever costumes they appear, and in whatever country or age they exist, are pure English. But in the *Merry Wives* they are all at home, among the fields they knew, in the houses of massive oaken wood-work, under the red-tiled roofs, full of their local humors, their ordinary affairs, their usual sports. We could hardly expect to hear of "Banbury cheese" in Venice or Verona, or of Banbury cakes, so familiar by name to the modern traveller on the Great Western Railway. The mill-sixpence and the two Edward shovel-boards that Slender lost are of a native currency, and the baiting of *Sackerson* was no doubt a manly though now extinct British form of bear-fight. The very color of Elizabeth's time is over the scene, as when Shallow, like Mercutio, disdains "your passes, stocadoes, and I know not what" of the Italian fencing-masters, then famous and formidable, and swears by his "long sword," one of those immeasurable tucks which were beginning to go out before a lighter and nimbler rapier. It cannot surely be that in William Page we have the first sketch of an Eton boy? He is a very early British school-boy, at all events, and Windsor is not far from Eton. He learns such Latin grammar as Shakespeare, with Mr. Donnelly's leave, may have acquired at the school of Stratford-on-Avon. William comes to trouble over his *accusativo*, but he is a good *sprag* memory on the whole, and one of the few school-boys whom Shakespeare thought fit to bring on the stage. He is not prone to design the absurd, unconscious humors of boyhood. He needed his boys for girls' parts.

The fat woman of Brentford is another local and transitory "Humor."

We cannot tell how loudly our forefathers roared when Sir John appeared in the costume of this familiar and diverting matron. The fun was almost entirely "topical" and temporary, but no doubt it was excellent fooling while *Gillian* of Brentford was a popular example of corpulence in womankind. Falstaff "in the stocks for a witch" would have been a sight so mirth-moving that we almost wonder at Shakespeare's moderation in not exposing the knight to that unexpected discredit.

The number of quotable and much quoted things in the *Merry Wives* is considerable. Shakespeare had an extraordinary knack of saying what would bear repetition, and prove a future *bon-mot*, in all manner of altered circumstances. How often have we not occasion to remark with Nym, "His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it." But how seldom, alas! in the changes and chances of

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MISTRESS QUICKLY. "Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful."—*Act II., Scene II.*

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FALSTAFF. "O, sir!"
FORD. "Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have."—*Act II., Scene II.*

mortal dinner parties, can one observe about the lady who sits next him at the feast, "I spy entertainment in her"! "You are not young, no more am I," is a quotation more frequently appropriate, though never to be ventured. Again, "He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor"—how well it corresponds with the charming modern vulgarism, "George is a general courter, up with all, on with none." Often we are tempted to exclaim with Shallow, "Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page." Nor is any quotation from all Shakespeare more frequently in the human mouth than that of Mrs. Page, "What the dickens." "The wild

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Prince and Poins," spoken of by Mr. Page, runs now as a mere household word; and a household word is the jolly host's description of Fenton: "He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day, he smells April and May." This is Chaucerian: "He was as fresh as the spring," her "April eyes," in Theocritus, when the poet sings of the fairest water-fairy. A more formidable stock quotation is borrowed from sweet Anne Page:

> "O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
> Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!"



SIMPLE. "Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh."
—*Act III., Scene I.*

moneth of May." Who but Shakespeare could have put the essence of youth into so few words, and those in the Host's mouth? "Eyes of youth" are as beautiful as Nycheia's "eyes of

Many speak of "a kind of alacrity in sinking," with a vague idea that they are citing Swift or Pope, or the Essay on the Bathos! They are indebted to Sir John when he had so

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much more "ford" than he wanted. This is one of the qualities in Falstaff which our humble author had no difficulty in carrying on from his more important plays, namely, the good knight's good-humor about his bulk. "What a thing should I have been had I been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy."

If a mere penman may criticise an artist, it might perhaps be suggested that Mr. Abbey's Sir John is hardly "swelled" enough. Most of us who have lost the salt of our youth made Falstaff's acquaintance in Kenny Meadow's illustrated Shakespeare. There, the knight was indeed a mountain of mummy, and we can hardly think of him as one who could at most merely "burst a try-your-weight machine." Illustrators have a great responsibility; the old can make their own characters to their own fancy, but children believe in the first portraits they meet. If the Shakespearian heroines could be photographed from the retina of *my* mind's eye, I fear they would be of the variety of women which flourished in Books of Beauty when the century was scarce middle-aged.

It is impossible, perhaps, to maintain that the *Merry Wives* is absolutely worthy of Shakespeare. We have to allow, and we do allow, for hurry, for hack-work on a commission, for the impossibility of the subject. And yet we do not enjoy seeing Shakespeare treat Falstaff so lightly. Would Sir John have been concerned in the theft of the handle of Mistress Bridget's fan: "Didst thou not share, hadst thou not fifteen pence?" This was unworthy of the fat "minion of the moon." Perhaps the petty larceny may justify those who think that the action is laid between Falstaff's loss of favor and his death. "The King has killed his heart," and he may have descended, when his gallant heart was killed, to fifteen pence for a third share in a stolen fan handle. On the other hand, a knight whose heart was killed by the very blackest example of even royal ingratitude recorded, is hardly the jolly knight who meets us in the *Merry Wives*. The truth is that Shakespeare did not trouble himself with these very petty considerations of time and place, either in this play or any others. He had to show Sir John making love, and he surrounded him with English folk, and he drew the jealous Ford with a freedom very unlike that of Molière. So frequently does Molière introduce the passion of jealousy, serious in Don Garcie, and only not quite serious in Arnolphe and George Dandin, that we may misdoubt he knew it only too well. The husband of Armande Béjart was likely to know it. We can even be almost sorry for poor Arnolphe, and the son-in-law of the De Sotenvilles. They prove that Dr. Caius was wrong when he said, "It is not jealous in France, by Gar; 'tis no de fashion of France." But Ford's "fantastical humors and jealousies" are purely comic. English middle-class life is *not* jealous, and we know that Mr. Ford has no occasion for his mad humors.

Molière's husbands are much less unequivocally unfortunate in their wives, and he has a kind of sympathy with the men, and you hear the sigh from the lips of the comic mask.

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FENTON. "And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property."—*Act III., Scene IV.*

But Shakespeare has no resentment for "those pretty wrongs that liberty commits."

In *England* "it is not jealous." The Merry Wives themselves are as English as cowslips, or trout, or cricket. Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford, with their innocent audacities, "not frugal of their mirth," and their outspoken humors, are daughters of old Honesty. As to "fair Mistress Anne," what more can one say than Dame Quickly says, "Anne is a good girl," or than Fenton says, "Pretty Mistress Anne," or than Slender says, "O, sweet Anne Page!" How gracious is her modesty. "May be, he tells you true," when Page has told Fenton, "'Tis a thing impossible he should love her, but as a property." How very courteously she depresses Shallow; "Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself." Anne Page passes like the Lady in *Comus*, like the Fairy Queen whose part she plays, through these big brawlers, "athwart the swag-

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gering vein" of Ancient Pistol, and unharmed among the complacencies of Mistress Quickly, grandmother of Madame Cardinal, and daughter of Lucian's wicked, well-tempered old woman in the *Dialogues of Hetæræ*.

Mistress Quickly, too, is a type, an eternal type, with her excellent good-humor and unconscious absence of conscience. What would John Bunyan have made of incorrigible Mrs. Quickly had he met her in the booths of Vanity Fair?

O strange variety of humor and of genius! Had Bunyan, had Pascal, got their way, all that changeful world of good and bad, of happy temper and seared conscience, would vanish in a solemn and pious uniformity. Molière and Shakespeare would have no subjects; Shallow would be wise, Sir John devout, Mistress Quickly penitent, the Host a Quietist; Pistol would be hanged, and Nym sent to the galleys. Vanity Fair would fade like a mirage, the booths would be rattled down, the merry fife and drum would be silenced, the paint would be washed off Doll's blowsy cheeks; Master Fenton would be droning a psalm. Every man and woman would be serious in this serious world, where we find ourselves, as in Pascal's parable, like lonely, shipwrecked, ignorant adventurers. So it would be, so it should be, if Bunyan and Pascal had their way. And in what case would Molière and Shakespeare be found? and where would art be, and where comedy, and where life? A mad world indeed it is, and how we should miss the madness, if it fled, improved away; and miss the Merry Wives, and Falstaff, and Ford, and Pistol, and Slender: the fools, the fribbles, the benevolent naughtinesses of our race!

There is one part of the *Merry Wives* which especially seems to favor the belief that the piece was originally a Court diversion. The scene with the false fairies has the sportive character, and the touch of ballet, which such courtly pastime preferred. It is curious to compare the false fairies of the *Merry Wives* with the true fairies of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, that most fairy piece of writing in the world. Probably the serious and poetic sprites are the earlier.

The quarto of the *Dream* is dated 1600, but the comedy is mentioned two years before in the *Palladis Tamia* (1598). So to Shakespeare's fancy, his Welsh fairy, and the rest of his masquerading citizens, may have been an English rendering, almost an intentional travesty, of those Athenian fays, more sweet of voice than the Nereides, who departed, the wedding over,

> "Following darkness like a dream."

The Windsor sprites begin by being prosaic enough, and the very slang of the stage comes in when they cry,

> "Go, get us *properties*,
> And tricking for our fairies;"

or,

> "....wherein fat Falstaff
> *Hath a great scene.*"

But when once the fairy queen of these mimic imps appears, the Poet cannot help himself, but must make her poetical, nay, must show his old sympathies with the fantastic folk and knowledge of their world.

> 'Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
> You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,

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EVANS. "Come hither, William; hold up your head; come."
—*Act IV., Scene I.*

You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes."

Orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, these are indeed the fairies, the shadows of the ancient dead, of the old classic gods, unredeemed, who dwell in their own allotted half-world of reflected light, and double shadow, the Court of Queen Proserpina.

"Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins." This is their little part in the moral government of things, the every-day or every-night duty, so peasant belief held, of

"We fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream."

The dread Hecate became, in the middle ages, the sovereign of mere moonlit mischief.

But the pure poetry of old loyalty reasserts itself in this courtly command:

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"Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

* * * * * *

And *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white."

Then the poetry vanishes with the fays, who brought it, as only to Shakespeare they could bring it, for he, too, like Corneille, had his *lutin*, his brownie, who never deserted him when he sang of the border of two worlds, and the realms between night and light, between ghosts and men.

The Ettrick Shepherd, in a burst of confidence, once assured Sir Walter Scott, "Awm the chief of a far higher schule than yours, the Mountain and Fairy schule."

But the good Shepherd overestimated himself. The Fairy school hath had but one chief—Shakespeare—and Herrick is his ancient.

Shakespeare brings fairies into the brawl of his Windsor farce, and poetry steals in with them, like moonlight on a street, hushing the din, and bathing the commonplace in beauty.

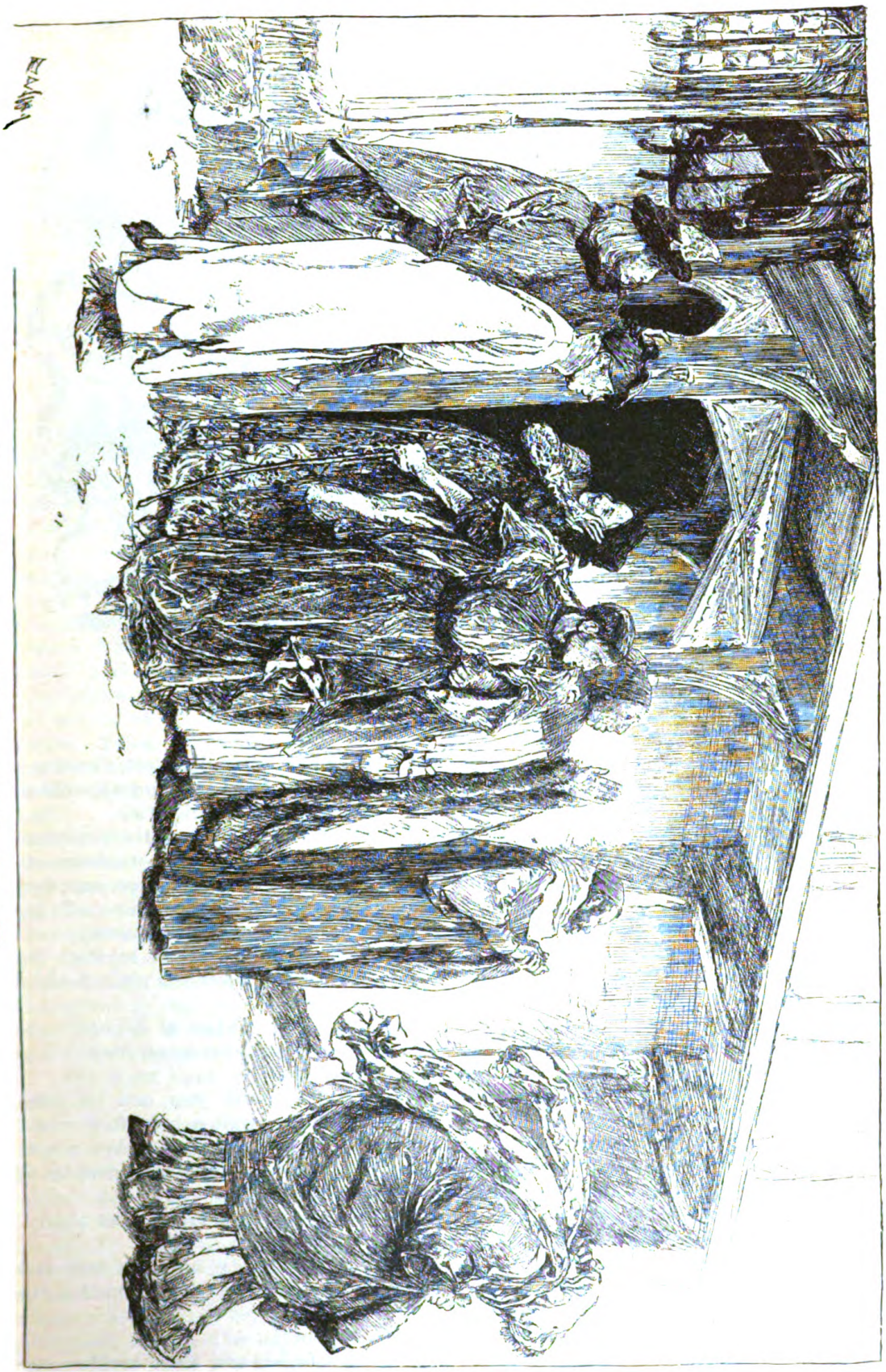
The world changes, and England with it; for many a hundred years. Till time turns, and the good times come again, we shall have no such merry, loyal, kindly England. These old towers of Windsor shall be "dispeopled of their dreams," of pixies that attend the sacred halls of kings and sow their royal mottoes in the blazonment of flowers. The Windsor of Falstaff's time has long passed away; the bricks are not alive to testify to it. Only such immemorial oaks as that of Herne the hunter endure—trees that have beheld many a changing age, and that were young in the ancient world.

The old English character, the frank, broad gayety, has been altered too, and is altering and souring under the stress of science and numbers. The struggle for life existed then, but the poet could feign to be deaf when it cried and shrieked. There is no chance now of being deaf, no hope now of being merry and quiet. Loyalty goes near to being as extinct as belief in witchcraft; Falstaff's ragged regiment would be socialists:

"Fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbows at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell horror and confusion."

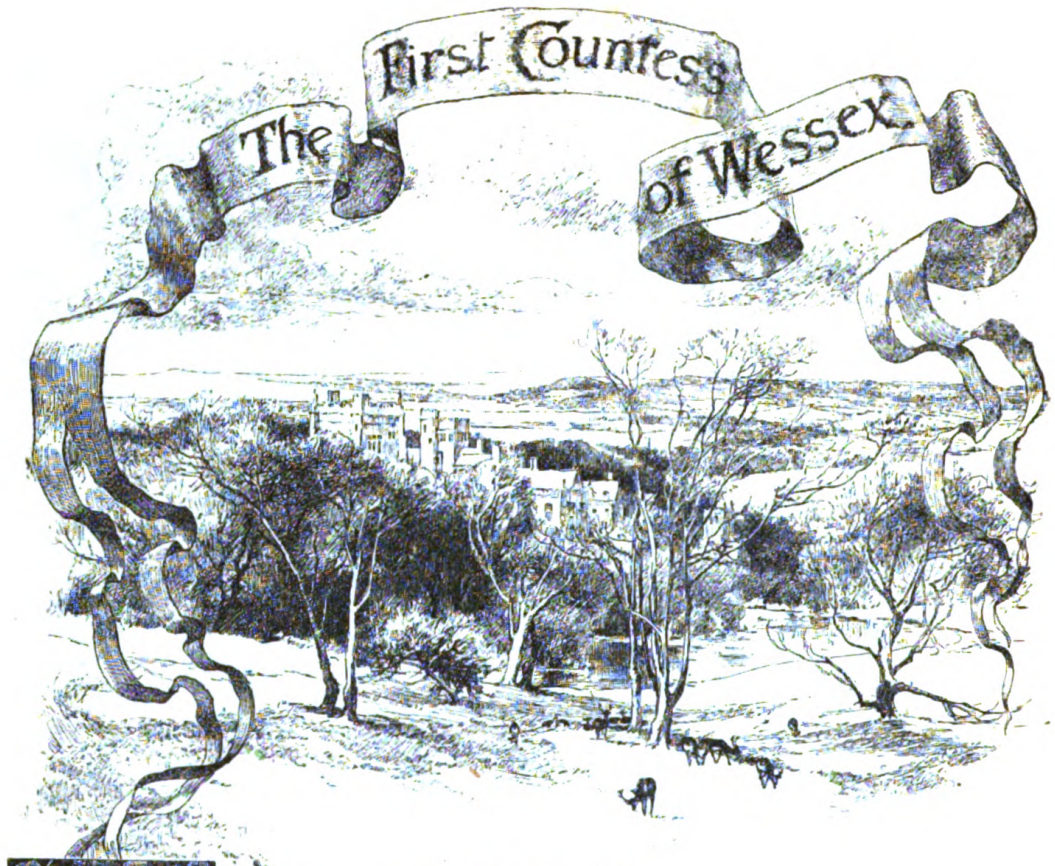
The whirligig of time and death must run its round, ere ever they bring back Shakespeare's England out of the dust of years, bring back sweet Thames running softly to hear the song, and fairies dancing to their own music beneath the moon. But in the enchanted pages the old world dwells secure, the world of this England, this gem set in the silver sea, with her yeomen, her sweet Anne Pages, her Dame Quickly, Shallow, Slender. Like flowers pressed in an ancient book, yet no *siccus hortus*, but blossoming with all their scent and sap, they lie in Shakespeare's pages, and you have but to throw down the half-penny newspapers, to open the volume, and your life is that you would gladlier have lived in the larger, airier, more kindly and congenial days, "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

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FORD. "Hang her, witch!"—*Act IV., Scene II.*

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BY THOMAS HARDY.

I.

KING'S - HINTOCK COURT, one of the most imposing of the mansions that overlook the beautiful White-Hart or Blackmore Vale, rose in the lonely silence of a calm clear night, lit only by the pulsating stars. The season was winter, in days long ago, the last century having run but a little more than a third of its career. North, south, and west, not a casement was unfastened, not a curtain undrawn; eastward, one window on the upper floor was open, and a girl of thirteen or fourteen was leaning over the sill. That she had not taken up the position for purposes of observation was apparent at a glance, for she kept her eyes covered with her hands.

The room the girl occupied was an inner one of a suite, to be reached only by passing through a large bedchamber adjoining. From this apartment voices in altercation were audible, everything else in the building being so still. It was to avoid listening to these voices that the girl had left her little cot, thrown a garment round her head and shoulders, and stretched into the night air.

But she could not escape the conversation, try as she would. The words reached her in all their painfulness, one sentence in masculine tones, those of her father, being repeated many times.

"I tell 'ee there shall be no such betrothal! I tell 'ee there sha'n't! A child like her!"

She knew the subject of dispute to be herself. A cool feminine voice, her mother's, replied:

"Have done with you, and be wise. He is willing to wait a good five or six years before the marriage takes place, and there's not a man in the county to compare with him."

"It shall not be. He is over thirty. It is wickedness."

"He is just thirty, and the best and finest man alive — a perfect match for her."

"He is poor."

"But his father and elder brothers are made much of at court—none so constantly at the palace as they; and with her

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fortune, who knows? He may be able to get a barony."

"I believe you are in love with en yourself!"

"How can you insult me so, Thomas! And is it not absurd for you to talk of my wickedness when you have a like scheme in your own head? You know you have. Some bumpkin of your own choosing—some petty gentleman who lives down at that outlandish place of yours, Falls-Park—one of your pot-companions' sons—"

There was an outburst of imprecation on the part of her husband in lieu of further argument. As soon as he could utter a connected sentence he said: "You crow and you domineer, mistress, because you are heiress-general here. You are in your own house; you are on your own land. But let me tell 'ee that if I did come here to you instead of taking you to me, it was done at the dictates of convenience merely. H—! I'm no beggar! Ha'n't I a place of my own? Ha'n't I an avenue as long as thine? Ha'n't I beeches that will more than match thy oaks? I should have lived in my own quiet house and land, contented, if you had not called me off with your airs and graces. Faith, I'll go back there; I'll not stay with thee longer! If it had not been for our Betty I should have gone long ago!"

After this there were no more words, but presently hearing the sound of a door opening and shutting below, the girl again looked from the window. Footsteps crunched on the gravel-walk, and a shape in a drab great-coat, easily distinguishable as her father, withdrew from the house. He moved to the left, and she watched him diminish down the long east front till he had turned the corner and vanished. He must have gone round to the stables.

She closed the window and shrank into bed, where she cried herself to sleep. This child, their only one, Betty, beloved ambitiously by her mother, with uncalculating passionateness by her father, was frequently made wretched by such episodes as this, though she was too young to care very deeply, for her own sake, whether her mother betrothed her to the gentleman discussed or not.

The Squire had often gone out of the house in this manner, declaring that he would never return, but he had always reappeared in the morning. The present occasion, however, was different in the issue: next day she was told that her father had ridden to his estate at Falls-Park early in the morning on business with his agent, and might not be back for some days.

II.

Falls-Park was over twenty miles from King's-Hintock Court, and was altogether a more modest centre-piece to a more modest possession than the latter. But as Squire Dornell came in view of it that February morning, he thought that he had been a fool ever to leave it, though it was for the sake of the greatest heiress in Wessex. Its classic front, of the period of the second Charles, derived from its regular features a dignity which the great battlemented heterogeneous mansion of his wife decidedly lacked. Altogether he was sick at heart, and the gloom which the densely timbered park threw over the scene did not tend to remove the depression of this rubicund man of eight-and-forty, who sat fifteen stone upon his mare. The child, his darling Betty: there lay the root of his trouble. He was unhappy when near his wife, he was unhappy when away from his little girl, and from this dilemma there was no practicable escape. As a consequence he indulged rather freely in the pleasures of the table, became what was called a three-bottle man, and, in his wife's estimation, less and less presentable to her polite friends from town.

He was received by the two or three old servants who were in charge of the lonely place, where a few rooms only were kept habitable for his use or that of his friends when hunting; and during the day he was made more comfortable by the arrival of his faithful servant Tupcombe from King's-Hintock. But after a day or two spent here in solitude he began to feel that he had made a mistake in coming. By leaving King's-Hintock in his anger he had thrown away his best opportunity of counteracting his wife's preposterous notion of promising his poor little Betty's hand to a man she had hardly seen. To protect her from such a repugnant bargain he should have remained on the spot. He felt it almost as a misfortune that the child would inherit so much wealth. She would be a mark for all the adventurers in the kingdom. Had she been only the heiress to his own

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unassuming little place at Falls, how much better would have been her chances of happiness!

His wife had divined truly when she insinuated that he himself had a lover in view for this pet child. The son of a dear deceased friend of his, who lived not two miles from where the Squire now was, a lad about three years his daughter's senior, seemed in her father's opinion the one person in the world likely to make her happy. But as to breathing such a scheme to either of the young people with the indecent haste that his wife had shown, he would not dream of it; years hence would be soon enough for that. They had already seen each other, and the Squire fancied that he noticed a tenderness on the youth's part which promised well. He was strongly tempted to profit by his wife's example, and forestall her match-making by throwing the two young people together there at Falls. The girl, though marriageable in the views of those days, was too young to be in love, but the lad was sixteen, and already felt an interest in her.

Still better than keeping watch over her at King's-Hintock, where she was necessarily much under her mother's influence, would it be to get the child to stay with him at Falls for a time, under his exclusive control. But how accomplish this without using main force? The only possible chance was that his wife might, for appearance' sake, as she had done before, consent to Betty paying him a day's visit, when he might find means of detaining her till Reynard, the suitor whom his wife favored, had gone abroad, which he was expected to do the following week. Squire Dornell determined to return to King's-Hintock and attempt the enterprise. If he were refused, it was almost in him to pick up Betty bodily and carry her off.

The journey back, vague and Quixotic as were his intentions, was performed with a far lighter heart than his setting forth. He would see Betty, and talk to her, come what might of his plan.

So he rode along the dead level which stretches between the hills skirting Falls-Park and those bounding the town of Ivell, trotted through that borough, and out by the King's-Hintock highway, till, passing the village, he entered the mile-long drive through the park to the Court. The drive being open, without an avenue, the Squire could discern the north front and door of the Court a long way off, and was himself visible from the windows on that side; for which reason he hoped that Betty might perceive him coming, as she sometimes did on his return from an outing, and run to the door or wave her handkerchief.

But there was no sign. He inquired for his wife as soon as he set foot to earth.

"Mistress is away. She was called to London, sir."

"And Mistress Betty?" said the Squire, blankly.

"Gone likewise, sir, for a little change. Mistress has left a letter for you."

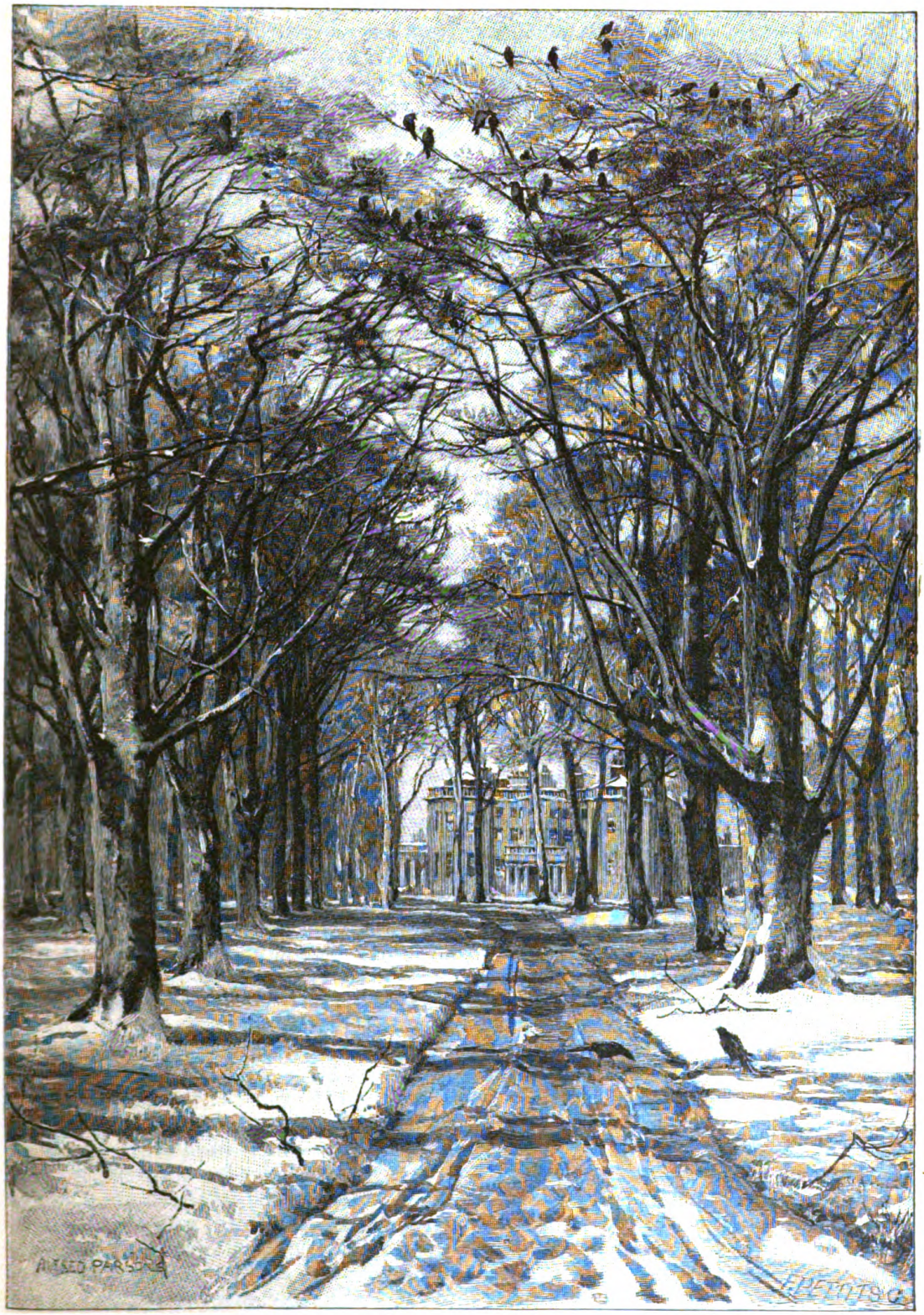
The note explained nothing, merely stating that she had posted to London on her own affairs, and had taken the child to give her a holiday. On the fly-leaf were some words from Betty herself to the same effect, evidently written in a state of high jubilation at the idea of her jaunt. Squire Dornell murmured a few expletives, and submitted to his disappointment. How long his wife meant to stay in town she did not say; but on investigation he found that the carriage had been packed with sufficient luggage for a sojourn of two or three weeks.

King's-Hintock Court was in consequence as gloomy as Falls-Park had been. He had lost all zest for hunting of late, and had hardly attended a meet that season. Dornell read and reread Betty's scrawl, and hunted up some other such notes of hers to look over, this seeming to be the only pleasure there was left for him. That they were really in London he learnt in a few days by another letter from Mrs. Dornell, in which she explained that they hoped to be home in about a week, and that she had had no idea he was coming back to King's-Hintock so soon, or she would not have gone away without telling him.

Squire Dornell wondered if, in going or returning, it had been her plan to call at the Reynards' place near Melchester, through which city their journey lay. It was possible that she might do this in furtherance of her project, and the sense that his own might become the losing game was harassing.

He did not know how to dispose of himself till it occurred to him that, to get rid of his intolerable heaviness, he would invite some friends to dinner and drown his cares in grog and wine. No sooner

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FALLS-PARK.

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was this decided upon than he put it in hand; those invited being mostly neighboring landholders, all smaller men than himself, members of the hunt; also the doctor from Evershead, and the like—some of them rollicking blades whose presence his wife would not have countenanced had she been at home. "When the cat's away—!" said the Squire.

They arrived, and there were indications in their manner that they meant to make a night of it. Baxby of Sherton Castle was late, and they waited a quarter of an hour for him, he being one of the liveliest of Dornell's friends; without whose presence no such dinner as this would be considered complete, and, it may be added, with whose presence no dinner which included both sexes could be conducted with propriety. He had just returned from London, and the Squire was anxious to talk to him—for no definite reason; but he had lately breathed the atmosphere in which Betty was.

At length they heard Baxby driving up to the door, whereupon the host and the rest of his guests crossed over to the dining-room. In a moment Baxby came hastily in at their heels, apologizing for his lateness.

"I only came back last night, you know," he said; "and the truth o't is, I had as much as I could carry." He turned to the Squire. "Well, Dornell—so cunning reynard has stolen your little ewe lamb? Ha, ha!"

"What?" said Squire Dornell, vacantly, across the dining table, round which they were all standing, the cold March sunlight streaming in upon his full, clean-shaven face.

"Surely you know what all the town knows?—you've had a letter by this time?—that Stephen Reynard has married your Betty? Yes, as I'm a living man. It was a carefully arranged thing: they parted at once, and are not to meet for five or six years. But, Lord, you must know!"

A thud on the floor was the only reply of the Squire. They quickly turned. He had fallen down like a log behind the table, and lay motionless on the oak boards.

Those at hand hastily bent over him, and the whole group were in confusion. They found him to be quite unconscious, though puffing and panting like a blacksmith's bellows. His face was livid, his veins swollen, and beads of perspiration stood upon his brow.

"What's happened to him?" said several.

"An apoplectic fit," said the doctor from Evershead, gravely.

He was only called in at the Court for small ailments, as a rule, and felt the importance of the situation. He lifted the Squire's head, loosened his cravat and clothing, and rang for the servants, who took the Squire upstairs.

There he lay as if in a drugged sleep. The surgeon drew a basin full of blood from him, but it was nearly six o'clock before he came to himself. The dinner was completely disorganized, and some had gone home long ago; but two or three remained.

"Bless my soul," Baxby kept repeating, "I didn't know things had come to this pass between Dornell and his lady! I thought the feast he was spreading today was in honor of the event, though privately kept for the present. His little maid married without his knowledge!"

As soon as the Squire recovered consciousness he gasped: "'Tis abduction! 'Tis a capital felony! He can be hung! Where is Baxby? I am very well now. What particulars have ye heard, Baxby?"

The bearer of the untoward news was extremely unwilling to agitate Dornell further, and would say little more at first. But an hour after, when the Squire had partially recovered and was sitting up, Baxby told as much as he knew, the most important particular being that Betty's mother was present at the marriage, and showed every mark of approval. "Everything appeared to have been done so regularly that I, of course, thought you knew all about it," he said.

"I knew no more than the underground dead that such a step was in the wind. How Sue hath outwitted me! Did Reynard go up to Lon'on with 'em, d'ye know?"

"I can't say. All I know is that your lady and daughter were walking along the street, with the footman behind 'em; that they entered a jeweller's shop, where Reynard was standing; and that there, in the presence o' the shopkeeper and your man, who was called in on purpose, your Betty said to Reynard—so the story goes: 'pon my soul I don't vouch for the truth of it—she said, 'Will you marry me?' or, 'I want to marry you: will you have me—now or never?' she said."

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"What she said means nothing," murmured the Squire, with wet eyes. "Her mother put the words into her mouth to avoid the serious consequences that would attach to any suspicion of force. The words be not the child's—she didn't dream of marriage—how should she, poor little maid! Go on."

"Well, be that as it will, they were all agreed apparently. They bought the ring on the spot, and the marriage took place."

III.

A day or two later there came a letter from Mrs. Dornell to her husband, written before she knew of his stroke. She related the circumstances of the marriage in the gentlest manner, and gave cogent reasons and excuses for consenting to the premature union, which was now an accomplished fact indeed. She had no idea, till sudden pressure was put upon her, that the contract was expected to be carried out so soon, but being taken half unawares, she had consented, having learned that Stephen Reynard, now their son-in-law, was becoming a great favorite at court, and that he would in all likelihood have a title granted him before long. No harm could come to their dear daughter by this early marriage contract, seeing that her life would be continued under their own eyes, exactly as before, for some years. In fine, she had felt that no other such fair opportunity for a good marriage with a shrewd courtier and wise man of the world, who was at the same time noted for his excellent personal qualities, was within the range of probability, owing to the rusticated lives they led at King's-Hintock. Hence she had yielded to Stephen's solicitation, and hoped her husband would forgive her. She wrote, in short, like a woman who, having had her way as to the deed, is prepared to make any concession as to words and subsequent behavior.

All this Dornell took at its true value, or rather, perhaps, at less than its true value. As his life depended upon his not getting into a passion, he controlled his perturbed emotions as well as he was able, going about the house sadly and utterly unlike his former self. He took every precaution to prevent his wife knowing of the incidents of his sudden illness, from a sense of shame at having a heart so tender; a ridiculous quality, no doubt, in her eyes, now that she had become so imbued with town ideas. But rumors of his seizure somehow reached her, and she let him know that she was about to return to nurse him. He thereupon packed up and went off to his own place at Falls-Park.

Here he lived the life of a recluse for some time. He was still too unwell to entertain company, or to ride to hounds or elsewhere; but more than this, his aversion to the faces of strangers and acquaintances, who knew by that time of the trick his wife had played him, operated to hold him aloof.

Nothing could influence him to censure Betty for her share in the exploit. He never once believed that she had acted voluntarily. Anxious to know how she was getting on, he despatched the trusty servant Tupcombe to Evershead village, close to King's-Hintock, timing his journey so that he should reach the place under cover of dark. The emissary arrived without notice, being out of livery, and took a seat in the chimney-corner of the Sow-and-Acorn.

The conversation of the droppers-in was always of the nine days' wonder—the recent marriage. The smoking listener learnt that Mrs. Dornell and the girl had returned to King's-Hintock for a day or two, that Reynard had set out for the Continent, and that Betty had since been packed off to school. She did not realize her position as Reynard's child-wife—so the story went—and though somewhat awe-stricken at first at the ceremony, she had soon recovered her spirits on finding that her freedom was in no way to be interfered with.

After that, formal messages began to pass between Dornell and his wife, the latter being now as persistently conciliating as she was formerly masterful. But her rustic, simple, blustering husband still held personally aloof. Her wish to be reconciled—to win his forgiveness for her stratagem—moreover, a genuine tenderness and desire to soothe his sorrow, which welled up in her at times, brought her at last to his door at Falls-Park one day.

They had not met since that night of altercation, before her departure for London and his subsequent illness. She was shocked at the change in him. His face had become expressionless, as blank as that of a puppet, and what troubled her still more was that she found him living in one room, and indulging freely in stimulants, in absolute disobedience to the physician's order. The fact was ob-

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vious that he could no longer be allowed to live thus uncouthly.

So she sympathized, and begged his pardon, and coaxed. But though after this date there was no longer such a complete estrangement as before, they only occasionally saw each other, Dornell for the most part making Falls his head-quarters still.

Three years passed thus. Then she came one day, with more animation in her manner, and at once moved him by the simple statement that Betty's schooling had ended; she had returned, and was grieved because he was away. She had sent a message to him in these words: "Ask father to come home to his dear Betty."

"Ah! Then she is very unhappy!" said Squire Dornell.

His wife was silent.

"'Tis that accursed marriage!" continued the Squire.

Still his wife would not dispute with him. "She is outside in the carriage," said Mrs. Dornell, gently.

"What—Betty?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me!" Dornell rushed out, and there was the girl awaiting his forgiveness, for she supposed herself, no less than her mother, to be under his displeasure.

Yes, Betty had left school, and had returned to King's-Hintock. She was nearly seventeen, and had developed to quite a young woman. She looked not less a member of the household for her early marriage contract, which she seemed, indeed, to have almost forgotten. It was like a dream to her; that clear cold March day, the London church, with its gorgeous pews, and green-baize linings, and the great organ in the west gallery—so different from their own little church in the shrubbery of King's-Hintock Court—the man of thirty, to whose face she had looked up with so much awe, and with a sense that he was rather ugly and formidable; the man whom, though they corresponded politely, she had never seen since; one to whose existence she was now so indifferent that if informed of his death, and that she would never see him more, she would merely have replied, "Indeed!" Betty's passions as yet still slept.

"Hast heard from thy husband lately?" said Squire Dornell, when they were indoors, with an ironical laugh of fondness which demanded no answer.

The girl winced, and he noticed that his wife looked appealingly at him. As the conversation went on, and there were signs that Dornell would express sentiments that might do harm to a position which they could not alter, Mrs. Dornell suggested that Betty should leave the room till her father and herself had finished their private conversation; and this Betty obediently did.

Dornell renewed his animadversions freely. "Did you see how the sound of his name frightened her?" he presently added. "If you didn't, I did. Zounds! what a future is in store for that poor little unfortunate wench o' mine! I tell 'ee, Sue, 'twas not a marriage at all, in morality, and if I were a woman in such a position, I shouldn't feel it as one. She might, without a sign of sin, love a man of her choice as well now as if she were chained up to no other at all. There, that's my mind, and I can't help it! Ah, Sue, my man was best! He'd ha' suited her."

"I don't believe it," she replied, incredulously.

"You should see him; then you would. He's growing up a fine fellow, I can tell 'ee."

"Hush! not so loud!" she answered, rising from her seat and going to the door of the next room, whither her daughter had betaken herself. To Mrs. Dornell's alarm, there sat Betty in a reverie, her round eyes fixed on vacancy, musing so deeply that she did not perceive her mother's entrance. She had heard every word, and was digesting the new knowledge.

Her mother felt that Falls-Park was dangerous ground for a young girl of the susceptible age, and in Betty's peculiar position, while Dornell talked and reasoned thus. She called Betty to her, and they took leave. The Squire would not clearly promise to return and make King's-Hintock Court his permanent abode; but Betty's presence there, as at former times, was sufficient to make him agree to pay them a visit soon.

All the way home Betty remained preoccupied and silent. It was too plain to her anxious mother that Squire Dornell's free views had been a sort of awakening to the girl.

The interval before Dornell redeemed his pledge to come and see them was unexpectedly short. He arrived one morn-

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AT THE SOW-AND-ACORN.

ing about twelve o'clock, driving his own pair of black-bays in the curricle-phaeton with yellow panels and red wheels, just as he used to do, and his faithful old Tupcombe on horseback behind. A young man sat beside the Squire in the carriage, and Mrs. Dornell's consternation could scarcely be concealed when, abruptly entering with his companion, the Squire announced him as his friend Phelipson of Elm-Cranlynch.

Dornell passed on to Betty in the background and tenderly kissed her. "Sting your mother's conscience, my maid!" he whispered. "Sting her conscience by pretending you are struck with Phelipson, and would ha' loved him, as your old father's choice, much more than him she has forced upon 'ee."

The simple-souled speaker fondly imagined that it was entirely in obedience to this direction that Betty's eyes stole interested glances at the frank and impulsive Phelipson that day at dinner, and he laughed grimly within himself to see how this joke of his, as he imagined it to be, was disturbing the peace of mind of the lady of the house. "Now Sue sees what a mistake she has made!" said he.

Mrs. Dornell was verily greatly alarm-

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ed, and as soon as she could speak a word with him alone she upbraided him. "You ought not to have brought him here. Oh, Thomas, how could you be so thoughtless! Don't you see, dear, that what is done cannot be undone, and how all this foolery jeopardizes her happiness with her husband? Until you interfered, and spoke in her hearing about this Phelipson, she was as patient and as willing as a lamb, and looked forward to Mr. Reynard's return with real pleasure. Since her visit to Falls-Park she has been monstrous close-mouthed and busy with her own thoughts. What mischief will you do? How will it end?"

"Own, then, that my man was best suited to her. I only brought him to convince you."

"Yes, yes; I do admit it. But O! do take him back again at once! Don't keep him here! I fear she is even attracted by him already."

"Nonsense, Sue. 'Tis only a little trick to tease 'ee!"

Nevertheless her motherly eye was not so likely to be deceived as his, and if Betty were really only playing at being love-struck that day, she played at it with the perfection of a Rosalind, and would have deceived the best professors into a belief that it was no counterfeit. The Squire, having obtained his victory, was quite ready to take back the too attractive young man, and early in the afternoon they set out on their return journey.

A silent figure who rode behind them was as interested as Dornell in that day's experiment. It was the stanch Tupcombe, who, with his eyes on the Squire's and young Phelipson's backs, thought how well the latter would have suited Betty, and how greatly the former had changed for the worse during these last two or three years. He cursed his mistress as the cause of the change.

After this memorable visit to prove his point, the lives of the Dornell couple flowed on quietly enough for the space of a twelvemonth, the Squire for the most part remaining at Falls, and Betty passing and repassing between them now and then, once or twice alarming her mother by not driving home from her father's house till midnight.

IV.

The repose of King's-Hintock was broken by the arrival of a special messenger. Squire Dornell had had an access of gout so violent as to be serious. He wished to see Betty again: why had she not come for so long?

Mrs. Dornell was extremely reluctant to take Betty in that direction too frequently; but the girl was so anxious to go, her interests latterly seeming to be so entirely bound up in Falls-Park and its neighborhood, that there was nothing to be done but to let her set out and accompany her.

Squire Dornell had been impatiently awaiting her arrival. They found him very ill and irritable. It had been his habit to take powerful medicines to drive away his enemy, and they had failed in their effect on this occasion.

The presence of his daughter, as usual, calmed him much, even while, as usual too, it saddened him; for he could never forget that she had disposed of herself for life in opposition to his wishes, though she had secretly assured him that she would never have consented had she been as old as she was now.

As on a former occasion, his wife wished to speak to him alone about the girl's future, the time being now drawing nigh at which Reynard was expected to come and claim her. He would have done so already, but he had been put off by the earnest request of the young woman herself, which accorded with that of her parents, on the score of her youth. Reynard had deferentially submitted to their wishes in this respect, the understanding between them having been that he would not claim her before she was eighteen, except by the mutual consent of all parties. But this could not go on much longer, and there was no doubt, from the tenor of his last letter, that he would soon take possession of her, whether or no.

To be out of the sound of this delicate discussion Betty was accordingly sent down-stairs, and they soon saw her walking away into the shrubberies, looking very pretty in her sweeping green gown, and flapping broad-brimmed hat overhung with a feather.

On returning to the subject, Mrs. Dornell found her husband's reluctance to reply in the affirmative to Reynard's letter to be as great as ever.

"She is three months short of eighteen!" he exclaimed. "'Tis too soon. I won't hear of it! If I have to keep him off sword in hand, he shall not have her yet."

"But, my dear Thomas," she expostu-

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"SHE BEHELD THE OBJECT OF HER SEARCH SITTING ON THE HORIZONTAL BOUGH OF A CEDAR."

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lated, "consider if anything should happen to you or to me, how much better it would be that she should be settled in her home with him!"

"I say it is too soon," he argued, the veins of his forehead beginning to swell. "If he gets her this side o' Candlemas I'll challenge en—I'll take my oath on't! I'll be back to King's-Hintock in two or three days, and I'll not lose sight of her day or night!"

She feared to agitate him further, and gave way, assuring him, in obedience to his demand, that if Reynard should write again, before he got back, to fix a time for joining Betty, she would put the letter in her husband's hands, and he should do as he chose. This was all that required discussion privately, and Mrs. Dornell went to call in Betty, hoping that she had not heard her father's loud tones.

She had certainly not done so this time. Mrs. Dornell followed the path along which she had seen Betty wandering, but went a considerable distance without perceiving anything of her. The Squire's wife then turned round to proceed to the other side of the house by a short-cut across the grass, when, to her surprise and consternation, she beheld the object of her search sitting on the horizontal bough of a cedar, beside her being a young man, whose arm was round her waist. He moved a little, and she recognized him as young Phelipson.

Alas, then, she was right! The so-called counterfeit love was real. What Mrs. Dornell called her husband at that moment, for his folly in originally throwing the young people together, it is not necessary to mention. She decided in a moment not to let the lovers know that she had seen them. She accordingly retreated, reached the front of the house by another route, and called at the top of her voice from a window, "Betty!"

For the first time since her strategic marriage of the child, the Squire's wife doubted the wisdom of that step. Her husband had, as it were, been assisted by destiny to make his objection, originally trivial, a valid one. She saw the outlines of trouble in the future. Why had Dornell interfered? Why had he insisted upon producing his man? This, then, accounted for Betty's pleading for postponement whenever the subject of her husband's return was broached; this accounted for her attachment to Falls-Park. Possibly this very meeting that she had witnessed had been arranged by letter.

Perhaps the girl's thoughts would never have strayed for a moment if her father had not filled her head with ideas of repugnance to her early union, on the ground that she had been coerced into it before she knew her own mind; and she might have rushed to meet her husband with open arms on the appointed day.

Betty at length appeared in the distance in answer to the call, and came up pale, but looking innocent of having seen a living soul. Mrs. Dornell groaned in spirit at such duplicity in the child of her bosom. This was the simple creature for whose development into womanhood they had all been so tenderly waiting—a forward minx, old enough not only to have a lover, but to conceal his existence as adroitly as any woman of the world! Bitterly did the Squire's lady regret that Stephen Reynard had not been allowed to come to claim her at the time he first proposed.

The two sat beside each other almost in silence on their journey back to King's-Hintock. Such words as were spoken came mainly from Betty, and their formality indicated how much her mind and heart were occupied with other things.

Mrs. Dornell was far too astute a mother to openly attack Betty on the matter. That would be only fanning flame. The indispensable course seemed to her to be that of keeping the treacherous girl under lock and key till her husband came to take her off her mother's hands. That he would disregard Dornell's opposition, and come soon, was her devout wish.

It seemed, therefore, a fortunate coincidence that on her arrival at King's-Hintock a letter from Reynard was put into Mrs. Dornell's hands. It was addressed to both her and her husband, and courteously informed them that the writer had landed at Bristol, and proposed to come on to King's-Hintock in a day or two, at last to meet and carry off his darling Betty, if she and her parents saw no objection.

Betty had also received a letter of the same tenor. Her mother had only to look at her face to see how the girl received the information. She was as pale as a sheet.

"You must do your best to welcome him this time, my dear Betty," her mother said, gently.

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"But—but—I—"

"You are a woman now," added her mother, severely, "and these postponements must come to an end."

"But my father—oh, I am sure he will not allow this! I am not ready. If he could only wait a year longer—if he could only wait a few months longer! Oh, I wish—I wish my dear father were here! I will send to him instantly." She broke off abruptly, and falling upon her mother's neck, burst into tears, saying, "Oh, my mother, have mercy upon me—I do not love this man, my husband!"

The agonized appeal went too straight to Mrs. Dornell's heart for her to hear it unmoved. Yet, things having come to this pass, what could she do? She was distracted, and for a moment was on Betty's side. Her original thought had been to write an affirmative reply to Reynard, allow him to come on to King's-Hintock, and keep her husband in ignorance of the whole proceeding till he should arrive from Falls on some fine day after his recovery, and find everything settled, and Reynard and Betty living together in harmony. But the events of the day, and her daughter's sudden outburst of feeling, had overthrown this intention. Betty was sure to do as she had threatened, and communicate instantly with her father, possibly attempt to fly to him. Moreover, Reynard's letter was addressed to Mr. Dornell and herself conjointly, and she could not in conscience keep it from her husband.

"I will send the letter on to your father instantly," she replied, soothingly. "He shall act entirely as he chooses, and you know that will not be in opposition to your wishes. He would ruin you rather than thwart you. I only hope he may be well enough to bear the agitation of this news. Do you agree to this?"

Poor Betty agreed, on condition that she should actually witness the despatch of the letter. Her mother had no objection to offer to this; but as soon as the horseman had cantered down the drive toward the highway, Mrs. Dornell's sympathy with Betty's recalcitration began to die out. The girl's secret affection for young Phelipson could not possibly be condoned. Betty might communicate with him, might even try to reach him. Ruin lay that way. Stephen Reynard must be speedily installed in his proper place by Betty's side.

She sat down and penned a private letter to Reynard, which threw light upon her plan.

"It is necessary that I should now tell you," she said, "what I have never mentioned before—indeed I may have implied the contrary—that her father's objection to your joining her has not as yet been overcome. As I personally wish to delay you no longer—am indeed as anxious for your arrival as you can be yourself, having the good of my daughter at heart—no course is left open to me but to assist your cause without my husband's knowledge. He, I am sorry to say, is at present ill at Falls-Park, but I felt it my duty to forward him your letter. He will therefore probably reply with a peremptory command to you to go back again, for some months, whence you came, till the time he originally stipulated has expired. My advice is, if you get such a letter, to take no notice of it, but to come on hither as you had proposed, letting me know the day and hour (after dark, if possible) at which we may expect you. Dear Betty is with me, and I guarantee that she shall be in the house when you arrive."

Mrs. Dornell, having sent away this epistle unsuspected of anybody, next took steps to prevent her daughter leaving the Court, avoiding if possible to excite the girl's suspicions that she was under restraint. But, as if by divination, Betty had seemed to read the husband's approach in the aspect of her mother's face. She had hastily retired to her room, and would not be seen.

To lock the door upon her, and hand over the key to Reynard when he should appear in the hall, was a plan charming in its simplicity, till her mother found, on trying the door of the girl's chamber softly, that Betty had already locked and bolted it on the inside, and had given directions to have her meals served where she was, by leaving them on a dumb-waiter outside the door.

Thereupon Mrs. Dornell noiselessly entered her boudoir, which was almost opposite the girl's apartment, and keeping the door ajar, resolved not to vacate her post night or day till her daughter's husband should appear, to which end she too arranged to breakfast, dine, and sup on the spot. It was impossible now that Betty should escape without her knowledge, even if she had wished, there be-

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ing no other door to the chamber, except one admitting to a small inner dressing-room inaccessible by any second way.

But it was plain that the young girl had no thought of escape. Her ideas ran rather in the direction of intrenchment: she was prepared to stand a siege, but scorned flight. This, at any rate, rendered her secure. As to how Reynard would contrive a meeting with her coy daughter while in such a defensive humor, that, thought her mother, must be left to his own ingenuity to discover.

V.

Meanwhile the first letter—that from Reynard himself—had sped on its way to Falls-Park. It was directed under cover to Tupcombe, the confidential servant, with instructions not to put it into his master's hands till he had been refreshed by a good long sleep. Tupcombe much regretted his commission, letters sent in this way always disturbing the Squire; but guessing that it would be infinitely worse in the end to withhold the news than to reveal it, he chose his time, which was early the next morning, and delivered the missive.

The utmost effect that Mrs. Dornell had anticipated from the message was a peremptory order from her husband to Reynard to hold aloof a few months longer. What the Squire really did was to declare that he would go himself and confront Reynard at Bristol, and have it out with him there by word of mouth.

"But, sir," said Tupcombe, "you can't. You cannot get out of bed."

"You leave the room, Tupcombe, and don't say 'can't' before me! Have Jerry saddled in an hour."

The long-tried Tupcombe thought his employer demented, so utterly helpless was his appearance just then, and he went out reluctantly. No sooner was he gone than the Squire, with great difficulty, stretched himself over to a cabinet by the bedside, unlocked it, and took out a small bottle. It contained a gout specific, against whose use he had been repeatedly warned by his regular physician, but whose warning he now cast to the winds.

He took a double dose, and waited half an hour. It seemed to produce no effect. He then poured out a treble dose, swallowed it, leant back upon his pillow, and waited. The miracle he anticipated had been worked at last. It seemed as though the second draught had not only operated with its own strength, but had kindled into power the latent forces of the first. He put away the bottle, and rang up Tupcombe.

Less than an hour later one of the house-maids, who of course was quite aware that the Squire's illness was serious, was surprised to hear a bold and decided step descending the stairs from the direction of Mr. Dornell's room, accompanied by the humming of a tune. She knew that the doctor had not paid a visit that morning, and that it was too heavy to be the valet or any other man-servant. Looking up, she saw Squire Dornell fully dressed, descending toward her in his drab caped riding coat and boots, with the swinging easy movement of his prime. Her face expressed her amazement.

"What the devil beest looking at?" said the Squire. "Did you never see a man walk out of his house before, my girl?"

Resuming his humming—which was of a defiant sort—he proceeded to the library, rang the bell, asked if the horses were ready, and directed them to be brought round. Ten minutes later he rode away in the direction of Bristol, Tupcombe behind him, trembling at what these movements might portend.

They rode on through the pleasant woodlands and the monotonous straight lanes at an equal pace. The distance traversed might have been about fifteen miles when Tupcombe could perceive that the Squire was getting tired—as weary as he would have been after riding three times the distance ten years before. However, they reached Bristol without any mishap, and put up at the Squire's accustomed inn. Dornell almost immediately proceeded on foot to the hotel which Reynard had given as his address, it being now about four o'clock.

Reynard had already dined—for people dined early then—and he was staying indoors. He had already received Mrs. Dornell's reply to his letter; but before acting upon her advice and starting for King's-Hintock he made up his mind to wait another day, that Betty's father might at least have time to write to him if so minded. The returned traveller much desired to obtain the Squire's assent, as well as his wife's, to the proposed visit to his bride, that nothing might seem harsh or forced in his method of taking his position as one of the family. But though

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"HE RODE AWAY IN THE DIRECTION OF BRISTOL."

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he anticipated some sort of objection from his father-in-law, in consequence of Mrs. Dornell's warning, he was surprised at the announcement of the Squire in person.

Stephen Reynard formed the completest of possible contrasts to Dornell as they stood confronting each other in the best parlor of the Bristol tavern. The Squire, hot-tempered, gouty, impulsive, generous, reckless; the younger man pale, tall, sedate, self-possessed—a man of the world, fully bearing out at least one couplet in his epitaph, still extant in King's-Hintock church, which places in the inventory of his good qualities

> "Engaging manners, cultivated mind,
> Adorn'd by Letters, and in Courts refin'd."

He was at this time about five-and-thirty, though careful living and an even, unemotional temperament caused him to look much younger than his years.

Squire Dornell plunged into his errand without much ceremony or preface.

"I am your humble servant, sir," he said. "I have read your letter writ to my wife and myself, and considered that the best way to answer it would be to do so in person."

"I am vastly honored by your visit, sir," said Mr. Stephen Reynard, bowing.

"Well, what's done can't be undone," said Dornell, "though it was mighty early, and was no doing of mine. She's your wife; and there's an end on't. But in brief, sir, she's too young for you to claim yet; we mustn't reckon by years; we must reckon by nature. She's still a girl; 'tis onpolite of 'ee to come yet; next year will be full soon enough for you to take her to you."

Now, courteous as Reynard could be, he was a little obstinate when his resolution had once been formed. She had been promised him by her eighteenth birthday at latest—sooner if she were in robust health. Her mother had fixed the time on her own judgment, without a word of interference on his part. He had been hanging about foreign courts till he was weary. Betty was now a woman, if she would ever be one, and there was not, in his mind, the shadow of an excuse for putting him off longer. Therefore, fortified as he was by the support of her mother, he blandly but firmly told the Squire that he had been willing to waive his rights, out of deference to her parents, to any reasonable extent, but must now, in justice to himself and her, insist on claiming them. He therefore, since she had not come to meet him, should proceed to King's-Hintock to fetch her.

This announcement, in spite of the urbanity with which it was delivered, set Dornell in a passion.

"O dammy, sir; you talk about rights, you do, after stealing her away, a mere child, against my will and knowledge! If we'd begged and prayed 'ee to take her, you could say no more."

"Upon my honor, your charge is quite baseless, sir," said his son-in-law. "You must know by this time—or if you do not, it has been a monstrous cruel injustice to me that I should have been allowed to remain in your mind with such a stain upon my character—you must know that I used no seductiveness or temptation of any kind. Her mother assented; she assented. I took them at their word. That you was really opposed to the marriage was not known to me till afterward."

Dornell professed to believe not a word of it. "You sha'n't have her till she's dree sixes full—no maid ought to be married till she's dree sixes!—and my daughter sha'n't be treated out of nater!" So he stormed on till Tupcombe, who had been alarmedly listening in the next room, entered suddenly, declaring to Reynard that his master's life was in danger if the interview were prolonged, he being subject to apoplectic strokes at these crises. Reynard immediately said that he would be the last to wish to injure Squire Dornell, and left the room, and as soon as the Squire had recovered breath and equanimity, he went out of the inn, leaning on the arm of Tupcombe.

Tupcombe was for sleeping in Bristol that night, but Dornell, whose energy seemed as invincible as it was sudden, insisted upon mounting and getting back as far as Falls-Park, to continue the journey to King's-Hintock on the following day. At five they started, and took the southern road toward the Mendip Hills. The evening was dry and windy, and excepting that the sun did not shine, strongly reminded Tupcombe of the evening of that March month, nearly five years earlier, when news had been brought to King's-Hintock Court of little Betty's marriage in London—news which had produced upon Dornell such a marked effect for the worse ever since, and indirectly upon

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"SO HE STORMED ON TILL TUPCOMBE ENTERED SUDDENLY."

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the household of which he was the head. Before that time the winters were lively at Falls-Park, as well as at King's-Hintock, although the Squire had ceased to make it his regular residence. Hunting guests and shooting guests came and went, and open house was kept. Tupcombe disliked the clever courtier who had put a stop to this by taking away from the Squire the only treasure he valued.

It grew darker with their progress along the lanes, and Tupcombe discovered from Mr. Dornell's manner of riding that his strength was giving way; and spurring his own horse close alongside, he asked him how he felt.

"Oh, bad—d—— bad, Tupcombe! I can hardly keep my seat. I shall never be any better, I fear! Have we passed Three-Man-Gibbet yet?"

"Not yet by a long ways, sir."

"I wish we had. I can hardly hold on." The Squire could not repress a groan now and then, and Tupcombe knew that he was in great pain. "I wish I was underground—that's the place for such fools as I! I'd gladly be there if it were not for Mistress Betty. He's coming on to King's-Hintock to-morrow—he won't put it off any longer; he'll set out and reach there to-morrow night, without stopping at Falls; and he'll take her unawares, and I want to be there before him."

"I hope you may be well enough to do it, sir. But really—"

"I *must*, Tupcombe. You don't know what my trouble is; it is not so much that she is married to this man without my agreeing—for, after all, there's nothing to say against him, so far as I know; but that she don't take to him at all, seems to fear him—in fact, cares nothing about him; and if he comes forcing himself into the house upon her, why, 'twill be rank cruelty. Would to the Lord something would happen to prevent him!"

How they reached home that night Tupcombe hardly knew. The Squire was in such pain that he was obliged to recline upon his mare, and Tupcombe was afraid every moment lest he would fall into the road. But they did reach home at last, and Mr. Dornell was obliged to be instantly assisted to bed.

VI.

Next morning it was obvious that he could not possibly go to King's-Hintock; and there on the bed he lay, cursing his inability to proceed on an errand so personal and so delicate that no emissary could perform it. What he wished to do was to ascertain from Betty's own lips if her aversion to Reynard was so strong that his presence would be positively distasteful to her. Were that the case, he would have borne her away bodily on the crupper behind him.

But all that was hindered now, and he repeated a hundred times in Tupcombe's hearing, and in that of the nurse and other servants, "I wish to God something would happen to him!"

This sentiment, reiterated by the Squire as he tossed in the agony induced by the powerful drugs of the day before, entered sharply into the soul of Tupcombe and of all who were attached to the house of Dornell, as distinct from the house of his wife at King's-Hintock. Tupcombe, who was an excitable man, was hardly less disquieted by the thought of Reynard's return than the Squire himself was. As the afternoon drew on, and the hour advanced at which Reynard would in all probability be passing near Falls on his way to the Court, the Squire's feelings became acuter, and the responsive Tupcombe could hardly bear to come near him. Having left him in the hands of the doctor, the former went out upon the lawn, for he could hardly breathe in the contagion of excitement caught from the employer who had virtually made him his confidant. He had lived with the Dornells from his boyhood, had been born under the shadow of their walls; his whole life was annexed and welded to the life of the family in a degree which has no counterpart in these latter days.

He was summoned in-doors, and learnt that it had been decided to send for Mrs. Dornell: her husband was in great danger. There were two or three who could have acted as messenger, but Dornell wished Tupcombe to go, the reason showing itself when, Tupcombe being ready to start, Squire Dornell summoned him to his chamber and leaned down so that he could whisper in his ear.

"Put Peggy along smart, Tupcombe, and get there before him, you know—before him. He has not passed Falls cross-roads yet. If you can do that you will be able to get Betty to come—d'ye see?—after her mother has started; she'll have a reason for not waiting for him. Bring her by the lower road—he'll go by the upper.

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THE DRIVE—KING'S-HINTOCK PARK.

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Your business is to make them miss each other—d'ye see?—but that I couldn't write down."

Five minutes after, Tupcombe was across the horse and on his way—the way he had followed so many times since his master, a florid young countryman, had first gone wooing to King's-Hintock Court. As soon as he had crossed the hills in the immediate neighborhood of the manor, the road lay over a plain, where it ran in long straight stretches for several miles. In the best of times, when all had been gay in the united houses, that part of the road had seemed tedious. It was gloomy in the extreme now that he pursued it, at night and alone, on such an errand.

He rode, and brooded. If the Squire were to die, he, Tupcombe, would be alone in the world and friendless, for he was no favorite with Mrs. Dornell; and to find himself baffled, after all, in what he had set his mind on, would probably kill the Squire. If, on the other hand, Tupcombe could carry out the sick man's wish and cheat the coming husband, the incident might have a wonderful effect upon the Squire, and he might live.

Tupcombe stopped his horse every now and then and listened. The time was drawing on to the moment when Reynard might be expected to pass along this very same route. He had watched the road frequently during the afternoon, and had inquired of the tavern-keepers as he came up to each, and he was convinced that the premature descent of the stranger upon his young mistress had not been made by this highway as yet.

Besides the girl's mother, Tupcombe was the only member of the household who suspected Betty's tender feelings toward young Phelipson, so unhappily generated on her return from school; and he could therefore imagine even better than her fond father what would be her emotions on the sudden announcement of Reynard's advent that evening at King's-Hintock Court.

So he rode and rode, desponding and hopeful by turns. He felt assured that, unless in the unfortunate event of the almost immediate arrival of her son-in-law at his own heels, Mrs. Dornell would not be able to hinder Betty's departure for her father's bedside.

It was with a beating heart that, having put twenty miles of country behind him, he turned in, about nine o'clock, at the lodge, by King's-Hintock village, and entered the long drive—itself much like a turnpike-road—which led thence through the park to the Court. Though there were so many trees in King's-Hintock park, none bordered the carriage roadway, and he could see it stretching ahead in the pale night light like an unrolled shaving. Presently the irregular frontage of the house came in view, of great extent, but low, except where it rose into the outlines of a broad square tower.

As Tupcombe approached, he rode aside upon the grass to make sure, if possible, that he was the first comer, before letting his presence be known. It was too dark to see whether there were recent ruts or hoof marks upon the gravel, but the general aspect of the Court was dark and sleepy, in no respect as if a bridegroom had recently arrived.

Suddenly his anxious eye caught an object to the left which made his pulse stand still. He moved his horse round in that direction. It was a ladder, stretching from beneath the trees at the east angle, which there came close to the house, up to a first-floor window, which he recognized as one of those giving light to Mistress Betty's apartments. Tupcombe dismounted, left the horse, which stood willingly enough without tying, and walked a little nearer: yes, it was Betty's chamber. He knew every room in the house quite well.

On one of the lower rungs of the ladder hung a great-coat. Great-coats were much alike in those days, but surely this was the one he had seen the day before in Reynard's room at the inn.

A suspicion crossed Tupcombe's mind that Betty's mother, knowing of course of the girl's averseness to the projected meeting, might have arranged this surprise for her, as for one who, if not captured unawares, could not be captured at all.

To assure himself of the fact, Tupcombe crept up the ladder, step by step, till he had reached the window. He found that it was one of the garden ladders, which usually hung against a wall hard by. The window curtains were drawn, but the casement was not quite closed, and within he could hear a sobbing, interspersed with masculine whispers.

Tupcombe's suspicion strengthened to a certainty. He descended in a passion of indignation, which was almost despair when he thought of the Squire, and was

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the more intense after the hopefulness of his journey. The device of getting Betty to her father was utterly frustrated. Accounts differ as to the precise details of Tupcombe's procedure during the next few minutes; but it is believed that, in a spirit of retaliation for what seemed to be a cruel joke upon poor Betty, Tupcombe lifted the foot of the ladder and placed it on the horizontal bough of a neighboring arbutus-tree, in such a manner that, while appearing at the upper end the same as before, at the first hasty step thereon the ladder would slide and fall, without leaving a discoverable sign that its descent had been other than accidental. That Reynard meant to come forth by the same route, and so play the Romeo throughout to this recalcitrant Juliet, was to be inferred from the temporary deposition of the great-coat.

"Oh, that I'd been sooner!" said Tupcombe, as he remounted and went round to a door at the other side of the house; "but that will trick en a bit." He rang as if he had just arrived, and delivered the letter for Mrs. Dornell, as also the supplementary message for her daughter. To endeavor to see Betty was useless now. The Court servants pressed him to stay over the night, but he would not. He desired to get back to Squire Dornell as soon as practicable, and tell of his ill-luck. And so, without wetting his lips or swallowing a crumb, he turned his back upon King's-Hintock Court. He had done his utmost, and was for leaving results in the hands of fate.

He passed around the house at the western extremity—the end opposite to that of Betty's quarters—and turned from the curve into the straight drive. He had not gone many steps when he heard a loud crash behind him at the east end. But he kept on his way without turning his head, in the exalted mood of a Marian bishop who should have ordered the firing of a Smithfield pile.

VII.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dornell had read the summons brought by Tupcombe, and prepared instantly to set out for Falls-Park, notwithstanding her expectation of her son-in-law's arrival every minute. If he had come she knew nothing of it, having simply told Reynard that his means of access to Betty's entrenchment must be left to his own ingenuity. The oral message to Betty, which had been delivered to Mrs. Dornell for transmission to the girl at her pleasure, she withheld for a few minutes to consider its utility.

But her thoughts on this matter were brought to a stand by a crash and a cry from the direction of Betty's room. In great fright she thought the fall must be that of the girl herself, and yet it seemed a more powerful concussion than any which Betty could cause. She ran to the chamber door; it was bolted as usual, and within she could hear Betty shrieking hysterically to some one, as it were out of the window.

The servants who happened to be at hand descended, and ran round to the east front with a lantern, Mrs. Dornell coming up in their rear as soon as she could. On the lawn, before Betty's window, lay one of the house ladders; upon it the motionless body of a man.

"He is dying," said the house-steward, who had arrived before her. "His neck is broken."

"Who is it?" said a footman.

They turned the lantern light upon his face. "God! it is no house-breaker. 'Tis young Mr. Phelipson of Elm-Cranlynch! What could he be doing here?"

As if in answer to his name, Phelipson opened his eyes—gasped—closed them. Then there was a contraction, an extension of his limbs, and he lay still.

"I think it is all over with him," said the steward. "What could he be doing here?"

"Climmen up to see her through the winder, perhaps," suggested the fourth house-maid. "Ah, nobody would leave level ground to look at I!"

There was one who knew. Leaving the group with the dead or dying man, and sending a footman for the Eversheed surgeon, Mrs. Dornell called the house-steward, and with a ghastly mien bade him follow her to the house. They ascended the great staircase, and hastened on to Betty's room. The door was bolted as before.

"Burst it open," said Mrs. Dornell.

The joinery of the Court was so massively constructed that this order was by no means easy to execute, and it was not till he had fetched one of the heavy bars which lay across the andirons in the hall fireplace, to keep the burning logs from rolling out upon the floor, that the house-steward could make any impression. It flew open at last, and Mrs. Dornell entered, directing her companion to wait without.

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Betty lay upon the floor immediately inside the window, in a dead swoon; in her long white night-gown she looked like a corpse. All was now clear to her mother, except, of course, the cause of the accident. Before going near her daughter she quickly pushed to the door behind her, put the room in order, and gently closed the window, which was a little open, though this had been unobserved from below. She then wrapped a dressing-gown round Betty, called in the house-steward, and told him that her daughter had seemingly run to the window and fainted at sight of the accident outside.

Before they had brought her to her senses Mrs. Dornell whispered: "Don't tell her that the man is dead. It might be dangerous."

Even if the steward suspected the whole truth, Mrs. Dornell hoped that she could trust him to conceal it, and it was with this view of letting none of the women of the house into the secret that she had kept the old steward to assist her instead of sending for Betty's maid.

The unhappy Betty's swoon was more obstinate than her mother had anticipated; and when she became conscious, and was lying in the bed, she seemed to be in a state of great pain and misery. But she uttered not a single incoherent word, though her mother momentarily expected her to say, "Where is he?" or to ask if Phelipson was hurt, if not to betray herself in some way still more irretrievably. Even when her mother was left alone with her Betty made no inquiry, concealing the anxiety she must have felt as to the condition of her lover with a stoicism which won Mrs. Dornell's admiration. In about half an hour Betty seemed to sleep, and her mother left the room.

The instant that she was gone, Betty started up in bed, looked around her like a hunted animal to see that nobody else was present, then sprang out and flew to the window, where, lifting the curtains, she held her breath while she stared into the gloom. She could see and hear nothing, the body of her lover having been carried away some time before. Hoping that he had somehow escaped without serious injury, and not guessing how far the secret was known, she returned to her bed, resolutely adhering to her determination to ask no questions.

Phelipson had been conveyed to the church, whose position was close to the mansion, its porch being in fact nearer to the spot of the accident than the door of the house. Mrs. Dornell had whispered this order to her servants, though the surgeon murmured at it when he came, and said that the young man should have been taken in-doors. However, as life proved to be quite extinct, it really made no difference to young Phelipson.

In the mean time the carriage was ordered and brought to the door, and Mrs. Dornell took her seat in it to obey the summons to Falls-Park, though she had no suspicion how serious her husband's malady had lately become. That Betty should accompany her was impossible, and having left a message to be delivered to the girl in the morning, explaining the cause of her absence, Mrs. Dornell sped on her journey, only too glad to get away from the scene.

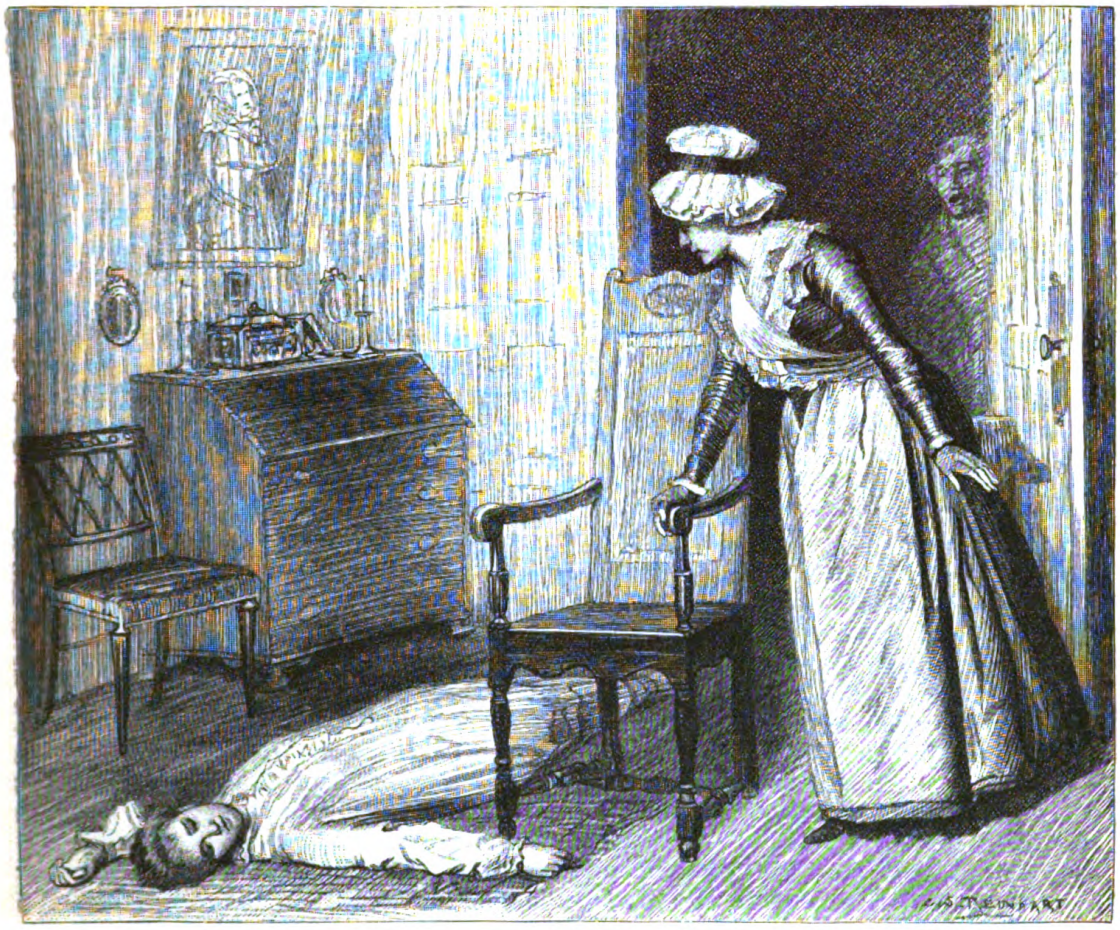
The very moment which witnessed her departure saw Tupcombe, who had ridden several miles on his way back, halting under the lantern of a turnpike house, while the gate was swung open for himself and a traveller from the opposite direction in a hired coach. The lantern lit the stranger's face as he passed through, paid his toll, and dropped into the shade. Tupcombe became as though he were frozen. He had seen Reynard.

Upon whom, then, had he worked mischief? Upon some innocent person—upon his young mistress's lover? His flesh crept. His impulse was to go back to King's-Hintock on the instant; but he perceived that it was now too late to remedy any disaster that might have accrued. He hoped that a broken leg might be the extent of the harm, and proceeded gloomily on his way.

In his rear travelled Mrs. Dornell, who, never forgetting contingencies, kept her eyes fixed upon the highway on the off side, where, before she had reached the town of Ivell, the hired coach flashed into the lamp-light of her own carriage. Mrs. Dornell's coachman pulled up, in obedience to a direction she had given him at starting: the other coach was hailed, a few words passed, and Reynard, the traveller therein, alighted and came to Mrs. Dornell's carriage window.

"Come inside," she whispered. "I want to speak privately to you. Why are you so late?"

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"BETTY LAY UPON THE FLOOR."

"One hindrance and another. I meant to be at the Court by eight at latest. My gratitude for your letter. I hope—"

"You must not go on," said she. "There are far other and newer reasons against your seeing her than there were when I wrote."

The circumstances were such that Mrs. Dornell could not possibly conceal them entirely; nothing short of knowing some part of the facts would hinder his pushing onward. Moreover, there are times when the most intriguing woman feels that she must let out a few truths, if only in sheer self-indulgence. So she told of her discovery—that Betty's heart had been temporarily attracted by another image than his, that the lover had attempted an interview with her that very night, and had killed himself in the attempt. As a woman and a mother she could go no further, and the extent of the lover's success was not revealed.

"You should have come sooner," she added. "But if you go on now, while her mind is full of him, she will hate you forever. If you wait, she will soon forget him, and you will have nothing to fear."

"Well," sighed the diplomatist, in a tone unexpectedly quiet, "what she has done has been done before."

"That's true."

"You are sure he is dead?"

"Oh yes."

"Ah, poor fellow! Well, I suppose I have deserved this punishment. But she is only eighteen, and time works wonders. My dear mother, will you now do what I beg of you—undertake to keep her under your eye, treat her gently, never speak of this other man, speak of me kindly? Do all that for another year, if I turn back now, which of course as a humane being I have no alternative but to do."

Mrs. Dornell promised.

"In that case, then, I'll take it less

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tragically than I was disposed to do at first. After all, she may prefer me to him some day, when she reflects how very differently I might have acted than I am going to act toward her. I'll write to you; and when I think the time is ripe, I'll write to her. I'll say no more to-night."

To avoid creating a local scandal he did not immediately turn back, continuing his journey southward to a distant town. When her own carriage was in motion Mrs. Dornell remembered that she had omitted to tell him of the illness of his father-in-law, though probably any hitch in Reynard's movements that night might be attributed by the world to that cause.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when Mrs. Dornell reached the bedside of her husband. To her concern, the physician had given up all hope. The Squire was sinking, and his extreme weakness had almost changed his character, except in the particular that his old obstinacy sustained him in a refusal to see a clergyman. He shed tears at the least word, and sobbed at the sight of his wife. He asked for Betty, and it was with a heavy heart that Mrs. Dornell told him that the girl was unable to accompany her.

"*He* had not come?"

"No, no. He is gone back—he is not coming for another year."

"Then what is detaining her—cruel, neglectful maid!"

"No, no, Thomas; she is unwell; she could not come."

"How's that?"

Somehow the solemnity of these last moments of his gave him inquisitorial power, and the too cold wife could not conceal from him the scenes which had been enacted at King's-Hintock that night.

To her amazement, the effect upon him was electrical.

"What—Betty—a trump after all? Hurrah! She's her father's own maid! She's game! She knew he was her father's own choice! She vowed that my man should win! Well done, Bet!—haw! haw! Hurrah!"

He had raised himself in bed by starts as he spoke, and now fell back exhausted. He never uttered another word, and died before the dawn. People said there had not been such a terrible death-bed in a county family for many years.

VIII.

However much or little Stephen Reynard might have been to blame in his marriage, he travelled onward that night with reflections that did him credit. In truth he was almost to be pitied.

His new plan, so suddenly and clearly formed at the moment when he learnt that he had a wife not to claim but to win, was adhered to as thoroughly as if it had been the result of long deliberation. Embarking again for the Continent, he wandered from capital to capital for some few months, and then returned to London, holding quite aloof from his wife and his mother-in-law, who remained for the present in the country.

Partly owing to his rebuff, he grew to be in love with Betty in his mild, placid, durable way—in that way which perhaps, upon the whole, tends most generally to the woman's comfort under the institution of marriage, if not particularly to her ecstasy.

He was of all men then living one of the best able to cope with such an untimely situation as this. A contriving, sagacious, gentle-mannered man, a philosopher who saw that the only constant attribute of life is change, he knew that as long as she lives there is nothing finite in the most impassioned attitude that a woman may take up. His wife was just now divided from him by a strong prepossession—a barrier which seemed for the nonce as impassable as the Caucasus. But let a due space of time pass—what would she think and feel? In seven years her very flesh would change—so said the scientific. Her spirit, so much more ethereal and evanescent, was capable of changing in one. In twelve months her recent infatuation might be as distasteful to her mind as it was now to his own. How would it matter what the old Eve had been, if the new Eve's mind veered in a direction favorable to him?

While Stephen Reynard was making the best of a bad matter in London and elsewhere, Betty's mother, his staunch friend, was doing all that she could do at King's-Hintock to patch up the affair. None of the servants seemed ever to have discovered that young Phelipson had been admitted by Betty; they concluded—quite naturally, indeed—that her admirer, after trying to attract her attention on the ground, had seen the ladder lying near, and in a freak put it against her window

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to climb and speak with her. The passionate intrigue had been carried on with a caution which Betty must have initiated as an art acquired from her mother, for it was neither in her father's nature nor in that of her lover. Moreover, Mrs. Dornell had reason to think that the night on which the rash young fellow had lost his life was not the only occasion of his surreptitiously visiting King's-Hintock Court.

The Squire's body was not brought back to King's-Hintock. Where he was born, and where he had lived before wedding his Sue, there he had wished to be buried. Betty's grief and illness and terror were sufficiently accounted for by the deaths of her father and her so-called hopeless admirer. In the long slow months of listlessness which followed, she was carefully tended and watched by Mrs. Dornell, but never sneered at, chidden, or even questioned. Her mother, who had never shown any great affection for her husband while he lived, awoke now to his many virtues; among other acts of her pious devotion to his memory, she rebuilt the church of King's-Hintock, and established valuable charities in all the villages of that name, as far as to Little-Hintock, several miles eastward.

In superintending these works, particularly that of the church-building, her daughter Betty was her constant companion, and the incidents of their execution were doubtless not without a soothing effect upon the young creature's heart. She had sprung from girl to woman by a sudden bound, and few would have recognized in the thoughtful face of Betty now the same person who, the year before, had seemed to have absolutely no idea whatever of responsibility, moral or other. Time passed thus till the Squire had been a year in his vault; and Mrs. Dornell was duly asked by letter from the patient Reynard if she thought it would be safe for him to repeat the experiment which had failed so egregiously at the former date. He wrote from London, expressing a hope to have a little surprise in store for Betty when she should give him ever such a tiny hint that she would not object to his paying them a visit.

Her mother waited till she thought the time was come for the experiment, and then suggested to him to write and ask Betty, which he promptly did. The secret he had to communicate to her was that the King had been graciously pleased to inform him privately, through a relative, that he was about to offer him a Barony. Would she like the title to be Ivell? Moreover, he had reason for knowing that in a few years the dignity would be raised to that of an Earl, for which he thought the title of Wessex would be eminently suitable, considering the position of much of their property. As Lady Ivell, therefore, and future Countess of Wessex, he begged to offer her his heart this third time.

He did not add, as he might have added, how greatly the consideration of the enormous estates at King's-Hintock and elsewhere which Betty would inherit, and her children after her, had conduced to this desirable honor.

What could a poor girl do? Whether the impending titles had really any effect upon Betty's decision cannot be stated, for she was one of those close characters who never let their minds be known upon anything. That such honor was absolutely unexpected by her from such a quarter is, however, certain. Her mother dandled the title pretty frequently upon her tongue, and, in brief, Betty ultimately agreed to receive a visit from her considerate husband.

She awaited his arrival quietly, resignedly. She could not deny, in the face of her mother's pleadings, that Reynard had shown her kindness, forbearance, even magnanimity; had forgiven her for an offence which he might with some reason have denounced as unforgivable, however cruel her position had been in view of herself as an entrapped child. In due time he came, though not till the promised title had been granted, and he could call her archly, "My Lady."

His stay was but short—a matter of an hour or so—rather to her surprise. But the division between them was bridged, and the rest was a mere question of time.

People said in after-years that she and her husband were very happy. However that may be, they had a numerous family, and she became in due course first Countess of Wessex, as he had promised. When he died she wrote him an epitaph, in which she described him as the best of husbands, fathers, and friends, and called herself his disconsolate widow.

Such is woman; or rather (not to give offence by so sweeping an assertion), such was Betty Dornell.

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

MANY great travellers have visited Egypt, and many famous fugitives have found asylum there, but none so great or so famous as the little child who was carried thither by his parents in the days of Herod the king. The story of their journey is told by the Evangelist Matthew in few words. After narrating the visit of the wise men who came from the east seeking the infant Messiah, and stopped at the court of Herod (of all places in the world) to inquire their way; after telling how they presented their homage and their gifts to the holy child Jesus, and then returned to their own country by another way, St. Matthew goes on to say: "*Behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word; for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose, he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called my son.*"

Nothing could be more likely than that Joseph should have such a dream after the Magi had departed; for he knew, as all the inhabitants of Judea had reason to know, the black, jealous, bloody temper of King Herod, and how quick and cruel he was to put any fancied rival out of the way. His own children and his favorite wife Mariamne were butchered by his command because he was afraid of them; and such an incident as the homage of the wise men to the child Jesus, coming to his ears, would certainly have aroused his malignant fear. It was natural that Joseph's sleep should be troubled with some dark presentiment of the slaughter of the innocents at Bethlehem, and that he should be ready to heed the angel's exhortation to speedy flight. Everything was in favor of Egypt as the place of refuge. It was far beyond the reach of Herod's treacherous hand, and yet it was near enough to be easily gained. Three days would be sufficient to bring the travellers to Rhinocolura, "the river of Egypt," and once across this boundary, they would be safe. The gifts of the Magi had provided them with money for the journey. In Egypt they would find many colonies of Jews, among whom they would be kindly received and securely hidden. So they set out on their pilgrimage, this faithful Joseph and the mother Mary, with their sacred child; with what company, if any, and in what manner of journeying, we know not, save that their departure was under the friendly cover of darkness; they passed safely through the mountains of Judea, and across the Philistine plain, and reached the friendly shelter of the land of the Sphinx, while Herod's fury of jealousy spent itself in vain upon the children of Bethlehem; and when the murderous king was dead, they returned from exile to their own country. That is the brief and simple history of the Flight.

But the poetry of it—how deep, how wonderful, how suggestive! Let any one who believes that Jesus was the Christ reflect upon the significance of this story—the strange contrast between the serene, musical night of the nativity, and this troubled, threatening night of the journey; the adoration which was brought to the child from far lands, and the persecution which followed him in his own country; the king of Heaven fleeing from the king of Judea; the utter helpless dependence of the little child upon his parents during the long and weary journey; the mystery of his secret sojourn among the venerable temples and pyramids and dusty idolatries of old Egypt—surely the picture of the holy child Jesus would not be perfect without this weird shadow of peril and this experience of the hard vicissitudes of mortal life.

It was not possible, however, for the active imagination of the early Christians to rest content with St. Matthew's short and plain record of the Flight. They must know more about it—how the pilgrimage was made, through what places the Holy Family passed, what marvels and portents happened by the way, and where they found a resting-place. And so the process of myth-making and legend-building began in answer to the questions of naïve and childish curiosity. The brief record of the fact was enlarged and

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embellished and embroidered with fancies. The literature of the Flight unfolded itself in the apocryphal gospels of the second and third centuries, and continued its growth through the poems and chronicles of the Middle Ages. Nothing can be more clear than the difference between the simple statement of St. Matthew that the journey was made—a statement which bears every mark of being historical, and reads as if it were merely a transcript of the Virgin Mary's remembrance of that hurried and dream-like episode—and the wild, fantastic fables of later times. And yet I think these fanciful stories, which were told so often at the fireside, in the tent, at the resting-place of the reapers, and by the camp fires of the caravan, are worth reading, because they are so fresh and childlike, and sometimes so pretty, and because they have had such an influence upon art.

Here is one, for example, from the *History of the Nativity of Mary.*

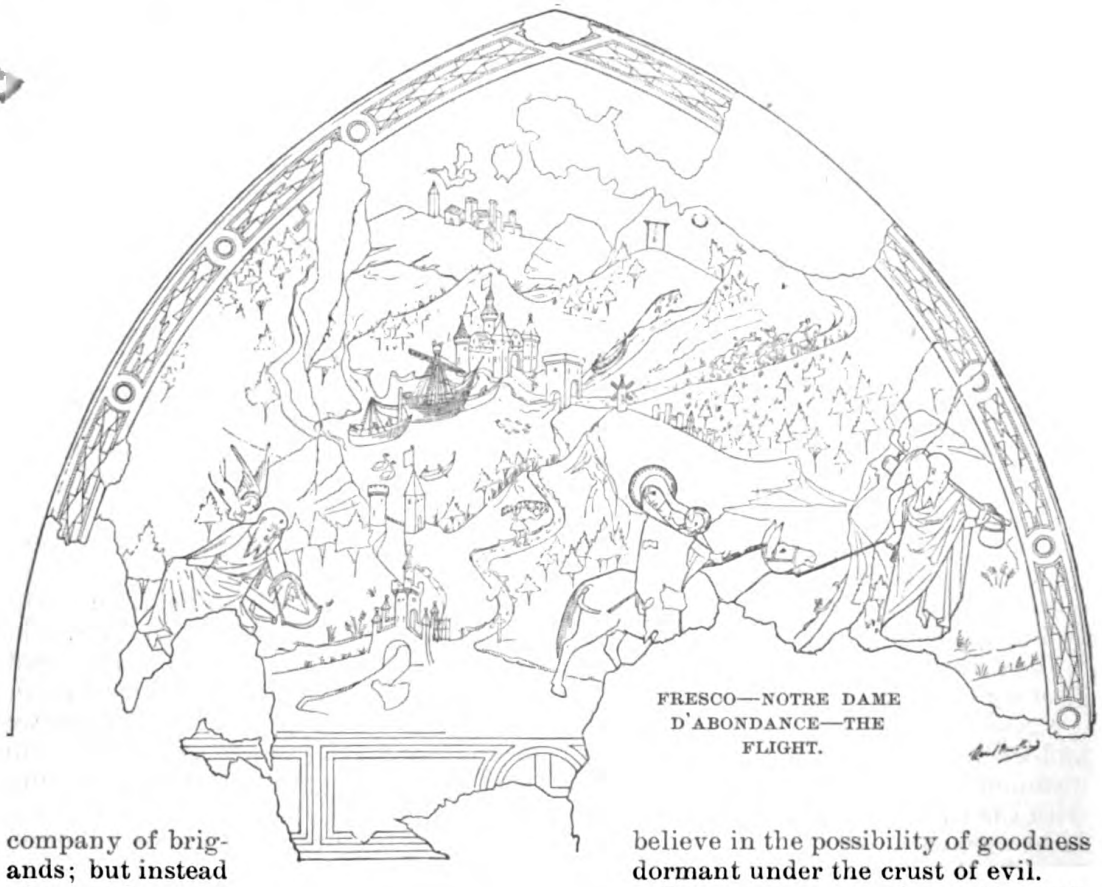
"And having come to a certain cave and wishing to rest in it, the blessed Mary dismounted from her beast, and sat down with the child Jesus in her bosom. And there were with Joseph three boys and with Mary a girl, going on the journey along with them. And lo! suddenly there came forth from the cave many dragons, and when the children saw them they cried out in great affright. Then Jesus went down from the bosom of his mother, and stood on his feet before the dragons: and they adored Jesus, and thereafter retired. But Mary and Joseph were very much afraid lest the child should be hurt by the dragons. And Jesus said to them: Do not be afraid, and do not consider me as a little child; for I am and always have been perfect, and all the beasts of the field must needs be tame before me." I do not know that any of the painters have ventured upon a representation of the dragons, but many of them, beginning with Giotto, have given us the three boys and the girl who had such a dreadful fright.

Another anecdote told by the same author has always been a favorite with the mediæval poets and painters. The Holy Family are resting beneath a date-palm, and Mary longs for some of the tempting fruit, which hangs high above her head. Joseph declares that he is too tired to climb the smooth stem of the tree. But the child Jesus knows his mother's wish, and at his command the branches bend downward to her hand. Then he thrusts his finger into the sand at the root of the tree, and a spring of water bursts forth. The next morning Jesus thank the tree, saying, "This privilege I give thee, O palm-tree, that one of thy branches be carried away by my angels and planted in the Paradise of my Father. And this blessing will I confer upon thee, that it shall be said of all who conquer in any contest, You have won the palm of victory." Accordingly we may see in Correggio's lovely "Madonna della Scodella," at Parma, the obedient tree and the spring, from which the Virgin is dipping a bowl of water, while four charming angels are flying up to heaven with the palm branch.

There is another story which touches more upon the danger of the Flight. As the fugitives were departing from Bethlehem they passed some men in a field sowing corn. And the Virgin begged them to answer, if any one inquired when the Son of Man passed by, "When we were sowing this corn." Now it came to pass that same night that the corn sprang up and ripened so that on the morrow they were reaping it. And when the soldiers of Herod came and asked when the Son of Man passed by, the husbandmen answered, "As we were sowing this corn." So the soldiers thought that they could never overtake him, and turned back from following. In a picture by Hans Memling in the Pinakothek at Munich these truthful and deceptive husbandmen appear in the background. There is a quaint addition to this legend, current among the northern Highlands of Scotland. It is said that a malicious little black beetle overheard the soldiers' question, and thrusting up his head, answered, "The Son of Man passed here last night." And this is the reason why the Highlanders stamp on the black beetle when they see it, saying, "Beetle, beetle, last night!"

The same thought of the danger of the journey has given rise to the various anecdotes of encounters with robbers. Sometimes it is a band of brigands lying in ambush; and as the child draws near, they hear a great noise like the sound of a king approaching with horses and chariots, so that a panic seizes them, and they run away without doing the harmless travellers any injury. Again, the Holy Family are taken prisoners by the captain of a

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FRESCO—NOTRE DAME D'ABONDANCE—THE FLIGHT.

company of brigands; but instead of cruelty he shows them kindness, carrying them to his own house, and entertaining them with the best of fare in his garden of fruit trees. His good wife helps to give the little child a bath, and prudently saves the water. Some days later, when the hospitable brigand comes home from a skirmish fatally wounded, the same wonderful water heals him and saves his life. At another time the travellers are stealing quietly past a band of robbers who have fallen asleep. But two of them, Titus and Dumachus, are roused by the noise. Dumachus wishes to awaken his comrades and capture the pilgrims; but Titus, being of an amiable disposition, though a robber, bribes his companion with forty pieces of money and a girdle to keep still and let them escape, for which Mary blesses him, and Jesus foretells that after thirty years the two robbers shall be crucified with him, and Titus shall enter into Paradise as the penitent thief. These are very primitive stories, but if any proud-minded person is inclined to despise them, let him remember that they prove at least that the early Christians recognized a difference among thieves, and were willing to believe in the possibility of goodness dormant under the crust of evil.

There is another class of legends which centre in the idea of the divinity of Jesus. The Egyptian idols are represented as tumbling from their pedestals at his approach. A whole city of idols, whatever that may mean, is changed into a sand-hill as he passes by. And one very large and powerful idol, to which all the others were accustomed to pay homage, cries out that Jesus is a greater God than any of them, and forthwith falls into a thousand fragments. All this is but a childish way of saying that the religion of Jesus destroys idolatry.

But the greatest fund of marvellous stories about the Flight is found in the Arabic *Gospel of the Infancy*, which was current among the Christians of the East, and was undoubtedly used by Mohammed in the composition of the Koran. It is an Oriental variation upon a sacred theme, an Asiatic embroidery full of all kinds of strange beasts, a sanctified Arabian Nights' Entertainment. It tells of a dumb bride restored to speech by taking the infant Jesus in her arms; and a crazy woman who would not wear any clothes brought to her right mind by the compassionate look of the Lady Mary; and a

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girl with the leprosy cleansed by washing in the water in which the child had been bathed; and sundry other household miracles even more ingenuous and astonishing. It describes the dwelling-place of the Holy Family at Matarea, a town a little to the northeast of Cairo, where any sceptical person may still see the aged sycamore which sheltered them, and the "fountain of Mary," in which she washed her child's coat. But the most wonderful tale of all is the story of the enchanted mule, which runs on this wise:

As the Holy Family were entering into a certain city they saw three women coming out of a cemetery, and weeping. And when the Lady Mary saw them, she said to the girl who accompanied her (the same who had been cleansed of her leprosy): "Ask them what is the matter, and what calamity has befallen them." But they made no reply to the girl's questions, asking her in their turn: "Whence are you? and whither are you going? For the day is spent, and night is coming on apace." "We are travellers," said the girl, "and are seeking a house of entertainment." They said: "Go with us, and spend the night with us." Accordingly the travellers accepted the courteous invitation, and were brought into a new house, richly furnished. Now it was winter, and the girl going into the apartment of these women, found them again weeping and lamenting. Beside them stood a mule, covered with housings of cloth of gold, and



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—From a painting by Giotto.

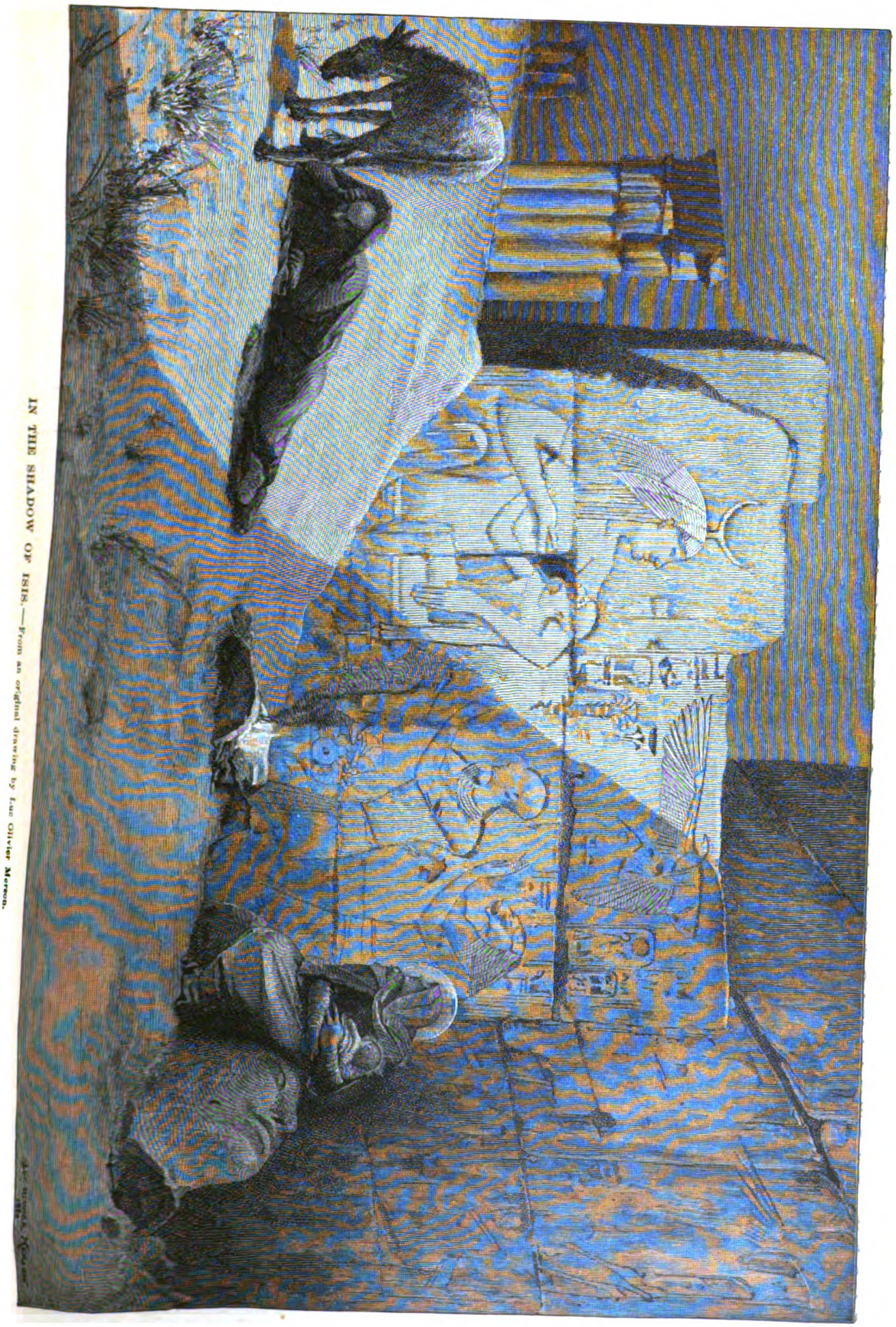
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THE HOME IN EGYPT.—From an engraving by Albrecht Dürer.

sesame was put before him, and the women were kissing him and feeding him. And the girl said: "What is all this ado, my ladies, about this mule?" They replied with tears: "This mule, which thou seest, was our brother, born of the same mother with ourselves. When our father died he left us great wealth, and this only brother. We did our best to get him married, and were preparing his nuptials after the fashion of our country. But some women, moved by jealousy, bewitched him, unknown to us; and one night, a little before daybreak, when the door of our house was shut, we saw that this our brother had been turned into a mule, as thou now beholdest him. And we are sorrowful, as thou seest, having no father to comfort us; and there is no wise man or magician in the world that we have omitted to send for, but nothing has done us any good." And when the girl heard this, she said: "Be of good courage, ladies, and weep no more; for the cure of your calamity is near; yes, it is presently in your own house. For I also was a leper. But when I saw that woman, and along with her that young child, whose name is Jesus, I sprinkled my body with the water wherein his mother had washed him, and I was cured. I know that he can deliver you from your affliction also. But arise, go to

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IN THE SHADOW OF ISIS.—From an original drawing by Luc Olivier Merson.

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Mary my mistress, bring her into your own apartment, tell her your secret, and supplicate her to have pity upon you." When the women had listened to the girl's words they hastened to the Lady Mary and brought her into their chamber, and sat down before her, weeping and saying: "O our mistress, Lady Mary, have pity upon thy servants, for no one older than ourselves, no head of our family, is left—neither father nor brother—to live with us; but this mule which thou seest was our brother, whom women have bewitched into this condition. We beseech thee, therefore, to have pity upon us." Then, grieving at their misfortune, the Lady Mary took up the Lord Jesus and put him on the mule's back, and she wept with the women, and said to Jesus Christ, "Alas, my son, heal this mule by thy mighty power, and make him a reasonable man as he was before." And when these words were spoken, the shape of the mule was changed, and he became a young man of engaging appearance. Whereupon there was great joy in the household, and the grateful sisters immediately concluded to marry their brother to the girl who had been the means of bringing him so great a benefit.

All this, especially the happy marriage, is quite in the style of Scheherezade. It is no more like the sober records of the evangelists than a display of fireworks is like the silent stars; and the very contrast goes far to prove, or at least to illustrate, the historical character of our four gospels.

The pictorial representations of this subject divide themselves into two classes. First we have the pictures of the Flight itself. These may be easily recognized by the presence of Joseph and Mary, evidently going on a journey, with their child, not yet two years old. If the child is older, and able to walk by the side of Joseph, the picture represents the Return. Sometimes the painter puts a sketch of the massacre of the innocents into the background, to remind us of the occasion of the Flight. Thus it appears in Peruzzi's fresco in the Church of San Onofrio at Rome. Sometimes he makes an angel showing the way, as in a painting of the school of Domenichino at Naples. Now the Holy Family are seen going through a gloomy forest, as in a black little etching by Rembrandt, where one can hardly distinguish anything except the lantern which Joseph carries in his hand. Now they are embarking in a boat, as in a painting by Poussin; and again they are floating on the sea, fanned along by angels, as in a very feeble and affected, and therefore popular, picture by a Frenchman whose name I have forgotten, and it is of no consequence. Usually Joseph is leading the ass, while Mary rides upon it, with the child in her arms. But sometimes the situation is reversed. There is a finely finished little picture by Adrian vander Werff in the Louvre, which shows Mary walking ahead carrying the child; she is about to cross a stream on stepping-stones, and turns to give her hand to Joseph, who is very old, and seems almost afraid to follow, while the ass, coming last of all, pulls back vigorously. In the same gallery I remember having seen a charming landscape by Adam Elzheimer, in which the Holy Family appear to have crossed a broad, shallow stream sparkling in the moonlight. Joseph carries a torch in one hand, and with the other he is giving a little branch to the child for a whip. On the edge of the woods in the background some shepherds have kindled a blazing fire, and there the travellers intend to seek their rest. The picture is thus illuminated with three kinds of light, yet it is perfectly harmonious, and suggests very beautifully the "camping out" aspect of the Flight.

The second class of pictures represent the Repose, either at some halting-place by the way, or in the home at Matarea. The subject came into vogue at the end of the fifteenth century. The earliest example of it that I know is a copperplate by Martin Schöngauer, which must have been done before 1488. But by the middle of the sixteenth century this theme had become even more popular than the Flight; it was painted by Titian and Paul Veronese and Correggio, by Murillo at least five times, by Rubens and Vandyck and Rembrandt and Ferdinand Bol, by Claude Lorraine and Nicolas Poussin, by Overbeck and Decamps, and among the latest representations of it is the picture by Knaus in the Metropolitan Museum at New York—a painting which is far from lofty in its tone, but which fascinates the public with its throng of plump and merry little angels. It is not always easy to recognize this subject; sometimes a painter like

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"THE TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS."
From a painting by W. Holman Hunt. By permission of the Fine Art Society, London.

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Claude gives us simply a broad landscape with a few tiny figures in one corner, and calls it a Repose; or again, as in the sad but lovely picture by Decamps, we see only a group of tired people with a little child, resting under the shadow of some trees, in dark silhouette against the evening sky. But as a rule the Repose is marked by at least one feature taken from the old legends—the fountain, the palm-tree, a company of angels singing and dancing to amuse the holy child. The painter tries to make his picture tell the story of rest after a weary journey. And always, if he knows anything about his subject, he leaves out the familiar figures which appear in other representations of the Holy Family. Wherever you find St. Anna, or St. Elizabeth, or the little St. John, you may know that the picture is not, properly speaking, a *Riposo*.



THE REST BY THE WAY.—From an engraving by Lucas Cranach.

And now we may turn for a moment to look more closely at our illustrations of this episode in the life of the child Jesus. There are nine of them: five represent the Flight, and four the Repose. Two of them are certainly in the very first rank of pictures belonging to the child

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life of Jesus; and altogether they cover the history of Christian art for more than five centuries, and show the different methods of fresco, oil-painting, and engraving.

First comes Giotto; and rightly, for he was the first man who ventured to paint the life of Christ as a reality. This fresco is one of those that make the walls of the rude little chapel of the Arena in Padua more precious than if they were covered with gold. It has suffered even more than its companions from the damp air of the surrounding garden; and much of that bright, pure color which Giotto loved has vanished from its surface. But even in its decay it is admirable; it shows us how clearly the oldest of old masters caught the meaning of the history, and with what vigor and sincerity he was able to express it. We may laugh, if we will, at the impossible trees, and the wooden head of the ass, and the stiff, unjointed hands of the people. These were things which Giotto did not understand very well, nor did he care much about them. But he did understand how to tell us that the journey was anxious and hurried, and altogether a very serious undertaking; that even the dumb beast was dejected and weary; that the boys and the girl who went along with the Holy Family talked a good deal by the way; and that Joseph chose the boy who could see the angel to lead the ass by the bridle; and that he himself could not help looking back continually to see if the mother and child were safe; and that these two, Mary and Jesus, being together, were less troubled than the rest of the party—all this Giotto tells us in his plain, strong way. He has grasped the situation. He gives the drama of the Flight.

The next picture comes from a little ruined church, which is hidden away in the Alpine hamlet of Abondance, among the mountains of Chablais, on the southern shore of Lake Geneva. The traveller who climbs up the valley of the Dranse from Evian to this forsaken spot will find the old abbey used as a stable, and these pale frescoes crumbling from the walls. No one knows who painted them. Mr. Theodore Child, to whose kindness we are indebted for this outline drawing, suggests that it was done in the fifteenth century by some travelling artist who went from place to place with his band of workmen to execute the orders of the monks. This was certainly the custom of the time, and the picture bears strong marks of Italian influence in the conventional treatment of Joseph's dream on the left, and the actual Flight on the right. But the interesting thing about it is its rude but graphic reproduction of the scenery of upper Savoy. These are the sharp-pointed hills and steep crags which rise around the village of Abondance; this peasant who is carrying a board covered with little round cheeses up a mountain path is a native of the district, and may still be seen there; this boat which two men are towing against the stream belongs to the river Dranse. It is still the drama of the Flight, but the coloring is distinctly local, and the artist has made the action subordinate to the scenery. And yet I think, upon the whole, the old master-designer gave the monks the worth of their money, even though he spared himself some expense by using gray instead of blue, which was the costliest of pigments.

We turn now from the atmosphere of Italy to that of Germany, and take three characteristic examples of Teutonic art in the early part of the sixteenth century. These are all pictures of the Repose, and their manner is idyllic rather than dramatic. The weakest of the three is the painting by Albrecht Altdorfer, the versatile and prosperous city architect of Ratisbon. He has let his bizarre fancy run away with him, and overloaded his picture with details. Yet there is something original and pretty in the little angel swimming to meet the child Jesus, who leans from Mary's lap and dips his hand in the fountain. But what a fountain! It is a nightmare of the Renaissance.

Cranach's engraving is far more satisfactory, and better even than his own earlier sketch of the same subject. It is signed only with his crest—a dragon with a ring in its mouth—but its authenticity is undoubted. The Virgin is seated at the foot of a tree against which Joseph is leaning. The child stands upon his mother's lap and offers her an apple. Twelve jolly cherubs are dancing in a ring before them, with every sign of delight, while two other cherubs are up in the tree robbing a nest and killing the young birds. This is a strange feature in such a peaceful scene. A recent writer has explained that the nest is an eagle's nest, and its de-

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THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.—From a painting by Albrecht Altdorfer.

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struction typifies the overthrow of the kingdom of Satan by Christ. But the old birds do not look in the least like eagles, and I suppose the artist intended the incident to be emblematic of the slaughter of the innocents at Bethlehem. It is a quaint conceit, but not very complimentary to the cherubic disposition.

Dürer's engraving, from the famous series of *The Life of the Virgin*, published in 1511, is altogether lovely and lovable. Merely as an example of early xylographic art it shows the hand of a master, strong, steady, direct. But when we enter into the thought and feeling of the picture we recognize even higher qualities. It is the home at Matarea. True, the architecture has a look of Nuremberg, and the miraculous fountain in the background flows through a wooden spout such as may have stood in the court-yard of Dürer's own house. But to the lowly heart there are no anachronisms. The thought of the artist dissolves the bonds of time. He will have us remember that home is home, wherever it may be, and that the love of Joseph and Mary could make a safe and happy place for the child Jesus even in exile. So the honest carpenter toils away at his trade, while the cheerful cherubs bustle around to help him. Mary sits near by with distaff and spindle, quietly working, and with her foot rocking the cradle in which little Jesus lies asleep. Even the angels do not disturb her placid soul. The picture is a song in praise of industry and love; it is an idyl of the joy of home even in a far land. Blessed is the child who finds such shelter amid the tumult and strife of the world!

Almost the only artist of the seventeenth century who really cared anything for the gospel story, and painted it as if he loved it, was the Spaniard Murillo. This Flight, which is in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, is painted in a very tender spirit, and full of feeling. The drawing in the lower part of the picture is not very secure, but the faces of Joseph and Mary, bending together over the child, are touched with beautiful solicitude and deep love. They forget the weariness of the journey in their delight in Jesus, and the child, pure and peaceful, as Murillo always conceives him, looks up with bright wonder at the angels above his head. A soft warm air envelops the group, and seems to waft them all gently onward. It is a bit of sentiment, almost passing into *Schwärmerei;* but, after all, it is pure and noble, free from the hysterical exaggerations of Correggio—a celestial reverie.

The eighteenth century—hard, barren, and conceited — is little better than a blank in sacred art. Our own age, with all its defects, is infinitely superior. Take these three pictures, all produced within the present decade, as illustrations of the different ways in which the modern spirit deals with the life of the child Jesus.

Lagarde's painting is a lyric set in a minor key. The thought which has impressed him is the loneliness of the journey. There are no angels in the sky. The wide desert shows no sign of life, save this poor little household wandering on through the trackless waste. The slender Virgin droops like a wilted flower, Joseph's steps are heavy and slow, and the child sleeps on his mother's arm. This plaintive *ballade* is all that the artist has found in the story of the Flight.

The striking sketch of the Repose which M. Merson has made for this article is far more suggestive. He is not, indeed, the first to introduce distinctly Egyptian features into the landscape, for I believe Poussin attempted this, in his cold, vague way, several times. But M. Merson is the first to do it accurately and thoughtfully. This drawing, slight as it is, is worthy of the man who, when he was painting the encounter of "St. Francis and the Wolf of Agubbio," travelled all the way from Rome to Agubbio in order to get his landscape true to nature. Even more noteworthy is the way in which he has touched upon the dim foreshadowing of the story of Jesus in the mythology of ancient Egypt. The Virgin sheltered in a corner of a ruined temple, and holding her child at her breast, looks up in amazement, and sees upon the gray stones beside her the gigantic outline of "Isis, the good mother, the faithful nurse, suckling her son Horus." What thoughts of wonder and of fear must have passed her heart! It is a miracle, a marvel, this strange coincidence, but a marvel altogether in the manner of the curious, complex nineteenth century. This picture is in fact the modern version of the old story of the conquered idols. They do not tumble from their places in ruinous dismay at the approach of Jesus, but they stand crumbling in sculptured impotence above

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—From a painting by Murillo, at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

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the living child, whose divine force is to go out as light and life to the uttermost parts of the earth and the end of time. And if there was aught of good in their vanishing worship, any conception of holy love and sacred maternity and redemptive power, all this was taken up and purified and consummated in the religion of Jesus.

Mr. Holman Hunt's magnificent painting of the Flight is undoubtedly the greatest in the series, and to my mind the most important religious picture of the century. It is impossible to get any just idea of it from an engraving, however faithful and painstaking, nor shall I dare to describe its opulence of color, its glorious mysteries of light, the grandeur, simplicity, and vigor of its style. I remember well the days that I spent before it in the summer of 1886, when it was exhibited in London. The rich bloom of the landscape, the garlands of heavenly human children, the joyous radiance of the infant Jesus, made it seem like a dream, full of real forms, lucid and beautiful and bright with rainbow hues, yet tremulous with mystical meaning, and ready to vanish at a breath into the circumambient night. This is the wonder of the picture; its realism is so intense and its mysticism is so deep, and both are blended together in the unity of a vision. Nothing could be more solid and life-like than the painting of Joseph, with his bronzed, muscular limbs, and the basket of tools on his back. The ass, intelligent and strong, has all the marks of the high-bred Mecca race. The flowers are those that star the plains of Palestine in early spring, each one painted with such loving care that it seems to blossom forever. Moon-threads —filmy beams—weave a veil of light over the trees and distant hills of Judah. The wreaths of children are full of natural, human grace, brighter and more lovely than any of Donatello's or Luca della Robbia's. Years of patient toil have been spent upon the canvas to give it reality, and make it true at every point where truth was possible. But beyond all this, and above it —nay, breathing through and through every careful line and glowing color—is the soul, the spirit of the picture, which irradiates it with

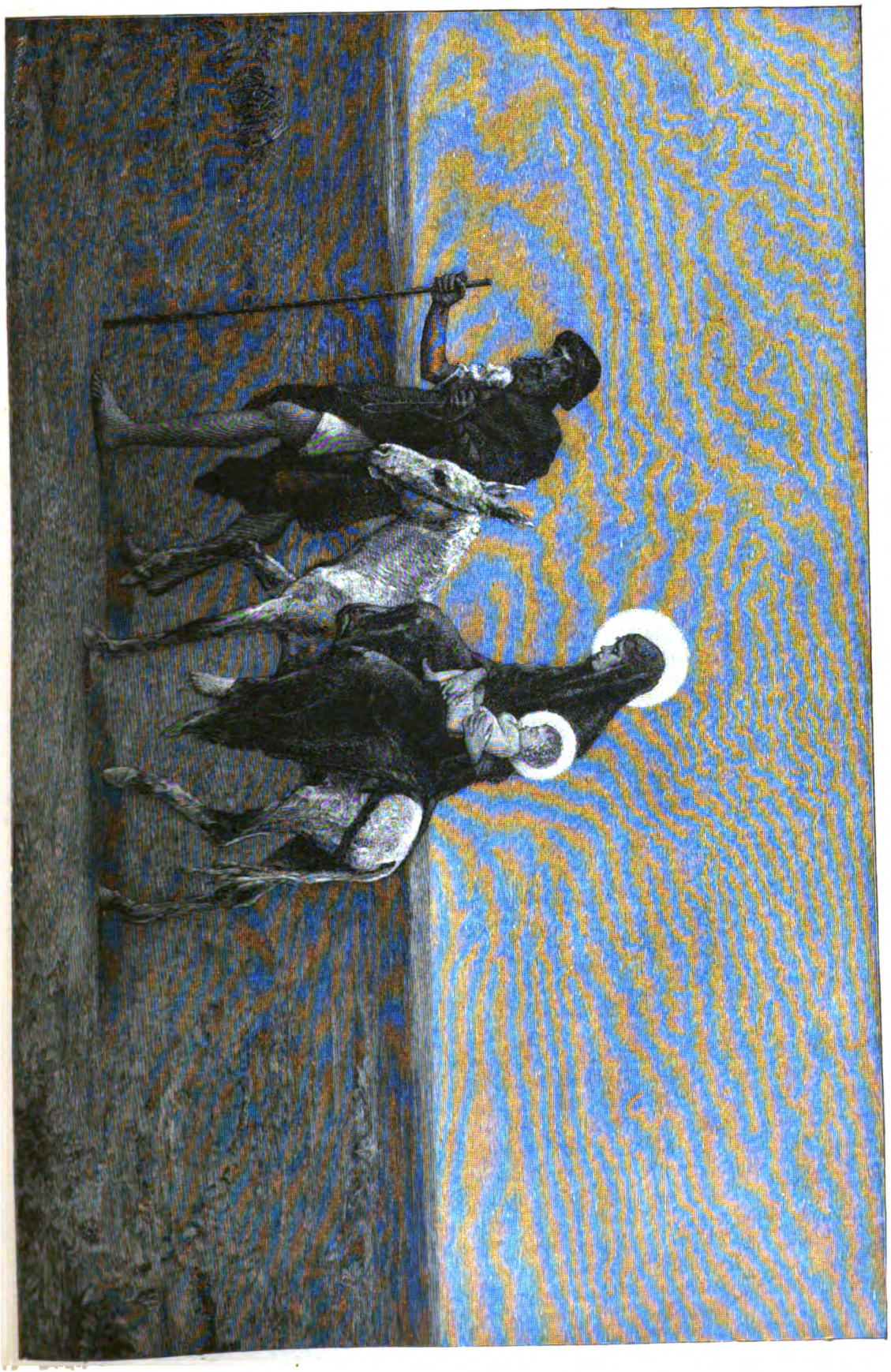
> "The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

The painter has expressed his meaning in the title of the picture. It is called "The Triumph of the Innocents." And this is the thought which he has immortalized.

The spirits of the murdered children of Bethlehem—not a great multitude, as they are often thoughtlessly depicted, but a little band such as really played in that little village—have followed after Jesus on his flight. Joseph is turning back anxiously to watch the signal-fires which burn upon the hills. Mary is busied in readjusting the garments which had been hastily thrown about her infant at the departure. But the Holy Child looks round, and seeing the spirits of his playmates, welcomes them with the gladness of a divine sympathy. The hand which he stretches out to them holds a few ears of wheat, the symbol of the bread of life. These children are the first of his glorious band of martyrs, and as they draw near to him, the meaning of their martyrdom flashes upon them, and their sorrow is changed into joy. The last group of little ones have not yet felt his presence, and the pain and terror of mortality are still heavy upon them. Over the head of one the halo is just descending. A little further on, a circle of flower-decked boys and girls are bringing the tired foal up to its mother's side. One baby saint looks down, amazed to see that the scar of the sword has vanished from his breast. In front floats a trio of perfectly happy spirits, one carrying a censer and singing, the others casting down branches of the palm and the vine. At their feet rolls the river of life, breaking into golden bubbles, in which the glories of the millennium are reflected.

All mystical, symbolical, visionary! But is it not also true? Think for a moment. It is the religion of Jesus that has transfigured martyrdom and canonized innocence. It is the religion of Jesus that tells us of a heaven full of children, and a kingdom which is to bring heaven down to earth. And so long as the religion of Jesus lives, it will mean help and blessing to the martyred innocents of our race—the children who are oppressed in slavery, and neglected in want, and crushed by human avarice and ambition and cruelty in the wheels of the great world—help and blessing to these little ones in the name and for the sake of the holy child Jesus.

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THROUGH THE DESERT.—From a painting by Pierre Lagarde.

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A GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.



IT was Christmas Eve in New Orleans, and the air was fragrant with the mingled perfume of sweet olive, violets, and roses, while lace curtains, floating in and out of second story windows, caught and wafted into sunny chambers a hint of orange blossoms lured into untimely bloom by the treacherous wooing of a Southern December.

So Christmas was coming to two old people who sat to-day on the front porch of a little hovel back of town. Each sat in front of a door, and they were separated by a board partition which divided the house into tenements. A man sat on one side, a woman on the other. Both were old, both black, both silent and contemplative.

Though he sat back near his door, in the mingled shadow of the low roof and an orange-tree, we perceive at a glance that the old man was characterized, as to personal appearance, by conspicuous baldness, exaggerated in effect by a luxuriant growth of bushy white hair, which clung about his temples, extending in a low line around the back of his head. A scant grizzly beard covered his face and chin, and he was apparently entirely toothless.

He had been engaged for several hours in splitting pine kindling, which he tied into little parcels of uniform size.

After he had finished his task to-day, the old man sat for some time quite still, with an air of alert listening.

Presently, however, he rose suddenly (though his motions were nervous and labored), and taking his stool with him, reseated himself near the edge of the gallery, exactly opposite a narrow opening made by a broken plank in the partition.

Knocking here as at a door, while he peered curiously through the aperture, he called out, "Oh, Sister Garrett! is you home, Sis' Garrett?"

As "Sister Garrett" rises to respond to the call, we perceive that she too is very old and bent, while a certain fashion of contracting her brows and looking intently before her shows that her dim-looking eyes are failing in vision.

She also takes her chair with her as she approaches the partition wall, and placing it quite near the opening, seats herself with laborious deliberation.

The old man inclined his head in a way almost courtly, as he said, by way of greeting: "I sholy is proud ter see you home, Sis' Garrett. I 'lowed dat I ketched de soun' o' yo' footfalls dis mawnin' on yo' side, an' I listened, an' I 'ain't heerd 'em no mo', an' I kep' a-listenin', 'caze I craved ter heah you a-meanderin' 'round; but I 'ain't heerd no mo' tell jes now I heerd yer sneeze."

The woman laughed. "Is dat so, Br'er Thormson? I know I is a loud sneezer. De idee o' you takin' note o' me a-sneezin'! Well, well, well! Business mus' be sort o' slow, sho' 'nough, ef you 'ain't got nuttn' better ter do 'n ter set up a-list'nin' ter me a-sneezin'. De Lord save us! You is a case, sho!" And Sister Garrett laughed again—a peal of high-noted laughter worthy of a light-hearted and a younger woman. The inborn spirit of coquetry never dies in some women, and if it seems to be sleeping, it takes only the inspiration of a masculine presence to rouse it into interesting play. Sister Garrett was a woman of this type. If it had been hers to die of old age, the coquette in her would still have died young.

It was the optimistic temper, of which this was an indication, which made her lonely neighbor welcome the sound of her footsteps.

The stolid old man was entirely guiltless of anything in the least degree personal when he referred to her sneezing, and yet the implication of courtesy rather pleased him. He looked through the hole in the wall at the old woman, and laughed.

"Dey's a sociable soun' ter yo' sneeze, Sis' Garrett, an' a man livin' like I does by he's lone se'f, he fin's a heap o' comp'ny in a good frien'ly sneeze a-comin' f'om 'crost de partitiom. Hit tecks orf a heap o' de lonesomeness o' Chris'mus.

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Look like hit calls my min' f'om 'way back yonder, an' brings me ter myse'f like. Time a pusson gits ole, look like Chris'mus is a lonesome day, any way yer tecks it. I trus' you's come home ter stay over Chris'mus, Sister Garrett?"

"Yas, sir; I 'lowed ter come an' set out heah on de po'ch an' sneeze ter keep you comp'ny, Br'er Thormson."

"How you does run on!" said Thompson, foolishly; but the woman continued, more seriously:

"Yas; I come home fur good. I'm done beat out an' burned out a-stan'in' over cook pots, an' I ain't a-gwine ter do it stiddy no mo'."

"How you gwine do, Sis' Garrett? I knows you ain't a-gwine ter stay home an' set down, dry so!"

"Huccome you so cuyus 'bout me, Br'er Thormson? You is de cuyuses' man! Huccome you know I 'ain't struck de lottery?"

"I jes teckin' a neighborly intruss, Sis' Garrett; I ain't mean no harm."

"Ef you so neighborly, Br'er Thormson, huccome you 'ain't axed me is I run out o' terbacker?"

The old man shuffled to his feet, and soon brought from his room a paper of the weed, his pipe, and a match.

The old woman took her own pipe from her pocket, and presently two columns of smoke rising from opposite sides, blew into a mingled cloud above the partition, and moved before them toward the south, crossing the old woman's yard.

"Smoke got sociable ways, 'ain't it?" said she, as she watched the misty cloud. "I puffs an' you puffs, an' time de partition gives 'em a chance, de two smokes look like dee des nachelly goes togedder."

"I see dee moves todes de souf," replied the old man, "an' I looks fur a snap o' fros' ter-night, an' I'll be 'j'iced ter see it, ter weck up de kindlin' trade. Look like a pusson mought starve at dis business ef dis warm winter ain't play out soon."

"I hates a hot Christmus," said the old woman.

"I hates it an' I loves it," he replied, with a touch of feeling—"yas, I hates it, 'caze seem like hit's onnachel an' 'ceitful, like pusson a pusson cyant trus', what 'd put up a warm cheek fur yer ter kiss, an' maybe nex' minute turn de col' shoulder on yer. I hates it dat-a-way; but agin, I loves it on de 'count o' de ricollections hit brings me. De happies' day o' my life was a hot Chris'mus—de day I got ma'yed, when I was yong an' full o' sperit."

The old woman looked at him quickly. "De Thormsons come f'om Georgy, ain't dee?" she asked.

"Yas, 'm, dee comes from Georgy," he replied, absently.

Both smoked on in silence for a while. Finally the woman spoke: "Whar you gwine ter eat to-morrer, Br'er Thormson?"

"Who, me? I—I—I don't know, Sis' Garrett. Mos'ly ev'y Chris'mus I goes roun' an' hopes some o' my lady frien's cookin' in de big houses, fetch in wood fur 'em, er maybe pick de tukkey, an' dee allus persis'es on me a-stayin' ter dinner—but to-morrer—look like to-morrer—I was jes a-studyin' 'bout dat—ef I could—'f I could—I ain't no cook, Sis' Garrett; but dar's my big rade rooster steppin' roun' so high, an' lookin' so lonesome sence ole Muffly strayed orf—I was jes lookin' at 'im an' a-studyin' dat ef I could—'f I could—ef you could—is you ever fricasseed a chicken, Sis' Garrett?"

"Lord save my soul, Br'er Thormson! I'm a cook, me! I c'd fricassee a chicken in my sleep, an' dream 'bout someh'n else at de same time, jes put de ingrejums onder my han's."

"What is de ingrejums, Sister Garrett?"

"De ingrejums ter fricassee a chicken? Nemmine 'bout dat. You des gimme de chicken, an' I won't pester you fur de ingrejums. I allus keeps a little seasonin' by me. I couldn't 'spect myse'f fur a cook ef I run out o' my trade-marks."

The old man was pleased. "You talks like a cook, sho', Sis' Garrett. When you converses dat-a-way, look like I c'n smell de steam."

"You'll smell it, sho 'nough, ef I passes my han' over de pot."

"Well, ef you say de word, de ole rade rooster 'll say he's pra'rs ter-night, an' we'll 'vide up on de fricassee fur Chris'mus dinner. I been studyin' 'bout de way you was a-talkin' 'bout de smoke jes now. Maybe de smoke o' our pipes runs togedder fur a sign ter me an' you dat *we* mought mix in an' out a little mo' neighborly an' sociable like. What you say, Sis' Garrett?"

"You kill de rade rooster, an' don't fret 'bout de smoke."

"An' how we gwine 'vide 'im up? Is you gwine ter pass my part back froo de hole?"

"I 'lowed you was teckin' a lesson f'om

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de smoke des now. Nex' time you studies a lesson, you study ter de een o' de book. 'Ain't you seed how de smoke blowed over ter my side? Huccome you cyan't come over an' eat dinner wid me? *You* ain't pizen an' *I* ain't pizen, an' Gord knows de *schewed chick'n, hit* ain't a-gwine ter be pizen."

The old man rubbed his hands together, smiled, and bowed his acknowledgments in a manner genuinely elegant.

"I recedes ter yo' invertatiom wid a full heart, Sister Garrett, an' ef de Lord spares my life, I'll shorely be on han'. You done spoke de fatal word. Time Mr. Highstepper was beginnin' ter pray now!" he added, laughing immoderately at his own wit, as he glanced at the rooster, who, all unconscious, was disporting himself in the sun. "What time you gwine have dinner, Sister Garrett?"

"'Twouldn't be no Christmus dinner ter me, less 'n 'twas late," she replied. "Le's have it at de white folks's time, six o'clock—dat is, ef hit suit yo' circumstancial convenience."

"All right, Sis' Garrett, all right. Six o'clock—six o'clock on a Christmus! Dat's de time o' day I got ma'yed—six o'clock on a warm Christmus. I d' know huccome dat comes back ter me ter-day. I b'lieve hit's de smell o' dem orwange flowers. We had 'em dat day; dee bloomed out o' season, jes like dee is now, an' de bride, she had a whole wreaf ob 'em on 'er haid."

The woman gave him a quick look, as she had done before. "You say de Thormsons come f'om Georgy, ain't yer?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yas, 'm, dat what I say; dee is come f'om Georgy."

The old man had risen. "Well, so long, Sis' Garrett," he said, moving away. "I gwine git a han'ful o' corn an' bait up Mr. Highstepper, an' teach 'im 'ligion, 'caze he's boun' fur a hot place. So long!"

And so they parted. The old woman sat silently ruminating a long time that night before going to bed.

How strange it was that the old man Thompson had been married on Christmas, and his wife had worn fresh orange flowers! How very strange! All this had happened to her when she was young. She had been a Christmas bride, and had worn an orange wreath; but of course this was in Louisiana, and her husband was tall and straight and handsome,—everything that Thompson was not. Still, it was strange, and the coincidence filled her heart with an old yearning. If she could but meet him once again, this husband of her youth, she would die happy; but this was more than she could hope for, for it had all happened—she had no idea how many years ago.

It had been an imprudent marriage, ill-advised and unfortunate. She and he had been the property of different families. The evil prophesied had come true. Her husband's owner had moved into another State, and carried all his goods with him, and that had been the end.

After a brief season of happiness, the marriage had brought her only separation and sorrow, and yet she would not part with the memory of this short period for all else that life had brought her.

It was late when she rose from her meditations, knelt for an audible prayer of unusual length, and finally climbed into her high soft bed, where, surrounded by friends of her youth, and with the sensation of an orange wreath lying upon her old head, in dreams she fell asleep.

The red rooster was killed that night, picked clean to a feather, and early next morning passed through the partition.

There had been a change in the weather about midnight, and by noon next day a drizzling rain had given way to a light fall of sleet—a transition not uncommon in this Southern city. At five o'clock the sleet was still falling, and at six the storm had grown more violent.

Thompson, rigged *cap-a-pie* in his foxy broadcloth suit, stood looking out upon the weather.

It was time to go, so said the silver watch in his waistcoat pocket, and so said the savory odor that came through the key-hole and under the barred door which separated the two rooms.

Thompson did not know what to do. Even ignoring the question of rain and rheumatism, *how would it look* for a man to go out in such a storm—*just for dinner?*

"Hit 'd look like a pusson was clean starved out, ter go 'way out ter dat front gate an' back agin, an' come in wet as a drownded rat, jes—*jes fo' grub!*" he soliloquized.

While he stood at the open door, growing momentarily more irresolute as the storm rose in violence, and more eager as

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"SMOKE GOT SOCIABLE WAYS, 'AIN'T IT?"

the appetizing steam grew in flavor, there came a rap at the partition. He was there in a moment.

"Br'er Thormson," said the expectant hostess, "ef you'll len' me a axe I'll prize open de do' 'twix' yo' side an' mine, so's you c'n come froo, ef you'll have de manners an' de perliteness ter nail it up agin quick's we gits done dinner. 'Tain't no use fur you ter git drownded out goin' roun', an' de chicken schew, hit's des done up ter de right notch now."

Thompson was most happy to promise to repair any injury resulting from the unbarring of the door, and it was soon open, and the Christmas feast a present reality.

"I hates ter ax yer ter fetch yer knife 'n' fork, Br'er Thormson, but I boun' ter do it, 'less'n we'd borrer back 'n' fo'th—er else I'd 'sult yer by eatin' wid my fingers—"

"Scuse me, scuse me, I pray," said Thompson, bowing and smiling; "I oughter had de sense an' de manners ter fetch—ter fetch de conveniences o' de 'casiom; but I 'ain't been movin' roun' in s'ciety fur—fur so long I 'ain't got no mo' perliteness 'n one o' dese heah Hottentotots—er some'h'n' riz in de woods."

With this profuse apology he disappeared, hobbling into his own room, whence he soon returned with the desired implements, adding also a tumbler and a chair, as he had taken note of these further needs during his apology.

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A second tour through his apartment resulted in the production of a handsome orange branch, which having stuck in a bottle, he placed now as floral ornament in the centre of the table.

"Look like we ought ter have some sort o' *bookay* fur ter glorify our eyes an' witness fur de 'casiom," said Thompson, as he stood off in admiration, "an' ter my eyes dat's purty, an 'hit's sweet-smellin' too."

"Hit's sweet tell yer git a sniff o' de fricassee, an' dat ain't leave no room fur no fainty flower smell," said the hostess, as she placed the steaming dish opposite Thompson's plate. "Teck a cheer an' set down an' meck yerse'f at home, fur's yer able, Br'er Thormson. What yer see befo' yer ain't sofistercated an' fine, but I gua'ntee hit's clean an' seasonable."

The dinner was fit for a king. The steaming stew, filling the room with its essence, both rich and delicate, a bowl of snowy whole-grained rice, a tin plate of roasted sweet-potatoes, gray with a hint of ashes upon their coats, a pone of golden egg-bread, and a pot of coffee, obtrusively aromatic, composed the simple *menu*.

It is but fair to observe to his credit that the eager expression of physical hunger gradually faded from his old face as the guest, at the invitation of the hostess, raised his right hand solemnly, and closing his eyes, addressed the throne of grace with a fervent though brief thanksgiving.

The occasion was in every sense a success, and the conversation of the guest thickly interspersed with parentheses complimenting the various dishes:

"Umh! Dishere gravy tecks me *'way back!*

"Dey ain't none o' dese heah cooks a-circulatin' roun' dese days dat knows de true in'ardness o' cookin'.

"You got dese dumplin's in dis gravy kivered wid velvet, 'ain't yer? Dee slips down like a soljer gwine home on a furlough.

"Dishere co'n-brade 'd meck poun'-cake blush an' clair out.

"Dese heah pertaters is as sugary and mealy-moufed as a ligislatur candidate!"

Such as these were the overflowing sentiments of the happy guest, while his hostess, with hospitable insistence, kept his plate filled.

At length, however, Thompson warded off further supply by repeated protest that every crack was filled up "clair down ter his boots." He moved back a little, still resting his elbow on the table, while the woman drew her chair round to the fire, and the two fell into comfortable after-dinner conversation. As was but natural, these two, both near the end of their lives, soon drifted into retrospection.

"Hit's funny," said the old man, after a pause, as he plucked an orange flower and held it, man fashion, in the hollow of his palm to his nostril—"hit's funny how de refumeries ob a blorsom kin wuck on a pusson's min', an' raise up ricollectioms o' times an' faces."

He handed the woman a stemless flower. Taking it daintily between her thumb and first finger, she smelt it meditatively.

"An' voices," she added, presently.

"H-how 'd you say dat?"

"An' voices, I say. De flagrams o' dis flower brings back a voice ter me—a voice ob—ob a frien' o' mine."

"Yas, hit do bring back voices too. Look like I c'n shet my eyes an' see a whole passel o' darkies a-standin' roun' a ole-time cyabin, an' a one-arm preacher standin' 'ginst de hyearth a-restin' 'is book orn de mantel-shelf; an' I kin feel myse'f a-walkin' in wid de purties', high-haidedes', bright-eyedes' black gal in de Nunited States. She was all dressed up in some sort o' white fliffy-fluffy dress, wid a whole wreaf o' dese heah blorsoms on 'er haid, an', laws-a-mussy, ef she warn't purty! She a-stan'in' up, so black an' shinin', in de mids' o' so much white grandeur, looked jes like one o' dese little slick blackbirds in a snow-bank! Oh, ef I c'd jes see 'er oncet agin! Ef she's in de lan' o' de livin', I'd know 'er, sho! In co'se I know she's boun' ter be changed by de blightin' o' time; but eyes is eyes, she couldn't nuver lose dem flashy-dashy, come-ef-yer-dare black eyes, 'less'n blin'-ness stricken 'er; an' sperit is sperit, an' I know long as she live she's boun' ter hol' a high haid. We had jes one little baby —a peart little boy—time de partin' come. I hope Gord spared 'im ter 'er."

The old woman had been listening alertly all along, but now she peered into the speaker's face. "Ain't you say de Thormsons come f'om Georgy?" she asked, eagerly.

"Y-yas, 'm, dee is. Huccome you keep a-axin' me is de Thormsons come f'om Georgy? Is yer knowed any ob 'em?"

Her face was troubled. "No, no, Br'er

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THE WEDDING, LONG AGO.

Thormson, I 'ain't knowed 'em. I des axin' yer *so*."

The old man continued: "Ef hit was Gord's will dat I c'd jes see 'er agin once mo' 'fo' I die, an' set down an' talk wid 'er, an' know all 'er ups an' downs sence I lef' 'er when I went ter Georgy—"

"'Ain't you said you *come* f'om Georgy, Br'er Thormson?"

"Yas, 'm, dat so. I is come f'om Georgy, but dishere what I'm talkin' 'bout now, hit's *away back yonder*—long 'fo' de 'clarin' o' wah—'fo' my marster move ter Georgy—when I was a yong buck. I lived in Lou'siana dem days, an' I married, 'ginst de 'visemint o' my marster, a purty little black gal named Cicely, what b'long ter de Morgans on de coas', on de plantation 'j'inin' we's place. In co'se I done passed de mos' o' my life in Georgy, but quick's de wah was over an' Freedom loosen me, I come clair back ter de coas'—I wucked my way down—a-huntin' fur Cicely; but 'twarn't no use. Her marster done had been kilt in de army, an' look like ev'ything was gone ter rack 'n' ruin, an' I couldn't heah nuttn', an' nobody seem like dee 'membered me, so I come on down heah ter Noo 'Leans—an' let 'lone prayin' fur de sight an' keepin' my eyes open, I done guv up de hunt, 'caze I mought be trablin' eas' while she gwine wes', an' ef hit's de Lord's will, He c'n lan' 'er right heah—an' ef 'tain't, well—maybe hit's fur de bes', 'caze, in co'se, in all dese yeahs she mought o' ceasted ter love me—but I ain't look fur dat, 'caze de way my heart hol' ter her, I b'lieve she done helt ter me too. Ef I c'd jes see 'er! Dey ain't no gals like her dese days. She was de ole-time sort. Yer 'ain't nuver is met up wid no Morgan people f'om de coas', is yer?"

The old man had become so much absorbed in his own past that he did not perceive that the woman was silently weeping. The room, lit only by the faint glow of a low fire and the fitful flicker of an expiring candle, was nearly dark.

The old woman steadied her voice by

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an effort, and made a feeble attempt to straighten her stooped figure.

"You say she got a high haid an' a bright eye—Br'er Thormson—but you ain't 'low dat maybe grievin' an' sayin' nuttn' all dese yeahs mought bring down a proud haid; an' yer know"—her voice trembled—"y-yer know cookin' over a cook-stove, hit nachelly blurs a pusson's eyes."

"I knows all dat," he replied, shaking his head emphatically—"I knows all dat; but—but you 'ain't knowed little Cicely. She warn't none o' de lettin' down sort. In co'se I's perpared ter see 'er gray, maybe, an' maybe show age, but ef she's a-livin', I'm plumb sho she got a quick eye an' a high haid yit."

The old woman's face was twitching nervously. Her dim eyes, doubly dimmed with tears, rested upon the face of the man whom she knew to be the husband of her youth, but there was something in the inborn pride of the woman—call it coquetry if you will—which resented the contrast between his memory's picture and herself.

Finally she said, with wonderful control, though the corners of her mouth were quivering:

"Br'er Thormson, dey's a man what I'd like ter meet up wid agin 'fo' I die, please Gord, an' sence you come f'om de coas', maybe you mought o' knowed 'im. He goed by de name o' Smiff, Aleck Smiff—"

"Wh-wh-wh-wh-wha'?" the old man stammered, in a bewildered effort to speak; but she paid no attention to him.

"He was a man taller'n you is, but maybe dat was de way he hol' 'isse'f—he hol' 'isse'f des like a Presiden'—an' he comb 'is ha'r high up orn top 'is haid, des like a rooster wid a proud comb, an' when he'd open 'is mouf ter talk, 'is voice 'd come out brave an' strong, des like de deep notes on a melojum. I'd know dat voice in a chorus o' angels! Ef—ef I c'd meet up wid dat man, Br'er Thormson, look like my heart 'd turn ter joy, 'caze—'caze he—he was my husban'."

It was all she could do to say these last words, and she caught her breath nervously as she proceeded:

"I'd sholy know 'im ef I c'd ketch de soun' o' dat noble voice. Yer 'ain't nuver is met up wid no man like dat, is yer?"

The old man was peering into her face as one dazed.

"L—look like I ain't onderstan' yer good," he said. He was trembling, and his voice, suffering from agitation, exceeded even its usual quality of piping thinness.

"I say, yer 'ain't never knowed no man like dat, is yer, f'om de coas', name Aleck Smiff, wid a fine haid o' black ha'r, an' shinin' white toofs, same as de milk-white grains on a roas'n' ear, an' a voice joyous an' persuadin', like a he-bird's song, an'—"

The old man had been weeping silently, but now he interrupted her by a tremulous wave of his hand, and with a pathetic effort to steady his voice, began to answer her:

"L—look like—look like dat what you's a-talkin' 'bout—hit was a long time ago, Cice—Sis' Garrett, an' yer know a pusson's voice—hit's—hit's boun' ter teck orn a high note when age stricken 'im an' 'e begin a-frailin'—"

"In co'se I knows all dat," said she; "I knows all dat. I 'lows fur de wuckin's o' time on 'im. I ain't spec' ter see 'im skip roun' lively like he done when I knowed 'im; but de voice, an' de way he comb 'is haid, an' dem shinin' white toofs—all dat boun' ter tell on a bordy."

His head sank heavily on his hand, and he was silent for a time. Finally he said: "Ain't yer know, S-Sis'—Sis' Garrett, dat when age an' sorrer stricken a man, ev'ything boun' ter come back on 'im? Dat's huccome dee proves de Book what fo'tell de secon' chil'hood. De toofs, dee all draps out, same as a onteethin' baby; de ha'r on a pusson's haid, hit clair de track too; an' den—look like 'tain' no use fur 'im ter try ter stan' up 'g'ins' dese losses like a man, 'caze time dat high note strack 'im he cyan't play no bluff game; he's jes nachelly obleege ter give up de fight, an' 'low dat de times an' de seasons done beat 'im out."

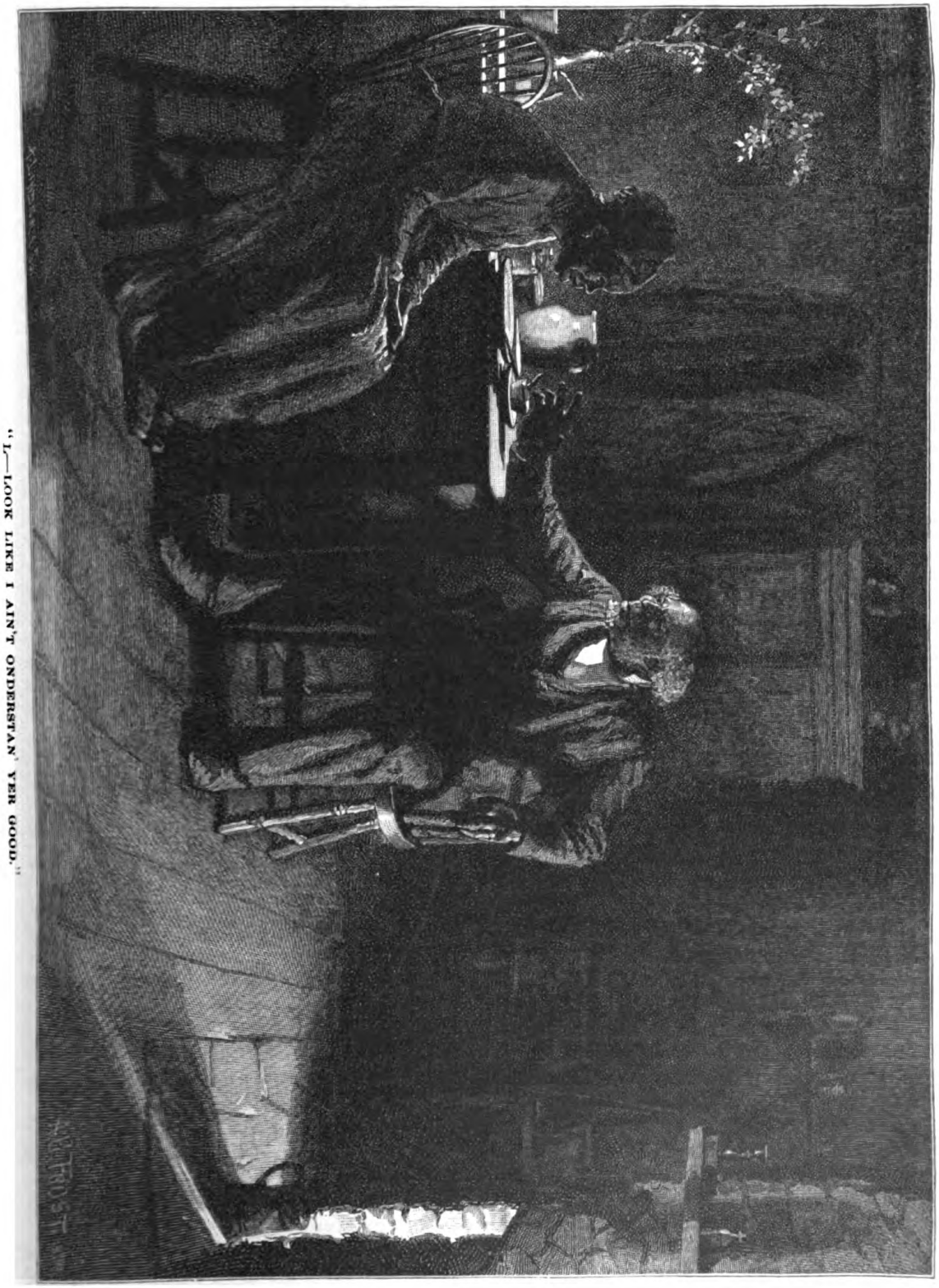
He hesitated, searching the old woman's face, but she made no sign, and he went on:

"Dat high note look ter me like hit match wid de gorslin's, an' same as a yong buck git de gorslin's, an' talk high fur a noterfercatiom ter stan' up an' be a man, hit come on 'im agin time he gits ole fur a noterfercatiom dat de battle done fit, an' he 'bleege ter give up de fight and let down!"

He studied his hearer's face for a second pause, but she still seemed looking into space, and was silent. Her pride required that his humiliation should be complete.

"Look like," he resumed—"look like

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"I—LOOK LIKE I AIN'T ONDERSTAN' YER GOOD."

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dat high note teck a man twice-t, some'h'n' like de way a ingine blow de trumpet twice-t. Hit blow fus, when de train start orf, ter say dee gwine turn orn de steam; an' bimeby hit blow agin, ter ease up, 'caze de statiom's in sight."

Another silence. The old man was greatly tried.

"Ef—ef dis man Smiff been a-pinin' fur you in 'is heart—grief, hit 'll tell on a voice too—an' maybe he mought talk high jes f'om time an' sorrer wuckin' on 'im—an' —an' lonesomeness—an'—an' all dat."

There were tears in his voice now.

"Ef—ef I c'd meet—could meet up wid Cicely, I'd crave ter fin' 'er changed, 'caze I knows ef she warn't, she wouldn't have no use fur a ole man like me."

He buried his face in his hands and fell to sobbing.

"Ef—ef she was high-haided—an' peart-eyed—she—she mought turn 'er back on me—an' maybe not know me.—Oh, my Gord!—an' maybe not know me!—But—ef 'er haid was low wid de weight o' time—like mine is—an' 'er eyes was ondimmed wid sorrer—like mine is—an' 'er heart weak wid yearnin'—like mine is—"

His voice, which had failed him piteously at each repetition of the words "like mine is," broke entirely here.

The woman was now also weeping aloud. Rising from her chair, she fell upon her knees at his side. "Hush, Aleck!" she screamed. "Hush, I say! I can't stan' no mo'! Oh, my Gord!" Her head fell upon his knees, and her arms were about his body.

"Glory! glory be ter Gord!" shouted the old man, burying his face upon her neck, while his arms fell over her shoulders.

It was many moments before any word was spoken, save a muffled "Glory!" or "Praise Gord!"

At last, however, the old man wiped his face, and after several futile attempts to speak, said, "Ci-Cicely, wh-whar little Joe?"

But she could not answer. Moving her head from side to side, however, she indicated that she did not know.

The night was far spent when, after having with mingled tears and laughter reviewed their lives, the old couple composed themselves for a quiet talk. Both had been resold soon after their separation, and bore the names of their last owners.

"You know some'h'n', Cicely," said the old man, smiling, when after an interchange of experiences they returned to the question of mutual recognition—"yer know some'h'n', Cicely, I mistrusted de seasonin' o' dat fricasseed chicken f'om de fus'."

"'Twas de orwange blorsoms what sot me ter studyin', Aleck," said she; "an' when I'd look acrost de table at yer, an' you'd talk 'bout marryin' on a Christmus, an' havin' de orwange blooms, seemed like I'd *com*mence ter git warm, an' I'd be close-t up ter reconnizin' yer, an' den you'd say some'h'n' 'bout Georgy, an' I'd be col' as ice agin, des like de chillen a-gropin' roun' arter a switch when somebody holler out, 'Now yer hot!' an' 'fo' dee c'n tu'n roun', 'ner one sing out, 'Now yer col'!' An' den when you teched orn de baby, I d' know huccome I kep' still—look like we was des 'bleege ter be us, an' den right on top o' dat you 'spon' dat you is come f'om Georgy, an' I was orn de rack—wid Christmus an' de orwange smell, an' seem like you so p'intedly match an' so p'intedly ain't match wid Aleck. Yer voice *is* failed yer some, Aleck; but when I listens ter it good, seem like de ole ring, hit comes back. Ef you'd o' let 'lone talkin' 'bout Georgy, I'd o' knowed it f'om de fus, but I 'membered dat you went ter Atalanta, an' in co'se Georgy, hit put me orf de track."

"'Tlanta an' Georgy, dee jes de same, Cicely."

"Is dee? Well, well! 'Trav'lin' roun' like you's been, a pusson do git educatiom. You mus' scuse my grammar, but I 'lowed dee was two far countries, maybe 'crost de oceam f'om one'n'er."

"No, no. 'Tlanta, dat's jes, yer mought say, de quality name, an' de people in de cidy what put on style—yer know how dee is—dee jes nachelly obleege ter teck orn some'h'n' ter look like hit stan' fur grandeur, an' dee claims de name o' 'Tlanta dat-a-way; an' dem what live roun' in de highways an' byways, dee jes teck on de plain name o' Georgy, dry so."

"Of co'se," said she.

The night was far spent, and the old couple still sat talking—living over together in one night of dim retrospection their long lives spent apart.

They wept and laughed many times over the sorrows and surprises of the reminiscence, and these emotions were pathetically mingled as the mother reviewed the life of their child from his infancy, at the time when the father was

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taken away, to his maturity, and then to the time of the war, when, to use her own words, "look like time he ketched de name o' freedom, he 'ain't had no sense lef', an' run orf an' j'ined de inemy an' turned Yankee, an' nuver was heerd of no mo'."

The old man alternated between laughter and tears over her description of the lad, weeping as she emphasized the points of resemblance to his father in matters of comfort to herself, and laughing as she pursued the subject of heredity further, somewhat in this wise:

"Yas, he was des de spi't 'n' image o' you, Aleck. He walk like you, proud an' bigotified; but des strack a bow 'crost de fiddle, an' ev'y j'int in he's bordy look like hit 'd loosen up an' 'spon' ter de chune. An' you know de way you use ter wrop an' tie up de middle o' yo' ha'r all de week, an' grease it wid a taller candle ter open it up of a Sunday—well, little Joe he favored you dat-a-way. Look like you is los' yo' ha'r purty consider'ble, Aleck," she continued, glancing at his bald pate, "but in co'se you 'ain't been half reg'lated. Time I gits some goose-grease an' buggomot an' yarbs, an' bile 'em down good, an' rub 'em in on de full o' de moon, hit 'll come out agin; an' ef it don't, hit 'll nour'sh an' cher'sh de roots good, an' polish de skin. Is yer ever tuck ingon syrup fur yer col', Aleck?"

"I 'ain't got no col', Cicely. Huccome you ax me dat?"

"Look ter me like you's a little hoa'se, ain't yer?"

"Is I? I d' know ef I is er not. I 'ain't had nobody ter catechise me 'bout my cornstitutiom, an' take no *in*truss in me fur so long, I jes tecks myse'f as a fin's myse'f, an' ax no questioms. In co'se, my so'e foot, I knowed dat warn't nachel, an' I been a-tamperin' wid it good as I could, but look like hit ain't mendin' none."

"Maybe hit crave a new han', Aleck. Lif' it up heah on my knee an' lemme see it."

He raised his foot laboriously, and rested it in his old wife's lap. With a tender hand she slipped off the heavy shoe, pulled off an almost footless sock, and gently unwound the bound ankle.

"You sholy is you," she said, laughing, as she stroked his old foot. "I'd know dat foot in a crowd, de way de big toe treshpash on de nex' one."

"Co'se me me," he responded, with a chuckle. "Ef—ef I 'lowed I was somebordy else a-putt'n' he's foot up in yo' lap so sporntanyus, I'd—I'd shoot 'im sho, perfessor as I is!"

The suffering ankle was tenderly manipulated, and pronounced already better for the sympathetic tending.

"Dey ain't no 'casiom ter nail up de do' no mo', is dey?" said the old man, finally, with a smiling glance at the fallen bar.

"I been a-settin' heah ponderin', Aleck," said she, "an' seem ter me, bein' as you an' me stan's high in de chu'ch, an' dey is so much upro'rious doin's an' goin's on dese days, an' so much scandalizin', we ought ter be calt out agin f'om de pulpit fo' man an' wife; an' while I ain't say nail de do', I say we better des keep it shet, an' set out on de two sides o' de partitiom (ef a warm spell come agin) tell over Sunday, an' den we c'n stan' up in chu'ch agin, 'caze you know dee 'ain't got nuttn' but 'cep' des my word an' yo' word ter stan' 'twix' us an' scandalizemint, ef dee choose ter p'int a finger at us."

"What yer mean, Cicely? Is yer mean fur me ter go home?"

"Yas, Aleck. I b'lieve dat's de bes', tell you talks to Br'er Brown an' git 'im ter call us out in chu'ch."

"Dat look like foolishness ter me, Cicely."

"In co'se hit's foolishness 'twix' you an' me, Aleck; but hit's good hard sense de way we stan's 'fo' de worl'. Ef somebordy 'd come in heah an' fin' dat do' open, an' you maybe on de wrong side, all de splainin' we c'd do arterwoods hit 'd on'y aggervate de scandal 'fo' de worl'. You go orn home now. Hit's 'mos' day, an' you needs a nap o' sleep 'fo' sunup."

The old man laughed, and waiving further protest, betook himself through the open door to his own apartment. A dim light coming through the window seemed to color the candle-flame a deeper orange. It was the first ray of a rising sun.

"Oh, Cicely," he called, as he stood, candle in hand, at the door—"oh, Cicely, han' me a ole josey er some'h'n' o' yo's, honey, ter hang up over heah, won't yer? Dis room look like hit's got a sudden spell o' emptiness, an' seem like hit's lonesome as de grave. I 'feerd I mought go ter sleep an' weck up an' mistrus' all dis fur a dream, 'less'n I had a ole ap'on er josey er some'h'n' ter ketch my eyes quick's I opens 'em. Hit 'd he'p me ter pass de time tell Sunday."

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"G'way f'om heah, Aleck! I ain't a-gwine do no sech of a thing! I ain't gwine have no josey o' mine witnessin' 'ginst me 'fo' de Cornf'ence; an' ef some o' dem busybordy br'ers an' sisters come a-prowlin' roun' heah terreckly ter see de shape o' de scraps you got lef' f'om Christmus dinner, dee'd spy it out an' set it up 'ginst my c'a'cter mighty quick. You go orn ter baid, Aleck, an' ef yer git lonesome you des call out, 'Cicely,' an' I'll 'spon' ter yer, 'caze I's bewildered an' 'plexted in my min' much as you is, an' I ain't gwine sleep heavy. Good-night, an' Gord bless yer!"

"Amen," said the old man as he blew out the candle, and before many minutes a sound of measured breathing coming from both rooms proclaimed the aged pair at rest in that happy land of youth renewed, of losses restored, of hopes fulfilled, the land of dreams.

Parson Brown was duly interviewed, and concurred fully in Sister Garrett's idea of the propriety of a formal announcement, in the presence of the congregation and of the parties concerned, of the renewed relations of the old people. Indeed, he was quite enthusiastic in his delight in prospect of the novel occasion, as well as in congratulations to the soon to be reunited. The old couple expressed some solicitude as to the manner of proceeding, to which he reassuringly replied in this wise:

"Hab no reprehensioms, my deah br'er an' sister; jes leave ev'ything ter me. Ain't I'm a preacher? Ain't I'm de shepherd o' de flock? I *is* er I *ain't* one. Ef I *ain't*, I better han' in my designatiom an' clair out, an' go a-fishin'; an' ef I *is*, I sholy is fittn ter conduc' air cer'mony whatsomever what mought arise outn de needs an' de desires o' my flock. Ain't dat so?"

It was so. So said Sister Garrett, and so reiterated Br'er Thormson's nodding head.

"An' as fer yo' part," the minister continued—"as fo' yo' part, embellish yo'se'ves accordin' ter de dictates o' yo' desires an' de succumstances o' de 'casiom, an' lookin' neither ter de right ner ter de lef', walk up de middle island o' de chu'ch at de 'p'inted hour, an' teck yo' stan', widout feah an' widout approach, in de presence of a waitin' corngergatiom, an' I'll gua'ntee dat ev'ything shill pass orf ter de comfort o' yo' hearts, ter de 'newin' o' yo' sperits, ter de saters*fac*tiom o' de worl', an' ter de glory o' Gord."

"Amen!" said Sister Garrett.

"Amen!" fervently echoed Br'er Thormson.

On Sabbath morning following this, Br'er Brown announced from the pulpit that at five o'clock on that same afternoon, immediately after the closing exercises of Conference, then in session, there would take place in the church a *golden wedding*, to which all were cordially invited. This was all. He refused further explanation, but laughingly bade the curious "come and see."

Needless to say, the church was crowded to overflowing, for curiosity ran high, both as to the individuals concerned and the exact nature of the promised ceremony. The expectant interest of the waiting congregation proved infectious, and after closing of Conference the dozen or more of ministers present remained, to a man, curious to witness an occasion so rare as a golden wedding.

After a short interval of some disorder, during which ministers and people engaged in social conversation, laughingly surmising as to whom the bridal party should be, a stir at the door announced their approach.

Had not their dress labelled them as the heroes of the hour, it would have been impossible, so great was the crowd, for them to have made their way up the aisle. The throng, pressing to right and left, gave way, however, and arm in arm the old couple, obeying orders, passed up the middle aisle and took their stand before the pulpit.

The groom wore his old broadcloth suit —the very one, by-the-way, in which he had been married to this same woman a nameless number of years ago.

The bride, modestly attired in an old white muslin, might have escaped special notice in a crowd, excepting for a small spray of natural orange flowers which she wore upon her forehead.

It is a pity to have to write it, but there was a titter of mirth, ill suppressed, unworthy the dignity of the occasion and the place, as the old pair tottered up the aisle.

Brother Brown had stepped down before the pulpit, and was ready to receive them. Perceiving instinctively that his congregation were not in tune with the

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spirit of the occasion, he won their attention and deference by a short and earnest prayer; then lowering his voice, addressed them solemnly as follows:

"My deah bredren and sistren in de Lord, you see befo' you a aged couple, bofe o' whom an' each one o' which is no stranger ter you all—Br'er Alexander Thormson, a man in good an' reg'lar standin' in de chu'ch, an' Sister Cicely Garrett, likewisely respected and respectable 'mongst de sisterhood fur stiddy-goin' piety. It is a fac' well known ter dis corngergatiom dat dese two pussons is been livin' nex' do' ter oneanner fur de space o' six mont's er such a matter, save an' exceptin' sech times as Sister Garrett is been livin' out at service; an' when I 'form you o' de fac' dat dee claims dat dee was married ter oneanner long 'fo' de wah, an' 'ain't reconnize one'ner tell now, 'tain't fur you ter 'spute dey words, 'caze when you cas'es yo' eyes upon 'em now, as dee stan' heah ter-day, you can easy conceive o' de fac' dat de lan'marks *by* which dee *could* o' been reconnized is well-nigh washed away by de surgin' o' de river o' time. Dee claims dat dee was j'ined in de holy instate o' matrermony in de ole days, time dee was yong, an' arter meanderin' roun' de worl', eas' an' wes', norf an' souf, norfeas' an' norfwes', so ter speak, ter all de p'ints o' de cumpositiom, dee suddently reconnize oneanner, an' now, while dee ain't a-ca'culatin' ter ketch up wid all de yeahs what's gone, dee 'low dat dee crave ter come back ter de startin'-p'int, an' start fresh, han' in han'. By de blessin' o' Gord, when dee skivered oneanner, dee was bofe free-handed an' free-hearted; an' now, wid a free han', dee craves ter jine han's agin, an' wid a free heart dee craves ter jine hearts once mo'; an' ef dey hearts is bofe turned dat-a-way, who gwine say de word ter hinder 'em? Ef anybordy got a word agin it, let 'im *speak now*, er else, as de Bible say, *forever hol' 'is peace.*"

He hesitated, casting his eye over the crowd, upon which the silence of attentive listening had fallen.

"Hit's true," he resumed, "dis aged couple is well on in de yeahs, an' look like dey journey is 'mos' done; but ef dee got de cour'ge ter teck han's fur de las' mile o' de road, 'tain't fur de likes o' us ter *discour'ge* 'em! An' when I looks at dis o-ole man, ripe in yeahs, as de Book say, an' 'cripit an' failin' in steps, an' I know dey's a woman what's willin' ter stan' up an' teck de spornserbility o' follerin' dat man clean tell 'e gits ter de gate o' de kingdom, I bless de Lord, an' say *dat woman got cour'ge, sho!* She is *born inter de light*, 'caze hit would be a *dark journey fur de onconverted!* An' when my eyes pass ter de bride—'tain't no use fur me ter specify—but when my eye pass ter de bride what stan's befo' me now, a-leanin' fon'ly on de arm o' de groom—dat same groom what done picked an' choosed 'er out away back yonder time o' de fallin' o' de stars—'tain't no use fur me ter specify, but I raises my eyes ter heaven an' I say, Bless Gord fur cour'ge! De bride ain't show no mo' cour'ge 'n de groom is. Bless Gord fur a brave heart an' a kin' heart an' a true heart!

"*Wharfore*," he continued, "in de face o' de fac's, an' in de presence o' you all, I pernounce 'em once mo' man an' wife!"

Turning to the groom, he added, lowering his voice, "I ain't say s'lute yo' bride, 'caze I know she done been s'luted on de former 'casiom; howsomever, ef you desires ter 'new yo' salutatiom 'fo' de worl', you is free ter do so."

The old man bent his head and kissed the lips of his old wife. This was taken as the usual signal for congratulations, and the congregation began to move forward.

With a wave of his arm, however, the minister indicated that the golden wedding was not yet over.

Placing bride and groom in chairs within the chancel, he turned again to the congregation. A change of tone denoted that he was now approaching a new branch of the subject.

"I guv out dis mawnin'," he began, "dat dis was gwine ter be a *golden weddin'*, an' what is I mean, my bredren? Is I mean dat de *preacher* was rich? No, you know I ain't. Is I mean dat de *groom* was rich? No, you know I ain't. Is I mean dat de *bride* was rich? No, you know I ain't. Den what *is* I mean? What is de significatiom of a golden weddin'? Hit's de cilebratiom o' de ma'yage o' two pussons what have de cour'ge ter stan' up 'fo' Gord an' de worl', arter fifty yeahs, an' say 'Amen!' Dee lived through it, an' dee gwine stan' up ter it; an' ef dee sorry dee done it, dee nuver lets on. Dat's de weddin' part; an' de gol' part, dat mean dat ev'ybordy 'bleege ter fetch a gol' wed-

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din' present. Now fur de gol' part. In co'se I knows you ain't able ter come up wid pure gol', but look ter me like dis is a proud occasiom ter do double juty wid sech as you is got, an' you knows yo'se'f dat small change is de squivalent o' gol'; an' now I tell yer what I gwine perpose ter do: I 'ain't c'lected no sal'ry fur two mont's, an' ef you'll all come up hearty, yong an' ole, wid de widder's mite, an' swell de collectiom, I tell yer what I gwine do: I gwine 'vide up even wid de bride an' groom, an' we'll give 'em a golden weddin' ter de best o' our stability, 'caze when a pair o' ole pussons show de cour'ge what dee done showed ter-day, hit's on'y right ter he'p 'em 'long an' give 'em a start. What you say?"

"Amen!" exclaimed an old man in the front pew.

"Turn up de hat!" The voice came from the body of the church this time.

"Ole age boun' ter ketch us all 'f we live," said another—a white-haired sister.

It was pretty, the generous spirit of this most ingenuous and sympathetic people.

The collection was the largest ever known. When it was over, and the congregation, every individual of which had contributed something, had again come to order, the minister, after offering a short thanksgiving in the name of the beneficiaries, announced that before pronouncing the benediction he desired to give a short notice.

"De bride an' de groom," said he, "wants me ter noterfy dis congergatiom dat on de former 'casiom when dee got ma'yed dee was j'ined under de name o' Smiff, bein' as Br'er Thormson at dat time b'long ter de Smiffs, an' seem like, ef dee goes back agin fo' man an' wife, dee boun' by law, ef dee boun' at all, ter teck up dey contrac' under de same entitlemint dee went by time dee 'sumed de fus sponserbility, an' so now dee gwine leave de name o' Thormson an' teck de name o' Smiff. Dat's de fus p'int; an' de secon' an' las' p'int is dis: Sis Garrett, jest turned Thormson, and hencefor'ard Smiff, she got a grief on 'er heart on de 'count o' a yong son o' hern an' Br'er Smiff's what strayed orf time o' de wah and 'ain't been heerd of no mo', an' she baigged me ter be sho an' read out from de pul*pit* ter-day a inscriptiom o' de yong man, an' ter spressify de fac' dat he's pa an' ma crave ter meet up wid 'im agin. She say he was name Little Joe, Joe Smiff (she don' know ef he helt ter de Smiff, but she sho he cling ter de Joe); an' fur de inscriptiom, de way she got 'im on 'er min', she say he was a likely yong man, black-complected an' tall an' slim, an' at de time o' de strayin' orf he had orn a blue check homespun suit, an' fur face an' shape, she say he look jes perzac'ly like hes pa, an' she furthermo' intreats dis congergatiom dat ef dee knows any yong man name Joe (or even *ain't* name Joe, ef fulfil de inscriptiom) what 'ain't kep up wid 'is fambly, ter sen' 'im roun' tell dee zamine hes p'ints an' see ef he ain't b'longs ter dem. Dats de way Sister Smiff done calt it out ter me, but ef dis yong man was b'longs ter *me*, I wouldn't cramp de search by no sech changeable inscriptioms. Look ter me like any black-complected yong man, what is los' 'isse'f f'om hes ma an' pa, deserve a hearin', 'caze, when a pusson stops ter consider, hit's been a long time sence de 'clarin' o' peace, an' you know a pusson got time ter fatten an' fall orf in all dis time, an' de homespun suit—yer cyant fasten dat on 'im no mo', 'caze he's boun' ter been changed hes cloze in all dese yeahs—ef he's fittn *too* ketch up wid—an' when yer come ter lookin' like hes pa" —the speaker shook his head and smiled —"you know dat's boun' ter be in hes mammy's ricollectiom: you an' me 'd nuver see it, 'caze no yong man gwine look like Br'er Smiff look now, not speakin' onrespectful o' de groom, 'caze we all on de same track; but now, on de consideratiom o' dese p'ints, seem ter me de name o' Smiff 'll do mo' ter ketch up wid dis wayward son dan dese changeable inscriptioms; *wharfore*, I charge you in de name o' de love o' yo' chillen ter open yo' eyes ter see an' yo' ears ter heah, an' try ter fin' dis prodigums son fur 'em! Hes ma an' pa dee say dee know he's safe, livin' er daid, 'caze dee's helt 'im up, day an' night, in de arms o' faith, clost ter de mercy-seat; but yit, ef he's in de lan' o' de livin', dee craves ter lay dey mortal eyes on 'im agin. He was borned on de Morgan plantatiom, on de coas', an' was sol', 'long wid 'is mammy, 'fo' de wah, ter de Garretts, o' Bayou Gros Tête, f'om w'ich place he crost over ter Placque*meen*, an' dat's far as dee knows."

Turning here toward the ministers, who sat in a row behind the pulpit, he would have invited one of them to pronounce the benediction; but the tallest of their number, known as Brother Lincoln, had

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THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

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risen, and unbidden was stepping forward. He was a black man of fifty or thereabouts, conspicuously handsome and of commanding presence, a delegate from one of the upper parishes. He stepped to the front, as if to address the congregation, hesitated, cleared his throat, swallowed, essayed to speak, but failed to command his voice, and finally, turning suddenly, approached the old woman Cicely, and with a voice broken with a sob, said, "Mammy, heah little Joe."

The old woman, for the first time during all the trying ceremony, lost her self-control. With a shriek, she threw herself into the arms of her son, whose first word assured her of his identity.

The old father sobbed aloud, trembling piteously, but soon the son drew his mother's withered little form into a chair beside him, and seating himself next the old man, put his strong arm around him, and drew him to himself.

There was not a dry eye in the church, and not a few of the more emotional fell to shouting. In the midst of the wildest excitement, Brother Brown, himself weeping, pronounced a faltering benediction, but the congregation were too much wrought up for dismissal. It was quite dark when at last, after innumerable hand-shakings and many embracings—father and mother leaning each on an arm of the son—they passed out of the church.

The story is told, and yet, before we leave them, let us peep in upon the three as they sit at the home fireside on this first evening. They are in the mother's room, and the son occupies the centre chair, while the old parents on either side gaze fondly upon him.

"Joe," says the old man at length, "wh-whar'd you git de name o' Lincoln, anyhow?"

"Well, yer know, daddy, I 'ain't meant no onrispec' ter you, but I 'ain't nuver spect ter see yer no mo', an' you 'ain't had no name what yer mought say was borned ter yer nohow, an' de name o' Smiff look like hit had so much spornserbility on it a'ready—look like hit's done stood fur so much tell hit don't stan' fur nuttn' no mo'—an' I was a-castin' 'bout fur a name what stood fur freedom—an' dat's huccome I tuck de name o' Lincoln; but in co'se, ef you sesso—you de one ter seh de word—an' ef you sesso dat I am boun' ter teck de name o' Smiff, in co'se I'll—I'll—"

"No, no! I 'ain't sesso! What you say, Cicely?"

"Don't pester me 'bout no 'title*mints* ter-night, honey. I des wants ter set down heah an' feas' my eyes orn my baby! Ain't yer see how he favor you, Aleck? Look at 'is haid. How yer keep it so purty, Joe?"

"I jes cyards it out wid a cyardin' comb, same as I use ter; but I ain't 'ten' ter it much myse'f. De-Dely, she mos'ly combs an' trains it."

"Who Dely?" asked both the old people at once, eagerly.

He laughed with some embarrassment. "Wh-why, Dely—she—she's my wife."

"Umh!" grunted the mother.

"I sesso too," echoed the father.

"Y-yas—yas, 'm, I ma'yed; yas, sir, I ma'yed. Why, mammy, I's gittn' ole, me! I got—I got—"

"What you got?" asked both together, again.

"I got—I got—why, mammy, I got a gal big as you is—yas, 'm, I is."

"'Ain't I tol' yer he was des de perzac' image o' you, Aleck? I knowed quick as my back was turned, he ma'y. What else you got, Joe?"

"Who, me? I got a whole passel o' chillen—boys an' gals, an' boys an' gals, an' boys an'—"

"Don't say it over no mo', Joe, 'less'n yer mean dey ain't no een ter 'em. Go orn an' tell us what dey names. Umh! Lord have mussy, Aleck! You an' me's 'bout a dozen gran'mammies and gran'-daddies, de way Joe's a-talkin' now. What's de matter wid you, Joe? Why'n't yer talk, an' tell me dey names?"

"I's tellin' yer fas' as I kin, mammy. De oles' one, she name arter you."

The old woman smiled. "Is she? Well, well!—name Cicely, eh?"

Joe scratched his head. The examination was trying.

"No, 'm. not ezzac'ly. Yer see, my wife, she name Delia, an' you name Cicely, an' so I put de two names togedder, Cicely an' Delia, an' dat comes out Celia. She name Celia."

"Mh—hm! Yas, I see. Yer named 'er arter me, an' calls 'er Celia. I's glad yer splained it out ter me 'fo' yer tol' me de name, 'caze ef I'd a-started backward on dat, I nuver would o' ketched up wid it. An' de boys, what dee name?"

"Well, de oles' one, he name Aberham, to match in wid de Lincoln; an' den start-

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"WHO DELY?"

in' dat-a-way, I was 'bleege ter finish de set, so arfter Aberham come Isaac an' Jacob; den come Phil Sheridam an' Gineral Grant."

"Yer 'ain't thought 'bout namin' none ob 'em Alexander de Great, is yer?" asked the old man, timidly. "Dat's my name, and hit's tooken outn de book; I heerd ole marster sesso."

"I gwine name de nex' one dat, sho, daddy. Hit 'll glorify de whole crowd wid grandeur."

But why try to follow them in their artless, original, and most ingenuous talk?

It was late, and all had gradually subsided into silence, when the old man spoke again. He had been for some time looking at the orange branch which still stood in the bottle on the table. "Cicely," said he, "look ter me like maybe dishere orwange in de bookay stood fur little Joe."

"I had dat in my min' all de time, Aleck; an' dat's huccome I 'ain't bruck it orf; but look like ter me now dat de branch 'ain't did full juty, 'less'n hit's got 'bout a million o' little orwanges on it, ter stan' fur all o' little Joe's boys an' gals."

"An' I bet yer, ef yer look clost, you'll fin' 'em, too," said the old man.

And it was true.

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MODERN RUSSIAN ART.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE visitor to Moscow who takes any interest in painting should not fail to make an excursion across the river, where, in a shabby street, he will find the dwelling of the merchant M. P. Trétiakoff. The Russian painters have two great patrons—the Tsar and M. Trétiakoff. The latter is the more intelligent of the two, inasmuch as he collects with method, endeavoring to obtain the finest specimens of the work of the best artists, not only their finished pictures, but also their drawings and studies, all with a view to forming a Russian national gallery of art. His immense collection of pictures displayed in spacious galleries comprises the elements necessary for forming an idea of the true state of modern Russian art. Additional elements may be found in the two rooms devoted to modern painting in the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg, in the Prianischnikoff collection in the Moscow Museum, in the pictures to be seen in the various imperial palaces and in private collections, and of course in the various annual exhibitions, of which the most interesting is the so-called Ambulant Exhibition, which is held at St. Petersburg first, and is transported successively to the great provincial towns. The churches and monasteries also offer important specimens of religious art, which plays a very great rôle in holy Russia.

Let us suppose ourselves in the Trétiakoff galleries. We pass indifferently through the lower rooms, encumbered with screens covered with water-colors and drawings of no great artistic merit; we note some three hundred studies and pictures by Verestchagin; we go upstairs and hurry through a series of rooms which we promise ourselves to visit in detail later, after we have seen the Répines.

At last, in the room at the extreme end of the gallery, on the first floor, we find ourselves in presence of no less than thirty pictures and portraits by Répine (born 1844 in the government of Tchernigov, educated at the Academy of St. Petersburg). Here indeed is something thoroughly Russian. It is a picture dated 1881, and representing a Russian wedding party enjoying themselves in a "traktir" or inn. Peasants are seated all round the room, the men with their big boots, long coats, and yellow hair, the women decked out with flowers, kakochniks, and gaudy jewelry. To the right are some peasants playing, the one a fiddle, the other a fife, the other a tambourine with bells; near them stands a table with on it jars and bottles full of flowers, and a dish of sunflower seeds for the delectation of the visitors, the Russian mujik, as we have already explained in previous articles, being never completely happy unless he is cracking and chewing these gray pods. The walls of the "traktir" are decorated with icons, images, and embroidery, and across the room is stretched a cord, on which are tied two coarse tallow candles, lighting up the centre of the picture, where the bride and bridegroom are dancing, the girl laughing and upright, while her partner, in his shirt sleeves, with baggy breeches and tall boots, stoops toad-like to execute the ungraceful step familiarly known in Anglo-Saxon countries as "little man." The effect of artificial light, the frank gayety of the fat peasant bride with her necklace of big beads, and her long blond braided hair tied up with knots of many-colored ribbons, the character of the whole scene, and the character of each individual person and detail, are admirably rendered. The idea of the picture is expressed with a force that is perhaps not quite free from rudeness; but the vision of the reality is so clear, so direct, and so human, that we are captivated and interested. Another thoroughly Russian picture is the "Procession of the Virgin of Kazan," coming along a country road full face toward the spectator. To the right the land rises and forms a hill, with clumps of old trees and stumps; to the left the foreground is the white sandy road; the background is veiled in clouds of roseate dust; before us is the procession—the priest with his long yellow hair and his gorgeous gold-embroidered vestments; the sacred image of the Virgin of Kazan that works miracles, borne aloft and surrounded by peasants carrying lanterns bedecked with streaming ribbons, and with candles burning inside; other peasants carrying banners and icons of minor distinction; in

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"RETURN OF THE EXILE FROM SIBERIA."—From the painting by Elias Efimovitch Répine.

the immediate foreground, beside the holy image, a merchant's red-faced wife panting almost to the point of apoplexy under the honor of carrying a heavy gold-bound ritual-book; officers, gendarmes, and other dignitaries on horseback rising above the common plebeian herd; a compact throng of humanity toiling along in full sunlight, dusty, sweating, fagged, and yet sustained by mingled feelings of piety, vanity, the satisfaction of accomplished duty, the assertion of self, the willing acceptance of the superiority of others. In depicting character Répine excels all Russian painters, and amongst the living artists of other countries it is not easy to name his equals. Of this talent he gave striking proof in the "Boat-haulers of the Volga," painted in 1870–73, his first picture, and one of his best. The original is now in the Annitchkoff Palace at St. Petersburg, and consequently inaccessible to the public, but there exists a good etching of the work, the composition of which was given in the June number of this Magazine, while in the Trétiakoff gallery there is a complete series of remarkable painted studies of the different figures that compose the gang of human brutes whose sad lot it has become to act as beasts of draught. In modern painting I know of no more poignant composition than these boat-haulers, and of no more simple and intense representation of laborious misery, of weary resignation, or of hopeless and momentary revolt against galling and degrading toil, than these dozen figures of young and old victims of man's

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inhumanity to man, whose brown and dusty rags, bronzed faces, red or yellow hair, and straining silhouettes form a sad symphony of suffering against the luminous pearliness of the clear sky and background of broad waters reddened with the rosy morning sunlight.

An example of Répine's character-work in a gayer note is given in our illustration "At the Theatre"—a fac-simile of a black and white drawing by the artist. The *mise en scène* of this composition, the variety of the types depicted, the impression of life given by all these men, women, and children literally shaking with laughter, the characteristic laugh of each one so curiously studied in the pose of the head, the contortion of the mouth, the wrinkling of the cheeks, and the expression of the eyes—all this is very admirable, and to be appreciated with joy.

From the point of view of mere painting, the most remarkable picture that Répine has produced is the "Return of the Exile" (1884), represented in an engraving. The scene takes place in a simply furnished room, the walls hung with cheap paper of a bluish-green tint, and decorated with common religious prints, a map, and a few portraits. To the left is a half-glass door opening into a garden, and flooding the room with a stream of reflected sunlight. The boards of the floor are bare; the table is covered with a white cloth over a scarlet one; the chairs are of the most modern and prosaic bent wood with perforated seats; the one easy-chair is upholstered with the usual green stamped velvet; in the corner of the room is a piano. We are here in a characteristic Russian home. The children are busy with their lessons and their music, while the mother is meditating in the warm stillness of the afternoon, when suddenly the servant introduces a strange visitor, whose costume and appearance excite her astonishment. She holds the door open, with her hand on the latch; and in the second room we see another servant peering curiously at the strange visitor, who advances with hesitating step and inquiring look, wondering whether they will recognize the exile, whether this is really his home, whether he is free indeed and not walking in a dream.

The reader may judge from our engraving how vividly and yet how discreetly the story is told, how natural the gestures and expression, how intense the realism of the whole scene, and how uncommon the general aspect of the picture.

In another note we may notice two large historical pictures—the one, dated 1879, represents Sophia, the sister of Peter the Great, who attempted to revive in Russia the Byzantine traditions of the occult empresses Pulcheria and Olga, reigned as regent *autocratice* during the boyhood of her brother, plotted against the great Tsar's life, and was finally imprisoned in the Diévitchi Monastyr, where Répine has depicted her clad in a dress of white gold brocade, her arms folded, and leaning against the corner of a table, with scowling brow and furious eyes, her hair hanging loose and dishevelled over her shoulders. In the background, through an open door, we see a chapel with the burnished brass iconostases illuminated with flaming candles; the walls of the room are richly decorated with images; to the left, in the middle distance, is a table with on it a casket, a mirror, and a jewelled candlestick; at the back, against the polychrome door-post, a little nun stands expectant in terror behind Sophia; to the right of the picture is a barred window, through which we see a dead soldier hanging head downward from an iron crossbar, on which are sitting three carrion-crows waiting calmly for their prey.

The other picture, reproduced in our engraving, represents Ivan the Terrible embracing the gory head of his son, whom he has mortally wounded in a frenzy of anger. The scene takes place in one of the sombre rooms of the Granovitaya Palace; in the corner is a polychrome faience stove; on the wall, a picture with richly jewelled frame; settles and chests of curiously inlaid-work are placed around the room, and on the floor are strewn rich Oriental rugs. One day, in an altercation with his eldest son and heir Ivan, the Tsar, whose character was a strange mixture of greatness and of brutality, struck the young man with his iron-pointed cane; the blow was fatal. The Tsar's fury immediately gave place to immense and fierce grief. By killing his son and heir he undid all his life's work, for of his other two sons, Feodor was an idiot and Dimitri an infant, and he could only sadly reflect that the consequence of this cruel misfortune would be that he would have founded the autocracy for the benefit of strangers, and doubtless for one of those boyars whom

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"AT THE THEATRE."—From the drawing by Elias Efimovitch Répine.

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ELIAS EFIMOVITCH RÉPINE.—From a photograph.

he detested, and whom he had combated at the cost of so much bloodshed and so many perils. Ivan the Terrible died in 1584, having survived only three years the event which Répine has so tragically represented. The background of this picture is all in shadow; the light is concentrated strongly on the central group, of the father, with his hair standing on end, his eyes starting out of his head, his brow bedaubed with blood, clasping his dying son, who is clad in the splendor of a peach-flower silk robe and green boots embroidered with gold. This picture is a marvellous evocation of the barbaric richness, the ferocity of manners, and the tragic grandeur of Muscovy in the sixteenth century; it is a wonderful piece of color.

Répine, besides being equally remarkable in historical, genre, and character pictures, excels also as a portrait-painter. He seems to take peculiar pleasure in immortalizing the features of the great artists of his own race, and amongst his finest works of this kind are portraits of Rubinstein, of the poet Fofanoff, of Tourguénief, and especially of the great novelist Tolstoï, whom he has painted in many poses.

One other picture by Répine which we cannot omit to mention is that hung at the top of the staircase in the Great Palace at Moscow, representing the present Tsar at St. Petersburg saluting the people after his coronation — one of the most wonderful renderings of a contemporary crowd that has yet been produced. In the centre of the composition the Tsar advances, followed by the Tsarina, the imperial children, and a suite of dignitaries of all sorts. The crowd, bareheaded and respectful, stands in line, keeping the path free — a crowd of mujiks and popular types of all kinds. In the background, beyond the crowd, we see some iron gates and railings, and further away a suggestion of the Neva, with boats and distant buildings. The sun blazes down upon the scene, the light is reflected up from the pavement on to the costumes and faces, and, to complete the modernity of the whole, the Tsarina and the imperial children are depicted with their parasols open.

From the above notes and from the few examples reproduced in our illustrations, the reader will be able to form some idea of the variety and wide scope of Répine's talent, and therefore to comprehend why we give him so high a place in contem-

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porary art. Répine is essentially a Russian painter in the sense that he is most happily—indeed, one may say that he is only—inspired by Russian subjects. At the same time that he is essentially Russian in fibre, and while retaining always the integrity of his artistic personality, Répine is a painter as well as an artist, and a draughtsman as well as a painter. In his best work—for instance, in the "Return of the Exile," the "Bourlaki," of his youth, Répine is a man of humble origin who has been suddenly provided with all the terrible analytical instruments of Western culture, but not at the same time with the safeguards of Western traditions and prejudices. Répine, however, has been preserved from the abuse of analysis—so common amongst the Russian literary men and Russian painters of his generation—by his joy in art and by the healthiness and happiness



"IVAN THE TERRIBLE AND HIS SON."—From the painting by Elias Efimovitch Répine.

or "Ivan the Terrible and his Son"—we never have to regret inadequacies of expression.

On the other hand, Répine is essentially Russian, and modern Russian, in his conception of the domain of the painter's observation; he is a realist, a democrat, a man newly arrived at "intelligence," as the Russians say, speaking of that curious mental state that has been observable in Russia since the emancipation and the breaking up of the autocratic empire such as Nicholas dreamed and almost realized. Like Antocolski, the sculptor, the friend of his nature, so visibly written on his expressive, kindly, and sympathetic physiognomy. For Répine, as for all the Russian artists of the modern school, reality alone exists and is respectable; ideas of selection, of charm of aspect, of daintiness, play but a small rôle in his work; he paints scenes of real life with all their reality; he paints portraits of men who are coarse-looking, rough-hewn, but living and full of character; he paints sick children and ugly old women, but always with an underlying and unobtrusive note of commiseration. His realism has

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much in common with that of the modern French school. Indeed, we may remark that the contemporary Russian painters in general, so far as the spirit of their work is concerned, present many points of resemblance with the younger painters of France, who have been influenced by the grand movement of emancipation from academic formulæ, and by its counterpart in literature, known as the naturalist evolution. It might be curious also to note the very strong impression made upon the French mind by the excessively analytic literature of the Russian reform era, particularly by the novels of Tolstoï and Dostoievsky, and by the doctrines therein set forth, which certain French dilettanti have conveniently characterized by the name of the "religion of human suffering." At the Paris Salons of late years we have remarked the evolution of art from idealism to realism and to humanity. Nowadays the favorite subjects of French painters are portraits, landscapes, scenes of reality, incidents in the ordinary existence of those who till the soil or of those who work at trades, episodes of the joys or miseries of the daily life of the masses. There is even a tendency in France to prefer sad subjects to joyous ones, and the number of funereal or elegiac pictures in the last Salon was the matter of general remark. This community of tendency, however, concerns, as we have said, only the spirit of the work of the French and Russian schools, and it is perhaps an inevitable phase of democratic art. Both Russians and French seem to delight in gross and gloomy popular subjects, and in a realism that suggests everything except ideas of contentment and serenity; but while the Russians paint such pictures, as a rule, with only sufficient technique to convey the requisite impression, the French display in them a sincerity and completeness of vision, and a frankness and skill in execution, that often attain perfection. In emancipated Russia, as in democratic France, the plebeian multitude is the great factor in the life of the nation, and therefore in the art and in the literature of both countries the sincere observers, and at the same time those who are influenced by fashion, are naturally attracted by plebeian subjects. The kind of scenes and of characters which art depicts is always a question of social form and of dominant classes.

Between Répine and other living Russian artists, and also between Répine and the glories of Russian art of the past, there is a vast distance. In reality Russia has produced few artists and few painters; the majority of the Russian picture-makers are men who have used line and color merely as a sort of writing to express religious, poetical, or humanitarian ideas. The mystic tendency of the Russian mind would alone suffice to explain this phenomenon, but we must not forget that painting is an exotic growth in Russia, and that it has grown up under the fostering care of Italian and German influences, and still more recently it has been strongly influenced by Panslavist, Reformist, and even Nihilist theories. The introduction of the fine arts formed part of the programme of Western civilization which Peter the Great elaborated when he abandoned Moscow, the city of the Tsars, and built St. Petersburg, the city of the Emperors, the stronghold of that German culture which prevailed in Russia for more than a century and a half, and against the remnants of which Panslavism has still to struggle. The native art of Russia is Byzantine and hieratic when it leaves the domain of ornament. Peter the Great sent many young men to study in Italy, with a view to creating a new Russian art on the model of the art which he had seen during his European peregrinations. These young men, on their return, painted images in the churches in the style of the Italian masters, and specimens of their work may be seen at St. Petersburg in the Peter Paul Cathedral in the Fortress. In 1757 the Empress Elizabeth was induced to found an Academy of Fine Arts, and afterward Catherine II. gave this Academy new statutes, endowed it richly, and built for it the immense palace on the Vassili Ostroff Quay, which has since remained the great art school of Russia. The early pupils of the Academy, in the time of the Emperor Paul, were given to painting fresco in the style of Watteau and Boucher, and much of their work may still be seen in various palaces. In the time of Alexander I. there lived artists with some semblance of talent, which was developed by long residence in Italy and by servile study of the ancient masters, and also of the efforts of the German artists of the school of Kaulbach, Cornelius, Overbeck, and Pschnorr. Such were the elder Ivanoff

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"LA CHANSON DE L'ESCLAVE."—From the painting by H. Siemiradzki.

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(1775–1827); K. P. Bruloff (1799–1852), whose colossal and empty picture of the "Last Day of Pompeii" is in the Hermitage Gallery; F. A Bruni (1801–1875), whose picture of the "Brazen Serpent," likewise in the Hermitage, is one of the most gigantic and horrible academic pictures ever painted; V. I. Jacoby (born 1834), whose "Halt of Exiles" is in the Trétiakoff gallery, and who in Russian genre subjects, and in historical scenes from the French Revolution, has equalled the worst efforts of his Western rivals and models; A. A. Ivanoff (1806–1855), a very cold and feeble painter of religious subjects; C. D. Flavitzki (1830–1866), the painter of Christian martyrs and of colossal bituminous historical scenes; T. A. von Neff (1805–1877), a painter of nymphs and nudities, and also the author of the principal icons in the cathedral of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg and in the Temple of the Saviour at Moscow; Gué (born 1831), who has treated various sacred subjects with an apparent novelty of realism, which is only a cloak for vulgarity and poverty of imagination.

Of the work of all these men there is little to be said except that it is cold, academic, uninteresting, and a monument of wasted effort. In the many huge canvases of this epoch which may be seen in the Academy of St. Petersburg and in the museums of the Hermitage and of Moscow it is hard to find a single spontaneous touch, a delicately observed effect, an evidence of a hand and a brain vibrating in unison in presence of a noble vision of nature.

Of the same generation is the marine painter I. C. Aivazovski, whose Jubilee was one of the great events of artistic Russia in 1887. Aivazovski was born in 1817 at Theodosia, in the Crimea, studied at the St. Petersburg Academy and at Rome, and became famous all over Europe, even in exclusive Paris, where he has been well known since the Exhibition of 1855. He exhibited also at the Universal Exhibitions of 1867 and 1875, and frequently at the Salon, where he obtained a third medal in 1843 and the Legion of Honor in 1857. Aivazovski, who forty years ago was looked upon as a realist, appears to our modern eyes as an idealist of the Romantic school, a sort of Victor Hugo of the palette, delighting in the Titanic struggles of sea and sky, in the tragic splendors of sunset, in the weird dreaminess of moonlight on the watery plains of the Black Sea, in the fantastic forms of waves, spray, and mist that the poet's mind fashions into visions of the "Birth of Venus." He is interesting as a marine painter, and characteristically Russian in his often fanciful and, so to speak, literary vision of nature.

Only a few years younger than Aivazovski is Alexis Bogoluboff (born 1824), pupil of the Academy of St. Petersburg, official painter to the Emperor and to the Russian Admiralty, the graphic historian of all the notable episodes in the annals of the Russian navy. Bogoluboff's work is enormous in quantity, and as good as official painting can be. He lives in Paris, where he is president of the club of Russian artists, whose principal members are the genre painter Kharlamoff (born 1842), the well-known portraitist George Lehmann, and a very gifted and delicate artist, Ivan Pokhitonof, whose ambition it is to treat landscape in the microscopic and yet broad style of Meissonier.

We now come to two names of European celebrity Constantine Makowski (born 1839) and Henry Siemiradzki (born 1843). Makowski is a weak draughtsman and a poor painter, who nevertheless makes a great sensation by his large pictures in the style of Makart, Matejko, Brozik, Piloty, and other Teutonic masters who revel in gaudy paint and superabundant costumes and accessories. One of his best pictures is the "Procession of the Carpet of the Prophet at Cairo" (1876), now in the Hermitage. Other notable works by this artist are the "Roussalki" (1879), also in the Hermitage Museum—white phantoms of women floating in the vapors of the night over the surface of the lakes; a "Russian Wedding in the Sixteenth Century," well known in New York; the "Choice of the Bride"—all three very large compositions, so full of shortcomings that they can appeal only to very untutored eyes.

M. Henry Siemiradzki lives at Rome, and seeks his inspiration almost exclusively in souvenirs of the times of the Cæsars. In order to give an immediate idea of his talent we might say that Siemiradzki is the Russian Alma-Tadema, with this difference, that he requires an enormous canvas to tell a story which Alma-Tadema would relate on a thirty-inch panel. Our engraving of Siemiradzki's "La Chanson de l'Esclave" shows a

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MADONNA IN VLADIMIR CATHEDRAL, KIEFF.
From the painting by V. M. Vasnetzoff.

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"SUMMER NIGHT IN OLD POMPEII."—From the painting by H. Siemiradzki.

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"JAROSLAV THE WISE."
From the alto-rilievo by Marc Antocolski.

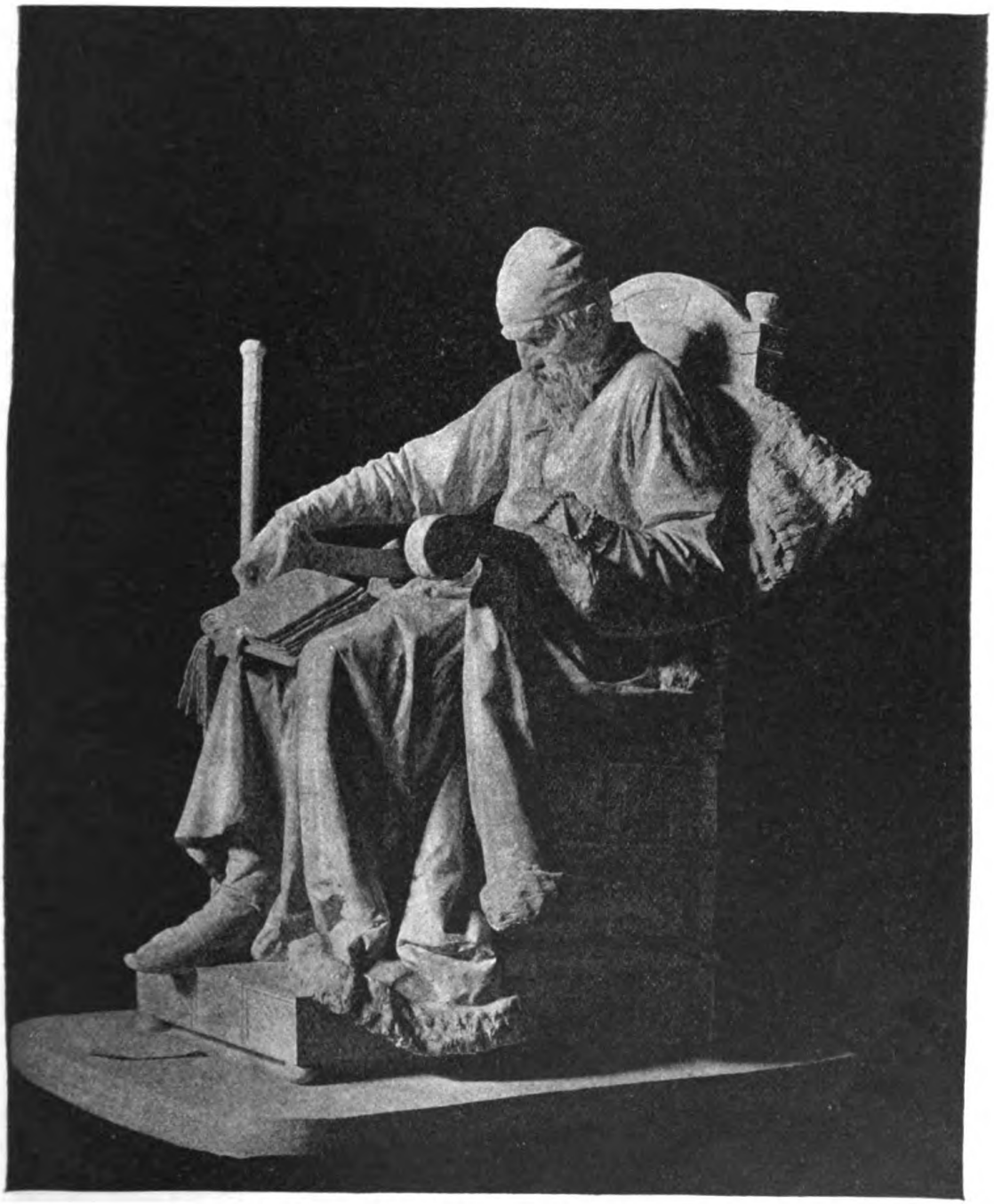
templating a simple portrait by Rembrandt, a suave vision of beauty by Botticelli, or a thick-lipped infanta by Velasquez. In all Verestchagin's work, that which gives us true æsthetic pleasure is here and there a swift and delicate painted study of some Oriental horseman speeding across a parched plain, or a note of calm and fatalist Eastern types against the background of a faience-walled mosque. In these studies Verestchagin gives proof of wonderful precision of eye.

But to return to our purely Russian painters: we may mention amongst the notable landscapists Schischkine and Klever, who both excel in painting the birch forests of northern Russia and silvery *sous-bois* which would have delighted Corot. Other eminent landscapists are Volkoff (born 1844); Endoguroff, who paints southern Russia and Crimean scenes; Kissileff and Kholodovski; Mescherski (born 1831), who paints snow and ice in the iridescence of January sunshine; Orlovski, who paints the yellow sunlight of summer on broad golden grain fields; Kouindji (born 1843), who paints equally sunlight and moonlight pictures, and exhibits the latter in a dark room with a ray of reflected lamp-light concentrated on them. The landscapists, together with the genre painters of the younger generation, form the progressive element in Russian art, especially since the foundation, just seventeen years ago, of the Ambulant Exhibition, which is gradually familiarizing provincial Russia with the productions of modern art. The tendency of the past twenty-five years has been toward emancipation from classical and academical traditions and toward a genre art based on the observation of every-day life, and intelligible to all minds. To us foreigners, we must frankly confess, with the exception of the work of Répine, who is a universal artist, and of Siemiradzki, who is Russian only by the accident of his birth, the productions of modern Russian art offer little but ethnographical interest. During the past thirty years the painters have endeavored to shake off the trammels of that cold official art which the Academy taught until past the middle of the century, and which necessarily remained unintelligible to all those who had not been perverted by foreign education. The modern genre painters are always sincere and interesting, even when their means of expression are inadequate; they are intelligible to all minds, because they attempt to represent only what all men can see any day and every day; they catch the spectator by a simple sentiment or a point of humor. But with all this they have no sense of beauty; they are heedless even of refinement; they have a certain rough energy of expression, and much to say in a rude way about the bitterness of life, the misery of men and animals, the patience of resignation, the eloquence of mute revolt.

With very few exceptions, therefore, we must refrain from absolute admiration in speaking of Russian painting, and content ourselves with examining its products as manifestations of aspirations toward refinement, or as curious and interesting ethnographical or even psychological documents, the latter epithet being applicable to the work of certain religious painters and some of the more serious genre and historical painters, such, for instance, as Sourikoff and V. M. Vasnetzoff (born 1848), who come next in greatness to Répine, at least according to enlightened Russian estimation.

Our Western judgment will, however, scarcely confirm this classification. Our

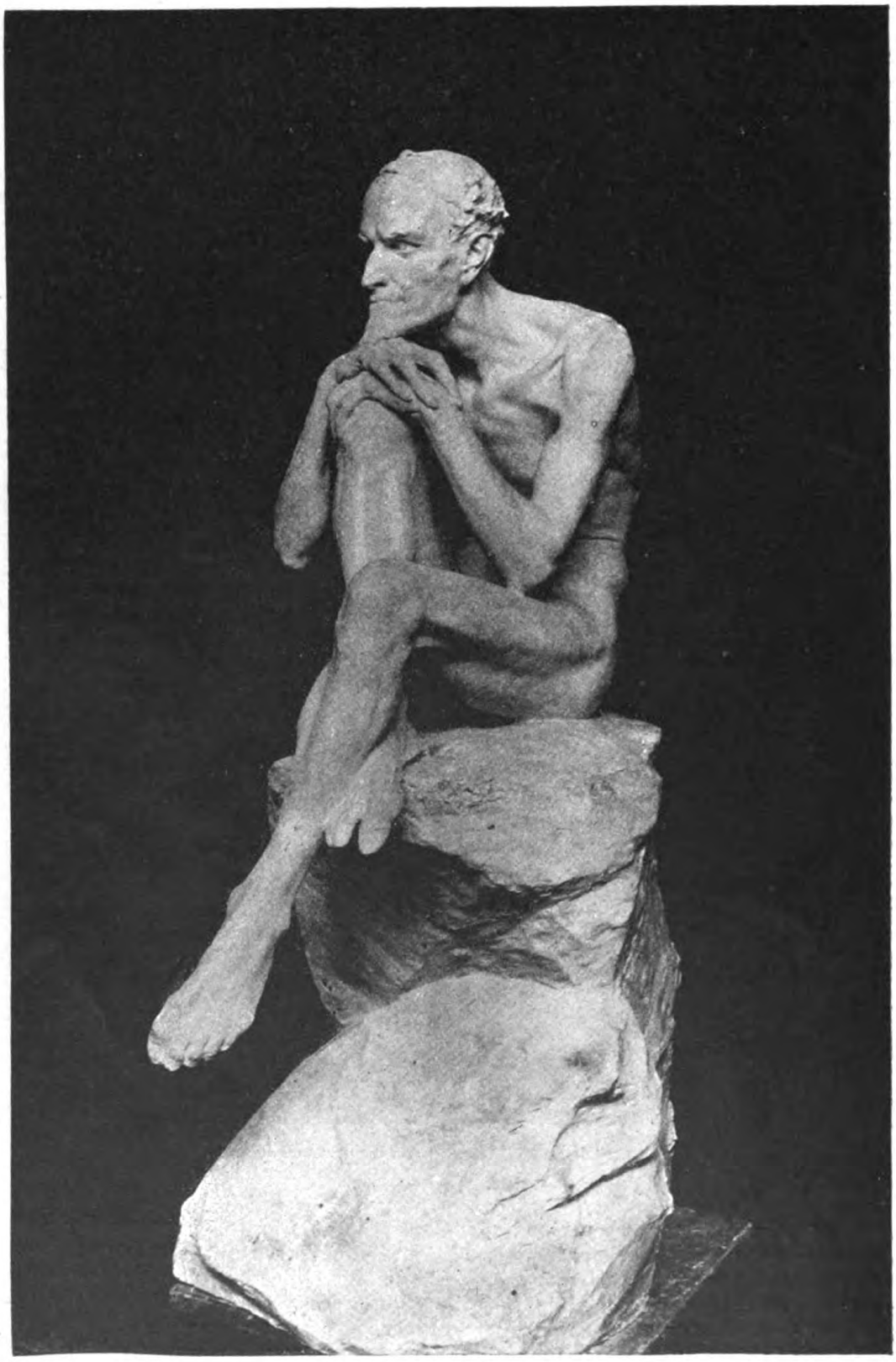
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"IVAN THE TERRIBLE."—From the statue by Marc Antocolski.

points of view being more various and comprehensive, reveal between Répine and these men a distance so vast that it seems to us preferable to avoid all comparison. Sourikoff is a painter of superior talent and dramatic power; his invention is felicitous and striking; his reconstitutions of the past are interesting even if they are not always free from comparison and useless accumulation of figures and details. Some of his best work may be seen in the Trétiakoff collection, notably his "Execution of the Strelitz" (1880), on the Red Place at Moscow, by order of Peter the Great, and two other important historical works representing episodes of Russian history in the terrible and picturesque sixteenth century. In order to see Vasnet-

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"MEPHISTOPHELES."—From the statue by Marc Antocolski.

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zoff's work the traveller must go all the way to Kieff. There is, it is true, a fine frieze by Vasnetzoff in the Historical Museum at Moscow, but his great works are the mural paintings in the Vladimir Cathedral at Kieff, and especially a picture of the Virgin and Child, which we have reproduced in our engraving. This picture has caused a veritable sensation in religious Russia, and it seems likely to become one of the most sacred and venerated of icons, in spite of the tendency of the populace to prefer the old hieratic Byzantine images to the more modern and realistic presentations of divine personages. About Vasnetzoff's work, from the technical point of view, there is much to be said in a depreciatory sense: his drawing is feeble; his painting inadequate; his sense of color primitive. Nevertheless his work is impressive and intensely sincere, and in the case of this Virgin it is fascinating by force of its grand visionary character.

Sculpture in Russia, like painting, and even more so, is an exotic plant, the growth of which is not favored by the rigorous climate. There is no more lamentable spectacle than the Summer Garden in the Court Quay at St. Petersburg, with its population of chipped and crumbling marble statues, with their noses, ears, and fingers frozen off, their chins abraded, their knees eaten away, their toes mouldering to dust; for although the poor statues are swathed in flannel and straw and carefully boxed up five months out of the twelve, it is impossible to protect them completely from the action of the frost. In the climate of Russia the only materials for sculpture are wood, granite, and bronze; marble has to be reserved for works that can enjoy the same shelter during the winter as human beings. The monumental sculpture of St. Petersburg is not of native origin. On the Vassili Ostroff Quay are two granite sphinxes from Egypt; the great monument of Peter the Great, opposite the Isaac Cathedral, was made in 1781 by the French sculptor Falconet. Other signatures to be read on statues and monuments in St. Petersburg are Rastrelli, Martos, Orlovski, Koslowski, Vitali, Pimenoff, Tolstoï, and Klodt, the last the author of the monument in the Summer Garden in honor of the fabulist Kryloff, and also of the bronze horses on the Annitchkoff Bridge, suggestive of inspiration borrowed from the famous chevaux de Marly by Coustou, now at the entrance of the Champs Élysées at Paris. About the productions of these sculptors there is not much to be said: they form an element in the vast work of imitation of French, German, and Italian models which has produced that curious *ensemble* already examined in this Magazine under the title of "Palatial Petersburg." The strongest of these sculptors was the Baron Klodt (1805–1867), who, however, possessed no marked personality, no invention, and only ordinary talent.

The Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg has a sculpture school, whose pupils enjoy the same privileges as the painters; that is to say, they are instructed by professors, examined periodically, and rewarded and encouraged by medals, while the best, at the end of their career, become pensioners of the Academy, and receive an allowance of fifteen hundred dollars a year, to enable them to spend four years in study at Rome, Paris, and Munich. The most distinguished of the living Russian sculptors is Marc Antocolski, corresponding member of the Institute of France, some of whose principal works may be seen in the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg. Other names of more or less distinction are Bernstamm, who has had some success with portrait busts both at St. Petersburg and at Paris; Pierre Tourguénief, who is a regular if not very brilliant exhibitor at the Paris Salon; Von Bock (born 1829), a genre sculptor in the style of the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century; T. F. Kamenski (born 1838), whose two groups, "L'Enfant Sculpteur" and "Le Premier Pas," are in the Hermitage Museum; Laveretzki (born 1837); M. A. Tchijoff, a prolific portraitist and genre sculptor; the animal sculptors Posen, Lieberich, Aubert, and E. A. Lanceray, the latter two of remote French origin. Lanceray, whose grandfather was a Frenchman naturalized Russian, was born at Morchansk in 1848; he never had any master; he is a self-taught sculptor; but he had the benefit of friendly advice from Professor Lieberich (1828 – 1885), whose studio he frequented *en amateur*. Gradually Lanceray became so absorbed in his art that he made it his profession, and began to produce those clever and amusing little bronze groups of Arabs, Cossacks, Bachkirs, and Kirgheezes on horseback, which now number more than four hundred, and which have achieved

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world-wide popularity and high recognition at the exhibitions of Paris, London, Vienna, and Philadelphia. Some illustrations of Lanceray's work were published in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1889. Arthur Aubert (born 1843) is a descendant of some Parisians who emigrated at the time of the French Revolution and settled at Moscow. He is a remarkable *animalier*. His small bronzes received a medal at the last London Universal Exhibition, and a large lion by him was bought by the St. Petersburg Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was a pupil only for a few months. Like Lanceray, Aubert is practically self-taught.

Two other sculptors remain to be named, Mikérschine and Opékouschkine, who have produced some of the best monuments of contemporary Russia. These artists, who are still alive and in the prime of their talent, completed in 1873 the imposing monument of Catherine II. on the Alexandra Square in the Nevskoi Prospekt. Mikérschine is the author of a gigantic monument at Novgorod in memory of the Russian millenary, and Opékouschkine is the author of the Pouschkine monument at Moscow.

We will now return to the sculptor who seems to us the most personal, the most interesting, and the most Russian in temperament, Marc Antocolski. His record stands as follows: born at Vilna in 1843; pupil of the St. Petersburg Academy; second and first medal in 1864 and 1865; Academician in 1871, and subsequently professor. His parents were orthodox Jews, and his youth appears to have been one of poverty, and often of misery.

Antocolski's first work, produced in 1864, was an alto-rilievo in wood, representing a lean Jew tailor in cap and caftan, sitting cross-legged in the window of his little shop, and trying to thread his needle against the light, his eyes, lips, and all the muscles of his face absorbed in the business. For this piece of realism he obtained a second-class silver medal, and followed it up in 1865 by a second alto-rilievo in wood and ivory of a country miser counting his money, which obtained a first-class medal. Then followed a period of misery and apparently hopeless struggling, during which Antocolski conceived and executed his grand statue of Ivan the Terrible, reproduced in our illustration. Ivan, the heroic incarnation of the might and barbarity of old Russia, is represented by Antocolski in the later years of his life, clad in a monk's garb, with the Bible on his knees, and at his side the legendary steel-pointed staff with which he tested the manhood of his nobles, beat out the brains of his enemies, and killed his son. Ivan is absorbed in thought, meditating between despair and the hope of grace, between the consolation of the Scriptures and the memory of his innumerable crimes. When Antocolski conceived his Ivan he was starving on five dollars a month; he was too poor to hire a studio, and it was only with great difficulty that he obtained permission to work during the vacations in one of the class-rooms of the Academy, whence he was finally banished to a lumber-room under the roof. At last, when he had finished his statue, the professors of the Academy refused to climb upstairs to see it, and in despair Antocolski summoned up courage to call upon Prince Gargarin, president of the Academy, who came and saw the statue, and returned the following day with the Grand-Duchess Maria Pavlovna, who in her turn brought the Emperor himself. The imperial visit put an end to Antocolski's sufferings: all St. Petersburg trooped up the stairs which the Tsar had not disdained to tread. Antocolski was made an Academician and sent to Rome with a pension, while his statue was bought for the Hermitage Museum, where it now stands executed in marble.

In 1872 Antocolski produced a colossal statue of Peter the Great marching against his enemies; in 1874, Christ before the people tied to a post; in 1875, a monument of the Princess Obolenska, now in the church-yard of Monte Testario at Rome; in 1876, the Death of Socrates, now in the Hermitage; and then successively amongst his chief works may be noted a bass-relief, the last sigh of Christ on the cross (1877); the head of John the Baptist, bronze and marble (1878); the statue of Spinoza (1882); Mephistopheles, in some respects the finest of his works, now in the Hermitage; the high relief of Jaroslav the Wise, the author of the first Russian codex, herewith illustrated; equestrian statues of Jaroslav the Wise and of Ivan III.; a seated statue of Christ, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden"; a monument to the memory of the late Emperor Alexander; a Christian martyr; Ophelia; and quantities of minor works and busts.

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Antocolski's work in all its varied manifestations has certain common characteristics, which are those of the sculptor and of the generation to which he belongs. His work is above all things literary; it is full of sorrowfulness and reproach; he is by preference the sculptor of martyrs, or if not of martyrs, of heroes.

Antocolski is not a partisan of the theory of art for art's sake; he is rather a preacher who endeavors to embody moral ideas in marble, to set forth the conflicts of the soul, as in his Ivan the Terrible, the sublimity of resignation, as in his Christian martyr, the majesty of Divine commiseration, as in his Christ.

THE TWELFTH GUEST.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"I DON'T see how it happened, for my part," Mrs. Childs said. "Paulina, you set the table."

"You counted up yesterday how many there'd be, and you said twelve; don't you know you did, mother? So I didn't count to-day. I just put on the plates," said Paulina, smilingly defensive.

Paulina had something of a helpless and gentle look when she smiled. Her mouth was rather large, and the upper jaw full, so the smile seemed hardly under her control. She was quite pretty; her complexion was so delicate and her eyes so pleasant.

"Well, I don't see how I made such a blunder," her mother remarked further, as she went on pouring the tea.

On the opposite side of the table were a plate, a knife and fork, and a little dish of cranberry sauce, with an empty chair before them. There was no guest to fill it.

"It's a sign somebody's comin' that's hungry," Mrs. Childs' brother's wife said, with soft effusiveness which was out of proportion to the words.

The brother was carving the turkey. Caleb Childs, the host, was an old man, and his hands trembled. Moreover, no one, he himself least of all, ever had any confidence in his ability in such directions. Whenever he helped himself to gravy, his wife watched anxiously lest he should spill it, and he always did. He spilled some to-day. There was a great spot on the beautiful clean table-cloth. Caleb set his cup and saucer over it quickly, with a little clatter because of his unsteady hand.



"PAULINA STOOD BEFORE THE SITTING-ROOM GLASS FOR A LAST LOOK AT HERSELF."

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Then he looked at his wife. He hoped she had not seen, but she had.

"You'd better have let John give you the gravy," she said, in a stern aside.

John, rigidly solicitous, bent over the turkey. He carved slowly and laboriously, but everybody had faith in him. The shoulders to which a burden is shifted have the credit of being strong. His wife, in her best black dress, sat smilingly, with her head canted a little to one side. It was a way she had when visiting. Ordinarily she did not assume it at her sister-in-law's house, but this was an extra occasion. Her fine manners spread their wings involuntarily. When she spoke about the sign, the young woman next her sniffed.

"I don't take any stock in signs," said she, with a bluntness which seemed to crash through the other's airiness with such force as to almost hurt itself. She was a distant cousin of Mr. Childs. Her husband and three children were with her.

Mrs. Childs' unmarried sister, Maria Stone, made up the eleven at the table. Maria's gaunt face was unhealthily red about the pointed nose and the high cheek-bones; her eyes looked with a steady sharpness through her spectacles.

"Well, it will be time enough to believe the sign when the twelfth one comes," said she, with a summary air. She had a judicial way of speaking. She had taught school ever since she was sixteen, and now she was sixty. She had just given up teaching. It was to celebrate that, and her final home-coming, that her sister was giving a Christmas dinner instead of a Thanksgiving one this year. The school had been in session during Thanksgiving week.

Maria Stone had scarcely spoken when there was a knock on the outer door, which led directly into the room. They all started. They were a plain, unimaginative company, but for some reason a thrill of superstitious and fantastic expectation ran through them. No one arose. They were all silent for a moment, listening and looking at the empty chair in their midst. Then the knock came again.

"Go to the door, Paulina," said her mother.

The young girl looked at her half fearfully, but she rose at once, and went and opened the door. Everybody stretched around to see. A girl stood on the stone step looking into the room. There she stood, and never said a word. Paulina looked around at her mother, with her innocent, half-involuntary smile.

"Ask her what she wants," said Mrs. Childs.

"What do you want?" repeated Paulina, like a sweet echo.

Still the girl said nothing. A gust of north wind swept into the room. John's wife shivered, then looked around to see if any one had noticed it.

"You must speak up quick an' tell what you want, so we can shut the door; it's cold," said Mrs. Childs.

The girl's small sharp face was sheathed in an old worsted hood; her eyes glared out of it like a frightened cat's. Suddenly she turned to go. She was evidently abashed by the company.

"Don't you want somethin' to eat?" Mrs. Childs asked, speaking up louder.

"It ain't—no matter." She just mumbled it.

"What?"

She would not repeat it. She was quite off the step by this time.

"You make her come in, Paulina," said Maria Stone, suddenly. "She wants something to eat, but she's half scared to death. You talk to her."

"Hadn't you better come in, and have something to eat?" said Paulina, shyly persuasive.

"Tell her she can sit right down here by the stove, where it's warm, and have a good plate of dinner," said Maria.

Paulina fluttered softly down to the stone step. The chilly snow-wind came right in her sweet, rosy face. "You can have a chair by the stove, where it's warm, and a good plate of dinner," said she.

The girl looked at her.

"Won't you come in?" said Paulina, of her own accord, and always smiling.

The stranger made a little hesitating movement forward.

"Bring her in, quick! and shut the door," Maria called out then. And Paulina entered with the girl stealing timidly in her wake.

"Take off your hood an' shawl," Mrs. Childs said, "an' sit down here by the stove, an' I'll give you some dinner." She spoke kindly. She was a warm-hearted woman, but she was cold-built, and did not relax too quickly in expression.

But the cousin, who had been observing, with head alertly raised interrupted.

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She cast a mischievous glance at John's wife—the empty chair was between them. "For pity's sake!" cried she; "you ain't goin' to shove her off in the corner? Why, here's this chair. She's the twelfth one. Here's where she ought to sit." There was a mixture of heartiness and sport in the young woman's manner. She pulled the chair back from the table. "Come right over here," said she.

There was a slight flutter of consternation among the guests. They were all narrow-lived country people. Their customs had made deeper grooves in their roads; they were more fastidious and jealous of their social rights than many in higher positions. They eyed this forlorn girl, in her faded and dingy woollens which fluttered airily and showed their pitiful thinness.

Mrs. Childs stood staring at the cousin. She did not think she could be in earnest.

But she was. "Come," said she; "put some turkey in this plate, John."

"Why, it's jist as the rest of you say," Mrs. Childs said, finally, with hesitation. She looked embarrassed and doubtful.

"Say! Why, they say just as I do," the cousin went on. "Why shouldn't they? Come right around here." She tapped the chair impatiently.

The girl looked at Mrs. Childs. "You can go an' sit down there where she says," she said, slowly, in a constrained tone.

"Come," called the cousin again. And the girl took the empty chair, with the guests all smiling stiffly.

Mrs. Childs began filling a plate for the new-comer.

Now that her hood was removed, one could see her face more plainly. It was thin, and of that pale brown tint which exposure gives to some blond skins. Still there was a tangible beauty which showed through all that. Her fair hair stood up softly, with a kind of airy roughness which caught the light. She was apparently about sixteen.

"What's your name?" inquired the school-mistress sister, suddenly.

The girl started. "Christine," she said, after a second.

"What?"

"Christine."

A little thrill ran around tne table. The company looked at each other. They were none of them conversant with the Christmas legends, but at that moment the universal sentiment of them seemed to seize upon their fancies. The day, the mysterious appearance of the girl, the name, which was strange to their ears—all startled them, and gave them a vague sense of the supernatural. They, however, struggled against it with their matter-of-fact pride, and threw it off directly.

"Christine what?" Maria asked further.

The girl kept her scared eyes on Maria's face, but she made no reply.

"What's your other name? Why don't you speak?"

Suddenly she rose.

"What are you goin' to do?"

"I'd—ruther—go, I guess."

"What are you goin' for? You 'ain't had your dinner."

"I—can't tell it," whispered the girl.

"Can't tell your name?"

She shook her head.

"Sit down, and eat your dinner," said Maria.

There was a strong sentiment of disapprobation among the company. But when Christine's food was actually before her, and she seemed to settle down upon it, like a bird, they viewed her with more toleration. She was evidently half starved. Their discovery of that fact gave them at once a fellow-feeling toward her on this feast-day, and a complacent sense of their own benevolence.

As the dinner progressed the spirits of the party appeared to rise, and a certain jollity which was almost hilarity prevailed. Beyond providing the strange guest plentifully with food, they seemed to ignore her entirely. Still nothing was more certain than the fact that they did not. Every outburst of merriment was yielded to with the most thorough sense of her presence, which appeared in some subtle way to excite it. It was as if this forlorn twelfth guest were the foreign element needed to produce a state of nervous effervescence in those staid, decorous people who surrounded her. This taste of mystery and unusualness, once fairly admitted, although reluctantly, to their unaccustomed palates, served them as wine with their Christmas dinner.

It was late in the afternoon when they arose from the table. Christine went directly for her hood and shawl, and put them on. The others, talking among themselves, were stealthily observant of her. Christine began opening the door.

"Are you goin' home now?" asked Mrs. Childs.

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"No, marm."

"Why not?"

"I 'ain't got any."

"Where did you come from?"

The girl looked at her. Then she unlatched the door.

"Stop!" Mrs. Childs cried, sharply. "What are you goin' for? Why don't you answer?"

She stood still, but did not speak.

"Well, shut the door up, an' wait a minute," said Mrs. Childs.

She stood close to a window, and she stared out scrutinizingly. There was no house in sight. First came a great yard, then wide stretches of field; a desolate gray road curved around them on the left. The sky was covered with still, low clouds; the sun had not shone out that day. The ground was all bare and rigid. Out in the yard some gray hens were huddled together in little groups for warmth; their red combs showed out. Two crows flew up, away over on the edge of the field.

"It's goin' to snow," said Mrs. Childs.

"I'm afeard it is," said Caleb, looking at the girl. He gave a sort of silent sob, and brushed some tears out of his old eyes with the back of his hands.

"See here a minute, Maria," said Mrs. Childs.

The two women whispered together; then Maria stepped in front of the girl, and stood, tall and stiff and impressive.

"Now, see here," said she; "we want you to speak up and tell us your other name, and where you came from, and not keep us waiting any longer."

"I—*can't.*" They guessed what she said from the motion of her head. She opened the door entirely then and stepped out.

Suddenly Maria made one stride forward and seized her by her shoulders, which felt like knife blades through the thin clothes. "Well," said she, "we've been fussing long enough; we've got all these dishes to clear away. It's bitter cold, and it's going to snow, and you ain't going out of this house one step to-night, no matter what you are. You'd ought to tell us who you are, and it ain't many folks that would keep you if you wouldn't; but we ain't goin' to have you found dead in the road, for our own credit. It ain't on your account. Now you just take those things off again, and go and sit down in that chair."

Christine sat in the chair. Her pointed chin dipped down on her neck, whose poor little muscles showed above her dress, which sagged away from it. She never looked up. The women cleared off the table, and cast curious glances at her.

After the dishes were washed and put away, the company were all assembled in the sitting-room for an hour or so; then they went home. The cousin, passing through the kitchen to join her husband, who was waiting with his team at the door, ran hastily up to Christine.

"You stop at my house when you go to-morrow morning," said she. "Mrs. Childs will tell you where 'tis—half a mile below here."

When the company were all gone, Mrs. Childs called Christine into the sitting-room. "You'd better come in here and sit now," said she. "I'm goin' to let the kitchen fire go down; I ain't goin' to get another regular meal; I'm jist goin' to make a cup of tea on the sittin'-room stove by-an'-by."

The sitting-room was warm, and restrainedly comfortable with its ordinary village furnishings—its ingrain carpet, its little peaked clock on a corner of the high black shelf, its red-covered card-table, which had stood in the same spot for forty years. There was a little newspaper-covered stand, with some plants on it, before a window. There was one red geranium in blossom.

Paulina was going out that evening. Soon after the company went she commenced to get ready, and her mother and aunt seemed to be helping her. Christine was alone in the sitting-room for the greater part of an hour.

Finally the three women came in, and Paulina stood before the sitting-room glass for a last look at herself. She had on her best red cashmere, with some white lace around her throat. She had a red geranium flower with some leaves in her hair. Paulina's brown hair, which was rather thin, was very silky. It was apt to part into little soft strands on her forehead. She wore it brushed smoothly back. Her mother would not allow her to curl it.

The two older women stood looking at her. "Don't you think she looks nice, Christine?" Mrs. Childs asked, in a sudden overflow of love and pride, which led her to ask sympathy from even this forlorn source.

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"ONE NIGHT, WHILE HE WAS SEARCHING, SOME ONE TOUCHED HIM SOFTLY ON THE ARM."

"Yes, marm." Christine regarded Paulina, in her red cashmere and geranium flower, with sharp, solemn eyes. When she really looked at any one, her gaze was as unflinching as that of a child.

There was a sudden roll of wheels in the yard.

"Willard's come!" said Mrs. Childs. "Run to the door an' tell him you'll be right out, Paulina, an' I'll get your things ready."

After Paulina had been helped into her coat and hood, and the wheels had bowled out of the yard with a quick dash, the mother turned to Christine.

"My daughter's gone to a Christmas tree over to the church," said she. "That was Willard Morris that came for her. He's a real nice young man that lives about a mile from here."

Mrs. Childs' tone was at once gently patronizing and elated.

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"WILLARD STOOD THERE IN THE ENTRY WITH A LAMP IN HIS HAND."

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When Christine was shown to a little back bedroom that night, nobody dreamed how many times she was to occupy it. Maria and Mrs. Childs, who after the door was closed set a table against it softly and erected a tiltlish pyramid of milk-pans, to serve as an alarm signal in case the strange guest should try to leave her room with evil intentions, were fully convinced that she would depart early on the following morning.

"I dun know but I've run an awful risk keeping her," Mrs. Childs said. "I don't like her not tellin' where she come from. Nobody knows but she belongs to a gang of burglars, an' they've kind of sent her on ahead to spy out things an' unlock the doors for 'em."

"I know it," said Maria. "I wouldn't have had her stay for a thousand dollars if it hadn't looked so much like snow. Well, I'll get up an' start her off early in the morning."

But Maria Stone could not carry out this resolution. The next morning she was ill with a sudden and severe attack of erysipelas. Moreover, there was a hard snow-storm, the worst of the season; it would have been barbarous to have turned the girl out-of-doors on such a morning. Moreover, she developed an unexpected capacity for usefulness. She assisted Paulina about the house-work with timid alacrity, and Mrs. Childs could devote all her time to her sister.

"She takes right hold as if she was used to it," she told Maria. "I'd rather keep her a while than not, if I only knew a little more about her."

"I don't believe but what I could get it out of her after a while if I tried," said Maria, with her magisterial air, which illness could not subdue.

However, even Maria, with all her well-fostered imperiousness, had no effect on the girl's resolution; she continued as much of a mystery as ever. Still the days went on, then the weeks and months, and she remained in the Childs family.

None of them could tell exactly how it had been brought about. The most definite course seemed to be that her arrival had apparently been the signal for a general decline of health in the family. Maria had hardly recovered when Caleb Childs was laid up with the rheumatism; then Mrs. Childs had a long spell of exhaustion from overwork in nursing. Christine proved exceedingly useful in these emergencies. Their need of her appeared to be the dominant, and only outwardly evident, reason for her stay; still there was a deeper one which they themselves only faintly realized—this poor young girl, who was rendered almost repulsive to these honest downright folk by her persistent cloak of mystery, had somehow, in a very short time, melted herself, as it were, into their own lives. Christine asleep of a night in her little back bedroom, Christine of a day stepping about the house in one of Paulina's old gowns, became a part of their existence, and a part which was not far from the nature of a sweetness to their senses.

She still retained her mild shyness of manner, and rarely spoke unless spoken to. Now that she was warmly sheltered and well fed, her beauty became evident. She grew prettier every day. Her cheeks became softly dimpled; her hair turned golden. Her language was rude and illiterate, but its very uncouthness had about it something of a soft grace.

She was really prettier than Paulina.

The two young girls were much together, but could hardly be said to be intimate. There were few confidences between them, and confidences are essential for the intimacy of young girls.

Willard Morris came regularly twice a week to see Paulina, and everybody spoke of them as engaged to each other.

Along in August Mrs. Childs drove over to town one afternoon and bought a piece of cotton cloth and a little embroidery and lace. Then some fine sewing went on, but with no comment in the household. Mrs. Childs had simply said, "I guess we may as well get a few things made up for you, Paulina, you're getting rather short." And Paulina had sewed all day long, with a gentle industry, when the work was ready.

There was a report that the marriage was to take place on Thanksgiving Day. But about the first of October Willard Morris stopped going to the Childs house. There was no explanation. He simply did not come as usual one Sunday night, nor the following Wednesday, nor the next Sunday. Paulina kindled her little parlor fire, whose sticks she had laid with maiden preciseness; she arrayed herself in her best gown and ribbons. When at nine o'clock Willard had not come, she blew out the parlor lamp, shut up the parlor stove, and went to bed. Nothing was

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said before her, but there was much talk and surmise between Mrs. Childs and Maria, and a good deal of it went on before Christine.

It was a little while after the affair of Cyrus Morris's note, and they wondered if it could have anything to do with that. Cyrus Morris was Willard's uncle, and the note affair had occasioned much distress in the Childs family for a month back.

The note was for twenty-five hundred dollars, and Cyrus Morris had given it to Caleb Childs. The time, which was two years, had expired on the 1st of September, and then Caleb could not find the note.

He had kept it in his old-fashioned desk, which stood in one corner of the kitchen. He searched there a day and half a night, pulling all the sealed, creasy old papers out of the drawers and pigeonholes before he would answer his wife's inquiries as to what he had lost.

Finally he broke down and told. "I've lost that note of Morris's," said he. "I dun know what I'm goin' to do."

He stood looking gloomily at the desk with its piles of papers. His rough old chin dropped down on his breast.

The women were all in the kitchen, and they stopped and stared.

"Why, father," said his wife, "where have you put it?"

"I put it here in this top drawer, and it ain't there?"

"Let *me* look," said Maria, in a confident tone. But even Maria's energetic and self-assured researches failed. "Well, it ain't here," said she. "I don't know what you've done with it."

"I don't believe you put it in that drawer, father," said his wife.

"It was in there two weeks ago. I see it."

"Then you took it out afterwards."

"I 'ain't laid hands on't."

"You must have; it couldn't have gone off without hands. You know you're kind of forgetful, father."

"I guess I know when I've took a paper out on a drawer. I know a leetle somethin' yit."

"Well, I don't suppose there'll be any trouble about it, will there?" said Mrs. Childs. "Of course he knows he give the note, an' had the money."

"I dun know as there'll be any trouble, but I'd ruther give a hundred dollar than had it happen."

After dinner Caleb shaved, put on his other coat and hat, and trudged soberly up the road to Cyrus Morris's. Cyrus Morris was an elderly man, who had quite a local reputation for wealth and business shrewdness. Caleb, who was lowly-natured and easily impressed by another's importance, always made a call upon him quite a formal affair, and shaved and dressed up.

He was absent about an hour to-day. When he returned he went into the sitting-room, where the women sat with their sewing. He dropped into a chair, and looked straight ahead, with his forehead knitted.

The women dropped their work and looked at him, and then at each other.

"What did he say, father?" Mrs. Childs asked at length.

"Say! He's a rascal, that's what he is, an' I'll tell him so, too."

"Ain't he goin' to pay it?"

"No, he ain't."

"Why, father, I don't believe it! You didn't get hold of it straight," said his wife.

"You'll see."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He didn't say anything."

"Doesn't he remember he had the money and gave the note, and has been paying interest on it?" queried Maria.

"He jist laughed, an' said 'twa'n't accordin' to law to pay unless I showed the note, an' give it up to him. He said he couldn't be sure but I'd want him to pay it over ag'in. *I know where that note is!*"

Caleb's voice had deep meaning in it. The women stared at him.

"Where?"

"*It's in Cyrus Morris's desk—that's where it is.*"

"Why, father, you're crazy!"

"No, I ain't crazy, nuther. I know what I'm talkin' about. I—"

"It's just where you put it," interrupted Maria, taking up her sewing with a twitch; "and I wouldn't lay the blame onto anybody else."

"You'd ought to ha' looked out for a paper like that," said his wife. "I guess I should if it had been me. If you've gone an' lost all that money through your carelessness, you've done it, that's all I've got to say. I don't see what we're goin' to do."

Caleb bent forward and fixed his eyes upon the women. He held up his shak-

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ing hand impressively. "*If* you'll stop talkin' jest a minute," said he, "I'll tell you what I was goin' to. Now I'd like to know jist one thing: *Wa'n't Cyrus Morris alone in that kitchen as much as fifteen minutes a week ago to-day? Didn't you leave him there while you went to look arter me? Wa'n't the key in the desk?* Answer me *that!*"

His wife looked at him with cold surprise and severity. "I wouldn't talk in any such way as that if I was you, father," said she. "It don't show a Christian spirit. It's jist layin' the blame of your own carelessness onto somebody else. You're all the one that's to blame. An' when it comes to it, you'd never ought to let Cyrus Morris have the money anyhow. I could have told you better. I knew what kind of a man he was."

"He's a rascal," said Caleb, catching eagerly at the first note of foreign condemnation in his wife's words. "He'd ought to be put in State's-prison. I don't think much of his relations nuther. I don't want nothin' to do with 'em, an' I don't want none of my folks to."

Paulina's soft cheeks flushed. Then she suddenly spoke out as she had never spoken in her life.

"It doesn't make it out because he's a bad man that his relations are," said she. "You haven't any right to speak so, father. And I guess you won't stop me having anything to do with them, if you want to."

She was all pink and trembling. Suddenly she burst out crying, and ran out of the room.

"You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, father," exclaimed Mrs. Childs.

"I didn't think of her takin' on it so," muttered Caleb, humbly. "I didn't mean nothin'."

Caleb did not seem like himself through the following days. His simple old face took on an expression of strained thought, which made it look strange. He was tottering on a height of mental effort and worry which was almost above the breathing capacity of his innocent and placid nature. Many a night he rose, lighted a candle, and tremulously fumbled over his desk until morning, in the vain hope of finding the missing note.

One night, while he was so searching, some one touched him softly on the arm.

He jumped and turned. It was Christine. She had stolen in silently.

"Oh, it's you," said he.

"'Ain't you found it?"

"Found it? No; an' I sha'n't, nuther." He turned away from her and pulled out another drawer. The girl stood watching him wistfully. "It was a big yellow paper," the old man went on—"a big yellow paper, an' I'd wrote on the back on't, 'Cyrus Morris's note.' An' the interest he'd paid was set down on the back on't, too."

"It's too bad you can't find it," said she.

"It ain't no use lookin'; it ain't here, an' that's the hull on't. It's in *his* desk. I 'ain't got no more doubt on't than nothin' at all."

"Where—does he keep his desk?"

"In his kitchen; it's jist like this one."

"Would this key open it?"

"I dun know but 'twould. But it ain't no use. I s'pose I'll have to lose it." Caleb sobbed silently and wiped his eyes.

A few days later he came, all breathless, into the sitting-room. He could hardly speak; but he held out a folded yellow paper, which fluttered and blew in his unsteady hand like a yellow maple leaf in an autumn gale.

"Look-a-here!" he gasped—"look-a-here!"

"Why, for goodness' sake, what's the matter?" cried Maria. She and Mrs. Childs and Paulina were there, sewing peacefully.

"Jist look-a-*here!*"

"Why, for mercy's sake, what is it, father? Are you crazy?"

"It's—the *note!*"

"What note? Don't get so excited, father."

"Cyrus Morris's note. That's what note 'tis. Look-a-here!"

The women all arose and pressed around him, to look at it.

"Where *did* you find it, father?" asked his wife, who was quite pale.

"I suppose it was just where you put it," broke in Maria, with sarcastic emphasis.

"No, it wasn't. No, it wasn't, nuther. Don't you go to crowin' too quick, Maria. That paper was just where I told you 'twas. What do you think of that, hey?"

"Oh, father, you didn't!"

"It was layin' right there in his desk. That's where 'twas. Just where I knew—"

"Father, you didn't go over there an' take it!"

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The three women stared at him with dilated eyes.

"No, I didn't."

"Who did?"

The old man jerked his head toward the kitchen door. "She."

"Who?"

"Christiny."

"How did she get it?" asked Maria, in her magisterial manner, which no astonishment could agitate.

"She saw Cyrus and Mis' Morris ride past, an' then she run over there, an' she got in through the window an' got it; that's how." Caleb braced himself like a stubborn child, in case any exception were taken to it all.

"It beats everything I ever heard," said Mrs. Childs, faintly.

"Next time you'll believe what I tell you!" said Caleb.

The whole family were in a state of delight over the recovery of the note; still Christine got rather hesitating gratitude. She was sharply questioned, and rather reproved than otherwise.

This theft, which could hardly be called a theft, aroused the old distrust of her.

"It served him just right, and it wasn't stealing, because it didn't belong to him; and I don't know what you would have done if she hadn't taken it," said Maria; "but, for all that, it went all over me."

"So it did over me," said her sister. "I felt just as you did, an' I felt as if it was real ungrateful too, when the poor child did it just for us."

But there were no such misgivings for poor Caleb, with his money, and his triumph over iniquitous Cyrus Morris. He was wholly and unquestioningly grateful.

"It was a blessed day when we took that little girl in," he told his wife.

"I hope it 'll prove so," said she.

Paulina took her lover's desertion quietly. She had just as many soft smiles for every one; there was no alteration in her gentle, obliging ways. Still her mother used to listen at her door, and she knew that she cried instead of sleeping many a night. She was not able to eat much, either, although she tried to with pleasant willingness when her mother urged her.

After a while she was plainly grown thin, and her pretty color had faded. Her mother could not keep her eyes from her.

"Sometimes I think I'll go an' ask Willard myself what this kind of work means," she broke out with an abashed abruptness one afternoon. She and Paulina happened to be alone in the sitting-room.

"You'll kill me if you do, mother," said Paulina. Then she began to cry.

"Well, I won't do anything you don't want me to, of course," said her mother. She pretended not to see that Paulina was crying.

Willard had stopped coming about the first of October; the time wore on until it was the first of December, and he had not once been to the house, and Paulina had not exchanged a word with him in the mean time.

One night she had a fainting spell. She fell heavily while crossing the sitting-room floor. They got her on to the lounge, and she soon revived; but her mother had lost all control of herself. She came out into the kitchen and paced the floor.

"Oh, my darlin'!" she wailed. "She's goin' to die. What shall I do? All the child I've got in the world. An' he's killed her! That *scamp!* I wish I could get my hands on him. Oh, Paulina, Paulina, to think it should come to this!"

Christine was in the room, and she listened with eyes dilated and lips parted. She was afraid that shrill wail would reach Paulina in the next room.

"She'll hear you," she said, finally.

Mrs. Childs grew quieter at that, and presently Maria called her into the sitting-room.

Christine stood thinking for a moment. Then she got her hood and shawl, put on her rubbers, and went out. She shut the door softly, so nobody should hear. When she stepped forth, she plunged knee-deep into snow. It was snowing hard, as it had been all day. It was a cold storm too; the wind was bitter. Christine waded out of the yard and down the street. She was so small and light that she staggered when she tried to step firmly in some tracks ahead of her. There was a full moon behind the clouds, and there was a soft white light in spite of the storm. Christine kept on down the street, in the direction of Willard Morris's house. It was a mile distant. Once in a while she stopped and turned herself about, that the terrible wind might smite her slender back instead of her face. When she reached the house, she waded painfully through the yard to the side door and knocked. Pretty soon it opened, and

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Willard stood there in the entry, with a lamp in his hand.

"Good-evening," said he, doubtfully, peering out.

"Good-evenin'." The light shone on Christine's face. The snow clung to her soft hair, so it was quite white. Her cheeks had a deep, soft color, like roses; her blue eyes blinked a little in the lamplight, but seemed rather to flicker like jewels or stars. She panted softly through her parted lips. She stood there, with the snow-flakes driving in lights past her, and "She looks like an angel," came swiftly into Willard Morris's head before he spoke.

"Oh, it's you," said he.

Christine nodded.

Then they stood waiting. "Why, won't you come in?" said Willard, finally, with an awkward blush. "I declare I never thought. I ain't very polite."

She shook her head. "No, thank you," said she.

"Did—you want to see mother?"

"No."

The young man stared at her in increasing perplexity. His own fair, handsome young face got more and more flushed. His forehead wrinkled. "Was there anything you wanted?"

"No, I guess not," Christine replied, with a slow softness.

Willard shifted the lamp into his other hand and sighed. "It's a pretty hard storm," he remarked, with an air of forced patience.

"Yes."

"Didn't you find it terrible hard walking?"

"Some."

Willard was silent again. "See here, they're all well down at your house, ain't they?" said he, finally. A look of anxious interest had sprung into his eyes. He had begun to take alarm.

"I guess so."

Suddenly he spoke out impetuously. "Say, Christine, I don't know what you came here for; you can tell me afterward. I don't know what you'll think of me, but— Well, I want to know something. Say—well, I haven't been 'round for quite a while. You don't—suppose—they've cared much, any of them?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I don't suppose you do, but—you might have noticed. Say, Christine, you don't think she—you know whom I mean—cared anything about my coming, do you?"

"I don't know," she said again, softly, with her eyes fixed warily on his face.

"Well, I guess she didn't; she wouldn't have said what she did, if she had."

Christine's eyes gave a sudden gleam. "What did she say?"

"Said she wouldn't have anything more to do with me," said the young man, bitterly. "She was afraid I would be up to just such tricks as my uncle was, trying to cheat her father. That was too much for me. I wasn't going to stand that from any girl." He shook his head angrily.

"She didn't say it."

"Yes, she did; her own father told my uncle so. Mother was in the next room and heard it."

"No, she didn't say it," the girl repeated.

"How do you know?"

"I heard her say something different." Christine told him.

"I'm going right up there," cried he, when he heard that. "Wait a minute, and I'll go along with you."

"I dun know as you'd better—to-night," Christine said, looking out toward the road, evasively. "She—'ain't been very well to-night."

"Who? Paulina? What's the matter?"

"She had a faintin' spell jist before I came out," answered Christine, with stiff gravity.

"Oh! Is she real sick?"

"She was some better."

"Don't you suppose I could see her just a few minutes? I wouldn't stay to tire her," said the young man, eagerly.

"I dun know."

"I must, anyhow."

Christine fixed her eyes on his with a solemn sharpness. "What makes you want to?"

"What makes me want to? Why, I'd give ten years to see her five minutes."

"Well, mebbe you could come over a few minutes."

"Wait a minute," cried Willard. "I'll get my hat."

"I'd better go first, I guess. The parlor fire 'll be to light."

"Then had I better wait?"

"I guess so."

"Then I'll be along in about an hour. Say, you haven't said what you wanted."

Christine was off the step. "It ain't any matter," murmured she.

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"Say—she didn't send you?"

"No, she didn't."

"I didn't mean that. I didn't suppose she did," said Willard, with an abashed air. "What did you want, Christine?"

"There's somethin' I want you to promise," said she, suddenly.

"What's that?"

"Don't you say anything about Mr. Childs."

"Why, how can I help it?"

"He's an old man, an' he was so worked up he didn't know what he was sayin'. They'll all scold him. Don't say anything."

"Well, I won't say anything. I don't know what I'm going to tell her, though."

Christine turned to go.

"You didn't say what 'twas you wanted," called Willard again.

But she made no reply. She was pushing through the deep snow out of the yard.

It was quite early yet, only a few minutes after seven. It was eight when she reached home. She entered the house without any one seeing her. She pulled off her snowy things, and went into the sitting-room.

Paulina was alone there. She was lying on the lounge. She was very pale, but she looked up and smiled when Christine entered.

Christine brought the fresh out-door air with her. Paulina noticed it. "Where have you been?" whispered she.

Then Christine bent over her, and talked fast in a low tone.

Presently Paulina raised herself and sat up. "To-night?" cried she, in an eager whisper. Her cheeks grew red.

"Yes; I'll go make the parlor fire."

"It's all ready to light." Suddenly Paulina threw her arms around Christine and kissed her. Both girls blushed.

"I don't think I said one thing to him that you wouldn't have wanted me to," said Christine.

"You didn't—ask him to come?"

"No, I didn't, honest."

When Mrs. Childs entered, a few minutes later, she found her daughter standing before the glass.

"Why, Paulina!" cried she.

"I feel a good deal better, mother," said Paulina.

"Ain't you goin' to bed?"

"I guess I won't quite yet."

"I've got it all ready for you. I thought you wouldn't feel like sittin' up."

"I guess I will; a little while."

Soon the door-bell rung with a sharp peal. Everybody jumped—Paulina rose and went to the door.

Mrs. Childs and Maria, listening, heard Willard's familiar voice, then the opening of the parlor door.

"It's *him!*" gasped Mrs. Childs. She and Maria looked at each other.

It was about two hours before the soft murmur of voices in the parlor ceased, the outer door closed with a thud, and Paulina came into the room.

She was blushing and smiling, but she could not look in any one's face at first.

"Well," said her mother, "who was it?"

"Willard. It's all right."

It was not long before the fine sewing was brought out again, and presently two silk dresses were bought for Paulina. It was known about that she was to be married on Christmas Day. Christine assisted in the preparation. All the family called to mind afterward the obedience so ready as to be loving which she yielded to their biddings during those few hurried weeks. She sewed, she made cake, she ran of errands, she wearied herself joyfully for the happiness of this other young girl.

About a week before the wedding, Christine, saying good-night when about to retire one evening, behaved strangely. They remembered it afterward. She went up to Paulina and kissed her when saying good-night. It was something which she had never before done. Then she stood in the door, looking at them all. There was a sad, almost a solemn, expression on her fair girlish face.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Maria.

"Nothin'," said Christine. "Good-night."

That was the last time they ever saw her. The next morning Mrs. Childs, going to call her, found her room vacant. There was a great alarm. When they did not find her in the house nor the neighborhood, people were aroused, and there was a search instigated. It was prosecuted eagerly, but to no purpose. Then advertisements were sent to the papers; every effort was made to find her. But when Christine stood in the sitting-room door and said good-night, her friends had their last sight of her and sound of her. Their Twelfth Guest had departed from their hospitality forever.

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ORATORIO AND DRAMA.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

BY REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

AMONGST the Englishman's sad pleasures—"*Parmi les tristes plaisirs des Anglais*," as a witty Frenchman said the other day—must be reckoned the oratorio. Well, without prejudice or satire, there may be such a thing as a "sad pleasure," just as we are bound to suppose, according to the old hymn, that there is such a thing as "awful mirth." The oratorio does minister to a certain sober, at times melancholy, and always severely moral vein, which to the light-hearted Gaul may seem at best but a "sad pleasure." The home of oratorio is England—may we not add America and our colonies? Now, not only are the English a serious-minded people, but the Anglo-Saxon race adores, amongst other things, mixtures and compromises. Oratorio exactly hits off this temper too. It is not only serious or "sad," but it is a curious compromise between religion and art. It occupies, in fact, the dubious border-land between the church and the stage; it is devout contemplation, but not exactly prayer; it is dramatic without being spectacular; musical, but not profane; almost congregational, yet not altogether religious, though it undoubtedly supplies a want. Those vast Handel Festival audiences; those thronged *Elijah* gatherings; the incessant but rarely successful attempts to add to the oratorio working stock, a feat which Gounod, Costa, and Arthur Sullivan may be said to have accomplished without for a moment rivalling Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, or Spohr—all this proves at least the vitality of this mixed form of art.

The truth is that oratorio is not so much a creation as a growth. It is deeply rooted in the soil of the past, and it is especially interesting at the present moment, when the religious world is so divided in opinion about the legitimacy of the drama, because the *dramatic oratorio is but one step removed from the sacred musical drama.* And the more we study the rise and progress of the oratorio, the more inevitably do we establish the close, almost necessary, connection between the church and the stage.

It is this almost neglected or forgotten aspect of oratorio that I mean now to dwell upon. The church, fulminate as she will, can never dispense with the drama. The oratorio may be called the unsuspected missing link between church and stage. It rose out of the stage, and will possibly at no distant future be reabsorbed into the stage.

Now I am quite aware that some people will say this is nothing but ingenious special pleading, that the church and stage are like oil and vinegar, and won't mix. But so far is this from being the case that upon inquiry we find that drama in some form is inseparable from religious ritual, and that oratorio, itself the offspring of church ritual, is nothing but a stunted form of the musical drama.

Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: 1st, the drama, like music, began in the sanctuary; 2d, the drama took on sacred song; 3d, sacred song, recitative and chorus, proceeded to swamp the drama in the sanctuary; 4th, the drama, cast out of the sanctuary, seeks independent development on the stage, leaving sacred song in possession of the sanctuary; 5th, sacred song, in its turn, emerges from the sanctuary and seeks independent development in the sacred cantata and oratorio; 6th, sacred song, perfected in the oratorio (this is the coming development), seeks reunion with the stage perfected in the secular drama. Result—"*The sacred musical drama*" of the future, which, in my opinion, is about to mark a new eclectic art epoch, foreshadowed by Wagner's *Parsifal*, and Rubinstein's proposal to dramatize oratorially the Old Testament. I will now trace this development.

I. *The drama began in the sanctuary.* The old Roman Catholic Church knew her business. She had to win the people. She wielded the arts of the visible as well as the terrors of the invisible world. She was not likely to ignore anything so fundamental, so inexpugnable, as the dramatic instinct. There were two ways of dealing with it; the church in those days never did things by halves. How was she to deal with this insatiable histrionic propensity? It was a critical moment, no doubt, when the glories of the old art world—its statues, its dramas, its frescoes—burst upon mediæval Christendom.

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The church might have gone wrong, as she did soon afterward in the case of science. She might have cursed Giotto as she cursed Galileo; but she had the genius to see that whilst the masses cared nothing for science which questioned her authority, they were ruled and fascinated by the arts which were ready to become her humble slaves and her most useful allies. Science she could afford to curse; but poetry, painting, music, and the drama, these she consecrated, taking them to her heart of hearts. Man is essentially a dramatic animal; expression is the imperative mood of his nature, and religious expression is the very cry of his soul. In the twelfth century miracle plays, mysteries, and moralities at Beauvais and Sens brought the scenes of the Old and New Testament before the eyes of the people, on rough stages erected in cathedral aisles and chancels. Joseph and Mary passed across the platform on their way into Egypt. Abraham appeared to the shuddering throngs with the uplifted knife about to slay his son. The Twelve Apostles, led by St. Peter, figured with their characteristic emblems.

God Almighty himself was occasionally impersonated sitting in the clouds, whilst the devil, always the most popular actor, tumbled and joked below, to the intense gratification of the people. Similar performances are recorded at Coventry and Leeds in 1264. But the new expressional art of music was already being elaborated in the cloister, under the teaching of Guy of Arezzo, 1020, and Franco of Cologne, 1200, and in 1370 we find music and miracle plays *combined* in the persons of the St. Paul's Cathedral choristers, who seemed to have been gorgeously fitted out with stage costumes and scenery by the Dean and Chapter.

II. With the rise of music *the drama takes on sacred song.* The example of the metropolitan cathedral was soon imitated in the provinces, and all through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries music kept forcing its way out of the choir stalls on to the ecclesiastical stage, which no doubt, in the absence of good preaching in the churches, did something to familiarize the people with the Bible, and supplied a counterpoise to the quaint and dramatic harangues of the preaching friars. The conversion of St. Paul, "Abel and Cain" (the good brother is instinctively put first), the Prodigal Son, seem especially to have lent themselves to some kind of musical treatment, and to have been exceedingly popular. With that quick perception which led Ambrose to adapt a few of the Greek modes to the psalms and litanies of the church, and which led Gregory to elaborate his own famous system, afterward styled Gregorian, the church was not slow to note the emotional effect produced upon the masses by musical sounds in the sanctuary. By degrees people went to hear the music, which now invariably accompanied the well-worn plays. The music naturally grew in response to the demand, until—

III. Sacred song, recitative and chorus, begins to *swamp the drama in the sanctuary.* Certain scandalous causes hastened its expulsion, which was, however, delayed for a time. The church dramas had, in fact, got a little too secular, not to say profane, even for the taste of that not very scrupulous age. The grosser sides of the Old Testament were dwelt upon, frequently to the exclusion of its more spiritual elements. Adam and Eve were produced far too realistically; and the devil's remarks about our first parents, and especially about the Virgin Mary, were thought to exceed the license even of infernal low comedy. Still the priests did not like to stop so popular and lucrative an institution, and they naturally dreaded the increasing dramatic competition outside the sanctuary. Reform rather than abolition seemed to be the solution of the difficulty. With consummate tact and that power of initiative which the Roman Church has even now not quite lost, St. Philip Neri threw open his beautiful new Church of Sta. Maria in Novicella, at Rome, for what we may call afternoons or evenings for the people.

He began with a vocal selection of hymns, then followed the sermon, and then a Bible scene would be acted. The function was, in fact, an animated and popular combination of the lecture with sacred music and dramatic episodes. The drama was, however, distinctly chastened, solemnized, and purified by this combined treatment. The popular tastes and the reverence due to the sanctuary were thus once more harmonized for a time. As the play took place in an alcove of the church called the Oratory of St. Philip, these new functions were called oratorios, and different varieties of them quickly spread through Christendom.

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St. Philip died in 1595. In 1600 appeared a sacred allegory, *with music*, acting, and dancing, called *Euridice*, by Emilio del Cavaliere. It was produced in St. Philip's oratory. The orchestra (anticipating Wagner) was out of sight; but the characters, carrying musical instruments upon which they pretended to play, strutted, declaimed, and intoned. There were melodies with recitative and madrigals and orchestra of the period. In one of these oratorios Time sang a long solo, then the Body stalked forward, and pointed the moral of his own dissolution by stripping off his golden collar and throwing away his hat and plumes.

The World and Life, in very gay trappings, were also summarily despoiled before the eyes of the people; the whole affair was wound up with a dance, "with grave steps and figures of a solemn character." The characters thus reduced to mere symbols soon disappeared altogether. The fact is that a secular dramatic development of greater variety, and without any ecclesiastic restraints, was going on outside with which the church could not hope to compete. Again she decided wisely. She cast the dramas out of the sanctuary, retaining only the dramatic form where it could be enthroned without a rival, *i. e.*, in the elaborate celebration of the mass; and so:

IV. *The drama, cast out of the sanctuary, sought an independent development* on the secular stage, leaving its faint memory behind in genuflections, crossings, copes, and chasubles, and its one sacred representation in the celebration of the high mass, in which, as St. Paul says, the faithful "act out, or do show forth, the Lord's death till He comes." Music, now delivered within the sanctuary from her most formidable rival, the drama, makes giant strides toward her own special development. The whole service is set to music. Hymns are frequent; the liturgy is chanted; chorales, in which the people join, are encouraged; the anthem or short cantata comes into existence. But as the church resented being an appendage to the drama, and refused to tolerate the free development of drama on her sacred stage—accepting the drama only as an incident, and casting it out when it became a rival—so music soon resented being a mere appendage to the church; and so sacred songs, chorale, chorus, and recitative, in their turn, struggled out of the sanctuary, and claimed an independent sphere, in what at last culminated in the German oratorio. Music, in other words, followed the stage, and got outside the church for elbow-room. But whilst claiming a sphere of their own, music and the drama are both really the children of the cloister and the sanctuary. They have never lost the hall-marks of their early home; they still retain a certain religious stamp—the stage, in its recurrent hankering after moralities, and in its attempts to dramatize religion, as in the Oberammergau play; and music, in its love of the sacred cantata, state anthem, and "oratorio." Nor have the twin sisters, whilst looking back to a common mother, ever quite lost sight of each other. The affinity between sacred music and the stage constantly proclaims itself. Handel's early oratorio of the *Resurrection* is so operatic and stagy that it almost suggests action. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and Gounod's later *Mors et Vita*, are in places scenic and dramatic to the last degree short of costume and properties.

I will now briefly analyze the modern oratorio, and then proceed to prophesy concerning the reconciliation of the church and the stage in a new art form, which we will call the "Sacred Music Drama." The oratorio is lyrical, dramatic, or mixed. No hard and fast line need be drawn, but the division may be helpful for the purposes of sketchy, though clear, description.

The *lyrical oratorio*, such as the *Requiem* or the *Hymn of Praise*, inclines to song, meditation, and chorale. The *dramatic oratorio*, such as *Judas*, *Israel*, *Elijah*, leans to recitative, declamatory aria, and dramatic chorus. The *mixed oratorio*, such as the *Messiah*, is characterized by a didactic or purely theological element. The third part of the *Messiah* almost invades the pulpit with its doctrinal emphasis and collocation of texts—"As in Adam all die," and "Since by man came death," "The trumpet shall sound!"

We are now, perhaps, in a position to see how peculiar and transitional is the position of oratorio, how inexorable from the first has been its growth as an art form along a certain line of progress, and how surely it stands committed to a fresh development and a new departure. At present, standing out in the world, it looks back into the church from whence

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it came. It is midway between the concert-room and the stage. It is not severely hymnal nor strictly devotional, but it abounds in meditation and praise. It is not theatrical, but it is dramatic, and at times quite scenic, as when Gounod puts his Day of Judgment and trumpets up in the ceiling. It is not a religious function, yet it is now often heard in the cathedral. It is "the palm branch offered by the church to the ballad-singer on the one side and the actor on the other. In the best and highest sense it is the meeting place and common platform of the church and the world."

But it cannot stop there. The dramatic elements surging within the oratorio are even now struggling for a more direct expression. The tendency of the age is toward eclecticism, not in the bad sense of throwing together little bits of different things that can never be welded into a whole, but in the high-art, Wagnerian sense of welding together a vast number of artistic products which have patiently been worked out apart, but are now *drawn* together by the attraction of a higher unity.

The suggestion of dramatizing sacred subjects, or fitting sacred thoughts and situations with stage scenery as well as music, still seems scandalous to some devout minds. But this feeling will probably subside when the antagonism between religion and the stage is seen to be accidental and not radical, while the objection has been actually overcome at least in one striking instance. No one, whatever his previous feeling against it may have been, ever went to the performances at Oberammergau without being converted. To play Judas Iscariot or Pontius Pilate might seem allowable at a stretch, but to personate Jesus on the cross seemed to many beyond the utmost limits of reverence and decency. But the simple peasant who had prepared himself by devout habits as well as by physical discipline for that strange function at once contrived to disarm criticism. Many a sincere Christian has owned that familiar as he had been from childhood with the divine tragedy recounted in Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, he had never apprehended it in all its deep and terrible reality until he visited the open-air performance at Oberammergau. The critical point of dramatizing the sacred scenes which form the substance of oratorio has thus been generally conceded. The application alone remains to be made. It is this: the creation of a new art form which will enable us to write, in addition to sacred drama, sacred *music* drama. Now, it may be said, we have stretched a point for the drama; we admit the possibility of its consecration. The Oberammergau play lineally and uninterruptedly comes from the miracle plays and moralities of the sanctuary. The line of its descent is pure. The sacred drama has never been corrupted by secular associations, but when you come to the musical drama, the case is different. Music may have accompanied the moralities in church, but music has always been hopelessly secular and profane in connection with the drama *out of church*. You cannot reunite them in any sacred music drama without calling up the most unseemly associations of ballet, prime donne, and general love-making and pantomime. This sentiment is respectable, no doubt, but it is illogical. Just as many people were dead against the Oberammergau play till they saw it, so a great many people were dead against Wagner's great semi-sacred musical drama called *Parsifal* till they saw and heard it. The glamour of mediæval fantasy and Catholic legend just saved it from open denunciation, but we can all remember the doubtful shudder which ran through some art circles, as a rule not over-squeamish, and all religious coteries when it was proposed to put the Lord's Last Supper on the stage! True, *Parsifal* does not quite do that, but it is next door to it. The associations are there, the function is there, the communicants are there, even the scenic suggestion of our Lord himself is there, and an incident in His life finds expression in the person of Parsifal and the woman Kundry, who, in the hour of her penitence, bathes his feet with her tears, and wipes them with the hair of her head; and yet no one who has seen *Parsifal* comes away without the most reverent sympathy for this ideal representation of all that was most pure and elevating in mediæval Roman Catholicism.

Once more I seem to be at Bayreuth when first that stage drama unrolled itself before the eyes of the King. Wagner, Liszt, Richter, Walter Bache, Daunreuther, and I know not what throng of art pilgrims assembled in the dim musical sanc-

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tuary, for such it was to us. We were all silent, nothing moved, nothing was visible, save an eager mist of faces half seen in the weird light reflected from the illuminated stage, and the great parables of life and death, of frailty and sanctification, the spiritual secrets of time and eternity, unrolled themselves before us, august revelations of the soul, convincing the world of judgment and of righteousness and of sin. Yes, there was the terrible struggle between the flesh and the spirit in Kundry's own double nature; there was the dread but triumphant passage from innocent ignorance to the knowledge of good and evil in the victorious guileless one. There was the love that had power to pardon, because it had been tempted without sin. Was ever, in all art creation, balm for the broken spirit and the contrite heart like the tender benison of that Good-Friday music which comes with the weeping of the penitent woman and the waving of the hands that blessed? But who can tell of the songs of the angels far above the high dome of Montsalvat, what time the knights of the Sangrail are met in holy conclave to celebrate their love-feast?

The pain of the crucifixion has long passed. The agony of the "Beloved" has become a memory and a faith, enshrined in celestial peace and glory; it all seems to visit earth for a moment to hallow, to feed, to lift up the faithful.

What time the Grail passes, buoyed up on the ocean of strange sound, and smitten with supernal light, "rose-red with beatings in it."

I shall never forget the indescribable emotion which seized the whole assembly on the first representation of that daring and unparalleled scene. The knights seated in semicircle, with golden goblets before them, in the halls of Montsalvat. The faint plash of distant fountains adown the marble corridor is heard. Amfortas rises pale with pain and torn by remorse, yet holding on high the crystal goblet. The light fades out of the golden dome, a holy twilight falls, and strange melodies float down from above, till, in the deepening gloom, the goblet slowly glows and reddens like a ruby flame, and the knights fall prostrate in an ecstasy of devotion; a moment only, the crimson fades out, the crystal is dark, the Grail has passed. I looked round upon the silent audience whilst this astonishing celebration was taking place. The whole assembly was motionless; all seemed to be solemnized by the august spectacle—seemed almost to share in the devout contemplation and trance-like worship of the holy knights. Every thought of the stage had vanished. Nothing was further from my own thoughts than play-acting. I was sitting in devout and rapt contemplation. Before my eyes had passed a symbolic vision of prayer and ecstasy, flooding the soul with overpowering thoughts of the divine sacrifice and the mystery of unfathomable love.

The people seemed spellbound. Some wept, some gazed entranced with wide-open eyes, some heads were bowed as in prayer. And now does the next great art development, the sacred music drama of the future, seem so far off? Does the reunion of sacred music with stage-acting seem so impossible? Does the final reconciliation of the church and the stage seem so visionary? Is not *Parsifal* on the very verge of it? Is not *Parsifal* the long-sought link between the oratorio and the stage? Oberammergau has got itself accepted as legitimate drama; *Parsifal* has got itself accepted as semi-religious opera; but one step more and the *bona fide* sacred music drama will get itself composed, acted, and accepted as the next great creative development of musical and dramatic art.

Imagine, for instance, the effect of St. Paul in the form of a sacred drama set to music instead of an oratorio. What a revival of interest would announce itself in the Acts of the Apostles! What an opportunity to revive that strange and complex Roman world of the first century! Fancy a restoration of Jerusalem, with the judgment courts, the costumes of the high priest and his satellites, the Jews, the Roman soldiers, the mixed rabble that stoned Stephen, a glimpse of the martyr looking up to heaven when his face was, as it were, the face of an angel, the death scene to close with the first deadly shower of stones, whilst a triumphant chorus of angels, a jubilant burst of praise, soars high above the howl of a fanatical mob, what time the young man Saul keeps the clothes of the murderers. See, he stands apart, with a strange expression of wonder and eager fanaticism, tinged, perhaps, with the first misgivings of doubt. There is indeed a moment for the tragedian's art, and what a consecration of the tra-

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gedian's power! Or take the vision on the road to Damascus, preface it with converse between Saul and those that are with him. As they approach the "beautiful" Damascus they enter the green pastures fed by Abana and Pharpar. Before them rises the snow-capped hill of Hermon. Now they pass by the refreshing groves of palm, walnut, olive, and oleander; and ever Saul's words are fiercer; his mind is obviously surexcited; a sort of fever of unrest is racking his brain; on! on! he must reach the white city that gleams afar across yon verdant plain before mid-day, through the intense heat, unsheltered now. The air feels heavy; the atmosphere is electric. Is there a storm gathering? On! on! to escape the crash of the thunder-storm. Suddenly his brain reels, like an overbent bow, and gives in a moment. He staggers on horseback, and falls heavily to the ground. At that moment a vision above the brightness of the sun illumines the thunder-cloud, and quivers over the group like sheet-lightning; a voice of unearthly solemnity peals forth with music of the spheres, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" To the attendants it is but a thunder-storm and a flash of lightning, but Saul's lips move in answer as he lies low in helpless darkness, and the scene closes as the brief dialogue between the stricken persecutor and the risen Saviour takes place. The attendants stand awe-struck, unconscious alike of the vision and the voice.

Then, again, what a dramatic contrast might be produced between Paul and Silas beaten with stripes, thrust into a loathsome prison, singing songs in the night, the sudden earthquake which brings them deliverance! What a peaceful and happy scene in the jailer's house just afterward: still night, but the dawn approaches, Paul and Silas seated upstairs, their stripes washed by the jailer, and his family suddenly changed into adoring disciples! What a meal, what a gracious Lord's Supper and love-feast is that, as the two scourged prisoners sit in the midst of this newly baptized circle, for the jailer now believes in God, "he and his whole house"!

Again, what would not the reader of the Acts gain by such a careful restoration of the palaces of the Cæsars as Mr. Irving's restoration of Macbeth's castle. There is extant an exquisite piece of marble balustrade in the Cæsars' judgment court, against which Paul may have leaned (a fac-simile of it is, I believe, in the South Kensington Museum) when he stood before Nero. Another dramatic contrast: Nero on the throne, listless, splendid, dissolute; Paul, the prisoner at the bar. Then Paul in his prison, only Luke with him, Demas slinking away in fear; and lastly, our drama would take up tradition where history fails, and we should accompany such a one as Paul the aged out beyond the gate of the city which now bears his name, and where stands the church of S. Paolo fuori Muri. Scene the last, three miles out, with the Roman guards at the Salvian springs. The spot is still green and damp and mountainous, the hallowed shrine of the Tre Fontane marks it now. The prisoner, a poor shattered specimen of humanity, quite unbefriended. Is it the same Paul who stood up dauntless before Felix and Festus and Nero, and kneeled down on the shore at Miletus full of love and hope and prayer; the same Paul upon whose neck they fell and wept sore, sorrowing most of all because they should see his face no more? Yes, it is the same frail figure, a little more wan, a little more wasted, but still full of that immortal energy and dauntless hope. "I am ready to be offered." The prisoner kneels, the axe rises, and the heavenly chorus peals forth for the last time from an invisible choir of angels in the upper air, "He has fought a good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith"; whilst a golden mist rolls down and wraps the group from sight just as the axe of the executioner descends, and the martyr's spirit returns to God who gave it. Will any one maintain that such a dramatic representation as this could be anything but a distinct help to our love and reverence, or even our worship? Nay, I would take a devotional hint from Bach's oratorios; I would introduce chorales here and there in which the people should all stand up and join in, as they do now in great multitudes when "God save the Queen" is sung, and as some instinctively do in "The Hallelujah Chorus."

What a grand chorale might close our proposed drama of St. Paul! What a solemnizing effect would be produced as the celestial choirs died away in the golden cloud by the whole audience rising to give their devotional and sympathetic *impri-*

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matur to the whole performance by singing in unison, but full orchestra, He is "come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ!" And such chorales might be interspersed through the performance, lifting it into an almost if not quite devotional function. Do not suppose that in these meagre hints I have exhausted the possibilities latent in the music drama of St. Paul. That great and fully known life deserves a trilogy all to itself, ay, a trilogy with a poetic introduction, giving a glimpse of the early faith, the child-like simplicity, and idyllic beauty of the infant church just after the departure of its Lord and Founder.

But the field is inexhaustible. Think of St. John at Jerusalem; at Patmos; St. John at Rome; the great fire at Rome, with Nero fiddling on the tower; the gardens of Nero all aflame with Christian martyrs; the flight and death of Nero; the apostle himself narrowly escaping martyrdom in boiling oil; the old man at Ephesus, in the midst of admiring disciples; his last gospel message; the interior of a Christian place of worship, and the softly uttered words of the aged apostle, "Little children, love one another," taken up by the assembled company in a chorale—"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us! If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." Was ever such noble and spiritual abundance of thought and incident and utterance suitable for dramatic and musical treatment as is to be found in the New Testament? The soil is virgin; the land untrodden—a land of wealth, of mystery, of beauty, of piety and edification.

Where is the inspired genius who will enter this new realm of art and religion, and celebrate the reconciliation of the church and the world by dramatizing the oratorio and consecrating the stage?

ODE FOR A MARINER ASHORE.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THERE in his room, whene'er the moon looks in
On shells laid cheek to cheek and weapons thin,
And glides across the chart southwest by sea,
Quiet and old sits he.
Danger! he hath grown homesick for thy smile.
Where hidest thou the while, heart's boast,
Strange face of beauty, loved the most
Since first his soul was shipwrecked on this isle?

He covets the dear season he was made
Thy catechumen in a tiger's glade,
And when from out the treacherous battle cloud
The mortal dew fell loud;
When, not from his nativity exiled,
He saw the toppling maples throw
Filigreed shadows on the snow,
And tropic torrents strand their sea-folk wild.

His dreams are still of Spanish guns afar,
Odors of Surinam and Zanzibar,
And ever doth he plough in visions new
The Labradorian blue;
The homeless hurricanes about him break,
The purples of spent day he sees
From Samos to the Hebrides,
And drowned men dancing leeward on his wake.

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Peer of the day-star, friend to thunders rude,
King-creature of the central solitude,
Away, away, away his thought is borne,
Riding the bubbly morn,
At every joyous plunge and gyre to know
The tightening muscles of his ship
Follow the urging of his lip,
And scoff at sullen earth a league below!

Now chance hath robbed him of his heirdom high,
And shackled him with many an inland tie,
And of his only wisdom made a jibe
Amid an alien tribe.
No wave abroad but lisps his fallen state,
Who sits at rose-time of the year
To thumb a placid page, and hear
A tree-toad fluting by the garden gate!

But, Danger! thou the priestess of life's truth,
The awful angel of his eldest youth,
Shalt speak of thine evangel yet the whole
Unto his breaking soul,
Which not such palsy hath of her long drouth,
Nor hath so tamely worn her chain,
But she shall know that voice again,
And shake the winds with answer of her mouth.

O give him back, before his passion fail,
The singing cordage and the hollow sail!
And level with those aged eyes let be
The bright unsteady sea:
Till, like a film, slips from his waking brain
The mile-long frosty boughs that run
Their evening arches to the sun,
The foreign roofs, the herds, the sown champaign.

O from the shut space and the heavy hour,
Our Lady Danger! to thy spousal bower,
With many a rapt and solemn loitering,
Him whom thou lovest, bring;
That there thy fool who worshipped most and best,
Not having at the last less grace
Of thee than had his loyal race,
Sum up his strength to perish on thy breast!

A GHOST.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

I.

PERHAPS the man who never wanders away from the place of his birth may pass all his life without knowing ghosts; but the nomad is more than likely to make their acquaintance. I refer to the civilized nomad, whose wanderings are not prompted by hope of gain, nor determined by pleasure, but simply compelled by certain necessities of his being, —the man whose inner secret nature is totally at variance with the stable con-

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ditions of a society to which he belongs only by accident. However intellectually trained, he must always remain the slave of singular impulses which have no rational source, and which will often amaze him no less by their mastering power than by their continuous savage opposition to his every material interest. ....These may, perhaps, be traced back to some ancestral habit,—be explained by self-evident hereditary tendencies. Or perhaps they may not,—in which event the victim can only surmise himself the *Imago* of some pre-existent larval aspiration—the full development of desires long dormant in a chain of more limited lives...

Assuredly the nomadic impulses differ in every member of the class,—take infinite variety from individual sensitiveness to environment: the line of least resistance for one being that of greatest resistance for another;—no two courses of true nomadism can ever be wholly the same. Diversified of necessity both impulse and direction, even as human nature is diversified. Never since consciousness of time began were two beings born who possessed exactly the same quality of voice, the same precise degree of nervous impressibility, or,—in brief, the same combination of those viewless force-storing molecules which shape and poise themselves in sentient substance. Vain, therefore, all striving to particularize the curious psychology of such existences: at the very utmost it is possible only to describe such impulses and perceptions of nomadism as lie within the very small range of one's own observation. And whatever in these be strictly personal can have little interest or value except in so far as it holds something in common with the great general experience of restless lives. To such experience may belong, I think, one ultimate result of all those irrational partings,—self-wrenchings,—sudden isolations,—abrupt severances from all attachment, which form the history of the nomad....the knowledge that a strange silence is ever deepening and expanding about one's life, and that in that silence there are ghosts..

II.

....Oh! the first vague charm, the first sunny illusion of some fair city,—when vistas of unknown streets all seem leading to the realization of a hope you dare not even whisper;—when even the shadows look beautiful, and strange façades appear to smile good omen through light of gold! And those first winning relations with men, while you are still a stranger, and only the better and the brighter side of their nature is turned to you!... All is yet a delightful, luminous indefiniteness —sensation of streets and of men,—like some beautifully tinted photograph slightly out of focus....

Then the slow solid sharpening of details all about you,—thrusting through illusion and dispelling it,—growing keener and harder day by day, through long dull seasons, while your feet learn to remember all asperities of pavements, and your eyes all physiognomy of buildings and of persons,—failures of masonry,—furrowed lines of pain. Thereafter only the aching of monotony intolerable,—and the hatred of sameness grown dismal,—and dread of the merciless, inevitable, daily and hourly repetition of things;—while those impulses of unrest, which are Nature's urgings through that ancestral experience which lives in each one of us,—outcries of sea and peak and sky to man, —ever make wilder appeal... Strong friendships may have been formed; but there finally comes a day when even these can give no consolation for the pain of monotony,—and you feel that in order to live you must decide,—regardless of result,—to shake forever from your feet the familiar dust of that place...

And, nevertheless, in the hour of departure you feel a pang. As train or steamer bears you away from the city and its myriad associations, the old illusive impression will quiver back about you for a moment,—not as if to mock the expectation of the past, but softly, touchingly, as if pleading to you to stay; and such a sadness, such a tenderness may come to you, as one knows after reconciliation with a friend misapprehended and unjustly judged.... But you will never more see those streets,—except in dreams.

Through sleep only they will open again before you,—steeped in the illusive vagueness of the first long-past day,—peopled only by friends outreaching to you. Soundlessly you will tread those shadowy pavements many times,—to knock in thought, perhaps, at doors which the dead will open to you.... But with the passing of years all becomes dim—so dim that even asleep you know 'tis only a ghost-city, with streets going to nowhere. And finally whatever is left of it becomes con-

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fused and blended with cloudy memories of other cities,—one endless bewilderment of filmy architecture in which nothing is distinctly recognizable, though the whole gives the sensation of having been seen before... ever so long ago.

Meantime, in the course of wanderings more or less aimless, there has slowly grown upon you a suspicion of being haunted,—so frequently does a certain hazy presence intrude itself upon the visual memory. This, however, appears to gain rather than to lose in definiteness: with each return its visibility seems to increase... And the suspicion that you may be haunted gradually develops into a certainty.

III.

You are haunted,—whether your way lie through the brown gloom of London winter, or the azure splendor of an equatorial day,—whether your steps be tracked in snows, or in the burning black sand of a tropic beach,—whether you rest beneath the swart shade of Northern pines, or under spidery umbrages of palm:—you are haunted ever and everywhere by a certain gentle presence. There is nothing fearsome in this haunting....the gentlest face....the kindliest voice—oddly familiar and distinct, though feeble as the hum of a bee....

But it tantalizes,—this haunting,—like those sudden surprises of sensation *within* us, though seemingly not *of* us, which some dreamers have sought to interpret as inherited remembrances,—recollections of pre-existence....Vainly you ask yourself:—"Whose voice?—whose face?" It is neither young nor old, the Face: it has a vapory indefinableness that leaves it a riddle;—its diaphaneity reveals no particular tint;—perhaps you may not even be quite sure whether it has a beard. But its expression is always gracious, passionless, smiling—like the smiling of unknown friends in dreams, with infinite indulgence for any folly, even a dream-folly....Except in that you cannot permanently banish it, the presence offers no positive resistance to your will: it accepts each caprice with obedience; it meets your every whim with angelic patience. It is never critical,—never makes plaint even by a look,—never proves irksome: yet you cannot ignore it, because of a certain queer power it possesses to make something stir and quiver in your heart,—like an old vague sweet regret,—something buried alive which will not die.... And so often does this happen that desire to solve the riddle becomes a pain,—that you finally find yourself making supplication to the Presence,—addressing to it questions which it will never answer directly, but only by a smile or by words having no relation to the asking,—words enigmatic, which make mysterious agitation in old forsaken fields of memory....even as a wind betimes, over wide wastes of marsh, sets all the grasses whispering about nothing. But you will question on, untiringly, through the nights and days of years:—

—"Who are you?—what are you?—what is this weird relation that you bear to me? All you say to me I feel that I have heard before—but where?—but when? By what name am I to call you,—since you will answer to none that I remember? Surely you do not live: yet I know the sleeping-places of all my dead,—and yours I do not know! Neither are you any dream;—for dreams distort and change; and you, you are ever the same. Nor are you any hallucination; for all my senses are still vivid and strong.... This only I know beyond doubt,—that you are of the Past: you belong to memory—but to the memory of what dead suns?...."

Then, some day or night, unexpectedly, there comes to you at last,—with a soft swift tingling shock as of fingers invisible,—the knowledge that the Face is not the memory of any one face, but a multiple image formed of the traits of many dear faces,—superimposed by remembrance, and interblended by affection into one ghostly personality,—infinitely sympathetic, phantasmally beautiful: a Composite of recollections! And the Voice is the echo of no one voice, but the echoing of many voices, molten into a single utterance,—a single impossible tone,—thin through remoteness of time, but inexpressibly caressing.

IV.

Thou most gentle Composite!—thou nameless and exquisite Unreality, thrilled into semblance of being from out the sum of all lost sympathies!—thou Ghost of all dear vanished things.....with thy vain appeal of eyes that looked for my coming,—and vague faint pleading of voices against oblivion,—and thin electric

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touch of buried hands,.... must thou pass away forever with my passing,—even as the Shadow that I cast, O thou Shadowing of Souls?...

I am not sure.... For there comes to me this dream,—that if aught in human life hold power to pass—like a swerved sunray through interstellar spaces,—into the infinite mystery.... to send one sweet strong vibration through immemorial Time.... might not some luminous future be peopled with such as thou?... And in so far as that which makes for us the subtlest charm of being can lend one choral note to the Symphony of the Unknowable Purpose,—in so much might there not endure also to greet thee, another Composite One,—embodying, indeed, the comeliness of many lives, yet keeping likewise some visible memory of all that may have been gracious in this thy friend..?

THE SONG OF THE OPAL.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

JOHN DENE stood for a moment in the squat doorway of his rock hut, his slouch hat brushing the heavy lintel, and his square shoulders almost touching the rough framework on either side; then, mounting the short outer flight of steps that led to the flat roof above, he seated himself on the rude parapet, and bared his forehead to the crisp October night wind. He breathed into his lungs with conscious delight the aromatic perfume of the "rosum" weed, whose yellow blossoms, faintly visible in the starlight, overlaid the abrupt slopes and wide levels of the prairie stretching away to his right. On his left, the mountains, a mile or so away, were banked like a semicircle of soft dark cloud against the clear sky. There was a fire-fly or two astir among the late blooming flowers, whose faint odor came up to him in little balmy puffs from the garden patch about the cabin door; and a night bird now and then flitted on stealthy wing from one clump of trees in the hollow below to another. But it was very still, so still that he could hear the musical drip-drop of the water falling from the spring into the reedy pool at the head of the hollow; the howl of a coyote somewhere on Quarry Mountain rang so distinctly on his ear that he clutched his rifle and threw it instinctively to his shoulder. But he smiled and laid it on his knee again as the echo of a burst of laughter, familiar, cheery, prolonged, came floating across the valley from the store over in Logan's Gap.

They were in truth talking about him there. Or, to be more accurate, old Uncle Dicky Crawls, tilted back against the chimney jamb, in a rawhide-bottomed chair, with a cob pipe between his toothless gums, was talking, and "the boys" were listening respectfully. A handful of gnarled and knotted mesquite roots blazed in the wide fireplace by way of a light, the dingy kerosene lamp on one end of the counter barely illuminating with its dim circle the greasy pages of the ledger wherein Joe Matthews, the store-keeper, was perfunctorily recording the business of the day. The boys, long, lank, and middle-aged for the most part, with grave faces and keen, humorous eyes, sat in an irregular semicircle about the hearth. The store door was open; the flat-topped mountain on the further side of the Gap seemed to stand squarely across it in the luminous darkness; the wire fence zigzagging along the hard smooth road gleamed like a strand of silver thread where the out-streaming firelight found and touched it. Half a dozen horses, whose high-pommelled saddles were adorned with hairy, many-coiled lariats, were hitched to the saplings on the wind-sheltered side of the store, and as many dogs lounged on the steps or dozed under their owners' chairs within.

"Whence I seen him come a-ridin' up to the Gap las' Crismus a year," Uncle Dicky was saying, "I knowed lak a shot thet he wuz a-hidin' out. Some o' you boys 'lowed ez how he looked mighty biggaty; an' thet this here pre-cink wa'n't a-goin' to hol' him mo'n a week 'thout a *interview* with a rope an' a lim'. But yo' unk Dicky ain't offn mistakened, an' yo' unk Dicky tuk him by the han' at oncet. An' now they ain't no man nowher's roun' the Gap who hez mo' the respeck of his feller-citizens than Jack

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Dene. Naw, sir! I hain't no doubt whatsomedever thet he hez killed his man wher' he come fum. An' I don't no mo' b'leeve his name air Jack Dene than I b'leeve Billy Pitt thar hed that wrastle with a catamount t'other day over on Jim Ned."

Billy Pitt drew a playful bead on Uncle Dicky with his stubby but unerring rifle, and joined in the good-natured laugh at his own expense—that resonant laugh which, echoing across the still valley, found John Dene a-dreaming on his house-top.

"I ain't keerin' what his name mought be," he said, when the laugh subsided; "he's mighty fa'r an' squar', Jack is."

"Thet's so," assented Matthews, looking up from his ledger, but keeping an inky finger on his column of figures; "an' he's nigh 'bout the contrivinest pusson I ever seen. Thet thar rock house o' his'n, which he hev quayried the rock an' put up hisse'f, I 'low it's the beatenes' house in creation. Made out'n rock, ever' bit, sir, chimbly an' all, an' a reg'lar chimbly-she'f over the fireplace! It's 'stonishin' how thet rock do cut, anyhow," he concluded, meditatively.

"He 'ain't teched the ole quayry, hez he?" asked Red Nabers from his corner of the fireplace.

"God-a-mighty, *naw!*" cried Uncle Dicky, bringing his chair down to the floor with a jerk. "Thet ole quayry were here whence I come to Comanche County; an' thet wuz befo' the Injuns lef'. I heered the tales 'bout them Digger people fum a chief hisse'f. An' thet ole quayry ain't a-goin' to be teched—not to git rock out'n—whilse my head air hot."

"Co'se not, Unk Dicky, co'se not," said Matthews, to whom the old quarry really belonged, in a soothing tone. "Jack Dene 'ain't teched the ole quayry. Didn't I he'p him haul ever' las' one o' them slabs thet his cabin air made out'n? Howsomedever, he does bogue roun' thar mighty studdy a-s'archin' for them turkles Uncle Dicky's been a-noratin' 'bout ever sence I were born."

"Thet's all fa'r an' squar'," said the old man, tilting his chair back and resuming his pipe. "He air welcome to dig fer them leetle turkles ez much ez he pleases. I don't keer. I wisht to the Lord he could mek out what them Digger people *wuz* a'ter."

"Is it p'intedly yo' 'pinion, Unk Dicky," inquired Green Nabers, the stalwart twin of Red, "thet the ole quayry hes been dug fer di'mon's?"

"Waal, ez to *di'mon's*," replied Uncle Dicky, deliberately, "I ain't sho in my min'. But what *air* sho air thet oodles o' time ago thet ole quayry wuz dug by somebody *fer* somepn. An' thet somepn wa'n't buildin' rock, nuther. Thar's the quayry, an' thar's them turkle-shape rocks all scattered roun' the aidge o' the pit; an' ever' las' one o' them turkles hev been busted open. 'Tain't one in a bushel, 'cordin' to my calkilation, ez hed anything inside. But I hev foun' 'em myse'f with a holler in the middle, an' I hain't no doubt whatsomedever thet in thet holler them Digger people foun'—min' yer, I don't edzackly say *di'mon's*, but somepn of nigh 'bout ekal vally. I 'ain't nuver come 'crost a whole turkle yit, an' ef Jack Dene kin fine one whilse he air a-hidin out an' a-puttin' in o' his time, I'll be pow'ful rej'iced."

John Dene, sitting alone on the roof of his odd little hut, would have laughed outright had he known that the chief reason for his popularity in Logan Gap Precinct was due to a belief that he was in hiding for a crime—a murder, perhaps—committed "wher' he come fum." Yet his neighbors would have sympathized in a hardly less degree with the real cause of his presence among them. Restless themselves, nomads by instinct, wrought of the stuff from which pioneers are moulded, they at least would have understood that nameless feeling, so inexplicable to the conservatism of his family, which had made of him—John Dene, of Dene Place—a wanderer, and, the more pious among his kindred did not scruple to add, a vagabond on the face of the earth. He had it, perhaps—who knows?—this strain of lawlessness—from the beautiful savage woman whom his far-away ancestor had married somewhere over seas, and brought to his stately home in England to die. She had sent down to him too, they said, glancing at her portrait, her bright tawny hair, and the soft, yellowish brown eyes with their curious shifting lights, and her firm slim hands, and lithe straight body. Anyway, concluded the prim, angular Denes, with a touch of scorn in their dry voices, it was not the Dene blood that had sent him when a mere lad gypsying about green English lanes; and later, when the vast estate came into his own

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hands, drove him irresistibly from its power and responsibility into barbarous and unknown countries.

He sighed a little in the darkness now, as a memory of that fair, far-away home of his boyhood came to him with a breath of the English flowers abloom in his garden patch. But he laid his hand, palm downward, upon the giant slab that roofed his hut, and at the touch a curious sense of freedom and content seemed to thrill along his arm and expand his heart.

"They manage well enough without me there," he said to himself; and a smile, which was not in the least cynical, curled the lip under his long brown mustache, as he thought of the upright and respectable Dene who managed Dene Place, while its owner, the vagabond Jack, loafed away his existence on the frontier of Texas.

He gathered his rifle into the hollow of his arm and stood up, casting, as was his wont, a last look over the valley before going down into his cabin. He uttered a sudden exclamation, startled by the glimmer of a light over the crest of Quarry Mountain. It seemed to be moving along the upper edge of the old quarry, now dipping out of sight, now twinkling like a star against the dark blue of the sky, as if the hand that held it were lifted high above the owner's head. Jack frowned: he was almost as jealous of the old quarry as Uncle Dicky himself. "Who can be prowling around there this time of night, I wonder?" he muttered.

He followed the movements of the flickering torch until it vanished suddenly in the neighborhood of the burnt thicket. "Some of Crawls' boys hunting wild-cat," he decided finally, as he turned to descend the stone stairway.

It was not yet sunrise the next morning when he started across the valley for his daily walk to the mountains. The pale disk of the harvest-moon hung yet in the vaporous sky, with one slowly fading star at its side. But a rosy light was shimmering along the edges of the eastern horizon, and a brisk west wind was lifting the misty shadows from the hollows. His own step was as elastic and springy as the brown turf beneath his feet. A dispassionate observer watching him as he made his way between the ragged cotton rows, with the shaggy retriever at his heels, might have conceded that the Denes did well to be angry. This tall figure, supple and erect, which appeared to such advantage in the simple frontier dress; this manly handsome face, with its careless air of independence and content—what credit would not these have reflected upon the family in general had their owner but seen fit to follow the traditions of the family!

He dipped a wooden bucket in the reed-fringed pool below the spring, and carried it brimming to Roland his horse, stabled in a rude shed on the further side of the field, then strode whistling on his way. He followed the little trail which he had himself made up the steep face of the mountain. On the level top he paused and looked back. The valley below was steeped in a soft grayish shadow, but the outlying prairie in its yellow mantle was already agleam with the morning sun. Beyond stretched a chain of pyramidal flat-topped hills, cut at almost regular intervals by clean gaps, through which glowed purple inner distances. From the cabins dotted about the prairie thin spirals of blue smoke were rising; and in the fields about them, white with bursting cotton bolls, he could see the figures of women and children moving to and fro. A few horses were hitched already to the saplings around the store in the Gap, and a mover's wagon with dingy cover was creeping slowly townward along the white road.

He gazed a moment at the familiar picture spread out beneath him, and went leisurely on across the rock-strewn ridge. The wild thyme crushed by his feet filled all the air with heartsome fragrance; the thickets of prickly-pear were ablaze with the red and gold of ripening fruit; the dwarf shinn-oaks, loaded with clusters of dark shining acorns, were overlaid here and there with a fine filmy net-work of love-vine, which was radiant with dew-drops; a mocking-bird sang in the red-haw tree near the mouth of the new quarry; a squirrel, with bushy tail curled over his back, ran slowly across an open space beyond, defying the weaponless hunter. When he came around the point of burnt thicket so plainly visible from his own house-top he stopped abruptly; the dog uttered a low growl, instantly hushed at an imperious gesture from his master. A woman was sitting on the edge of the old quarry. Her face was turned away from him, but the outlines of her form were

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young and gracious in the close-fitting black gown she wore; her throat arose full and white from the kerchief knotted loosely about it; her bare head, crowned with a wavy coil of golden-bronze hair, was small and shapely. Her hands were lying idly in her lap, and he saw as he drew nearer that in one of them she held a short, thick, almost grotesque-looking hammer. A little pile of stones lay in a heap by her side. He continued to advance noiselessly while noting these details, and he stood quite near her on the ledge of gray rock before she seemed aware of his presence. When she turned her head with a faint, startled cry, he was not surprised to find her beautiful and young. He had expected, somehow, just this delicate oval face, with its velvety magnolia-leaf pallor; these golden-brown eyes, with their phosphorescent depths, the long curling lashes, the slender dark brows, the scarlet lips, and round girlish chin. Speech failed him utterly for the second during which they gazed into each other's eyes; she with her first look of surprise changing visibly from frowning inquiry to a kind of troubled delight; he with a strange confused stopping and starting of his pulses that thrilled him from head to foot.

"Pray do not let me disturb you," he stammered at length. "I—I was only passing by."

"Are you come from far?" was her unexpected response. Her voice was singularly low and musical; the flavor of her speech was distinctly foreign, though the words were pronounced correctly and with a kind of quaint precision.

He had taken off his hat, and he made a gesture with it toward his cabin, whose flat roof gleamed whitely in the valley below. "There is my home," he said; then catching, as if by inspiration, her real meaning, he added: "Yes. I come from England."

"From England." She repeated the words after him slowly; and another question rose into her eyes and trembled perceptibly on her lips; but she lowered her eyelids suddenly and remained silent.

"Are you searching for the jewel?" he asked, with a smile and a significant glance at the hammer in her lap.

Her colorless face grew a shade paler; her fingers tightened their grasp about the clumsy handle of the hammer. "Yes," she replied, gravely, after a momentary pause. But, springing to her feet, she shook the fragments of stone and moss from her skirts, and went on, in a lighter tone, "It is a foolish old legend; but I suppose everybody who hears it comes up and tries to find the opal—and so I come too."

She drew a black woollen scarf over her head as she spoke, and gathered its folds under her chin; then, with a slight formal gesture of adieu, she stepped into the path and went rapidly down the mountain-side, bounding from ledge to ledge with the grace and fleetness of a young fawn. When she had at last disappeared from his sight, Dene walked deliberately to a rocky recess near by, and drew from its hiding-place his own hammer. He looked at it curiously a moment, turning it over and over in his hand; then, with a quick upward jerk of his elbow, he sent it spinning into the air, and watched its downward course as it leaped clanging from point to point, and dropped heavily into a brier-grown ravine below. "I will never use it again," he said, with a whimsical laugh. "I have found the jewel of the old quarry. Who can she be?" he went on. "Where did she come from? Not from Logan Gap Pre-cink, surely. Ah! I will ask Uncle Dicky. *Are you come from far?* Now why should she have asked me that? Have I ever heard before that the jewel of the old quarry is an opal?"

He threw himself at full length upon the ground, and took from the pocket of his blue flannel over-shirt a little volume of *Border Ballads*. But the morning's adventure had gone to his head. With his eyes fixed steadily upon the printed page, he caught himself repeating mechanically, *Are you come from far? Are you come from far?*

He closed the book with a snap, and got up. "I think I'll go down to the store and get my mail," he declared aloud.

The sunlight lay warm and quivering on the reaches of yellow flowers and the clumps of purple thistle abloom on the wind-swept ridges of the prairies. There was a twitter of nonpareils in among the feathery branches of the scattering mesquite bushes, and at almost every turn of the winding path a whir of wings sounded beneath his feet, and a covey of young partridges arose with shrill cries, and dropped and disappeared again under

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the warm shelter of the weeds. As he approached the store a horseman came riding swiftly down the Gap from the west. The silver ornaments of his bridle shone through the cloud of gray dust which enveloped him. A second horse without saddle or bridle followed a few paces behind him. He halted in front of the store, and was courteously asking of Matthews as Dene came up directions to Ranger's Spring, some two or three miles distant. The horse he bestrode was a fine powerfully built iron-gray, with black flowing mane and tail; the other, which had stopped in the shadow of the mountain, and was daintily cropping the short mesquite grass, was a small, beautifully formed bay mare, whose skin had the gloss and smoothness of satin. A genuine feeling of admiration stirred Dene at the sight of these two handsome animals, and he glanced up at their owner with the ready compliment of the frontiersman on his lips. But the greeting died in his throat, and he involuntarily fell back a step or two. The new-comer was a man long past middle age—old in years, perhaps, though a look of almost brutal strength pervaded his whole person. His wrinkled face, half hidden by a bushy white beard which descended almost to his knees, was brown as time-stained parchment; his dark, deeply sunken eyes glowed like carbuncles beneath thick bristly brows; his long hooked nose was thin, with narrow nostrils that closed curiously with each indrawn breath. His legs, as he sat erect upon the tall horse, seemed much too short for his thick square body, and his powerful-looking arms much too long; his brown, vein-knotted hands were misshapen and large, the finger-nails claw-like in their length and sharpness. Altogether he was a sinister-looking personage, and Dene was sensible of something like a feeling of relief when he replaced his wide-brimmed hat upon his head and rode away. The mare threw up her pretty head in response to a low whistle, and galloped lightly after him.

"What the d—l is he doin' roun' yer agin?" It was Uncle Dicky who spoke. He was standing on the door-step, gazing after the stranger, his wrinkled old face expressing as much dislike as its genial outlines would permit. "He ain't a'ter no good, I'll lay. What the d—l does he *want*?"

"A rope and a limb, I reckon," said Dene, good-naturedly, quoting one of Uncle Dicky's familiar sayings. "Who is he, anyhow, Uncle Dicky?"

"Hello, Jack; howdy? He's a durn Mexican—thet's what he is. He useter call hisse'f Don Hosy. I d'know what he mought call hisse'f now. I 'ain't seen him sence '67, an' thet's nigh twenty year ago, jis a'ter I come home fum the wah. They wa'n't scarcely no white folks out yer then. Me an' Jim Crump wuz campin' down yunder at Ranger's Spring, an' this yer Don Hosy wuz layin' roun' yer a-doin' of the Lord knows what. He hed a gal long o' him which he purtended wuz his own chile. An' I don't no mo' b'leeve thet gal wuz Don Hosy's chile than I b'leeve—" The speaker's eyes wandered vaguely around the group of listeners.

"No yer don't, Unk Dicky!"

"I ain't a-honin ter be a eggsample."

"'Light on Joe Crump; he's been a-braggin'."

Uncle Dicky grinned. "Waal," he continued, "thet gal wuz here 'long o' the Mexican one day, an' the nex' day she wa'n't nowher's to be seen. An' ef I'd of had my way, Don Hosy'd of had a rope an' a lim' *then*. Durn his yaller hide! what's he purtendin' he don't know whar Ranger's Spring is fer?"

"Mighty fine hosses he's got," ventured one of the boys.

"An' I'd swear on a stack o' Bibles high ez this sto' thet he stole 'em," retorted the old man, angrily.

Dene followed Matthews into the store, and asked if there were any letters for him. Matthews went behind the counter, and took from under it the candle box that served as a post-office, and grabbled among the miscellaneous contents. He handed out a package or two, a bundle of newspapers, and a thick square envelope bearing a foreign post-mark.

"Hasn't that fishing-tackle of mine—" Dene began; he stopped abruptly. Uncle Dicky had returned to his seat by the fireplace, and Matthews was addressing him across the counter:

"Hez thet furrin gal got her school, Unk Dicky?"

"Sech a fool time o' year ter git up a school," put in Red Nabers, from the doorway, "an' all the childern in the cotton patch, an' the Lord knows when the crap 'll be in. 'Sides, who's knowin' ef the gal air fitten to teach?"

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"Shet yo' mouth, Red," said Uncle Dicky, shortly. "She hev been tried by the school boa'd in the town o' Comanche— "

"Eggsamined, ye mean, Unk Dicky," corrected Billy Pitt.

"She hev been tried by the school boa'd in the town o' Comanche," repeated the old man, ignoring the abashed young Billy, "an' Doc Hamilton hev giv' her her papers, an' I don't keer if ever' blame chile in the pre-cink air in the cotton patch. I nuver seen my ole woman an' Polly's gal childern tek sech a streak to anybody befo' in all my born days, an' thar in my house thet gal air goin' to stay, school er no school, long's we kin keep her."

"She's kind o' furrin lak, ain't she?" asked Matthews, timidly.

"I d' knaw, an' I don't keer. She kin speak United States, an' she kin keep Polly's gal childern out'n mis-cheef; an' I'll lay she air caperbul o' teachen ary voter in this here doggon settlement, much less the childern."

"Co'se, Unk Dicky, co'se," admitted Matthews. "Hello, Jack! ye goin'? Ye mus' of come to git a chunk o' fire."

Jack heard neither this nor the other friendly sarcasms which were flung after him as he quitted the store. *She* had come to stay, then. She felt evidently the same romantic interest in the legend of the old quarry that had stirred himself from the moment he had set foot in this remote little valley. She would be often there, no doubt; she would— He pulled himself together, with a short laugh, and set resolutely to work in his little field.

"I cannot get that girl out of my head, and I am not going to try," he murmured that night, in a half-aggrieved tone; "and, by Jove, I'll take her some flowers to-morrow."

He was walking impatiently up and down the narrow garden path in the odorous dusk. The few hardy roses glimmered palely on the overgrown bushes; they were almost scentless. But there was a pungent perfume from the marigolds in the heart of the asparagus bed; by daylight these were a blaze of vivid orange. A straggling array of blue and white larkspur filled all one corner of the patch; a mass of brown gold-dusted nasturtiums shone against the sombre wall of the cabin, and the ragged mignonette clustered about the door-step was still in bloom.

"Yes," he repeated, "to-morrow I will take her some flowers."

He saw her the next morning long before he reached the foot of the mountain. She was coming down the winding path; her shawled head was bent upon her breast. He could see her slender form now clearly defined against the blue sky, now moving between gray masses of rock. Once she stopped and stooped; he felt sure that she was hiding her hammer in some fern-hung cleft.

He waited for her by a lichen-covered bowlder jutting out from the abrupt curve of the mountain. He thought that a faint look of pleasure came into her eyes when she caught sight of him; and as she drew near he greeted her silently, holding out the flowers, a great awkward dewy posy. "I thank you, señor," she said, simply, taking them, and looking at him over them with wonderful shining eyes, golden-brown as the nasturtiums themselves.

He had meant to tell her of the garden patch about his cabin door, and of the homely mother flowers he had planted there, but before he could bring himself to speak, she was gone.

The next day he was up betimes. A monotonous windless rain was falling, the sort of rain through which the bob-whites call, and which seems to hush every other living thing on the prairie into silence. In spite of it he went up to the quarry, telling himself persistently that she could not possibly be there, yet wholly taken aback when he did not find her there.

Twenty-four hours later the rain was over, and the October sun warmer and more golden still on the clean-washed bowlders. She was there. He heard the little clicking sound of her hammer as he came up the trail. She received his flowers as before, with a kind of gentle gravity. And this time he found it easy enough to say: "They are all English flowers. I planted them around my cabin yonder when I first came. And you've no idea how they bloom. If the gardener—if some of the people at home who grow flowers could see them, they would turn green with envy."

"Why did you come?" she demanded, abruptly.

Again he divined the undercurrent of her thought. "Oh," he replied, a trifle embarrassed, "I can hardly say. I had a restless sort of feeling that seemed to

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drive me, and I drifted about the world until I found myself here. The place suited me, and so I have staid on. I suppose I shall have to go back some day."

"When you have found the opal?" Her tone was light, but a frown contracted her smooth forehead as she spoke.

"Yes, when I have found the opal," he said, flushing at a sudden mental vision of his hammer flying out into space and dropping downward.

"Do you know the tradition?" she asked. Her eyes were fixed on the little rock hut in the valley.

"I know Uncle Dicky's version of it," he replied, smiling.

"There is a beautiful and wonderful jewel—an opal—which may be found here—" she began, in a measured monotone.

"In a turtle-shaped stone. I know," he interrupted, gayly.

"But it is not a jewel only," she went on, unheeding; "it is a talisman that brings to its possessor riches and power and—oh, I know not what beside." Surely a cold pallor was creeping over her lovely face. "They are very rare, those jewels. And they say that only a man or a woman of the slave people can find them."

"Slave people!" he echoed, inquiringly.

"I forgot that you do not know," she answered, turning her large eyes upon him and smiling wistfully. "A long, oh, a very long time ago, a people—a dark and terrible people, used to come here from—from another country to seek for those jewels. But they had not the power themselves to find them. And they brought with them the strange beautiful white people whom they had conquered and made to be their slaves. And it was that of all the people in the whole world those slaves only might find those jewels. So the masters sat and watched with eyes like coals of fire while the white slaves digged and brought up the little turtle-shaped stones from the quarry. And it was only once in a great while that an opal was found in the little stones; and then there was strife and bloodshed among the masters. And many slaves died to find one opal. Oh yes, the masters were dark and terrible; but the slaves were white and lovely. The men were tall and strong and beautiful"—she lifted her eyes that said *like you* to his, and then dropped them so that the long silken lashes rested on her white cheek; "and the women were lithe and graceful—"

"Like you," he breathed involuntarily.

A faint flush passed over her face, and died away along her full throat. "They say," she presently added, looking up suddenly, "that some of those slave people still live in that far country and elsewhere, and that if they came they might find the opal for their masters."

"If they found it they would most likely keep it for themselves. I should," he declared, lightly.

"Oh, you would not dare!" she cried, her voice sharpened by some inexplicable feeling; it sounded like terror. "But it is a foolish tale," she resumed, more naturally, rising and stepping down into the trail.

He followed her hastily as she began the descent. She heard his footsteps behind her and paused, looking back at him over her shoulder.

"Do you know," he found himself saying before he knew it—"do you know that I do not even know your name?"

"My name is Atla," she replied, after a momentary hesitation. And she sped rapidly on her way.

He returned to the quarry. *Atla!* It seemed to him as if he ought to have known it without the telling, the soft-syllabled name; the only name that could ever have been hers. He did not find it strange that she should not have told him her family name; that was for all the world. He did not wish to know it. He would be glad for her to have no other for him until she should be called Atla Dene! "And why not?" he reasoned, as if in answer to the inevitable arguments of all the Denes. "Why should she not be my wife? I have never looked at a woman in all my life before. I will never look at any other after her. I am my own master, and if I can win her, why—so much for the Denes!"

After that there were many meetings on the mountain-top in the hazy dawn of the sweet Indian-summer mornings. Sometimes she did not come, and then the day was a blank to him, though he busied himself as usual about his field and cabin, and hunted with ardor betweenwhiles over the browning prairies and up the leaf-strewn mountain ravines. He rarely saw any of the Gap folk nowadays. He kept purposely away from the store, where,

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had he but known it, his "keepin' comp'ny" with the new school-teacher was a topic of friendly interest.

"I seen 'em a-settin' on the aidge o' the ole quayry," Uncle Dicky told the boys, "whence I wuz boguein' roun' thar 'mongs the rocks. An' I 'lowed innardly ez how they mus' be gittin' ready to jine. Lord, it air plumb natchl fer young folks ter jine. Yo' unk Dicky hev been thar."

To this simple-minded people there was nothing strange or unconventional in these early morning meetings on Quarry Mountain. Jack Dene was "courtin'," that was all. And by-and-by there would come the wedding, and an infair, perhaps, at Uncle Dicky's, at which all the girls and boys about the Gap would dance. This love affair between the man who was "hidin' out" and the soft-voiced "furrin" young teacher who came down from the mountain of mornings to marshal her tow-headed flock into the log school-house, and the unexplained stay of Don José, who rarely showed himself at the Gap, however, were the subjects mostly discussed by the circle around Matthews' mesquite fire.

Dene, who had never seen Don José since the day of his arrival, had long ago forgotten the evil-favored old Mexican.

One morning, when he seated himself as usual beside the young girl on the edge of the quarry, he was conscious of some change in her appearance. It puzzled him for a moment, and then he made it out to be her dress. She wore white—she whom he had always seen robed in sombre black. A curious sort of rapture possessed him as he looked at the slight figure in its girlish gown of clinging wool. He bent toward her, his lips almost touching her hair, and murmured some words inarticulate even to himself. But he started back in dismay when she raised her eyes to his. She had been weeping. Her cheeks, usually so pale, were flushed, and her eyelids were swollen and heavy. He turned away troubled and embarrassed, and began pulling nervously at a tuft of thyme which grew in a fissure of the ledge beside him. The loose root gave way suddenly, and a stone detached itself from the crevice and dropped out. He caught it as it fell. A thrill of excitement stirred him as he turned it over in his palm. Here was at last one of Uncle Dicky's "turkles"—a small oval of dark corrugated rock. He laid it on the ledge, and seized the hammer lying in Atla's lap. An exclamation broke from her which he neither heard nor heeded. He struck a vigorous blow, and the two halves of the sphere flew apart.

Was it a bit of glowing red-hot coal which fell from the pink almond-shaped cavity, and lay throbbing and quivering upon the gray ledge? Was it a great drop of shining transparent dew with a heart of greenish flame? Was it a living, leaping, azure-tipped blaze? A sheaf of ardent purple-shotted rays? He uttered a cry of admiration as he picked it up.

"See, Atla, the opal!"

But her face was buried in her hands. She was rocking herself to and fro, and moaning in unmistakable anguish. He looked at her wonderingly; then thrusting the gem into the breast pocket of his shirt, he leaned over and touched her gently on the arm. "What is it? What is it, Atla?"

"Oh," she moaned, "I knew it from the first that you were one of us. Do you not see," she cried, facing him suddenly, "have you not understood, that I am one of that race which possesses the power to find the talismanic jewel? Do you not see that you too are of that fated slave people? My mother died—here—on this very edge of this accursed quarry"—she looked around shudderingly. "*He* brought her here when she, too, was young, hardly older than I am now, to search for the opal. She laid me in the arms of my old nurse when he took her away, and she never came back. And it was that only I was left who might find it for him. It was for this that he had me taught to speak the tongue of the dear good people who live here. It was for this that he brought masters to show me music and singing, and the way to gather little children about my knee and teach them to read from pictured books. It was that he might bring me here and set me to the task without exciting suspicion. He brought me here—*himself*—at night, and explained to me in his cold and terrible way how I must search for the little round stones and break them with the hammer. He comes nightly to see whether I have been truly at work. Last night he called me with the strange, awful call. I heard him in the cabin, where I sat with the children, and I came. Ah!" a long, quivering cry escaped her,

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and she buried her face again in her hands.

He had hardly heard her frantic outburst of words. He had made no effort to understand her, conscious only of an overwhelming desire to take her in his arms and soothe her out of the superstitious delusion, whatever it might be, into which she had fallen.

"There is a song of the opal," she went on, lifting her head and regarding him with wild eyes; "it was sad when my mother sang it, sad as life and death even to my baby ears; it is weird and strange when my nurse croons it yonder—yonder in the far land where she waits for me in the shadows of the passion-vine; it is terrible when the *master* chants it." She broke abruptly into a kind of rude rhythmic strain, her voice scarcely reaching further than the half-heedless ears of her companion:

"*Fateful and wondrous art thou, O far-shining Opal, compeller of stars in their courses; of red gold in the rock-hidden chambers; of woman, yea, woman, white-bosomed, with long-lidded eyes that speak passion.*

"*Alas, thou art sealed in the womb of the mountain! Hidden in roseate flint is the joy of thy shining. Who forth can compel thee; who master thy secret?*

"*Nay, before me I drive the white slave-gang, tawny-haired, and with cheeks that are pallid. Deep in the womb of the earth let them burrow; they alone have the power to conjure thee!*

"*Leap from the matrix, my Beauty! The white slave from the depth of the quarry hath fetched thee. Mine enemy, now in my hand lies thy heart-beat. Red gold, thou art mine; and woman, yea, woman, white-bosomed, with long-lidded eyes that speak passion!*"

She paused. "There is yet a stanza," she said, "but I—I—" She faltered, and a rain of tears gushed from beneath her down-drooped eyelids.

He was almost beside himself with love and compassion. He leaned toward her, drawing her hands from her face, and compelling her eyes to meet his. "Atla," he whispered, "look at me. I love you—I love you!"

As she drooped against his breast with a long-drawn, sobbing sigh, the hammer lying on the moss-grown ledge dropped over into the pit, slipped down between the weather-worn rocks, and rested out of sight in the bottom of the quarry.

When the hour came for the gathering of her little flock, he descended the mountain with her. It was the first time. It was the beginning of their life-journey together, he told her, gayly, helping her with all a lover's carefulness along the path she had so often traversed alone. They stopped by the bowlder where he had once watched her coming down with the dew-wet posy in his hand.

"How I hate Polly Crawls' tow-headed brats!" he exclaimed, playfully, when she turned at last to leave him.

"They are not tow-headed at all," she remonstrated, seriously. "They are dear little girls, and I love them—Jack." How sweet and strange the familiar name sounded on her lips!

"Do you? Well, then, I will come over to Uncle Dicky's this very night to see them—and you," he laughed. Then, as a sudden recollection struck him, "A slave!" he cried—"a slave, did you call me, Atla?" He caught her hands in his and drew her toward him. "A slave! Why, I am a king!"

He felt her long firm fingers grow cold and tighten like manacles upon his wrists as he spoke. Her eyes dilated, and a gray pallor swept over her face. He followed the direction of her gaze. The old Mexican, Don José, was coming slowly along the narrow pathway from around the spur of the mountain. His shaggy head was bent; his bushy brows knit together; his lips were moving silently; his long arms swung loosely at his side. He looked impassively at the girl as he passed, and turned his deeply set eyes for a second upon her companion. A flame leaped into them like a sudden flash of lightning. A curious numbness crept over John Dene, and a sensation which in all his life he had never felt before—a sensation of abject, unreasoning, unreasonable terror—possessed him. It was gone before he could define it, and Don José with lowered eyelids went slowly on his way, and disappeared behind a thick-set *motte* of live-oak.

"He knows!" gasped Atla, the ashen gray in her cheeks fading to a ghastly white.

"Knows what? Who?" Dene asked, bewildered. Then, a vague light struggling into his brain, he exclaimed, "Is he—is Don José—"

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"Don José is my master," she whispered, hoarsely, glancing fearfully over her shoulder. "Oh, he knows!" she sobbed, wildly. "*Madre de Dios*, he knows!"

He clasped her to his breast, soothing her with caresses and incoherent words. "But listen, Atla," he insisted at length; "listen, you absurd child. Are you really afraid of Don José? Is it because of the opal? If you feel like this, why, let him have it. I—"

At this she clung only the more frantically to him. "Never! never!" she almost shrieked. "Oh! promise me that you will hide it from him. Promise! promise!"

"I will promise anything you like, my darling," he replied; "but surely you know that in this country at least no one is a slave; that you can leave Don José if he is your guardian—whatever he is—at any moment you wish. I will take you away myself. Ah, when you are my wife he will not dare to come near you."

She lifted her face from his breast and gave him an eager, searching look. "You will take me away?" she asked, breathlessly.

He gathered her more closely in his arms. "So far away, Atla, that he can never find you again."

"When?" she demanded, almost sharply.

"Now—this very moment," he responded, laughingly, sweeping her a step or two forward.

But she repeated her question yet more gravely: "When? Will it be to-night?"

He looked at her, doubtful whether he had heard aright.

"Listen," she continued, hurriedly, clasping her hands about his arm: "if you will take me away, let it be to-night. I am afraid of him—Mother of God, how I am afraid! To-night, Jack, if you will—let it be to-night. I will wait for you around the mountain in the edge of the Gap, by the big rock in the shadow. I will have Huayrie there. Oh, she is mine, the beautiful creature! She will come to me if I but call her ever so lightly. I know where he hides her when he comes at night to the Gap, and waits beyond the west ridge for the midnight, to creep up to the quarry. I will wait for you with Huayrie, and when it is night—as soon as it is well night—you will come for me, and you will take me away."

He covered her feverish lips with kisses. Would he come? Oh, love and life! All the blood in his heart leaped and throbbed at the thought. "Do you understand, Atla?" he said at last. "By this time to-morrow you will be my wife, and we will be setting our faces toward England."

"You will come?" she repeated, a tender color dawning upon her tear-wet cheeks.

"Yes, I will come."

"But you will not go to your cabin, Jack? You must not go to your cabin. Promise me that too!" she exclaimed, as if struck by some new and terrifying thought.

He smiled indulgently. His mind was already busied with plans for their flight, and he murmured some sort of assent, with his lips upon hers. And then she left him. He watched her out of sight. At the last turn of the path she paused and smiled back at him, waving a light adieu with her slender hand.

He turned mechanically in the direction of his cabin, but halted perplexed, smiling at the recollection of the half-promise he had given. "But I will keep it," he said to himself, tenderly—"the first promise made to my sweetheart. Oh yes, I will keep it. I can send a line to Uncle Dicky from town; that will do just as well." And he struck once more into the trail and went up the mountain.

Toward nightfall he came out upon the point overlooking the valley. The world below was suffused with the serene radiance of sunset. Miles away the straggling little town shone like an enchanted city, its spires tipped with gold, its windows gleaming like many-colored jewels. A young moon hung tenderly luminous in the western sky; above it a bank of fleecy cloud was gathering; a flock of wild-geese shaped their arrowy flight southward with sharp cries across the slowly coming twilight.

"There's a norther behind that flock of geese, and plenty of Uncle Dicky's rain-seed in that bank of cloud," commented the lonely watcher.

Lights appeared at the store and twinkled here and there in the scattered cabins. It was night in the valley. His heart gave a great bound. He cast one last long look around, and began the descent.

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When he reached the foot of the mountain he made his way quietly to the shed where Roland was stabled. He threw the high-pommelled saddle on the horse's back, and buckled the girth rapidly and deftly. She was there by this time waiting for him. He put a foot in the stirrup, and laid his hand on Roland's arched neck. All at once there flashed across his mind a thought of his mother's picture, lying in its tiny oval case on his mantel. Could he leave behind him that dear shadow of a face which in all his life had never worn a frown for him? After all it was not really a promise. She was half crazed by some superstitious fear, poor child. He smiled, and touched the hilt of his knife, and felt the handle of the pistol in his belt. He walked rapidly across the field, hard beset not to shout aloud the exultation that possessed him. In the little garden patch he paused a moment. The sweet familiar perfume of the night-hidden flowers moved him strangely. He stooped and plucked a lavender leaf in the darkness. Its dewy fragrance brought before him a swift vision of his waiting bride. He thrust it in his bosom and went into the cabin. The dog, lying across the threshold, leaped up against him, barking joyously. He found the miniature without striking a light, and came out, shutting the heavy door behind him. As he stepped again into the garden path a misshapen form rose up from behind the tangled morning-glory and cypress vines. The dog sprang forward with a growl, which changed into a frightened whine. There was no other outcry, scarcely a struggle; a long keen blade flashed in the starlight, once, twice, thrice, and borne backward by powerful sinewy arms, John Dene sank heavily to the ground, crushing the late-blooming roses and the mignonette in his fall. Don José drew the knife out of his victim's breast with some difficulty, kneeling upon the body. Then, with unerring instinct, he plunged his hand in the breast pocket of the hunting-shirt, and drew forth the opal. It flashed like a meteor in the darkness as he opened his palm for a second to gloat upon it. Stooping still lower then, he fumbled about the wound whence gushed a palpitating stream of blood. Once, twice, thrice he buried his clinched hand in the warm red rivulet, letting it trickle slowly through his knotty fingers.

A kind of exultant sigh escaped his lips as he stood erect. Then he glided stealthily across the uneven field to the shed where Roland stood awaiting his master.

The upturned face of the master grew whiter and whiter; his limbs stiffened; a warm reeking odor of blood mingled with the breath of the English flowers. The dog watching beside him shivered and moaned like a thing possessed.

Around the spur of the mountain Atla was waiting; she held the jewelled bridle in her hand, standing close beside Huayrie. Now and again she laid her soft cheek against the satin shoulder of her playmate, and caressed her with syllables in an unknown and musical language. She laughed joyously when the mare responded with a half-breathed whinny of delight. "Oh, my Huayrie," she whispered, "he is coming!"

She had forgotten all her fears. Down at the Crawls' cabin awhile ago, as she stepped toward the open door, old Granny Crawls, sitting in the chimney-corner, had said, "Lord, chile, ye air thet peart and rosy thet it air a plumb pleasure to look at ye!"

"Oh, my Huayrie," she breathed once more, "he is coming!"

The sound of a horse's feet treading softly as only Roland could tread, trained to a hunter's need, was on the still air. Nearer it came and nearer; swifter too, and in that she read her lover's impatience. A second more and the horse and his rider had turned the shadow of the rock and had paused. A long arm, down-stretched, caught her lithe light form in its grip of steel, and swung her to the saddle. A terrible voice hissed in her ear a single sentence in a strange, uncouth tongue. Her head drooped forward on her breast. Don José seized the mare's bridle rein, and a moment later the clatter of horses' hoofs flying westward came echoing down the Gap on the first long shuddering wail of the coming norther.

Now this was that strain of the Song of the Opal which Atla wist not how to sing to her lover that morning on the crest of Quarry Mountain:

"*Yea, thou art loosed from the womb of thy mother, rejoicing and lovely and proud, but not yet, not yet hast thou put on thy strength as a garment. Far shining but impotent art thou till thou comest from the blood bath!*

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"Thrice in the blood of thy Finder—his heart's blood—thrice must I bathe thee, my Opal, my Mistress, compeller of stars in their courses; of red gold in rock-hidden chambers; of woman, yea, woman, white-bosomed, with long-lidded eyes that speak passion!

"Drink deep of the blood of the White Slave, my Beauty; drink deep, and so clothe thee with power as a garment!"



BY F. D. MILLET.

HENRY SEYMOUR fancied he was a realist. Indeed, he was very much annoyed when his work was described by an art critic as idealistic, or when he was alluded to in the art columns as "a rising young artist quite out of place in the realistic circle to which he affects to belong." But the bias of mind which prevented him from recognizing the real qualities in his own productions, equally hindered him from accomplishing what was his present highest ambition—an accurate and realistic imitation of nature. In common with the large majority of the young artists of the day, he studied two or three years in Europe, notably in Paris, where he learned to believe, or fancied he believed, that the most hopeful tendency of modern art consisted in the elimination of all idea and all sentiment from the motive of a picture, and the glorification of the naturalistic, and if I may say so, earthy qualities of the model.

After his return from the ateliers of Paris, Seymour divided his time between the apotheosis of rags and squalor and the delineation of the features of the New York banker, broker, or insurance president, with an occasional excursion into the field of female portraiture, which was opened to him through the large and influential circle of friends and acquaintances of his family. His efforts in this direction frequently resulted in popular and artistic success, and after a season or two gained for him a profitable and exceedingly agreeable line of sitters. A strange jumble of millionaires, bootblacks, society ladies, and beggar-women covered the canvases that encumbered his studio. The portraits went away in their turn, but the pictures, after brief absences at exhibitions, remained his own property, testifying to the practical worthlessness of the encouragement of his comrades, who would sniff at his portraits of ladies and gentlemen, and prostrate themselves before his studies of gutter snipe. It must be understood that no one of his artistic clique disapproved of his painting society portraits, for they all had adopted some means of gaining a livelihood outside of the special line of art which they, in their mistaken zeal, believed to be the only true and worthy one. Most of his comrades taught in the art schools of the city; some of the more fortunate ones conducted highly profitable private classes, where, at an enormously extravagant price per season, they actively stimulated and encouraged the artistic illusions of wealthy young ladies, and helped them to acquire a superficial and dangerous facility, which, for a future mistress of a house, is the most useless accomplishment imaginable.

Seymour was of an energetic and enterprising turn of mind, and if it had not been for his unwavering devotion to his artistic creed, he would have speedily made a wide reputation for himself as a painter with an original and charming

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talent. But accident of situation had exposed him to the contagion of realism, and the fever which seized him in Paris was now kept alive, in a milder form to be sure, by association with the young painters in New York who had been abroad the same time as himself. After two seasons at home he found his studio too small and inconvenient, and he turned a stable in the spacious back yard of his father's house, on one of the cross streets near Fifth Avenue, into a fine studio, with a side and top light, and transported thither his easels, his bric-à-brac, and the lares and penates of his Bohemian quarters. The new studio was entered by a *porte cochère* at one side of the house, and was therefore as isolated and private as if it stood in the centre of an acre of ground.

Among the sitters who came to him in his new studio was Miss Margaret Van Hoorn, the only daughter of a well-known wealthy man, who had a stalwart pride in his Knickerbocker origin, and boasted generations of opulent Van Hoorns before him. Miss Van Hoorn was not an ordinary society belle, but an intelligent, capable, sensible girl, and a favorite no less for the charm of her personal character than for a distinguished type of face and figure, which would stimulate the ambition of the most worn and weary portrait-painter.

Here, then, was Seymour's golden opportunity. He recognized it, and began to make the most of it by beginning a portrait of the young lady in a party dress. It had hitherto been his custom to deny to his sitters the privilege of watching his work in its various stages, but he was unable to refuse Miss Van Hoorn's request that she might be permitted to see the portrait in progress. Her desire to watch his work was excusable, because she had already taken lessons in painting, and really had some knowledge of technique. After the first sitting was over she sat down on the divan under the large window, and chatted cheerfully an hour or more, thus initiating an intimacy which grew rapidly as the sittings went on. The painter, as long as he had his palette on his thumb, looked upon his sitter as a sort of an automaton, watched the pure lines of her neck and arms with no conscious feeling except that of keen anxiety to reproduce their grace, and studied the mobile turn of the lips and the varying curve of the eyelids with a single-minded desire to catch something of their charm and fix it on the canvas.

But soon another element crept insensibly into the relation between sitter and painter, and long before it was recognized by either of them, became a potent factor in the growing problem. Miss Van Hoorn first began to question Seymour about his artistic creed, then showed an interest in his early life, thus encouraging the artist to talk about himself. She grew bold in criticising his work, and even modestly declared her disapproval of the confusion of his studio, and occasionally gave to the arrangement of the objects a few of those skilful feminine touches which add an indefinable charm to any interior. The artist, in his turn, suggested books for her to read, frequently joined her in the box at the Metropolitan Opera-house, accompanied her to picture exhibitions, and even advised her as to the color and style of dress most suited to her complexion and figure. They were all the while under the protection of that unwritten social law which grants a certain brief license to sitter and painter, which, like the freedom of a picnic or an excursion party, usually lasts no longer than the conditions which make this freedom innocent and desirable.

"Mr. Seymour," said the sitter one day, "why don't you paint an ideal subject, something classical or poetical?"

"I'm a realist, Miss Van Hoorn, and I have come to the conclusion since I began your portrait that I had better stick to copper pots and cabbages."

"But no one cares for copper pots and cabbages, even if the former do have the sheen of burnished gold, and the latter sparkle with dew-drop jewels. I think every painter ought to paint something more than the surface of things."

"How about Vallon and—"

"You know," she interrupted, "I am not far enough along, as you call it, to appreciate the wild combinations of color and the hodge-podge of splashes and dashes affected by the modern school. I have tried to acquire this taste under your tuition, but I cannot do it. I shall always believe in the verdict of past centuries, that good art has its reason in the immortalization of the beautiful."

"But there's Terburg—" he began.

"Raphael," she interrupted.

"Vander Meer de Delft," he suggested.

"Botticelli," she argued, and so the

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conversation went on, and at last ended, as discussions on religion, politics, and art always do, in each declaring unwavering adherence to original views.

Excursions to the art galleries and to the Metropolitan Museum were often the result of these little flutters; but although neither the artist nor the sitter would confess to the least disturbance of artistic faith, Seymour actually began, before he knew why, to select an ideal subject. Several motives from classical poetry, from mythology, and from modern writers came to his mind, and he was unable to decide; nor did he know that he really cared to fix on any one of them. Meanwhile the sittings continued, and the portrait approached completion. Suddenly one day a compromise suggested itself to the painter, how or why he never knew, and he quietly remarked, "Miss Van Hoorn, I am going to paint a Medusa's head."

"Horrid," she said, frankly. "I hate snakes."

Seymour was somewhat discouraged by her impulsive disapproval of his subject, but nevertheless warmly defended his choice, and was all the more eloquent, perhaps, because he felt that she had recognized his ingenious compromise between idealism and realism. He insisted that the proportions of her face had suggested the subject to him, and was so serious in his assertion that she was in this degree responsible for his choice of motive that she finally yielded to his eager solicitation, and consented to sit for the eyes and mouth of the Medusa's head.

The same afternoon he went down-town to a shop near the docks, where all kinds of birds, animals, and reptiles were sold alive—a sort of depot, in fact, for the dime museums and small menageries — and bought a box of a dozen moccasin snakes recently arrived from the South. He selected this variety on account of the venomous appearance of the small heads, the repulsive thickness of the bodies, and the richness of color of the mottled scales, intending to make a close study of all the characteristics of this variety of the serpent. He could in this way heighten the contrast which he proposed to make between the calm beauty of the woman's face and the repulsiveness of the serpent locks. He ordered the box to be sent to his studio the same afternoon, and spent that evening in blocking out on the canvas a charcoal sketch of the head he had in his mind.

The following day was Sunday, and during the night a severe cold wave, accompanied by a blizzard of unusual severity, began to sweep over the city. Early on Monday morning the artist went around into the studio, and was surprised to find that the snow had blown in through the ventilator, and that the temperature was very low, notwithstanding the fact that a fire had been kept up all the time in the great magazine stove. His first thought was for the snakes, and, by no means certain that they were not already frozen, he moved the box near the fire, closed the ventilators in the roof of the studio, opened the dampers in the stove, and shook the grate, so as to start the fire more briskly.

It was the last day Miss Van Hoorn could sit, because she was about to accompany her family to Florida for a few weeks, and on this account she had promised to come earlier than usual.

Seymour, like all who were not obliged to brave the blizzard on that now memorable Monday, had no idea of the severity of the storm which was raging, and was not surprised, therefore, at the appearance of his sitter shortly after nine o'clock. She was accompanied, as usual, by her maid and by her pug-dog. Miss Van Hoorn never looked more charming than she did at that moment, for her cheeks were ruddy with the cold, and her eyes sparkled with the excitement of the drive.

"Do you know," she said, "we came very near not getting here. The drifts were so high that John was scarcely able to get the horses through the street; and as for the cold, I never felt anything like it. There, now, I do believe I have left my opera cloak at home, and you must finish the drapery to-day. You'll have to run back and bring it," she added, turning to her maid. "I don't think the storm is as bad as it was; the wind does not sound so loud, at any rate."

The maid courageously set out on her walk, but before she crossed the avenue was blown down, half smothered with the snow and half frozen, and was finally rescued by a policeman, who carried her into the basement of the house nearest, where she was obliged to remain the larger part of the day.

Meanwhile the artist and his sitter sat for a long time beside the fire, expecting

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the return of the maid at every moment. Almost the first thing Miss Van Hoorn noticed was the box of snakes, and although she was horrified and disgusted at the first sight of them, soon began to look at them with interest, because the artist was so enthusiastic about the use he proposed to make of them, and so full of the picture he had begun. The glass in front of the box was slightly clouded by vapor condensed by the change in temperature, and in order to examine more closely the beautiful colors of the scales, Seymour took out the glass, placed it on top of the box, and went to get a paint-rag to wipe off the vapor. The moccasins made no sign of life.

Miss Van Hoorn was very much interested in the charcoal sketch of the head, criticised it frankly and freely, and they both grew quite absorbed in the changes the artist rapidly made in the proportions of the face. The loud striking of the antique clock soon reminded them, however, that the hour for the sitting was long past, and that the portrait was of more present importance than the embryonic picture.

The artist was shortly busy with his painting, and the sitter, now well accustomed to the pose, endeavored to facilitate the progress of the work by remaining as quiet as possible. The silence of the studio was broken only by the stertorous breathing of the pug, asleep on the Turkish carpet in front of the stove, and by the rattle of the sleet against the large window.

Suddenly the shrill yelps of the pug startled them from their preoccupation. On the carpet, near the stove, one of the moccasins was coiled, ready to strike the pug, who, in an agony of terror, could not move a foot, but only uttered wild and piercing shrieks.

"Never mind; I'll soon settle him," said Seymour; and he rushed at the snake with his mahl-stick. But before he could cross the room, the moccasin had struck his victim; and as the artist shattered his slender stick at the first blow, he saw that the box was empty, and that the other snakes were wriggling around the studio.

Miss Van Hoorn was transfixed with horror, but she neither shrieked nor fainted, although she looked as if she would swoon before Seymour could reach her. The pair were fairly surrounded by the reptiles before the artist had time to think of another weapon.

The only thing to do in the emergency occurred to both of them at the same instant, and in a much shorter time than it takes to tell it, Miss Van Hoorn was safely perched on the solid crossbar of the French easel, four feet or more from the ground, and the painter, who had hastily thrown the portrait on the floor, face upward, was standing on the shelf.

Knowing the venomous character of the moccasin, Seymour was not eager for a fight with the snakes, particularly since he was without a weapon. It was impossible to reach the trophy of Turkish yataghans on the further wall of the studio without encountering at least two of the reptiles, and after a moment's consideration he climbed up and sat down beside Miss Van Hoorn, tête-à-tête fashion, and, like herself, put his arm around the upright piece between them.

Neither one of them spoke for a moment; and then he, overcome with remorse at his carelessness, and trembling at the possible result of the adventure, exclaimed, in a tone of despair, "Here's a situation!"

This commonplace remark did not carry with it a hint of a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and he felt this the moment he had uttered it. Miss Van Hoorn made no reply, but with pale cheeks and frightened eyes sat silent, clinging almost convulsively to her support.

"We can easily bring the people by shouting," suggested her companion.

"No, no!" she half gasped. "What a ridiculous position to be found in! Indeed I—I— Are you sure the neighbors cannot see through the window?"

"Of course they can't; it's corrugated glass. But then, after all, if any one should come, the moccasins might bite them, and we should be no better off."

The snakes became more and more active. The pug lay in his last death-agonies, and as he struggled on the carpet, almost under their feet, the soft fingers of the young lady instinctively found their way to the firm, muscular hand of the artist, and closed around it with a confiding pressure, as if she recognized in him her sole protector in this danger, and had great need of his sympathy and support.

If the truth must be told, her sweet unconsciousness was not shared by her companion, for he felt a distinct sense of satisfaction at the touch of her hand, and this sensation fully dominated for a mo-

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ment the complex feeling of relief at escape from recent imminent danger and of great present perplexity, uncertainty, and fear.

They were now fairly besieged, and although no harm could come to them in their present position, it was by no means comfortable to sit perched on a narrow oak bar, and it was impossible to tell how or when they would be delivered from their enemy.

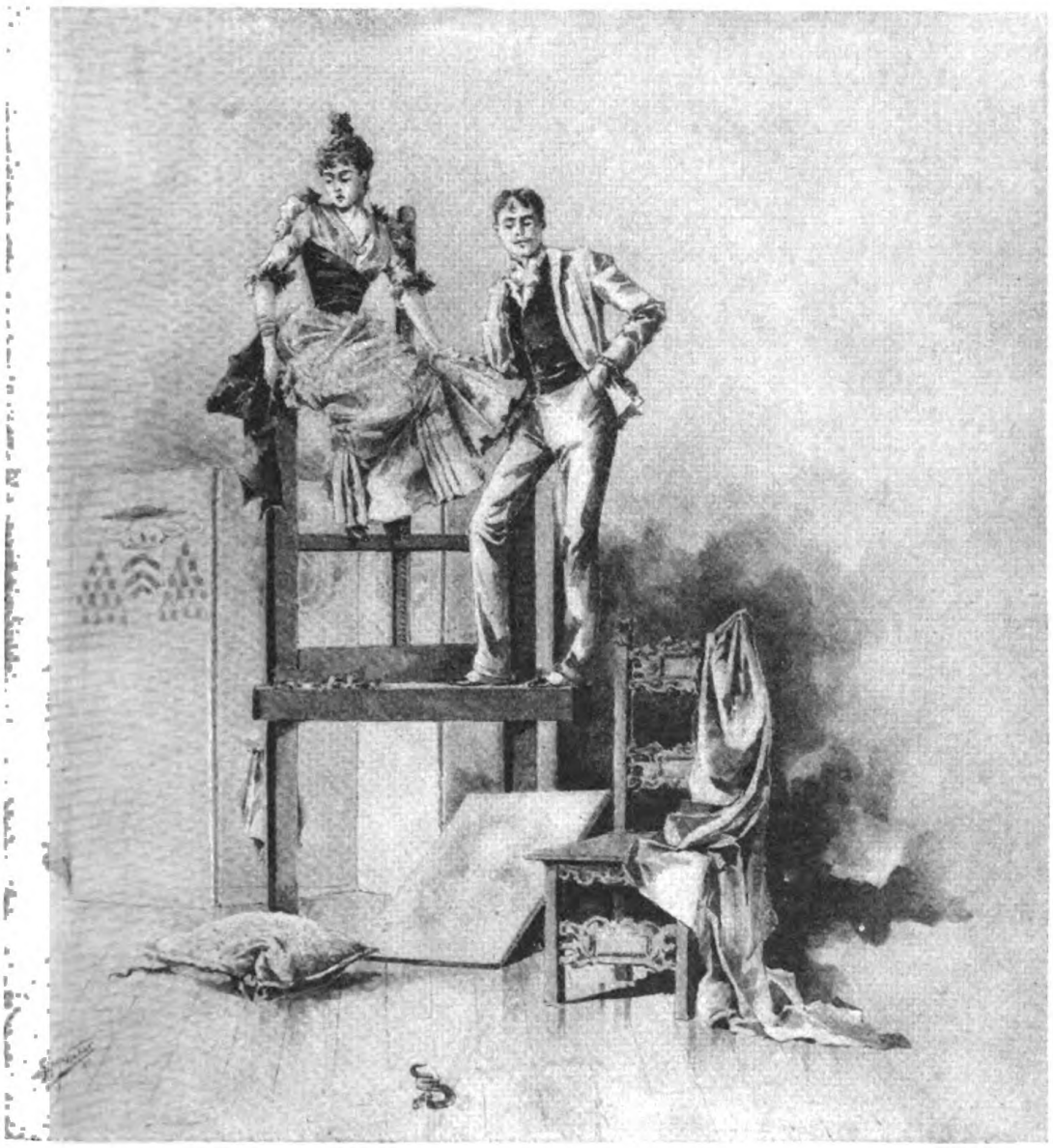
A strange and oppressive silence seemed to have come over the whole city; not so much a silence, perhaps, as an unusual muffling of all the ordinary sounds of traffic and activity. The swish of the sleet against the window was almost continuous, but when it ceased for a moment there was heard no rattle of the streets, no rumble of the horse-cars, no clatter of the elevated road. Instead of these familiar sounds, a wide, deep, and ominous murmur filled the air. This was not a loud and heavy sound, like the roar of the ocean, nor yet shrill, like the rush and whistling of a gale, but had a peculiar low and muffled quality that made a weird accompaniment to the dramatic situation of the artist and sitter in the storm and serpent beleaguered studio.

There was a horrible fascination in watching the movements of the snakes as they restlessly glided from one part of the studio to another, the scales on their thick repulsive bodies glistening in the strong light, and flashing a variety of colors. The stove was now red-hot, and the fire was roaring loudly. In spite of the intense cold outside, the heat became oppressive at the height where they sat, and Miss Van Hoorn, whose nerves were much shaken by her fright, and kept in a flutter by the movements of the snakes below, began to feel faint. The house-servants had standing orders never to interrupt the sittings on any excuse until the artist rang for luncheon. It was now half past eleven, and Seymour, despairing of the return of the maid, at last resolved to shout as loudly as possible, and to stop the servant from opening the door by calling out to him as he came along the passageway. He explained this plan to Miss Van Hoorn, and proceeded to shout and halloo with the full strength of his lungs. He waited a few moments, but no sound of footsteps was heard, and then he shouted again and again. Still the roaring of the fire, the grumble of the storm, and the hideous rustling of the snakes alone greeted their eager ears. At last he was obliged to conclude that the noise of the storm prevented his cries from reaching the house.

What to do next he did not know, but as he was fanning Miss Van Hoorn with a letter out of his pocket—indeed with one of her own notes to him—he struck upon a plan of letting in air, and at the same time attracting the attention of some one. When the brief faint turn had passed off, he climbed down to the shelf, gathered up his tubes of color, and returned to his perch. After a few vigorous throws with the heaviest tubes, he succeeded in breaking one of the panes of the large window, and a fierce gust of wind blew upon them. To their great disappointment the opening in the glass disclosed only the blank wall of the opposite extension, and as he had wasted all his heavy ammunition, he could not break another pane higher up in the window. He tried shouting again, but with no result.

The situation was now worse than before, for Miss Van Hoorn was in her evening dress and exposed to the freezing draught of a blizzard. Seymour persuaded her to put on his velveteen jacket, and after a few attempts, succeeded in tearing down a curtain that hung from the ceiling alongside the opening in the roof in order to cast a shadow on the background. This he wrapped around both of them, then sat and considered what to do next. No new plan, however, suggested itself to either of them. They did not talk much, for they were too seriously occupied with the problem of escape to waste words. The single hand of the antique clock moved with agonizing slowness, and the pair sat there a long time in silence, shivering, despairing. Once or twice a sense of the ludicrousness of their position came over them, and they laughed a little; but their mirth was almost hysterical, and was succeeded by a greater depression of spirits than before. Seymour had proposed several times to make a dash for the door, but two or three of the reptiles were always moving about between the easel and the entrance, and Miss Van Hoorn entreated him tearfully not to attempt it. The cold seemed to increase, and Seymour soon noticed that the fire was burning itself out. This was a new source of anxiety, and neither of them cared to anticipate their sufferings on the

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"MISS VAN HOORN WAS SAFELY PERCHED ON THE SOLID CROSSBAR."

top of the easel with the temperature below zero.

"Just look at the snakes!" suddenly cried Seymour, in great excitement.

Miss Van Hoorn was startled by the vehemence of his cry, and could only gasp: "No, no! I can't bear to look at them any more."

"The cold is making them torpid again," he fairly shrieked, in the joy of his discovery. "How stupid not to have thought of this before!" he added, in a tone of disgust.

He was right. One by one they ceased to crawl, and those nearest the window soon lay motionless. Checking his impatience to descend on the snakes until those by the stove ceased to show signs of active life, he dropped from the perch, seized a yataghan from the wall, and speedily despatched them all.

Miss Van Hoorn anxiously watched the slaughter from the safe elevation of the easel, and when it was over, fainted into the artist's arms.

The most unique and remarkable engagement ring ever marked with a date at Tiffany's was a beautiful antique intaglio of Medusa's head set in Etruscan gold.

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BUSCOMBE; OR, A MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

WHEN I was head of Blundell's school,
Before the time of stokers,
Compelled by rank to look a fool
Betwixt a pair of "chokers,"

Tom Tanner's father wrote to say
That we should both of us come,
To spend Saint Michael's holiday
At the Vicarage of Buscombe.

One trifle marred this merry plan—
I had contrived, though barr'd up,
To typify the future man
By getting very hard up.

For time had spent himself in theft
Of shillings grand and fine pence,
And all the money I had left
Would only come to ninepence.

But what of that? The low amount
Too paltry is to mope for:
The more we have in hand to count,
The less remains to hope for.

Fair youth itself is golden store,
And hope the best gold-beater:
Without desiring sixpence more,
We passed the gates of Peter.

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A nod suffices surly Cop,
Who grins his *bona fides*,
Like Cerberus, denied his sop,
At Orpheus and Alcides.

But Mother Cop! Her cooking knack
Would conquer fifty Catos—
The queen of tarts, and tuck, and tack,
And cream, and fried potatoes.

Her sausages—I know not how
To speak, without romancing;
But haply, were they tasted now,
They might prove less entrancing.

She came, and smiled, to wish us joy,
And said, "Good-by, my dearie!"
Because I was an honest boy,
And *pauper meo ære.*

So Tom and I, like men on strike,
Shook hands with all our cronies,
Walked fifty yards to save the pike,
And jumped upon our ponies.

Of apples, nuts, and goose galore,
I chattered like a stupid;
And thought of catching blackbirds, more
Than being caught by Cupid.

At racing pace, the turnpike-road
('Tis railway in this quicker age)
Was swallowed up, with whip and goad,
And soon we saw the Vicarage.

A sweet seclusion—to forget
The world and its disasters;
And live on dreams of mignonette,
Clove-pinks, and German asters.

In pensive or in sportive mood,
The sauntering gaze might dally
With the leafy calm of solitude,
Or the sunshine of the valley.

The Vicar loved his parish well,
And well was he loved by it;
His duty did not him compel
To harass and defy it.

He made no charge for heavenly love,
Nor discounted *Resurgo;*
His conscience told him—one side-shove
Is worth ten kicks *a tergo.*

The proper style of work he showed,
To win the Christian guerdon;
No post was he to point the road,
But a man to share the burden.

His heavenly home grew manifest
In the autumn of his holy age,
As clearer grows the ring-dove's nest
Above the fall of foliage.

The Vicar's wife was much the same,
In fairer form presented—
A lively, yet a quiet dame,
With home, sweet home, contented;

In parish wants and household arts,
A model for this glib age,
Well versed in pickles, jellies, tarts,
Piano, chess, and cribbage.

And well she loved the flowers that speak
A language undefiled—
The flowers that lift the dimpled cheek,
Or droop the dewy eyelid.

Now, if she loiters after us,
What cause have we for snarling?
No law applies to private buss,
Reserved for Tommy darling.

But who are these, that wear such sweet
Gray hats, and pink check dresses,
And half advance, and half retreat,
And peep through clustering tresses?

"Come, dears!" They shyly offer hand,
Beneath the jasmin trellis;
"Say who you are, girls"—Charlotte, and
Her sister, Caroline Ellis.

Sweet Charlotte hath a serious face,
A gaze almost parental;
Herself a type of maiden grace,
But a wee bit sentimental.

Bright Caroline hath eyes that dance,
And wreaths of joy engirdle her;
Her playful soul may love romance,
But not a creepy curdler.

Sweet Charlotte's are the deep gray eyes
That tell the heart's devotion;
Bright Carry's flash, like azure skies
With the heliograph in motion;

As merry as the vintage ray
That dances down the grape rill;
As tender as the dews of May,
Or apple buds in April.

Their charms are safe to grow more bright
For at least two lustral stages;
And so it seems not unpolite
To ask them what their age is.

"Last May I was fifteen," with glee
Replies the laughing Carry;
Sage Charlotte adds, "And I shall be
Seventeen next February."

Could e'en a boy ply knife and fork
In presence so poetic,
Or, when the Vicar draws first cork,
Give lips the smack prophetic?

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And when the evening games began—
Pope Joan, and speculation—
Could any head keep poise of plan,
With the heart in palpitation?

Until, in soft white curtain'd bed,
We sink to slumber lowly,
And angels fan the childish head
With visions sweet and holy.

* * * * * *

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed our host,
As he came back from the arish;
"Those railway fellows soon will boast
They have undermined my parish!

"Though none can say I have ever set
My face against improvement,
I own that I don't see, as yet,
The good of this new movement.

"Like Hannibal, they do confound
All nature's institutions;
And they vanish two miles underground,
To escape church contributions!

"How say ye then? Shall we see their craft?
Our hills, I trow, will task it;
'Tis a pretty walk to White-Ball shaft,
If the boys will take a basket.

"When we have beheld and judged aright
The miracles of this cycle,
We will come home, with fine appetite,
For the roast goose of Saint Michael."

In a twinkle we had baskets twain
Of the right stuff for a journey,
With some of the Vicar's wife's champagne,
More brilliant than Epernay.

A million things beyond our mind
Befall us in our brief age;
But well can I recall how kind
That sun looked through the leafage.

And wise he was in doing that,
For here there came across him
Bright eyes, that gave him tit for tat,
And sunshine to endorse him.

The copse, the lane, the meadow-path,
The valleys, hills, and hedges,
Were green with summer's after-math,
And gold with autumn's pledges.

The rose hung coral beads above,
And satchel'd nuts grew nigh them:
As a little maiden bites her glove,
Ere ever she has to buy them.

But these are not the maids that bite
A gore or gusset undone:
How neat they are, how trim and tight,
Because they come from London!

At first we glance in awe and doubt,
And venture no frivolity;
Till the spirit of the age breaks out,
And all is mirth and jollity.

The smiling elders march ahead;
We dance without a fiddler;
We play at cross-touch, White and Red,
Tip-cat, and Tommy Tidler.

We laugh and shout, much more than speak;
No worldly care importunes;
The trees were made for hide-and-seek,
The flowers to tell our fortunes;

The hills for pretty girls to pant,
And glow with richer roses;
The wind itself to toss askant
The curls that veil their noses.

Then sprightly Carry shouts in French,
"All boys and girls, come nutting!"
We are slipping down a mighty trench;
Why, it is the railway cutting!

Before us yawns a dark-browed arch,
Paved with a muddy runnel;
A thousand giant navvies march
To delve the White-Ball tunnel.

Oh, if a soul of them but did
Presume to glance at Carry,
Though he were Milo, or John Ridd,
I would hurl him to old Harry!

I pull my jacket off, like him
Who would shatter England's pillars—
From the tunnel comes an order grim,
"Get out of the way, you chillers!"

* * * * * *

And the same stern order doth apply
To the season of remote age;
We are fain alike to be shoved by,
In our nonage and our dotage.

Yet sweet it is in the tranquil age,
When no more can betide ill,
To glance back, as from a hermitage,
At the summer morning idyl.

* * * * * *

Oh agony, despair, and woe,
Oh two-edged sword, to us come!
To Blundell's must the body go,
While the heart remains at Buscombe!

At breakfast-time, how glum we looked!
The tears were threatening driblets;
Too truly had our goose been cooked
To leave us even giblets.

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"AND ALL IS MIRTH AND JOLLITY."

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Sweet Charlotte, did you share the thrill,
The pang no throat may utter,
And strive an aching void to fill
With heartless toast and butter?

And were you sad, bright Caroline,
Although you never said so?
Great tears were in your pretty eyne,
And you crumbled up your bread so!

Then out the Vicar spake: he knew
The power of calm reflection—
"My youthful friends, what is your view
Of human life's perfection?"

I met the point in manner cool,
Without any hesitation—
"To stay at home, and send to school
The rising generation."

A gentle smile flits o'er his lip,
He eyes me with benignity,
He yearns to offer goodly tip,
But fears to wound my dignity.

True benefactor, be not shy,
There is no Spartan pride here;
Thy noble impulse gratify,
And let the money slide here.

But time is over and above,
To end this charming visit.
And must we part, my own true love—
Though I am not sure which is it.

Sweet Charlotte lingered in the shade;
Her virtues were her dowries;
Bright Carry in the lobby played
With a pair of polished cowries.

She showed me how alike they were,
So Heaven had pleased to mate them;
Though fortune might divide the pair,
She could not separate them.

I blushed and stammered at her touch;
I durst not ask for either;
My heart was in my mouth so much,
I could say "good-by" to neither.

* * * * * *

Two strings are wise for every bow,
To meet the change of weather;
And Cupid's shafts give softer blow
When two are tied together.

O Charlotte sweet, and Carry bright,
My whole, or double-half love,
Let no maturer wisdom slight
A simple tale of calf-love!

A blessing on each gentle grace
That beautifies the real,
That makes the world a fairer place
And lifts the low ideal!

If one, or both, by any chance
Behold what I confess here,
Make auld lang syne of young romance
By sending your address here.

And answer—as I hope you can—
When years are flying faster,
That ye have lived far better than
Your humble poetaster.



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THE TAKING OF CAPTAIN BALL.

BY SARAH O. JEWETT.

I.

THERE was a natural disinclination to the cares of house-keeping in Captain Ball's mind, and he would have left the sea much earlier in life if he had not cared more for living on board ship. A man was his own master there, and meddlesome neighbors and parsons and tearful women-folks could be made to keep their distance. But as years went on, and the extremes of weather produced much affliction in the shape of rheumatism, this, and the decline of the merchant-service, and the degeneracy of common seamen, forced Captain Ball to come ashore for good. He regretted that he could no longer follow the sea, and grumbled at his hard fate in spite of many alleviations. He might have been condemned to an inland town, but in reality his house was within sight of tide-water, and he found plenty of companionship in the decayed seaport where he had been born and bred. There were several retired ship-masters who closely approached his own rank and dignity. They all gave other excuses than that of age and infirmity for being out of business, took a sober satisfaction in their eleven o'clock bitters, and discussed the shipping list of the morning paper with far more interest than the political or general news of the other columns.

While Captain Asaph Ball was away on his long voyages he had left his house in charge of an elder sister, who was joint owner. She was a grim old person, very stern in matters of sectarian opinion, and the captain recognized in his heart of hearts that she alone was his superior officer. He endeavored to placate her with generous offerings of tea and camel's-hair scarfs and East Indian sweetmeats, not to speak of unnecessary and sometimes very beautiful china for the tea parties that she never gave, and handsome dress patterns with which she scorned to decorate her sinful shape of clay. She pinched herself to the verge of want in order to send large sums of money to the missionaries, but she saved the captain's money for him against the time when his wilful lavishness and improvidence might find him a poor man. She was always looking forward to the days when he would be aged and forlorn, that burly seafaring brother of hers. She loved to remind him of his latter end, and in writing her long letters that were to reach him in foreign ports, she told little of the neighborhood news and results of voyages, but bewailed, in page after page, his sad condition of impenitence and the shortness of time. The captain would rather have faced a mutinous crew any day than his sister's solemn statements of this sort, but he loyally read them through, though with heavy sighs, and worked himself into his best broadcloth suit, at least once while he lay in port, to go to church on Sunday, out of good New England habit and respect to her opinions. It was not his sister's principles, but her phrases that the captain failed to comprehend. Sometimes when he returned to his ship he took pains to write a letter to dear sister Ann, and to casually mention the fact of his attendance upon public worship, and even to recall the text and purport of the sermon. He was apt to fall asleep in his humble place at the very back of the church, and his report of the services would have puzzled a far less keen theologian than Miss Ann Ball. In fact these poor makeshifts of religious interest did not deceive her, and the captain had an uneasy consciousness that, to use his own expression, the thicker he laid on the words, the quicker she saw through them. And somehow or other that manly straightforwardness and honesty of his, that free-handed generosity, that true unselfishness which made him stick by his ship when the crew had run away from a poor black cook who was taken down with the yellow-fever, which made him nurse the frightened beggar as tenderly as a woman, and bring him back to life, and send him packing afterward with plenty of money in his pocket—all these fine traits that made Captain Ball respected in every port where his loud voice and clumsy figure and bronzed face were known, seemed to count for nothing with the stern sister. At least her younger brother thought so. But when, a few years after he came ashore for good, she died and left him alone in the neat old white house, which his instinctive good taste and his father's before him had made a museum of East Indian treasures, he found all

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"THERE MRS. FRENCH SURPRISED THEM BY BRINGING OUT A TRAY OF COFFEE."—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

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his letters stored away with loving care after they had been read and re-read into tatters, and among her own papers such touching expressions of love and pride and longing for his soul's good, that poor Captain Asaph broke down altogether and cried like a school-boy. She had saved every line of newspaper which even mentioned his ships' names. She had loved him deeply in the repressed New England fashion, that under a gray and forbidding crust of manner, like a chilled lava bed, hides glowing fire of loyalty and devotion.

Sister Ann was a princess among house-keepers, and for some time after her death the captain was a piteous mourner indeed. No growing school-boy could be more shy and miserable in the presence of women than he, though nobody had a readier friendliness or more off-hand sailor ways among men. The few intimate family friends who came to his assistance at the time of his sister's illness and death added untold misery to the gloomy situation. Yet he received the minister with outspoken gratitude in spite of that worthy man's trepidation. Everybody said that poor Captain Ball looked as if his heart was broken. "I tell ye I feel as if I was tied in a bag of fleas," said the distressed mariner, and his pastor turned away to cough, and so hide the smile that would come. "Widders an' old maids, they're busier than the devil in a gale o' wind," grumbled the captain. "Poor Ann, she was worth every one of 'em lashed together, and here you find me with a head-wind every way I try to steer." The minister was a man, at any rate; his very presence was a protection.

Some wretched days went by while Captain Ball tried to keep his lonely house with the assistance of one Silas Jenkins, who had made several voyages with him as cook, but they soon proved that the best of sailors may make the worst of house-keepers. Life looked darker and darker, and when, one morning, Silas inadvertently overheated and warped the new cooking stove, which had been the pride of Miss Ball's heart, the breakfastless captain dismissed him in a fit of blind rage. The captain was first cross and then abject when he went hungry, and in this latter stage was ready to abase himself enough to recall Widow Sparks, his sister's lieutenant, who lived close by in Ropewalk Lane, forgetting that he had driven her into calling him an old hog two days after the funeral. He groaned aloud as he thought of her, but reached for his hat and cane, when there came a gentle, feminine rap at the door.

"Let 'em knock!" grumbled the captain, angrily, but after a moment's reflection he scowled and went to lift the latch.

There stood upon the door-step a middle-aged-looking woman, with a pleasant though determined face. The captain scowled again, but involuntarily opened his fore-door a little wider.

"Capt'in Asaph Ball, I presume?"

"The same," answered the captain.

"I have been told, sir, that you need a house-keeper, owing to recent affliction."

There was a squally moment of resistance in the old sailor's breast, but circumstances seemed to be wrecking him on a lee shore. Down came his flag on the run.

"I can't say but what I do, ma'am," and with lofty courtesy, such as an admiral might use to his foe of equal rank, the master of the house signified that his guest could enter. When they were seated opposite each other in the desolate sitting-room he felt himself the weaker human being of the two. Five years earlier, and he would have put to sea before the week's end, if only to gain the poor freedom of a coastwise line schooner.

"Well, speak up, can't ye?" he said, trying to laugh. "Tell me what's the tax, and how much you can take hold and do, without coming to me for orders every hand's turn o' the day. I've had Silas Jinkins here, one o' my old ship's cooks; he served well at sea, and I thought he had some head; but we've been beat, I tell ye, and you'll find some work to put things ship-shape. He's gitting in years, that's the trouble; I oughtn't to have called on him," said Captain Ball, anxious to maintain even so poorly the dignity of his sex.

"I like your looks; you seem a good steady hand, with no nonsense about ye." He cast a shy glance at his companion, and would not have believed that any woman could have come to the house a stranger, and have given him such an immediate feeling of confidence and relief.

"I'll tell ye what's about the worst of the matter," and the captain pulled a letter out of his deep coat pocket. His feelings had been pent up too long. At the sight of the pretty handwriting and aggravatingly soft-spoken sentences, Asaph

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Ball was forced to inconsiderate speech. The would-be house-keeper pushed back her rocking-chair as he began, and tucked her feet under, setting her bonnet a little beside, as if she were close-reefed and anchored to ride out the gale.

"I'm in most need of an able person," he roared, "on account of this letter's settin' me adrift about knowing what to do. 'Tis from a gal that wants to come and make her home here. Land sakes alive, puts herself right forrard! I don't want her, *an' I won't have her*. She may be a great-niece; I don't say she ain't; but what should I do with one o' them jiggetin' gals about? In the name o' reason, why should I be set out o' my course? I'm left at the mercy o' you women-folks," and the captain got stiffly to his feet. "If you've had experience, an' think you can do for me, why, stop an' try, an' I'll be much obleeged to ye. You'll find me a good provider, and we'll let one another alone, and get along some way or 'nother."

The captain's voice fairly broke; he had been speaking as if to a brother man; he was tired out and perplexed. Ann had saved him so many petty trials, and now she was gone. The poor man had watched her suffer and seen her die, and he was as tender-hearted and as lonely as a child, however he might bluster. Even such infrequent matters as family letters had been left to his busy sister. It happened that they had inherited a feud with an elder half-brother's family in the West, though the captain was aware of the existence of this forth-putting great-niece, who had been craftily named for Miss Ann Ball, and so gained a precarious hold on her affections; but to harbor one of the race was to consent to the whole. Captain Ball was not a man to bring down upon himself an army of interferers and plunderers, and he now threw down the poor girl's well-meant letter with an outrageous expression of his feelings. Then he felt a silly weakness, and hastened to wipe his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief.

"I've been beat, I tell ye," he said, brokenly.

There was a look of apparent sympathy, mingled with victory, on the house-keeper's face. Perhaps she had known some other old sailor of the same make, for she rose and turned her face aside to look out of the window until the captain's long upper lip had time to draw itself straight and stern again. Plainly she was a woman of experience and discretion.

"I'll take my shawl and bunnit right off, sir," she said, in a considerate little voice. "I see a-plenty to do; there'll be time enough after I get you your dinner to see to havin' my trunk here; but it needn't stay a day longer than you give the word."

"That's clever," said the captain. "I'll step right down street and get us a good fish, an' you can fry it or make a chowder, just which you see fit. It now wants a little of eleven"—and an air of pleased anticipation lighted his face—"I must be on my way."

"If it's all the same to you, I guess we don't want no company till we get to rights a little. You're kind of tired out, sir," said the house-keeper, feelingly. "By-and-by you can have the young girl come an' make you a visit, and either let her go or keep her, 'cordin' as seems fit. I may not turn out to suit."

"What may I call you, ma'am?" inquired Captain Ball. "Mis' French? Not one o' them Fleet Street Frenches?" (suspiciously). "Oh, come from Massachusetts way!" (with relief).

"I was stopping with some friends that had a letter from some o' the minister's folks here, and they told how bad off you was," said Mrs. French, modestly. "I was out of employment, an' I said to myself that I should feel real happy to go and do for that Captain Ball. He knows what he wants, and I know what I want, and no flummery."

"You know somethin' o' life, I do declare," and the captain fairly beamed. "I never was called a hard man at sea, but I like to give my orders, and have folks foller 'em. If it was women-folks that wrote, they may have set me forth more'n ordinary. I had every widder and single woman in town here while Ann lay dead, and my natural feelin's war all worked up. I see 'em dressed up and smirkin' and settin' their nets to ketch me when I was in an extremity. I wouldn't give a kentle o' sp'iled fish for the whole on 'em. I ain't a marryin' man, there's once for all for ye," and the old sailor stepped toward the door with some temper.

"Ef you'll write to the young woman, sir, just to put off comin' for a couple or three weeks," suggested Mrs. French.

"*This afternoon, ma'am*," said the captain, as if it were the ay, ay, sir, of an

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able seaman who sprang to his duty of reefing the main-topsail.

Captain Ball walked down to the fish shop with stately steps and measured taps of his heavy cane. He stopped on the way, a little belated, and assured two or three retired ship-masters that he had manned the old brig complete at last; he even gave a handsome wink of his left eye over the edge of a glass, and pronounced his morning grog to be A No. 1, prime.

Mrs. French picked up her gown at each side with thumb and finger, and swept the captain a low courtesy behind his back as he went away; then she turned up the aforesaid gown and sought for one of the lamented Miss Ann Ball's calico aprons, and if ever a New England woman did a morning's work in an hour, it was this same Mrs. French.

"'Tain't every one knows how to make what *I* call a chowder," said the captain, pleased and replete, as he leaned back in his chair after dinner. "Mis' French, you shall have everything to do with, an' I ain't no kitchen colonel myself to bother ye."

There was a new subject for gossip in that seaport town. More than one woman had felt herself to be a fitting helpmate for the captain, and was confident that if time had been allowed, she could have made sure of even such wary game as he. When a stranger stepped in and occupied the ground at once, it gave nobody a fair chance, and Mrs. French was recognized as a presuming adventuress by all disappointed aspirants for the captain's hand. The captain was afraid at times that Mrs. French carried almost too many guns, but she made him so comfortable that she had the upper hand, and at last he was conscious of little objection to whatever this able house-keeper proposed. Her only intimate friends were the minister and his wife, and the captain himself was so won over to familiarity by the kindness of his pastor in the time of affliction that when after some weeks Mrs. French invited the good people to tea, Captain Ball sat manfully at the foot of his table, and listened with no small pleasure to the delighted exclamations of the parson's wife over his store of china and glass. There was a little feeling of guilt when he remembered how many times in his sister's day he had evaded such occasions by complaint of inward malady, or staying boldly along the wharves until long past supper-time, and forcing good Miss Ann to as many anxious excuses as if her brother's cranky ways were not as well known to the guests as to herself.

II.

Mrs. Captain Topliff and Miss Miranda Hull were sitting together one late summer afternoon in Mrs. Topliff's south chamber. They were at work upon a black dress which was to be made over, and each sat by a front window with the blinds carefully set ajar.

"This is a real handy room to sew in," said Miranda, who had come early after dinner for a good long afternoon. "You git the light as long as there is any; and I do like a straw carpet; I don't feel 's if I made so much work scatterin' pieces."

"Don't you have no concern about pieces," answered Mrs. Topliff, amiably. "I was precious glad to get you right on the sudden so. You see, I counted on my other dress lasting me till winter, and sort of put this by to do at a leisure time. I knew 'twa'n't fit to wear as 'twas. Anyway, I've done dealin' with Stover; he told me, lookin' me right in the eye, that was as good wearin' a piece o' goods as he had in the store. 'Twas a real cheat; you can put your finger right through it."

"You've got some wear out of it," ventured Miranda, meekly, bending over her work. "I made it up quite a spell ago, I know. Six or seven years, ain't it, Mis' Topliff?"

"Yes, to be sure," replied Mrs. Topliff, with suppressed indignation; "but this we're to work on I had before the Centennial. I know I wouldn't take it to Philadelphy that time I went because 'twas too good. An' the first two or three years of a dress don't count. You know how 'tis; you just wear 'em to meetin' a pleasant Sunday, or to a funeral, p'r'aps, an' keep 'em in a safe cluset meanwhiles."

"Goods don't wear as 't used to," agreed Miranda; "but 'tis all the better for my trade. Land! there's some dresses in this town I'm sick o' bein' called on to make good 's new. Now I call you reasonable about such things, but there's some I could name—" Miss Hull at this point put several pins into her mouth, as if to guard a secret.

Mrs. Topliff looked up with interest.

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"I always thought Ann Ball was the meanest woman about expense. She looked respectable too, and I s'pose she'd said the heathen was gittin' the good o' what she saved. She must have given away hundreds o' dollars in that way."

"She left plenty too, and I s'pose Cap'n Asaph's Mis' French will get the good of it now," said Miranda through the pins. "Seems to me he's gittin' caught in spite of himself. Old vain creatur', he seemed to think all the women-folks in town was in love with him."

"Some was," answered Mrs. Topliff. "I think any woman that needed a home would naturally think 'twas a good chance." Miranda had indulged high hopes, but wished to ignore them now.

"Some that had a home seemed inclined to bestow their affections, I observed," retorted the dress-maker, who had lost her little property by unfortunate investment, but would not be called homeless by Mrs. Topliff. Everybody knew that the widow had set herself down valiantly to besiege the enemy; but after this passage at arms between the friends they went on amiably with their conversation.

"Seems to me the minister and Mis' Calvinn are dreadful intimate at the cap'n's. I wonder if the cap'n 's goin' to give as much to the heathen as his sister did?" said Mrs. Topliff, presently.

"I understood he told the minister that none o' the heathen was wuth it that ever he see," replied Miranda in a pinless voice at last. "Mr. Calvinn only laughed; he knows the cap'n's ways. But I shouldn't thought Asaph Ball would have let his hired help set out and ask company to tea just four weeks from the day his only sister was laid away. 'Twa'n't feelin'."

"That Mis' French wanted to get the minister's folks to back her up, don't you understand?" was Mrs. Topliff's comment. "I should think the Calvinns wouldn't want to be so free and easy with a woman from nobody knows where. She runs in and out o' the parsonage any time o' day as Ann Ball never took it upon her to do. Ann liked Mis' Calvinn, but she always had to go through with just so much, and be formal with everybody."

"I'll tell you something that exasperated *me*," confided the disappointed Miranda. "That night they was there to tea Mis' Calvinn was praising up a handsome flowered china bowl that was on the table, with some kind of a fancy custard in it, and the cap'n told her to take it along when she went home, if she wanted it, speakin' right out thoughtless, as men do; and that Mis' French chirped up, 'Yes, I'm glad; you ought to have somethin' to remember the cap'n's sister by,' says she. Can't you hear just how up an' comin' it was?"

"I can so," said Mrs. Topliff. "I see that bowl myself on Miss Calvinn's card-table when I was makin' a call there day before yesterday. I wondered how she come by it. 'Tis an elegant bowl. Ann must have set the world by it, poor thing. Wonder if he ain't goin' to give remembrances to those that knew his sister ever since they can remember? Mirandy Hull, that Mis' French is a fox!

"'Twas Widow Sparks gave me the particulars," continued Mrs. Topliff. "She declared at first that never would she step foot inside his doors again, but I always thought the cap'n put up with a good deal. Her husband's havin' been killed in one o' his ships by a fall when he was full o' liquor, and her bein' there so much to help Ann, and their havin' provided for her all these years one way an' another, didn't give her the right to undertake the house-keepin' and direction o' everything soon as Ann died. She dressed up as if 'twas for meetin', and 'tended the front door, and saw the folks that came. You'd thought she was ma'am of everything; and to hear her talk up to the cap'n! I thought I should die o' laughing when he blowed out at her. You know how he gives them great whoos when he's put about. 'Go below, can't ye, till your watch 's called,' says he, same's 'twas aboard ship; but there! everybody knew he was all broke down, and everything tried him. But to see her flounce out o' that back door!"

"'Twas the evenin' after the funeral," Miranda said, presently. "I was there, too, you may rec'lect, seeing what I could do. The cap'n thought I was the proper one to look after her things, and guard against moths. He said there wa'n't no haste, but I knew better, an' told him I'd brought some camphire right with me. Well, did you git anything further out o' Mis' Sparks?"

"That French woman made all up with her, and Mis' Sparks swallowed her re-

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sentment. She's a good-feelin', ignorant kind o' woman, an' she needed the money bad," answered Mrs. Topliff. "If you'll never repeat, I'll tell you somethin' that 'll make your eyes stick out, Miranda."

Miranda promised, and filled her mouth with pins preparatory to proper silence.

"You know the Balls had a half-brother that went off out West somewhere in New York State years ago. I don't remember him, but he brought up a family, and some of 'em came here years ago. Ann used to get letters from 'em sometimes, she's told me, and I dare say used to do for 'em. Well, Mis' Sparks says that there was a smart young girl, niece or great-niece o' the cap'n, wrote on and wanted to come an' live with him for the sake o' the home—his own blood and kin, you see, and very needy—and Mis' Sparks heard 'em talk about her, and that wicked, low, offscourin' has got round Asaph Ball till he's consented to put the pore girl off. You see, she wants to contrive time to make him marry her, and then she'll do as she pleases about his folks. Now ain't it a shame? When I see her parade up the broad aisle, I want to stick out my tongue at her—I do so, right in meetin'. If the cap'n's goin' to have a shock within a year, I could wish it might be soon, to disappoint such a woman. Who is she, anyway? She makes me think o' some carr'on bird pouncin' down on us right out o' the air." Mrs. Topliff sniffed and jerked about in her chair, having worked herself into a fine fit of temper.

"There ain't no up nor down to this material, is there?" inquired Miranda, meekly. She was thinking that if she were as well off as Mrs. Topliff, and toward seventy years of age, she would never show a matrimonial disappointment in this open way. It was ridiculous for a woman who had any respect for herself and for the opinion of society. Miranda had much more dignity, and tried to cool off Mrs. Topliff's warmth by discussion of the black gown.

"'Tain't pleasant to have such a character among us. Do you think it is, Mirandy?" asked Mrs. Topliff, after a few minutes of silence. "She's a good-looking person, but with something sly about her. I don't mean to call on her again until she accounts for herself. Livin' nearer than any of Ann's friends, I thought there would be a good many ways I could oblige the cap'n if he'd grant the opportunity, but 'tain't so to be. Now Mr. Topliff was such an easy-goin', pleasant-tempered man that I take time to remember others is made different."

Miranda smiled. Her companion had suffered many things from a most trying husband: it was difficult to see why she was willing to risk her peace of mind again.

"Cap'n Asaph looks now as meek as Moses," she suggested, as she pared a newly basted seam with her creaking scissors. "Mis' French, whoever she may be, has got him right under her thumb. I, for one, believe she'll never get him, for all her pains. He's as sharp as she is any day, when it comes to that; but he's made comfortable, and she starches his shirt bosoms so's you can hear 'em creak 'way across the meeting-house. I was in there the other night—she wanted to see me about some work—and 'twas neat as wax, and an awful good scent o' somethin' they'd had for supper."

"That kind's always smart enough," granted the widow Topliff. "I want to know if she cooks him a hot supper every night? Well, she'll catch him if anybody can. Why don't you get a look in some o' the clusets, if you go there to work? Ann was so formal I never spoke up as I wanted to about seeing her things. They must have an awful sight of china, and as for the linen and so on that the cap'n and his father before him fetched home from sea, you couldn't find an end to it. Ann never made 'way with much. I hope the mice ain't banging into it and makin' their nests. Ann was very particular, but I dare say it wore her out tryin' to take care o' such a houseful."

"I'm going there Wednesday," said Miranda. "I'll spy round all I can, but I don't like to carry from one house to another. I never was one to make trouble; 'twould make my business more difficult than 'tis a'ready."

"I'd trust you," responded Mrs. Topliff, emphatically. "But there, Mirandy, you know you can trust me too, and anything you say goes no further."

"Yes 'm," returned Miranda, somewhat absently. "To cut this the way you want it is going to give the folds a ter'ble skimpy look."

"I thought it would from the first," was Mrs. Topliff's obliging answer.

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III.

The captain could not believe that two months had passed since his sister's death, but Mrs. French assured him one evening that it was so. He had troubled himself very little about public opinion, though hints of his house-keeper's suspicious character and abominable intentions had reached his ears through more than one disinterested tale-bearer. Indeed, the minister and his wife were the only persons among the old family friends who kept up any sort of intercourse with Mrs. French. The ladies of the parish had not dared to asperse her character themselves to the gruff captain, but were contented with ignoring her existence and setting their husbands to the fray. "Why don't you tell him what folks think?" was a frequent question; but after a first venture even the most intimate and valiant friends were sure to mind their own business, as the indignant captain bade them. Two of them had been partially won over to Mrs. French's side by a taste of her good cooking. In fact, these were Captain Dunn and Captain Alister, who, at the eleven-o'clock rendezvous, reported their wives as absent at the County Conference, and were promptly bidden to a chowder dinner by the independent Captain Ball, who gloried in the fact that neither of his companions would dare to ask a friend home unexpectedly. Our hero promised his guests that what they didn't find in eatables they would make up in drinkables, and actually produced a glistening decanter of Madeira that had made several voyages in his father's ships while he himself was a boy. There were several casks and long rows of cobwebby bottles in the cellar, which had been provided against possible use in case of illness, but the captain rarely touched them, though he went regularly every morning for the social glass of what he frankly persisted in calling his grog. The dinner party proved to be a noble occasion, and Mrs. French won the esteem of the three elderly seamen by her discreet behavior as well as by the flavor of the chowder.

They walked out into the old garden when the feast was over, and continued their somewhat excited discussion of the decline of shipping on the seats of the ancient latticed summer-house. There Mrs. French surprised them by bringing out a tray of coffee, served in the handsome old cups which the captain's father had brought home from France. She was certainly a good-looking woman, and stepped modestly and soberly along the walk between the mallows and marigolds. Her feminine rivals insisted that she looked both bold and sly, but she minded her work like a steam-tug, as the captain whispered admiringly to his friends.

"'Ain't never ascertained where she came from last, have ye?" inquired Captain Alister, emboldened by the best Madeira and the good-fellowship of the occasion.

"I'm acquainted with all I need to know," answered Captain Ball, shortly; but his face darkened, and when his guests finished their coffee they thought it was high time to go away.

Everybody was sorry that a jarring note had been struck on so delightful an occasion, but it couldn't be undone. On the whole, the dinner was an uncommon pleasure, and the host walked back into the house to compliment his house-keeper, though the sting of his friend's untimely question expressed itself by a remark that they had made most too much of an every-day matter by having the coffee in those best cups.

Mrs. French laughed. "'Twill give 'em something to talk about; 'twas good coffee, this last you got, anyway," and Captain Asaph walked away, restored to a pleased and cheerful frame of mind. When he waked up after a solid after-dinner nap, Mrs. French, in her decent afternoon gown, as calm as if there had been no company to dinner, was just coming down the front stairs.

She seated herself by the window, and pretended to look in the street. The captain shook his newspaper at an invading fly. It was early September, and flies were cruelly persistent. Somehow his nap had not entirely refreshed him, and he watched his house-keeper with something like disapproval.

"I want to talk with you about something, sir," said Mrs. French.

"She's going to raise her pay," the captain grumbled to himself. "Well, speak out, can't ye, ma'am?" he said.

"You know I've been sayin' all along that you ought to get your niece—"

"She's my *great*-niece," blew the captain, "an' I don't know as I want her." The awful certainty came upon him that those hints were well-founded about Mrs. French's determination to marry him,

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and his stormy nature rose in wild revolt. "Can't you keep your place, ma'am?" and he gave a great *whoo!* as if he were letting off superabundant steam. She might prove to carry too many guns for him, and he grew very red in the face. It was a much worse moment than when a ship comes driving at you amidships out of the fog.

"Why, yes, sir, I should be glad to keep my place," said Mrs. French, taking the less grave meaning of his remark by instinct, if not by preference; "only it seems your duty to let your great-niece come some time or other, and I can go off. Perhaps it is an untimely season to speak about it, but, you see, I have had it in mind, and now I've got through with my jelly, and there's a space between now and house-cleaning, I guess you'd better let the young woman come. Folks have got wind about your refusing her earlier, and think hard of me: my position isn't altogether pleasant," and she changed color a little, and looked him full in the face.

The captain's eyes fell. He did owe her something. He never had been so comfortable in his life, on shore, as she had made him. She had heard some cursed ill-natured speeches, and he very well knew that a more self-respecting woman never lived. But now her moment of self-assertion seemed to have come, and, to use his own words, she had him fast. Stop! there was a way of escape.

"Then I *will* send for the gal. Perhaps you're right, ma'am. I've slept myself into the doldrums. *Whoo! whoo!*" he said, loudly—anything to gain a little time. "Anything you say, ma'am," he protested. "I've got to step down-town on some business," and the captain fled with ponderous footsteps out through the dining-room to the little side entry where he hung his hat; then a moment later he went away, clicking his cane along the narrow sidewalk. He had escaped that time, and wrote a brief note to his great-niece, Ann Ball—how familiar the name looked!—with a sense of victory.

He dreaded the next interview with his house-keeper, but she was business-like and self-possessed, and seemed to be giving him plenty of time. The captain regretted his letter, and felt as if he were going to be broken up once more in his home comfort. He spoke only when it was absolutely necessary, and simply nodded his head when Mrs. French said that she was ready to start as soon as she showed the young woman about the house. But what favorite dishes were served the captain in those intervening days! and there was one cool evening when the house-keeper had the social assistance of a fire in the Franklin stove. The captain thought that his only safety lay in sleep, and promptly took that means of saving himself from a dangerous conversation. He even went to a panorama on Friday night, a diversion that would usually be quite beneath his dignity. It was difficult to avoid asking Mrs. French to accompany him, she helped him on with his coat so pleasantly, but "she'd git her claws on me comin' home perhaps," mused the self-distrustful mariner, and stoutly went his way to the panorama alone. It was a very dull show indeed, and he bravely confessed it, and then was angry at a twinkle in Mrs. French's eyes. Yet he should miss the good creature, and for the life of him he could not think lightly of her. "She knows well how able she is to do for me. Women-folks is cap'ns ashore," sighed the captain as he went upstairs to bed.

"Women-folks is cap'ns ashore," he repeated, in solemn confidence to one of his intimate friends, as they stood next day on one of the deserted wharves, looking out across the empty harbor roads. There was nothing coming in. How they had watched the deep-laden ships enter between the outer points and drop their great sails in home waters! How they had ruled those ships themselves, and been the ablest ship-masters of their day, with nobody to question their decisions! There's no such absolute monarchy as a sea-captain's. He is a petty king, indeed, as he sails the high seas from port to port.

There was a fine easterly breeze and a bright sun that day, but Captain Ball came toiling up the cobble-stoned street toward his house as if he were vexed by a head-wind. He carried a post-card between his thumb and finger, and grumbled aloud as he stumped along. "Mis' French!" he called, loudly, as he opened the door, and that worthy woman appeared with a floured apron, and a mind divided between her employer's special business and her own affairs of pie-making.

"She's coming this same day," roared the captain. "Might have given some notice, I'm sure. 'Be with you Satur-

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day afternoon,' and her name 'Ann.' That's all she's written. Whoo! whoo! 'tis a dreadful close day," and the poor old fellow fumbled for his big silk handkerchief. "I don't know what train she'll take. I ain't going to hang round up at the depot; my rheumatism troubles me."

"I wouldn't, if I was you," answered Mrs. French, shortly, and left him with a pettish movement to open the oven door.

The captain passed into the sitting-room, and sat down heavily in his large chair. On the wall facing him was a picture of his old ship the *Ocean Rover* leaving the harbor of Bristol. It was not valuable as a marine painting, but the sea was blue in that picture, and the canvas was all spread, to the very sky-scrapers; it was an emblem of that freedom which Captain Asaph Ball had once enjoyed. Dinner that day was a melancholy meal, and after it was cleared away the master of the house forlornly watched Mrs. French gather her armful of her own belongings, and mount the stairs as if she were going to pack her box that very afternoon. It did not seem possible that she meant to leave before Monday, but the captain could not bring himself to ask any questions. He was at the mercy of womankind. "A jiggeting girl. I don't know how to act with her. She sha'n't rule me," he muttered to himself. "She and Mis' French may think they've got things right to their hands, but I'll stand my ground—I'll stand my ground," and the captain gently slid into the calmer waters of his afternoon nap.

When he waked the house was still, and with sudden consciousness of approaching danger, and a fear lest Mrs. French might have some last words to say if she found him awake, he stole out of his house as softly as possible and went down-town, hiding his secret woes and joining in the long seafaring reminiscences with which he and his friends usually diverted themselves. As he came up the street again toward supper-time, he saw that the blinds were thrown open in the parlor windows, and his heart began to beat loudly. He could hear women's voices, and he went in by a side gate and sought the quiet garden. It had suffered from a touch of frost; so had the captain.

Mrs. French heard the gate creak, and presently she came to the garden door at the end of the front entry. "Come in, won't ye, cap'n?" she called, persuasively, and with a mighty sea oath the captain rose and obeyed.

The house was still. He strode along the entry like a brave man: there was nothing of the coward about Asaph Ball when he made up his mind to a thing. There was nobody in the best parlor, and he turned toward the sitting-room, but there sat smiling Mrs. French.

"Where is the gal?" blew the captain.

"Here I be, sir," said Mrs. French, with a flushed and beaming face. "I thought 'twas full time to put you out of your misery."

"What's all this mean? *Whoo! whoo!*"

"Here I be; take me or leave me, uncle," answered the house-keeper: she began to be anxious, the captain looked so bewildered and irate. "Folks seemed to think that you was peculiar, and I was impressed that it would be better to just come first without a word's bein' said, and find out how you an' me got on; then, if we didn't make out, nobody'd be bound. I'm sure *I* didn't want to be."

"Who was that I heard talking with ye as I come by?" blew the captain very loud.

"That was Mis' Cap'n Topliff; an' an old cat she is," calmly replied Mrs. French. "She hasn't been near me before this three months, but plenty of stories she's set goin' about us, and plenty of spyin' she's done. I thought I'd tell you who I was within a week after I come, but I found out how things was goin', and I had to spite 'em well before I got through. I expected that something would turn up, an' the whole story get out. But we've been middlin' comfortable, haven't we, sir? an' I thought 'twas 'bout time to give you a little surprise. Mis' Calvinn and the minister knows the whole story," she concluded: "I wouldn't have kep' it from them. Mis' Calvinn said all along 'twould be a good lesson—"

"Who wrote that post-card from the office?" demanded the captain, apparently but half persuaded.

"I did," said Mrs. French.

"Good Hector, you women-folks!" and Captain Ball ventured to cross the room and establish himself in his chair. Then, being a man of humor, he saw that he had a round turn on those who had spitefully sought to question him.

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"You needn't let on that you haven't known me all along," suggested Mrs. French. "I should be pleased if you would call me by my Christian name, sir. I was married to Mr. French only a short time; he was taken away very sudden. The letter that came after aunt's death was directed to my maiden name, but aunt knew well about me. I've got some means, an' I ain't distressed but what I can earn my living."

"They don't call me such an old Turk, I hope!" exclaimed the excited captain, deprecating the underrated estimate of himself which was suddenly presented. "I ain't a bad man at sea, now I tell ye," and he turned away, much moved at the injustice of society. "I've got no head for geneology. Ann usually set in to give me the family particulars when I was logy with sleep a Sunday night. I thought you was a French from Massachusetts way."

"I had to say somethin'," responded the house-keeper, promptly.

"Well, well!" and a suppressed laugh shook the captain like an earthquake. He was suddenly set free from his enemies, while an hour before he had felt hemmed in on every side.

They had a cheerful supper, and Ann French cut a pie, and said, as she passed him more than a quarter part of it, that she thought she should give up when she was baking that morning, and saw the look on his face as he handed her the post-card.

"You're fit to be captain of a privateer," acknowledges Captain Asaph, handsomely. The complications of shore life were very astonishing to this seafaring man of the old school.

On Monday morning early he had a delightful sense of triumph. Captain Alister, who was the chief gossip of the water-side club, took it upon himself—a cheap thing to do, as everybody said afterward—to ask many questions about those unvalued relatives of the Balls, who had settled long ago in New York State. Were there any left of the captain's half-brother's family?

"I've got a niece living—a great-niece she is," answered Captain Ball, with a broad smile—"makes me feel old. You see, my half-brother was a grown man when I was born. I never saw him scarcely; there was some misunderstandin', an' he always lived with his own mother's folks; and father, he married again, and had me and Ann thirty year after. Why, my half-brother 'd been 'most a hundred; I don't know but more."

Captain Asaph spoke in a cheerful tone; the audience meditated, and Captain Alister mentioned meekly that time did slip away.

"Ever see any of 'em?" he inquired. In some way public interest was aroused in the niece.

"Ever see any of 'em?" repeated the captain, in a loud tone. "You fool, Alister, who's keepin' my house this minute? Why, Ann French; Ann Ball that was, and a smart, likely woman she is. I ain't a marryin' man: there's been plenty o' fools to try me. I've been picked over well by you and others, and I thought if 't pleased you, you could take your own time."

The honest captain for once lent himself to deception. You would have thought that he had planned the siege himself. He took his stick from where it leaned against a decaying piece of ship timber and went clicking away. The explanation of his house-keeping arrangements was not long in flying about the town, and Mrs. Captain Topliff made an early call to say that she had always suspected it from the first, from the family likeness.

From this time Captain Ball submitted to the rule of Mrs. French, and under her sensible and fearless sway became, as everybody said, more like other people than ever before. As he grew older it was more and more convenient to have a superior officer to save him from petty responsibilities. But now and then, after the first relief at finding that Mrs. French was not seeking his hand in marriage, and that the jiggeting girl was a mere fabrication, Captain Ball was both surprised and a little ashamed to discover that something in his heart had suffered disappointment in the matter of the great-niece. Those who knew him well would have as soon expected to see a flower grow out of a cobble-stone as that Captain Asaph Ball should hide such a sentiment in his honest breast. He had fancied her a pretty girl in a pink dress, who would make some life in the quiet house, and sit and sing at her sewing, in all her foolish furbelows, by the front window as he came up the street.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

SITTING long ago in the banquette of a Swiss diligence, and looking up from the pages of *Henrietta Temple* to glance at the lovely landscape, what fellow-passenger was it who inquired the title of the work, and remarked, with crisp severity, "Mere sentiment"? The air with which the remark was made was ludicrously like that of Mrs. Hannah, Lady Lilycraft's maid at Bracebridge Hall. And the young reader in the banquette, smiling at the reminiscence, smiled all the more as he reflected that even the doughty Miss Hannah surrendered to sentiment at last, and announced with dignity that she had last evening given her word to Christy the huntsman.

It was an incident in the delightful narrative of an impending wedding. The tough resistance of Miss Hannah to the gentler emotions vanished in the kindliness of the happy occasion. Like Christmas, the time was all sentiment, and the power of sentiment is never more happily displayed than on the annual recurrence of the great holiday. The severe mentor in the banquette of the diligence little thought how wide was the reach of her rebuke. The sentiment to which she gave no quarter, as depicted in the pleasant tale which records the loves of Ferdinand Armine and Henrietta Temple, was of the sweetest substance of human life and of literature.

Christmas morning will soon dawn again. The eager murmur of little voices will forerun the lingering daybreak, and in the hour before light curious little fingers will touch and test the distended stocking with wonder and joy. The sun will rise upon a universal friendly greeting, a sense of leisure and holiday, a general impulse of generosity, a feeling of human fraternity which belongs to no other day in the year. Yet everything on this day is apparently unchanged. All forms and aspects are familiar. But they are a little transfigured. Some kindly unction has touched the eyes. Some well-spring of sympathy has opened in the heart. Shall we begin the day with a solemn service of Milton's "Nativity," or the Bible story of the manger and the star, or intone a Christmas carol, or read an old Christmas legend, or a tale of Dickens's, or Thackeray's tender lines, or Irving's cheery sketch?

Whatever we do will be homage to a sentiment. For how is to-day different from yesterday? Why did we get up twenty-four hours ago to the same old round, with the sense of a work-day world, and to-day with a feeling of rest and leisure, of bodily and spiritual refreshment, as of a holiday of the soul? It is due to what the philosophers call the power of association. It is the remembrance of other similar days—days of the *Wanderjahre*, of blithe mornings among the Alps, of the southern descent to Como, to Lugano, to Isola Bella; high days of festival in Rome; mornings of May about Capri and the Blue Grotto; days of *Henrietta Temple* in the diligence, of the temple at Philæ, of the Sphynx, and the calm-faced guardians of Abou-Simbel—the great holiday recalls all other holidays as the thrill of one stretched chord quickens all the others to music.

But it has its own associations also. The new Christmas is but one bead upon the rosary, and counting that, we tell all the rest. There is no day more welcome in the year. Of course the Easy Chair means, as the wise reader understands, none of the regular holidays that come with every year and are duly entered upon the calendar. There are, indeed, other particular days that may be called more welcome. The day, for instance, for which the present reader requested a clerical friend to hold himself in readiness, a date which is engraved upon a neat but massive gold ring, a day which is perfumed in memory with the blossom of the orange. Or another day, when the long-absent uncle returned from India, and upon dining with him, and lifting our plate at table, behold! a little document, of the kind that appear in old novels and upon the stage.

Such especial days there are—how welcome when they come! how memorable when they are passed!—but they are not fixed calendar days. They do not come every year in the flesh, so to speak, they come only in recollection. But "old Christmas, Captain Christmas," comes in person every year with increasing, not diminished lustre and charm. Every year,

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too, it is richer, because of all the Christmases of other years. It drags at each remove a more resplendent chain that binds all the years together. But the day is always a sentiment. It is associated with the highest and best thoughts and aims, with complete and triumphant self-sacrifice, with spiritual victory over protean Satan. But if you own its power and acknowledge its charm you must not deride sentiment. If the reproving mentor in the banquette who frowned upon the story of the loves of Ferdinand and Henrietta had but wandered through Switzerland in earlier years, under circumstances which can be readily imagined still, as she looked out from her lofty seat upon the noble landscape she would have perceived

> "A distant dearness in the hill,
> A secret sweetness in the stream."

As Christmas approaches, this half-forgotten incident of an old memory is recalled, because Christmas is the festival of the highest sentiment possible. For sentiment hides in a myriad shapes. Love of country, as of wife and child, the nobler forms of ambition, of self-surrender and self-sacrifice, are all sentiment. The saints and the heroes are all its servants. Saint Francis fooling the tempter, Saint Cecilia

> "Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins,"

Leonidas at Thermopylæ, William Tell at Altorf, Columbus pushing ever westward—all obey a sentiment. In public affairs you think sentiment to be folly. But it is their main-spring. It is not Newcastle, who buys members of Parliament, it is Chatham, with whom the greatness of England is a consuming passion, whom history remembers. The Declaration of Independence was the manifesto of a sentiment; Fourth of July, like Christmas, is a memorial day of the power of sentiment.

How closely the sentiment of Christmas comes home to us! And why? Because it is that of fraternity. It is the day which is every year consecrated to recalling the central truth that all men are brothers. Do we sometimes forget it on other days? In London in the Whitechapel region, in New York when there is striking on the railroads, is there an active and efficient sentiment of fraternity? Is this humming city a hive of peace and good-will, and do brethren dwell together here in unity?

Mr. Howells is printing every week fresh chapters of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," a story of profound interest, and as vivid a tale of distinctive American life and character as we have had. It answers the question of the kind and degree of our urban fraternity. Can that have been the author's purpose? Can he have been, so to speak, stuffing a little of the story week by week into our stockings—that is to say, into our minds and hearts—that by Christmas morning they should be full, and we should be cornered by the wonder whether we do merry Christmas every day, or only wish it on a single morning in the year? Is this our new-fashioned wait "beneath our cottage eaves"? Is this the nineteenth-century carol that we cannot choose but hear?

However that may be, the burden of Christmas is fraternity. The feast of gifts commemorates the charity that never faileth. Perhaps there is not a general going to church. But the lesson of the day is preached by the thoughts and associations, by the sentiment of the day. The bells that ring on Christmas Eve and chime on Christmas morning, the universal good wishing and worship of Santa Claus, they are the modern way in which we hear the notes of the angelic choir—peace on earth, good-will to men.

And, brethren—for somehow the Easy Chair seems to have ascended the Christmas pulpit—how much do we heed them? How much of the Christmas spirit and Christmas conduct do we carry into every other day of the year? We go out to dine, and how many of our neighbors do our tongues spare? We differ upon public questions from Doe and Roe, and how much of their characters, their motives, and their lives do we leave? We know the immense poverty and suffering which starve and grope and die all around us, and how much do we remember and relieve them? How often is that Christmas turkey which we sent to Lazarus on Christmas morning reduplicated on other mornings of the year? Peace on earth, good-will to men. It is not the lesson of one day, but of every day. It is a sentiment, but it is not sentimentality. Progress, invention, discovery, enlightenment, enormous prosperity, and unprecedented wealth, they are all refuse and worthless,

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except as they promote peace and good-will among men.

What a chance there was in that old banquette to bring that severe mentor to another book than the one she reproved! Madam, if you have such scant patience with this poor Ferdinand and Henrietta, are you more generous with the actual John and Jane of your personal acquaintance? You scorn the sentiment of the book, what, please, is the sentiment of your life? If the clever author who has drawn the portraits that displease you had essayed your own, would the effect have been finer, would it have disclosed more generosity, simplicity, charity? If not, madam, may you cultivate the sentiment which offends you in the book, but which, under other forms and in other relations, might greatly improve your life!

What a retort in a banquette that would have been! But who has the right to take that tone? We all know the foibles and faults of our friends a great deal better than we know our own. That mote in Mr. Neighbor's eye is absurd. It is obnoxious in the highest degree. But it would be hardly decent to tell him so, poor fellow! Quite so, and why? Because Mr. Neighbor is restraining himself from freeing his mind about that enormous beam which projects offensively from our eye, and of which we are apparently unconscious. We do not tell each other that we are mean and pompous and stingy and conceited and shallow and dull. We all instinctively avoid boomerangs.

But on Christmas morning the good-feeling which is in the air may wisely incline us to consider how to put it a little into practice; for instance, to arrest that sly deadly thrust of the tongue which is about to dart from — your own mouth. Christmas begins at home. Let us make ourselves a Christmas present of doing a little better all the next year through.

JUST as the Easy Chair was descending from the pulpit, in which it had been preaching a Christmas sermon, it was accosted by a supplicant with a large conception of its jurisdiction, who besought it to speak to the newspapers, and exhort them to tell the truth. To tell the truth! But are they not its sources and reservoirs? Is it not enough to say, when challenged to produce proof of an extraordinary statement, that you saw it in a newspaper? Consider the array of facts which it marshals to prove the ingenious thesis of the leading article. Consider again the infallibility of the press. Nothing is more impressive. Its statements must be true, and the proof is that it is not constantly correcting its own assertions.

There is, indeed, for it is a strange world, sometimes a little trouble. A newspaper, for instance, says that Governor Palinurus, upon reaching home from a prolonged and busy day in the executive chamber, poured out a glass of pure ice-water, which he drank with great relish, and remarked that it was as refreshing as the dew of Hermon. But another paper says of the same incident that his Excellency, upon reaching home, repeated gayly the remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, and adding that the late Mr. Clay was called a perfect gentleman because, after taking a guest to the sideboard, he turned his back while the guest poured from the bottle of old Bourbon, the Governor filled a glass, and drank to the health of his administration. There is here undoubtedly a difficulty in reconciling the versions.

So, also, when we read in one paper that Senator Jumbo is a statesman of the soundest views and of the greatest ability, and in another that he is a shallow-pated soldier of fortune without principles or ideas, we naturally wonder which of the two journals will correct itself first. We are kindly permitted to wonder for some time, and indeed as long as we choose, for neither seems to be conscious of a false statement. The lesson of the newspaper seems to be that truth depends largely upon the point of view. You may hear a speech which seems to you excellent and eloquent, and then learn from your morning paper that a duller and flatter address was seldom heard; or you may have attended a public meeting which was small, cold, and bored, and then discover from the daily *Trumpet of Truth* that it was an enormous and enthusiastic crowd, which hung with rapture upon the glowing lips of the eloquent orators.

When the paper comments or criticises, truth, of course, does not require uniformity of taste. The newspaper is primarily a repository of news. Mr. Thiers called it the world's history of a day. He could not have said an instantaneous photograph, because that wonder was not then invented. But the

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news seems to be often colored by the comment, as if there were a purpose not to tell the truth as it was, but the truth as it ought to have been to suit the general views of the newspaper. This is a point which truth does not consider sufficiently. For it must be evident that when a newspaper holds certain opinions, and has made statements of fact to support them, nothing can be more unmannerly than that the facts should persist in not agreeing.

The newspaper was invented to supply news, to tell the world what is happening. But the news-letter of other days was wholly different from the great journal of to-day, the chief object of which is not to tell the news, but to influence opinion. A great newspaper is now a great advocate. From its own convictions or interests it has taken a retainer to defend and maintain a view or a side. It treats the news, that is, facts, as the advocate treats testimony. It exaggerates and perverts, it ignores or it contemns and ridicules the facts, as seems best to suit its purpose. Open any newspaper which in a country where political parties exist advocates one of the parties. Its statements of facts and its treatment of them, and the consequent impression upon the reader's mind, are entirely different from those of its rival. The reader is a bewildered juryman, and he recalls the charge of the rural justice to the jury of the county: "Gentlemen, if you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff says, you will find for the plaintiff. If you believe what the counsel for the defendant says, you will find for the defendant. But if, like me, you believe neither the counsel for the plaintiff nor the counsel for the defendant, gracious only knows what you will find!"

Perhaps if the good suppliant who requests the intercession of the Easy Chair would improve the Christmas season to call upon the great newspapers and beseech them to tell the truth, and to comment and argue upon it fairly, the entreaty would produce an answer which would show what the censor might not have suspected, that the substantial and important facts of every day are fairly told in the newspapers, and that the complaint really concerns only their "improvement" and treatment. To that complaint the newspaper would reply that the worthy reader has an ample choice, and if the *Trumpet of Truth* is not to his taste, he would doubtless find the *Fixed Fact* more acceptable. And upon reflection the true Christmas feeling would enable the suppliant to see that the daily press, in its accumulation of interesting information, and in the variety, interest, and ability of its treatment of great public questions, is just what it claims to be—one of the greatest wonders of the world.

Editor's Study.

I.

TO most of the best and wisest people of the North American continent, who are one in their expectance of the great annual number of this Magazine, these presents will bring our greeting equally for Thanksgiving and for Christmas. It is a feeble image of the effective union of these holidays, the one universal and the other provincial, the one Puritan and the other Christian, in the reverence and affection of our people, of which there has been sufficient illustration in the history of the country, ever since the Roundheads landed at Plymouth and the Cavaliers at Jamestown. They were not then exactly Roundheads as yet, and not exactly Cavaliers; but the future of that severalty was in them, as well as more remotely the future of a final coparcenary. Roughly speaking, the Virginians established Christmas in the heathen wilderness, and the New-Englanders invented Thanksgiving there; though we have no doubt that a great deal might be said to show that neither did either. It is a point that we should yield more readily to compulsion than to persuasion, and for our actual convenience we shall regard it as incontrovertible; for it is important, if not essential, to the fancy we should like to indulge of a gradual fusion of the literature proper to Christmas and the literature proper to Thanksgiving in a literature appropriate to both; and without the Roundheads and the Cavaliers to go back to, our fancy would experience a difficulty comparable to that of the ele-

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phant which the world once rested upon if the fundamental turtle had been taken from under its feet. The state of that elephant would have been awkward; he would not have known what to do; and our fancy would now be very much at a loss without its Roundheads and its Cavaliers: perhaps without them it could not be indulged at all.

II.

We have not the documents at hand, and we cannot attempt to prove with accuracy just how thoroughly the festival of Thanksgiving has penetrated the South. Before the war, this festival was finding a slowly increasing observance in the North; it was carried westward by the New-Englanders wherever they went, and there began to be a pretty general proclamation of Thanksgiving by the different Governors, without any very widespread attention from the people invited to keep the day. It was an affair of families, of neighborhoods; and perhaps a turkey-shoot was the most prevalent expression of the rustic piety outside of New England. But after the war Thanksgiving was officially nationalized, and the Presidents relieved the Governors of the duty of annually proclaiming it. While reconstruction was still imperfect, and the different races at the South had not yet reached their present condition of ideal harmony, the black race may have seized upon Thanksgiving Day as a symbol of their liberation at the hands of its Northern inventors, and revered it accordingly. But of this we are not satisfactorily advised; and we will not insist upon it as a conjecture. Probably such a conjecture must encounter the fact of an ethnical conservatism in the black race, who would cling to the elder festival of Christmas with that fondness for the things of custom which is one of their most engaging traits. What is certain, however, is the diffusion of Christmas throughout the North, not only in those parts characterized by the South and the Middle States, but in the vast regions colored by the New England civilization, and in the remotest fastnesses of New England itself, triply guarded against it once by the pumpkin, the codfish, and the bean. It is not much more than a yesterday in our national past since this beloved holiday, the most sacred and the dearest to the heart of humanity, was abhorred on those bleak shores as part and parcel of the Romish mummery which the Puritans had banished together with the mass-priests and all their works; since the good Sewall, cast down by the first rumor of its return under the protection of prelacy, walked out on Christmas morning in Boston, fearful of some sign of its presence,

"And somewhat grimly smiled"

to see the farmers coming in from their snow-choked hills with their sled-loads of firewood, as bitterly bent on their money's worth that day as on any common Tuesday or Thursday of them all. No doubt the sacred feast had been abused to evil; and Christmas had to come again, refined and purified, before it could meet the acceptance it now has not only in the hearts but in the minds of men. The outward signs of rejoicing remain much the same as of old—the holly, the mistletoe, the yule-log; even the mince-pie and the wassail-bowl and the plum-pudding are with us as before; but the mirth is decenter, and something more of the true meaning of the day is yearly expressed in its observance.

III.

It would be very interesting, if there were any means of doing it, to take account of the changing tone of the various Christmas homilies, from doctrinal to vital, from ideal to real; but the accumulation of any such statistics must be for some larger room than the Study. Here there is only space for a guess, a question, a hasty conclusion or two; and these are preferably concerned with the less serious aspects of the subject in hand. We may venture upon the suggestion that Thanksgiving with its direct relation to recent and obvious fact has characterized Christmas feeling and thinking, as these have imparted something of their significance to the modern holiday; but we can offer no proof of its correctness. That there has been an unconscious unification of the two feasts in certain material aspects, every one knows. The Thanksgiving turkey has driven the Christmas goose from all tables; and in turn the mince-pie of Christmas shares the honor of completing the Thanksgiving indigestion with the pumpkin-pie which once monopolized the work. We fancy that the visiting Englishman would note for his book or

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his article about us almost no difference between the fare of the American Thanksgiving and the fare of the Americanized Christmas. He would find on either day almost the same religious observance by all sects (including even that of the mass-priests), and the same social and domestic rejoicing. Perhaps in New England he would see something more of family reunions on Thanksgiving; but we should not like to promise him this; for with the softening of our manners, the children of the same household find it more and more pleasant to come together on both days, or at least to meet on either at their convenience; and the kindly influence has penetrated the ice and granite even of the old Puritan stronghold.

IV.

This reflection brings us back to our starting-point: a point which the philosophical thinker always reaches with surprise that he has got safely round to it again, and with pride in proportion to the vastness of the compass he has fetched. As at the beginning, we are animated by the hope of a fusion of Thanksgiving literature and of Christmas literature; and our imagination pleases itself with the fond anticipation of a time when the two sorts may be used convertibly. We think every editor will agree with us that some such combine, or rather pooling of issues, is desirable; for as both literatures deal preferably with the uncommon and the unexpected, it is plain that there must soon come a moment of absolute dearth in their material unless it is more carefully husbanded than it has been. In a world where explorers have penetrated almost every secret of physical geography, and inquirers have pierced every dark continent and shady corner of human nature, the chance of bringing a prodigal home to Thanksgiving from some unknown sea, or of reforming a stony-hearted miser through the influence of a Christmas dinner, with any decent degree of probability, is growing so small that it must be more sparingly taken in the future, if any hold is to be kept upon even the easy credulity of the average story-reader.

The two kinds, or rather varieties of story have a different origin, as we all know; and yet they are, more remotely, of the same religious, social, and domestic tradition. We have transplanted the Christmas story from England, while the Thanksgiving story is native to our air; but both are of Anglo-Saxon growth. Their difference is from a difference of environment; and the Christmas story when naturalized among us becomes almost identical in motive, incident, and treatment with the Thanksgiving story. If we were to generalize a distinction between them, we should say that the one dealt more with marvels and the other more with morals; and yet the critic should beware of speaking too confidently on this point. It is certain, however, that the Christmas season is meteorologically more favorable to the effective return of persons long supposed lost at sea, or from a prodigal life, or from a darkened mind. The longer, denser, and colder nights are better adapted to the apparition of ghosts, and to all manner of signs and portents; while they seem to present a wider field for the active intervention of angels in behalf of orphans and outcasts. The dreams of elderly sleepers at this time are apt to be such as will effect a lasting change in them when they awake, turning them from the hard, cruel, and grasping habits of a lifetime, and reconciling them to their sons, daughters, and nephews, who have thwarted them in marriage; or softening them to their meek, uncomplaining wives, whose hearts they have trampled upon in their reckless pursuit of wealth; and generally disposing them to a distribution of hampers among the sick and poor, and to a friendly reception of chubby gentlemen with charity subscription papers. Ships readily drive upon rocks in the early twilight, and offer exciting difficulties of salvage; and the heavy snows gather thickly round the steps of wanderers who lie down to die in them, preparatory to their discovery and rescue by their immediate relatives. The midnight weather is also very suitable to encounter with murderers and burglars; and the contrast of its freezing gloom with the light and cheer in-doors promotes the gayeties which merge, at all well-regulated country houses, in love and marriage. In the region of pure character, no moment could be so available for flinging off the mask of frivolity, or imbecility, or savagery, which one has worn for ten or twenty long years, say, for the purpose of foiling some villain, and surprising the reader, and helping the author out with his plot. Persons abroad in the Alps,

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or Apennines, or Pyrenees, or anywhere seeking shelter in the huts of shepherds or the dens of smugglers, find no time like it for lying in a feigned slumber, and listening to the whispered machinations of their suspicious-looking entertainers, and then suddenly starting up and fighting their way out; or else springing from the real sleep into which they have sunk exhausted, and finding it broad day, and the good peasants whom they had so unjustly doubted, waiting breakfast for them. We need not point out the superior advantages of the Christmas season for anything one has a mind to do with the French Revolution, or the Arctic explorations, or the Indian Mutiny, or the horrors of Siberian exile; there is no time so good for the use of this material; and ghosts on shipboard are notoriously fond of Christmas Eve. In our own logging camps the man who has gone into the woods for the winter, after quarrelling with his wife, then hears her sad, appealing voice, and is moved to good resolutions as at no other period of the year; and in the mining regions, first in California and later in Colorado, the hardened reprobate, dying in his boots, smells his mother's dough-nuts, and breathes his last in a soliloquized vision of the old home, and the little brother, or sister, or the old father, coming to meet him from heaven; while his rude companions listen round him, and dry their eyes on the butts of their revolvers.

It has to be very grim, all that, to be truly effective; and here, already, we have a touch in the Americanized Christmas story of the moralistic quality of the American Thanksgiving story. This was seldom written, at first, for the mere entertainment of the reader; it was meant to entertain him, of course; but it was meant to edify him, too, and to improve him; and some such intention is still present in it. We rather think that it deals more probably with character to this end than its English cousin, the Christmas story does. It is not so improbable that a man should leave off being a drunkard on Thanksgiving, as that he should leave off being a curmudgeon on Christmas; that he should conquer his appetite as that he should instantly change his nature, by good resolutions. He would be very likely, indeed, to break his resolutions in either case, but not so likely in the one as in the other.

Generically, the Thanksgiving story is cheerfuler in its drama and simpler in its persons than the Christmas story. Rarely has it dealt with the supernatural, either the apparition of ghosts or the intervention of angels. The weather being so much milder at the close of November than it is a month later, very little can be done with the elements; though on the coast a northeasterly storm has been, and can be, very usefully employed. The Thanksgiving story is more restricted in its range; the scene is still mostly in New England, and the characters are of New England extraction, who come home from the West usually, or New York, for the event of the little drama, whatever it may be. It may be the reconciliation of kinsfolk who have quarrelled; or the union of lovers long estranged; or husbands and wives who have had hard words and parted; or mothers who had thought their sons dead in California and find themselves agreeably disappointed in their return; or fathers who for old times' sake receive back their erring and conveniently dying daughters. The notes are not many which this simple music sounds, but they have a Sabbath tone, mostly, and win the listener to kindlier thoughts and better moods. The art is at its highest in some strong sketch of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's, or some perfectly satisfying study of Miss Jewett's, or some graphic situation of Miss Wilkins's; and then it is a very fine art. But mostly it is poor and rude enough, and makes openly, shamelessly, sickeningly, for the reader's emotions, as well as his morals. It is inclined to be rather descriptive. The turkey, the pumpkin, the corn field, figure accessorily throughout; and the leafless woods are blue and cold against the evening sky behind the low hip-roofed old-fashioned homestead. The parlance is usually in the Yankee dialect and its Western modifications.

V.

The Thanksgiving story is mostly confined in scene to the country; it does not seem possible to do much with it in town; and it is a serious question whether with its geographical and topical limitations it can hold its own against the Christmas story; and whether it would not be well for authors to consider a combination with its elder rival. As we have represented, the Christmas numbers of the magazines come out before Thanksgiving

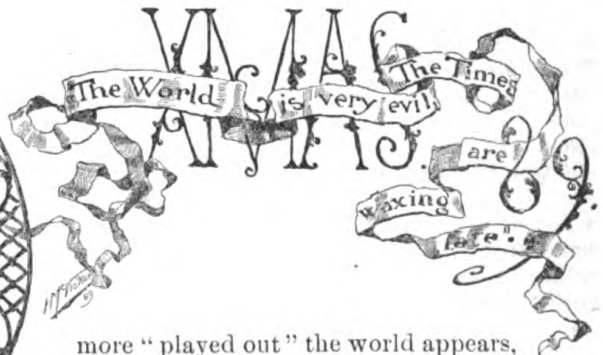
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Day, and the two feasts are so near together in point of time that they could be easily covered by the sentiment of even a brief narrative. Under the agglutinated style of A Thanksgiving-Christmas Story, fiction appropriate to both could be produced, and both could be employed naturally and probably in the transaction of its affairs and the development of its characters. The plot for such a story could easily be made to include a total-abstinence pledge and family reunion at Thanksgiving, and an apparition and spiritual regeneration over a bowl of punch at Christmas.

Not all Thanksgiving-Christmas stories need be of this pattern precisely; we wish to suggest merely one way of doing them. Perhaps when our writers really come to the work, they will find sufficient inspiration in its novelty, to turn to human life and observe how it is really affected on these holidays, and be tempted to present some of its actualities. This would be a great thing to do, and would come home to readers with surprise.



Editor's Drawer.



OMETIMES the world seems very old. It appeared so to Bernard of Cluny in the twelfth century, when he wrote:

"The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late."

There was a general impression among the Christians of the first century of our era that the end was near. The world must have seemed very ancient to the Egyptians fifteen hundred years before Christ, when the Pyramid of Cheops was a relict of antiquity, when almost the whole circle of arts, sciences, and literature had been run through, when every nation within reach had been conquered, when woman had been developed into one of the most fascinating of beings, and even reigned more absolutely than Elizabeth or Victoria has reigned since: it was a pretty tired old world at that time. One might almost say that the further we go back the older and more "played out" the world appears, notwithstanding that the poets, who were generally pessimists of the present, kept harping about the youth of the world and the joyous spontaneity of human life in some golden age before their time. In fact, the world *is* old in spots—in Memphis and Boston and Damascus and Salem and Ephesus. Some of these places are venerable in traditions, and some of them are actually worn out and taking a rest from too much civilization—lying fallow, as the saying is. But age is so entirely relative that to many persons the landing of the *Mayflower* seems more remote than the voyage of Jason, and a *Mayflower* chest a more antique piece of furniture than the timbers of the Ark, which some believe can still be seen on top of Mount Ararat.

But, speaking generally, the world is still young and growing, and a considerable portion of it unfinished. The oldest part, indeed, the Laurentian Hills, which were first out of water, is still only sparsely settled; and no one pretends that Florida is anything like finished, or that the delta of the Mississippi is in anything more than the process of formation. Men are so young and lively in these days that they cannot wait for the slow processes of nature, but they fill up and bank up places, like Holland, where they can live; and

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they keep on exploring and discovering incongruous regions, like Alaska, where they can go and exercise their juvenile exuberance.

In many respects the world has been growing younger ever since the Christian era. A new spirit came into it then which makes youth perpetual, a spirit of living in others, which got the name of universal brotherhood, a spirit that has had a good many discouragements and set-backs, but which, on the whole, gains ground, and generally works in harmony with the scientific spirit, breaking down the exclusive character of the conquests of nature. What used to be the mystery and occultism of the few is now general knowledge, so that all the playing at occultism by conceited people now seems jejune and foolish. A little machine called the instantaneous photograph takes pictures as quickly and accurately as the human eye does, and besides makes them permanent. Instead of fooling credulous multitudes with responses from Delphi, we have a Congress which can enact tariff regulations susceptible of interpretations enough to satisfy the love of mystery of the entire nation. Instead of loafing round Memnon at sunrise to catch some supernatural tones, we talk words into a little contrivance which will repeat our words and tones to the remotest generation of those who shall be curious to know whether we said those words in jest or earnest. All these mysteries made common and diffused certainly increase the feeling of the equality of opportunity in the world. And day by day such wonderful things are discovered and scattered abroad that we are warranted in believing that we are only on the threshold of turning to account the hidden forces of nature. There would be great danger of human presumption and conceit in this progress if the conceit were not so widely diffused, and where we are all conceited there is no one to whom it will appear unpleasant. If there was only one person who knew about the telephone he would be unbearable. Probably the Eiffel Tower would be stricken down as a monumental presumption, like that of Babel, if it had not been raised with the full knowledge and consent of all the world. There is so little presumption about it that probably the world will be disappointed if a like structure is not carried up much higher in New York, to overlook the growth of Chicago and the landing of Columbus, in 1892.

This new spirit, with its multiform manifestations, which came into the world nearly nineteen hundred years ago, is sometimes called the spirit of Christmas. And good reasons can be given for supposing that it is. At any rate, those nations that have the most of it are the most prosperous, and those people who have the most of it are the most agreeable to associate with. Know all men by these Presents, is an old legal form which has come to have a new meaning in this dispensation. It is by the spirit of brotherhood exhibited in giving presents that we know the Christmas proper, only we are apt to take it in too narrow a way. The real spirit of Christmas is the general diffusion of helpfulness and goodwill. If somebody were to discover an elixir which would make every one truthful, he would not, in this age of the world, patent it. Indeed, the Patent Office would not let him make a corner on virtue as he does in wheat; and it is not respectable any more among the real children of Christmas to make a corner in wheat. The world, to be sure, tolerates still a great many things that it does not approve of, and, on the whole, Christmas, as an ameliorating and good-fellowship institution, gains a little year by year. There is still one hitch about it, and a bad one just now, namely, that many people think they can buy its spirit by jerks of liberality, by costly gifts. Whereas the fact is that a great many of the costliest gifts in this season do not count at all. Crumbs from the rich man's table don't avail any more to open the pearly gates even of popular esteem in this world. Let us say, in fine, that a loving, sympathetic heart is better than a nickle-plated service in this world, which is surely growing young and sympathetic.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

THERE is a well-known story of a certain famous English scholar, highly renowned for his skill in Eastern languages, who, being suddenly confronted with a Chinese proverb which he could not have translated to save his life, coolly declared the turn of expression in the original to be so felicitous, as well as so thoroughly Asiatic, that it had unfortunately no equivalent in English.

Another learned professor extricated himself even more ingeniously from a similar dilemma, brought upon him through a half-effaced Greek inscription, which an eager drawing-room circle requested him to translate for their benefit. The worthy doctor quickly discovered that he might as well have tried to decipher an autograph letter of Horace Greeley, but his presence of mind did not fail him for an instant.

"Excuse me, ladies," said he, looking round upon his expectant audience with an air of mild reproach, "this inscription is one which cannot possibly be translated in *your* presence."

And thereupon, as a matter of course, every one felt quite guilty for having asked him to do so.

But an even more apt pupil of this peculiar school of translation was found not long ago in the person of a provincial reporter, who was taking down a speech at a public meeting, when the orator suddenly ended by rolling out with sonorous emphasis the familiar quotation, "Vox populi, vox Dei" (the voice of the people is the voice of God).

"Good for *him*!" cried the stenographer, ap-

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provingly; "that's just the right sort of thing for a smart wind-up."

"Oh, come, now, Joe," remonstrated a friend who was standing beside him, "you ain't going to let on, I guess, that you can understand that gibberish! That's too thin, by a long way. Come, I'll bet you two dollars, right here, that you can't tell just what that feller said, nor yet what it means, neither."

For one moment the valiant reporter felt "pretty bad"; but his spirit rose to meet the emergency.

"Done!" answered he, boldly. "What he said was, 'Wax poplar, wax dear'; and that means, 'Heaven helps those that help themselves.'"

"Well, by thunder, old man, you've got me this time!" cried the other, handing over the money, with a look of wondering admiration. "I never thought you were so spry at French as all that."

DAVID KER.



I HAVE a friend, a dear one.
Her name—but why confess?
You very rarely hear one
More fascinating—guess!
Her merry voice is sweeter
Than any rillet's flow;
Her laugh has more of metre
Than any song I know.

Her lovely eyes that lighten
When robins softly sing
Are like the skies that brighten
At dawn in early spring;
Her cheeks—his brain is duller
Than dunce's who'll not own
They've all the pinky color
Of apple buds half blown.

You will agree it's pleasant
That such a one should send
Each year a charming present
To me, "her dearest friend."
And this year I've a presage—
It makes my pulses start—
That with a tender message
She'll give to me her heart.

BISSELL CLINTON.

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AN HOUR WITH A QUEENSTOWN JEHU.

WHILE waiting, some years ago, for her Majesty's mails to arrive at Queenstown, there to meet the ocean greyhound upon which I was returning from a summer in Europe, accompanied by a friend, I started off on a "jaunting" trip through the City of Cove and its surrounding hills. Our driver was a typical Coveite—indeed it would seem as if the slang term "cove" applied to individuals of his stamp was derived from the quondam name of the latter-day Queenstown, since so many specimens of this class are to be seen upon the docks of her beautiful harbor.

The trap in which we journeyed was quite suggestive of the famous one-horse shay, and the melancholy steed that, in response to the chirrups of our Jehu, dragged us wearily over the rough roads seemed so *blasé* that it excited our comment, and lead to a wager between us as to the name to which the animal answered, when he answered at all.

"I'll bet you a sovereign his name is Mickey," I ventured.

"I'll bet a pound his name is Dennis," retorted my companion, unconsciously dropping into what has since become a famous slang phrase.

"Pat," I queried, "what is your horse's name?"

"That depinds, yer honor," returned he. "Dinnis or Mickey, whichiver wan of yez goes halves on yer winnin's."

The bet was declared off, but Pat got his half-sovereign for his wit.

The coin made him communicative, and he proceeded to regale us with some more or less startling reminiscences, among which he included an account of an explosion he had once witnessed, the noise of which was "thot loud it made me so dafe oi cudn't hear it."

He matched the oft-told story of how one of his countrymen broke the news of a comrade's death to the bereaved wife by asking her if the widow Maloney was in, by another which I suspect he evolved out of his inner consciousness, and which was briefly as follows: Pat called at the house of his dead brother, having been warned by his comrades to do his work delicately, and to prepare the widow's mind for what was to come before he acquainted her with her bereavement.

"Top o' th' marnin' to yez, Missus McCarthy," he began.

"Same to yez, Misther McCune."

"It's sorry oi am far yez, Missus McCarthy."

"An' for whoy, oi'd know?"

"Th' roosther's did."

"Ye don't mane it? Well, oi tort loikely he'd doy."

"Ah, but it wasn't th' roosther thot doied at all, at all. 'Twas the pig."

"The pig, is ut? An' whayre's th' body?"

"Thayre ain't no body, bekase it wasn't th' pig, but the ould cow thot doied."

"Ah, go 'long wid yez, Paddy McCune. Phwat's thot but th' cow a-grazin' on th' grass out thayre? Th' ould boss is live as ony av yez."

"Oi know thot well, Missus McCarthy, bekase that cow's outlived yer hoosband Moike, whot's lyin' did below, forninst Denny Burke's."

"Ah, Paddy, but you're a dhroll felly to be lyin' loike that to me. Moike did? Oi guiss not. *No sooch loock!*"

It would not be surprising if Mr. McCune felt that all his tact had been thrown away.

Our driver, according to his own statement, was acquainted with a young Irishman who had sought fortune if not fame in the Western Hemisphere, and concerning whom he was quite solicitous, assuming that we had, of course, met with his emigrated friend.

"Oi'd loike t' hear well av the bye," he said; "though oi fear he's gone wrong. His poor mother is a-botherin' herself out entoirely bekase av him, for bechune us, gintlemin, the bye wint an' paid his rint in New Yark whoile his mother at home was doyin' for a dhrap o' poteen."

Such an unprecedentedly depraved course elicited our heart-felt sympathy.

When asked if he had ever visited London, our unique friend observed that he never had but once, and then only got as far as Dublin.

That his business instincts were well developed Pat demonstrated by offering to sell us his horse and car for two guineas, promising to keep the turnout for us until we came back again.

"And what will you pay us for the use of the horse, Pat?" I asked.

"Two shillin' a wake less than you pay me for dhrivin' him," was the ready response.

Of course we sounded him on the rent question, and elicited the economically interesting statement that "rint wud be very hoigh" if he paid it, but as he never thought of doing so, he was not so sure that rent was so iniquitous a tax as some of his ultra brethren deemed it.

Concerning his cart, he informed us confidentially that it never had been new; and to quiet our expressed fear that the horse would not live to get us back to the dock, he assured us that he had driven him "twinty years, an' he's niver doied yit."

After parting with Pat, we called back to him from the tender on which we were steaming out to the ship, "See you later, Pat."

"That depinds," he shouted.

"On what?"

"The toime av day, sure."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

ON A CHRISTMAS CARD.

THE Christmas present sent to his *fiancée* by a young New-Yorker, whose pockets were by no means as well equipped as his brains, was accompanied by the following lines:

"Excuse this poor and simple gift I send
At this sweet time of peace, good-will, and cheer.
I put herein all I could wisely spend,
And trust that to you, love, I'm half as dear."

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HIS RICH UNCLE.—Drawn by Caran d'Ache.



SUNDAY. THURSDAY.



MONDAY. FRIDAY.



TUESDAY. SATURDAY.



WEDNESDAY. SUNDAY.

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CALEB'S COURTSHIP,

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.



I HADN'T no time fer courtin' when I was young an' spry,
For what with workin' an' savin', I let the years go by;
Then I was buyin' an' buildin', — an' farm work never gits done,—
Till at last I counted my birthdays, an' found I was fifty-one.
"High time," sez I, "to be choosin' a suitable pardner fer life."
So I jest sot down an' considered where I'd better look fer a wife.
I wanted her young an' harnsome—of course—an' stiddy an' neat,
Smart at bakin' an' churnin', quick with her hands an' feet,
But slow with her tongue (fer talkin' jest wastes a woman's time),
An' as savin' with every penny as ef 'twas a silver dime;
An' ef she was good at mendin' an' scrubbin' an' cleanin' house,
I made up my mind to take her, ef she was poor as a mouse.

Waal, it cost some time an' trouble to diskivir a gal to my mind—
There was lots on 'em to choose from, but the best was hard to find.
At last, after lookin' an' thinkin', I settled on Eunice Stout,
The deacon's youngest darter—nineteen or thereabout.
Pretty—yes, as a picter; made the best butter, too,
That ever was sent to market. Sez I, "I guess she'll do.



Whenever I've stopped to the deacon's she's as busy as a bee—
Allus a-workin' an' doin'—yes! that's the wife fer me!"
But now that I'd done my choosin', I sez to myself, "What next?"
I didn't know much 'bout wimmen, an' I'll own I was some perplexed;
So I asked advice of a neighbor—*that* was the biggest mistake—
Things mightn't hev gone so crooked ef I'd never said nothin' to Jake;
But he was twenty year younger, an' the gals all liked him, ye see,
So I asked his advice about Eunice—jest like a fool, as I be!

Sez he: "Why, man, it's as easy! You must take her out to ride;
You must bring her home from meetin', an' stick close to her beside;



You must go to see her of evenin's; you must buy her some pretty things—
A book or a breastpin, mebbe, some ribbons, or some rings;
Then tell her her cheeks is rosy, tell her her eyes is bright;
Tell her you love her dearly, an' dream of her at night;
Tell her—" But here I stopped him. "It's easy talkin'," sez I,
"But I never did no courtin', an' I'm half afeard to try.
I'll make ye an offer, Jacob: ef you'll go with me to-night,
Kinder keep up my courage, an' see that things goes right,
Tackle the deacon, mebbe, an' show me how to begin,
I'll give y' a yearlin' calf—I will, as sure as sin is sin!"

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Waal, the bargain was struck. Me an' Jacob went to see Eunice together.
Jake, he talked to the deacon 'bout crops an' cattle an' weather;
Eunice, she kep' very quiet—jest sot an' knitted away,
An' I sot close beside her, a-thinkin' of somethin' to say.
Many an' evenin' I noticed, when she went fer apples an' cake
Inter the pantry, 'twas allus, "Come hold the candle, Jake,"
As if she counted *him* nobody; then she'd give me a smile,
Soon's I offered to help her, an' say 'twarn't worth my while.
I'll own 'twas quite surprisin' how long they'd hev ter stay
A-pickin' out them apples, but Jacob told me one day
They was tryin' to find the best ones, so's she could give 'em to *me*,
An' surely *that* was flatterin', as any one could see!



Once I bought her a ribbin—Jake said it oughter be blue,
But a brown one's far more lastin', an' this one was cheaper too.
An' once I took her a-ridin', but that wasted half a day,
An' I made up my mind that walkin' was pleasanter anyway.

Waal, I'd been six months a-courtin', when I sez to Jake, sez I:
"It's time that we was married; here's Thanksgivin' drawin' nigh—
A first-rate day fer a weddin'; an' besides, to say the least,
I can make that Thanksgivin' turkey do fer part of the weddin' feast."

So that night I screwed up my courage to the very stickin' p'int
(You wouldn't never mistrusted that I shook in ev'ry j'int).



"I sez to Jake, sez I."

We was comin' along from meetin'. Sez I, "I'd like ye to say
That ye hain't no objections, Eunice, to be married Thanksgivin' Day."
She turned an' looked at me, smilin' an' blushin', an' jest as sweet
(I skursely knew fer a minnit ef I stood on my head or my feet);
Then—"I hevn't the least objection," sez she, as I opened the gate;
But she didn't ask me to *stop;* she sez only, "It's ruther late."
I looked all round fer Jacob, but he'd kinder slipped out of sight,
So I figured the cost of a weddin' as I went along home that night.

Waal, I got my house all ready, an' spoke to the pa'son beside,
An' arly Thanksgivin' mornin' I started to hev the knot tied.
But before I come to the deacon's—I was walkin' along quite spry,
All rigged in my Sunday best, of course—a sleigh come dashin' by;
Thar was that Jacob a-drivin', an' Eunice sot at his side,
An' he stops an' sez, "Allow me to interduce my bride!"



So that was the end of my courtship. You see, I started wrong,
Askin' advice of Jacob, an' takin' him along;
Fer a team may be better fer ploughin' an' hayin' an' all the rest,
But when it comes to *courtin'*—why, a single hoss is best!

E. T. CORBETT.

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THE TABLES TURNED.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

TIRED DAUGHTERS: "Don't you think we might *go* now, Mamma? It's three o'clock!"
FESTIVE MOTHER: "Oh, that's not so *very* late, darlings... mayn't I have *one* more dance?"

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. JANUARY, 1890. No. CCCCLXXVI.

JAMAICA, NEW AND OLD.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

First Paper.



I.

IT was all like a dream, for there are times when the real and the unreal interweave so closely that it is hard to unravel the one from the other. Mostly gratification is the unfortunate part of anticipation; it is such a gross and tasteless fruit to be the outcrop of so pretty a flower; but that vision of the south coast of Jamaica, so long looked forward to, was at once so full of the lovely changes of afternoon and evening and moonlit night, and so full of suggestions of the romantic glamour of the past and bygone life, that the bright threads of fancy and the duller strands of fact interwove themselves into such a motley woof that it was hard indeed to separate the one from the other.

It was almost yesterday that shivered under a heavy overcoat, with a bleak sky above and a sea of ice below; to-day floated upon the rise and fall of the great ground-swell of a tropic sea, flashing into spray under a humming trade-wind that set the feathery cocoa-palms and the ragged banana leaves upon the distant shore to tossing and swaying. Flying-fish shot like silver sparks, with a flash and gleam from the water to the right and the left, skimmed arrow-like across the heaving valleys of the waves, and disappeared far away with another flash and gleam.

Over toward the distant shore the blue waters shoaled to green and creamed to white upon the coral reefs that stretched along the white strip of beach that enclosed the calm shallow of emerald lagoons. Verdant cape and promontory slid slowly by, and the in-sweeping curve of bay and harbor, the shores dotted with plantation houses and fringed with tropical verdure, opened panorama-like, and then also slid away behind to give place to something new.

Back of all, and above all, rose by wooded crown and rocky steep the rugged heights of mighty mountains, hushed in the breathless silence of impenetrable solitude. Below, all was the flash and sparkle of life in the rush of the sea-breeze; above was utter quietude; the wreaths of smoke from burning underbrush rose slowly, like silver columns, unstirred in the still blue above, and giving a faint and distant sign of life that only accentuated the loneliness of those vast heights.

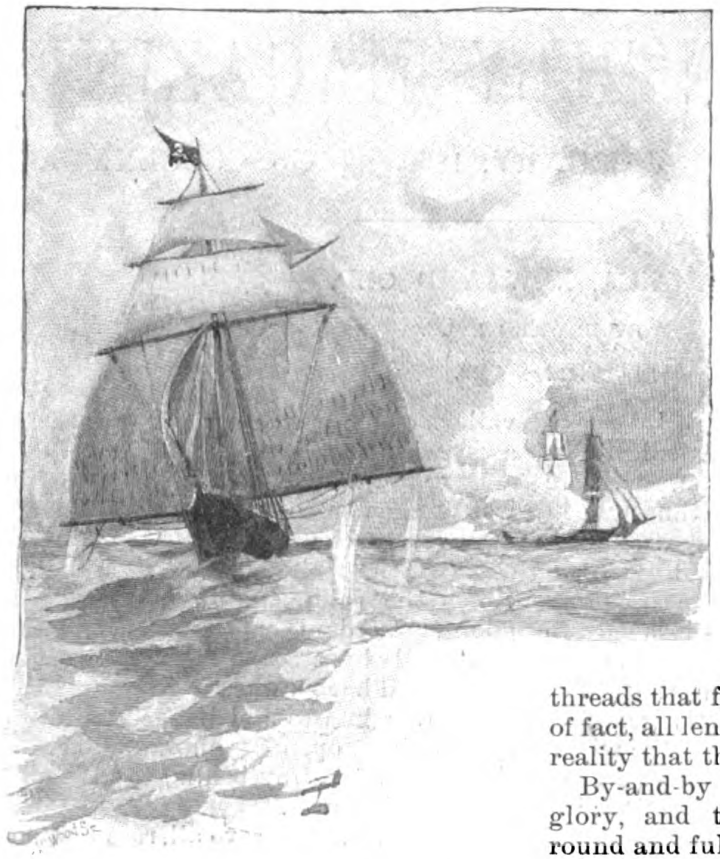
All this the eyes saw and the mind sensed, and through it all fancy ever wove her own bright threads. For here, in these very waters, great Spanish galleons, deep laden with treasures of gold and silver, and precious freightage of coffee and cocoa-nuts from the rich storehouses of Carthagena and Porto Bello, had sailed heavily by the calm lagoons, the capes, the verdant bays; here high-pooped buccaneer ships and barks, black-hulked and sullen, yawed along the same course, bound for Port Royal with blood-stained treasures taken red-handed from the Spaniards stowed below. Here, seventy-five or one hundred years ago, long, low, sharp-beaked, black-hulled vessels had now and then come skimming across from Cuba,

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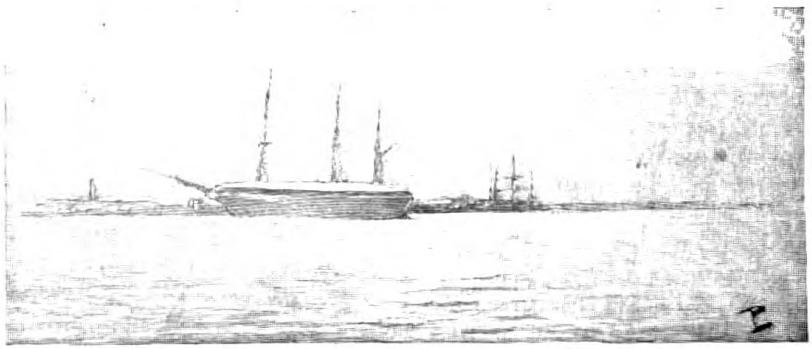
"POPPING INEFFECTUAL ROUND-SHOT AFTER HER."

and had slid warily and suspiciously along this southern island shore. Perhaps at the sight of a British cruiser with a double row of port-holes along the side, she had gone about and skimmed back again to Cuba; perhaps she had suddenly turned and swooped hawk-like down upon some great honest merchant-ship, and closed with her with rattle of muskets and pistols, flash and clash of steel, and yells of the swarming hell crew that came pouring over the side.

For this south coast of Jamaica was the famous resort for the old heroes of the "Black Roger," the skull and cross-bones. Indeed a score or more of the pirate captains of those days, among them the famous "Black Beard," of piratical romance and history, were natives of the island, and knew by heart every bay and inlet from Cape Morant to St. Negril Point. And many a time was that knowledge put to a saving use; many a time did a closely pursuing British cruiser, chasing her prey into a yawning jaw of coral reef, see that prey twist, turn, and wriggle through some tortuous channel, through the churning foam and rocky fangs, and then skim away, with all sails set, leaving the man-of-war popping ineffectual round-shot after her.

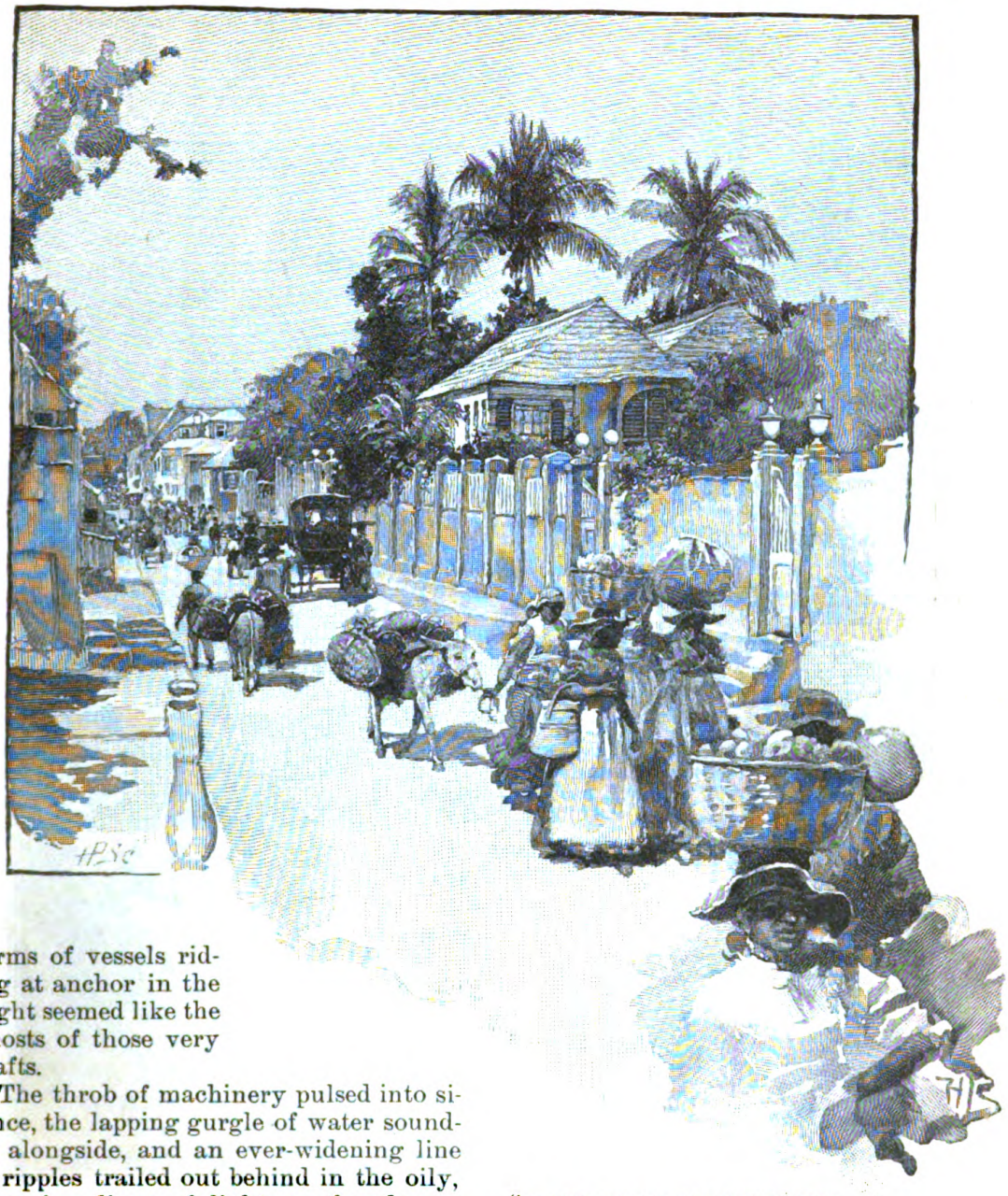
Such were some of the threads that fancy shot through the woof of fact, all lending their vivid color to the reality that the eyes saw.

By-and-by the sun set in a blaze of glory, and the slow moon floated up round and full in the eastern sky. Then, as the quick-going twilight faded into darkness upon the one side, the wonderful silver glamour lit mountain crest and lowland valley upon the other. With the coming of night the sea-breeze hummed away into silence, and it was as on a sea of glass that the steam-ship slid past the silent pinnacles of old historic Port Royal, past the motionless slender-stemmed cocoa-palms that shaded spires and towers and steep red roofs, and so into the harbor, where those others—Spanish galleon, old-time buccaneer, and even pirate (though at the tail of a British cruiser)—had sailed in times far away past. The dim, shadowy



"THE DIM, SHADOWY FORMS OF VESSELS RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE NIGHT."

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"A HOT, BROAD, ALL-PERVADING GLARE OF SUNLIGHT."

forms of vessels riding at anchor in the night seemed like the ghosts of those very crafts.

The throb of machinery pulsed into silence, the lapping gurgle of water sounded alongside, and an ever-widening line of ripples trailed out behind in the oily, wavering lines of light; a thunderous splash and a roar of the chain-cable, and the ship swung slowly to her anchor. The resonant stroke of eight bells sounded sonorously through the breathless air from the receiving-ship that loomed, huge and mysterious, in the darkness beyond, and a clashing clamor arose as an instant echo. It was the steward's bell; it called to a late dinner, and the spell was broken.

II.

Thoughts may be quick, but the mind that carries them is a clumsy, heavy, slow-moving vehicle. It runs smoothly enough in the rut of habit, but when it comes to turn out from the deep, well-worn grooves into some strange byway of life, what a creaking and straining and groaning it makes!

When one emerges by way of the monotony of a sea-voyage into a strange land altogether different from what one has been used to, one's brain becomes bewildered by the newness; it cannot grasp and analyze rapidly enough. Picture after picture is stamped upon the sensorium so quickly that it is only afterward and at leisure that the slower faculties can, by

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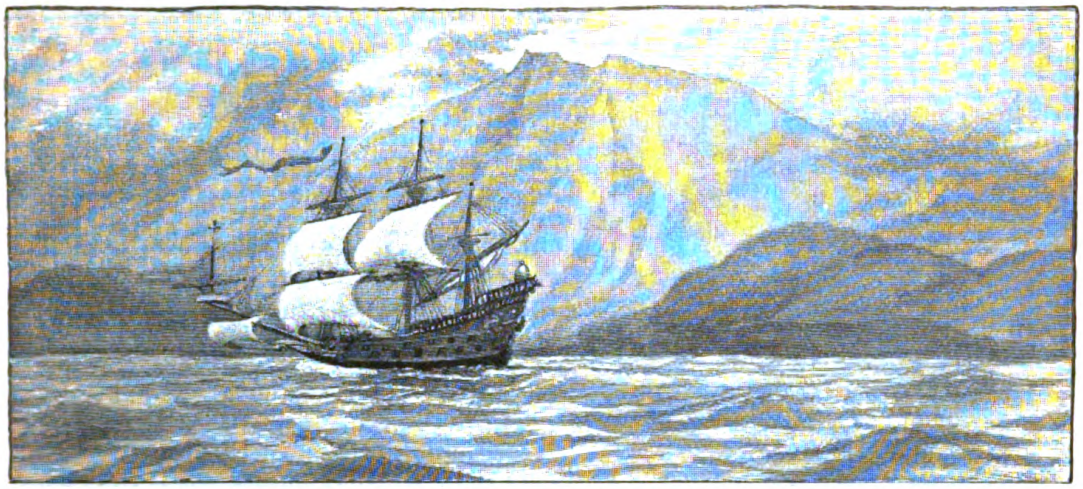
"A LODGING-HOUSE VERY WELL KNOWN TO ALL JAMAICA TRAVELLERS."

turning back the leaves of memory, review and decompose the impressions there retained.

Three tall cocoa-palms with hoary gray trunks that stand overshadowing the weather-worn walls of the old custom-house, their long blue feathery leaves glinting crisply in the fresh breath of the early sea-breeze, gave a first promise of strange things to come. But the gate of the steam-boat wharf was the real enchanted portal, and it was only thence that one passed into the wonder of a new life beyond.

A hot, broad, all-pervading glare of sunlight; crumbling walls powdered with white dust; dazzling white unpaved streets, up and down which, and hither and thither, pattered and chattered and hurried a strange, odd, motley, party-colored life; black faces, rags and tatters, gaudy petticoats and red and yellow turbans, that blazed flame-like against the whiteness; negro women, lithe and erect, bearing upon their turbaned heads huge baskets piled high with a wealth of tropic fruit; queer little gray, pattering, tripping donkeys, with wicker hampers hung on each side, piled high, like the baskets, with strange fruit and monstrous vegetables, each little patient beast led or driven by a negro boy or girl, barefoot and tattered, shouting shrilly in the soft, rapid, negro-English dialect of the tropics. The language sounded as foreign to our ears as the life appeared strange to our eyes.

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SPANISH GALLEON.

Over all the bustle and confusion rustled the huge, wide-spreading foliage of the rich tropic vegetation, vivid greens, browns, and russets, with blazing crimson flowers that peeped from behind high walls and street corners and overshadowed broad old houses, all without chimneys, and all built with verandas and enclosed by green jalousies. And far away over all rose the great silent rugged mountains, by craggy steeps and wooded heights, through mantlings of soft clouds, to the still blue heavens far above.

So picture, glaring and vivid, succeeded picture, all seen through a veil of white dust, as corner after corner was turned with a spin and rattle of wheels, and a scurrying hither and thither of motley figures from before the hurrying horse, ceaselessly urged and goaded by the negro driver. A quick turn through a great brick gateway, shaded by a dense flowering vine, and all the dust and glare was suddenly transformed into the coolness of an enclosed court-yard, freshened by the ceaseless pattering of a fountain, and enriched with luxuriant tropical growths of party-colored plants and flowers. It was that of a lodging-house very well known to all Jamaica travellers; a broad-fronted mansion of the last century, built of those black and red bricks that used in the old times to be brought from England as ballast in the ships that returned laden with sugar and rum, ginger and coffee. It is a good exemplar of the better class of early Jamaican mansions; a massive house, built substantially not only for coolness and comfort of living, but to resist the not infrequent tremors of earthquake that wrack the island, and as such an exemplar it may not be amiss to describe it here in passing.

It is square, broad, and two stories in height. There is no stairway within leading from floor to floor, but in front a double flight of stone steps rises to the story above. The ground-floor stands upon arches, and is enclosed with green slat blinds; within the shade of the green



"THAT PRINCE OR POTENTATE OF THE OLD SUGAR KING PERIOD."

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"A TURBANED COOLIE AND HIS WIFE."

blinds is a stone-flagged veranda, and a long inner hall used as a dining-room. On either side of this hallway are two or three rooms, perhaps at one time the private closet and the offices of the dignified old worthy who built the place.

In older days the second floor was really the living part of the house. A large parlor in front, a library in the rear, and bedrooms upon either side, all open—north, east, and west—to the cooling of the sea-breeze that invariably begins blowing about ten o'clock in the morning, "the doctor," as the natives not inappropriately call it.

The old house has a pretentious, dignified look of ancient prosperity, and suggests periwigs, knee-breeches, and silk stockings. It stands severely back, behind a high brick wall, with a red and black brick garden-house on one side of the broad gateway, and a red and black brick stable and carriage-house on the other.

One time a long row of negro quarters stood back of the garden and tool-house, where in the old slave days the eyes of the master or the overseer could see that no time was idled away or needlessly wasted.

In the more secluded country parishes one sometimes comes upon one of these old-time manor-houses with the squat negro quarters still standing in a long row by the park gateway facing the "great house," now, perhaps, crumbling with their more humble walls to a general ruin. In Kingston, however, such slave cabins have long since disappeared, torn down, like those at the lodging-house, and built into walls or additions to the main building.

Some of these fine old manorial houses, monuments of a past grandeur and prosperity, are crumbling to ruin even in the very heart of the town. This especial mansion, having been transformed into a hostelry, is in better preservation than others of its kind; inside, its floors of hard-wood are always brightly polished with sour orange juice scrubbed into the boards with a section of cocoa-nut husk; outside, the court-yard in front is neat, tasty, and well kept. Nevertheless, there is a feeling of incongruity in meeting the prosperous lodging-house keeper instead of that prince or potentate of the old sugar-king period, capped with his periwig and clad in his flowered waistcoat, knee-breeches, and fine silk stockings.



"WHERE THEY SIT IN LONG ROWS WITH BASKETS OF ORANGES."

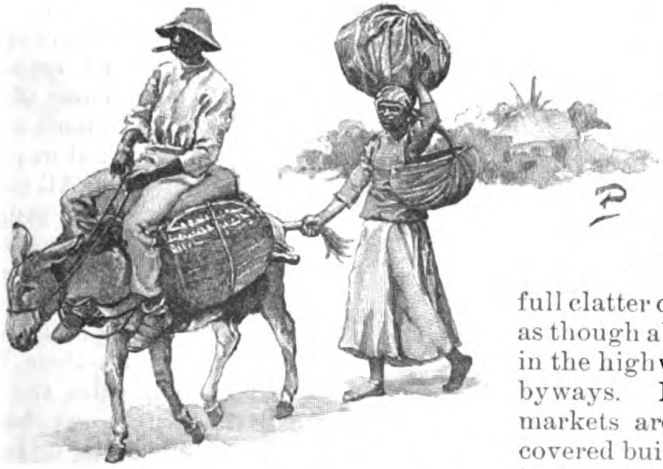
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"SITTING WITH PILES OF GREAT POTS AND BOWLS AND QUEER JARS OF RED EARTHEN-WARE."

III.

To understand and appreciate England, one must see London May Fair in the season; to understand and appreciate Jamaica, one must see Kingston market upon a Saturday. For then the country life comes pouring into the capital from far and near, and the town is flooded with a wealth of fruit and country produce that must be seen to be appreciated. Black, brown, and yellow, East India coolie and West India negro, blend and commingle in a chattering babel of color and noise altogether bewildering to unaccustomed eyes and ears. Upon the one side you look through the gates of the market perhaps at none but gabbling negroes chaffering, haggling, buying, and selling; you turn your back, and, as though the scene was shifted to a sudden transformation, you see by the Park rails a turbaned coolie and his wife, who might, so far as appearances go, have stepped that moment through time and space from the shores of Hindostan, bringing with them the setting of jungle growth behind them.

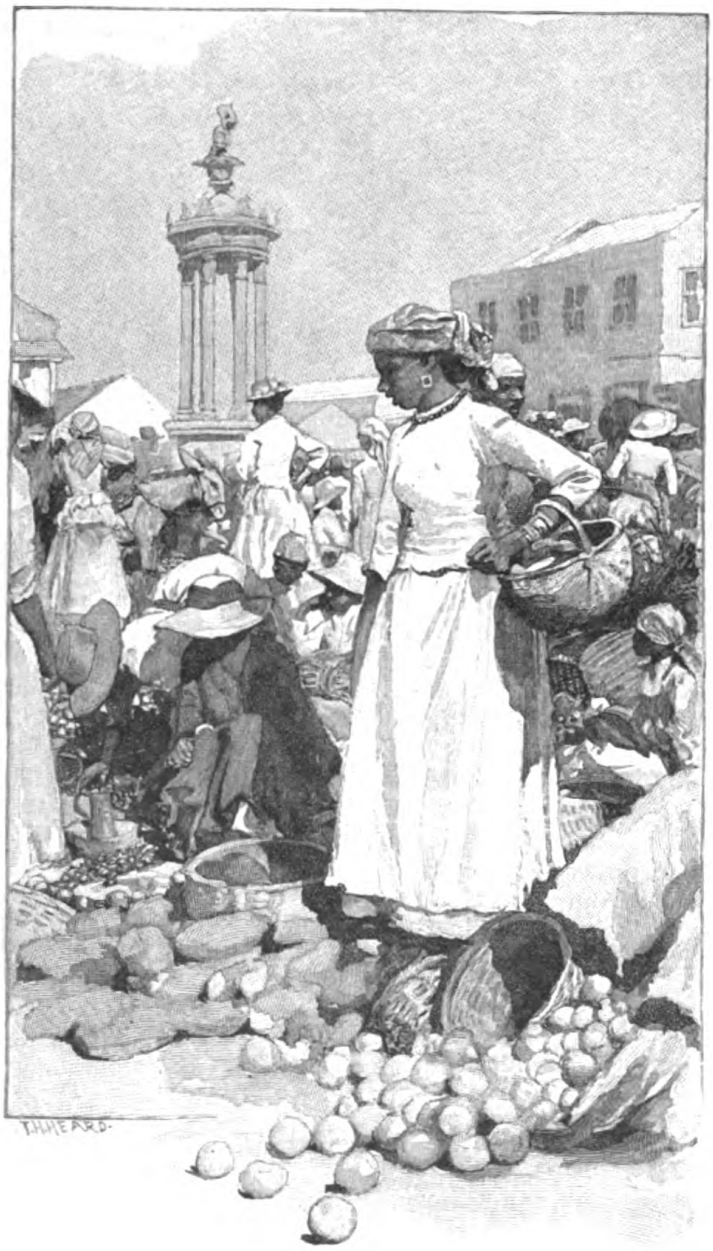


"A CURIOUS GROUP TRAVELLING ALONG A HOT, DUSTY ROAD."

Sight-seeing with comfort should be done early in the morning, for during the intensity of the mid-day heat, white-skinned people lie quiescent until the cool of the afternoon vivifies them into a renewed life. So the markets, to be seen in the freshness of glory, should be seen between seven o'clock coffee and ten o'clock breakfast.

Directly one leaves the quiet court-yard of the lodging-house and sets foot in the street, one steps as though by magic into the full clatter of life. It seems as though all Kingston was in the highways and in the byways. Nominally the markets are conducted in covered buildings set apart in two places for that especial purpose. But the measure of the covered market-house is far too small for the life it was intended to hold. That life, so to speak, slops over everywhere. All along the street one passes rickety little tumble-down huts transformed into stores, where they sell cocoa-nuts, plantains, and

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IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

yams; all along the walls one sees groups of negro women, sitting with piles of great pots and bowls and queer jars of red earthen-ware stacked around them to tempt the passer-by to purchase. There is no mistaking one's way, for everywhere the drift of life is tending toward those two points where the market-houses spread their shade; thither the pannier-laden donkeys are pattering, and thither women, and less often men, are striding with laden fruit baskets poised upon their heads. The eddy of life around the stores where fluttering bandanna handkerchiefs are temptingly exposed for sale, and where the patient little donkeys, glad of a moment or two of rest, hobnob and rub noses together, may perhaps catch a little of the drift, but most of it flows along the stream to those two points.

Chatter, gabble, clatter! One stands in the market square bewildered at first; seeing so much that one sees nothing. One is glad to escape from the vortex of the confusion to the railed walls of the market-place, where the older and less pushing women have drifted, and where they sit in long rows with baskets of oranges in front of them and piles of oranges around them, and bananas and plantains and yams and baskets of strange fruit everywhere. One is almost more than apt to return overburdened with those odd picturesque baskets filled to overflowing with luscious fruit, buyable at so ridiculously small a sum of money that it seems almost wickedness not to purchase them.

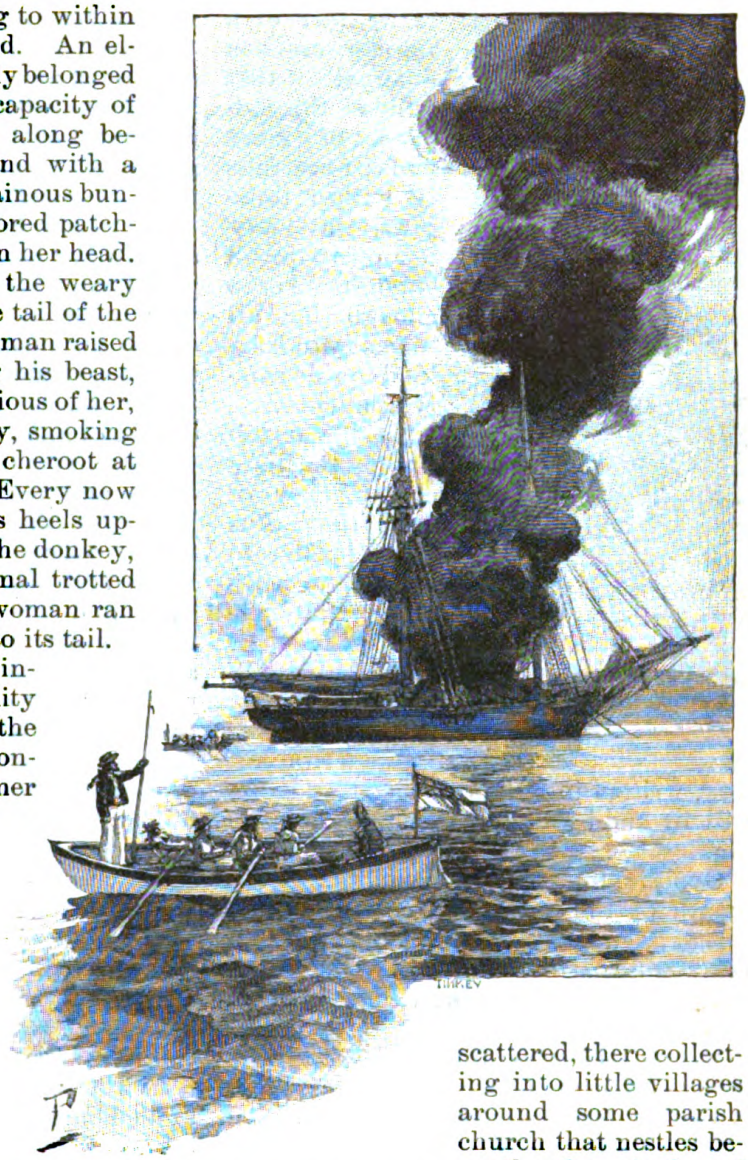
All the venders of fruit and produce are women, and nearly all those whom one sees marching along streets and roadways with great heavy-laden baskets poised upon their heads are women also. In Kingston the negro men turn their hands to work, but in the country districts they seem to lay the burdens of life upon the other sex.

I once saw a curious group travelling along a hot, dusty road through the quivering intensity of the mid-day tropical sun. A great hulking young negro, of one or two and twenty years of age, sat perched upon a little pannier-laden donkey, not much larger than a Newfoundland dog, so diminutive, indeed,

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that the fellow's feet hung to within a few inches of the ground. An elderly negress, who evidently belonged to him—perhaps in the capacity of mother—came pattering along behind, in her bare feet, and with a great basket and a mountainous bundle tied up in a party-colored patchwork spread balanced upon her head. She helped herself along the weary way by holding fast to the tail of the patient little jackass. The man raised no objection to her using his beast, but sat supremely unconscious of her, of the ass, of the passer-by, smoking the while a great black cheroot at least nine inches long. Every now and then he thumped his heels upward into the stomach of the donkey, whereupon the little animal trotted for a few yards, and the woman ran behind, still holding fast to its tail.

No doubt the peculiar inversion of sex responsibility that makes the woman the laborer and the man the consumer is a relic of a former barbarism of the African bush, when the men fought and the women worked. The need for fighting seems to have passed away; the necessity for work yet remains.



"IN MID-HARBOR THE TAINTED CRAFTS WERE BURNED IN THE SIGHT OF ALL."

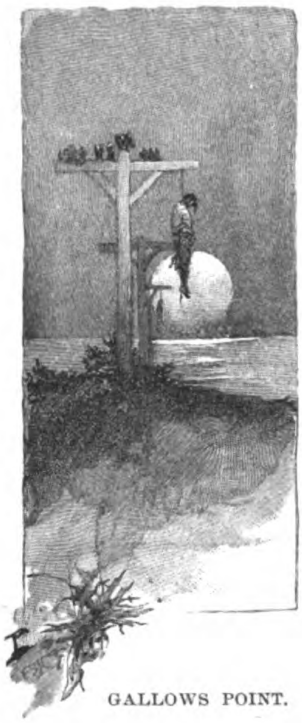
IV.

Within a radius of twenty miles of Kingston one may see perhaps all, or nearly all, that most is characteristic of the island of Jamaica. For Kingston is the heart of the island, and to and from it the quaint life comes and goes along the smooth, white, level highways—the arteries that radiate from it across the verdant valleys and over the verdant hills to the extremities of the east, west, and north.

Back of the town lies the sweep of the fertile plain of Liguanea, sloping slowly upward until it reaches the foot of the mountain, and then rising swiftly to the wilderness above, with a fringe of coffee plantations and banana groves. Everywhere the plain is covered with the vivid green patches of sugar-cane, and peppered with the huts of the peasantry, here more scattered, there collecting into little villages around some parish church that nestles beneath the shade of flowering trees and behind hedges of hibiscus and the broad rustling leaves of the tree-ferns and bananas.

In front of the town lies the beautiful sweeping curve of harbor, the blue waters flashing and sparkling in the rushing sea-breeze that sets the fringe of long-stemmed palm-trees that stand along the beach, and shade the crumbling row of docks and storehouses, to swaying and rattling their crisp foliage. Such another harbor is not to be found in all the West Indies. A long arm of land shoots out from the south shore of the main island, and curving to the westward shelters the bay within from the open waters of the Caribbean Sea without. The only entrance

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GALLOWS POINT.

is by way of a narrow crooked channel that winds through jaws of coral reefs; once fairly within those jaws, a harbor opens broad enough and deep enough for all the navy of England to ride safely at anchor.

At the terminus of the long curving key of land that thus gives shelter to the waters within are the dockyards, the forts, and the dwellings of old Port Royal, whose strange wild history, written in letters of blood and fire, will by-and-by be touched upon in passing.

Opposite to Port Royal and across the mouth of the harbor, where men-of-war ride at anchor, rise the high bluffs of the Healthshire Hills, dotted with the white walls of houses that nestle upon their rugged bosom.

It was its harbor that made the prosperity of Kingston, drawing the commerce of the Western world to its wharves until it became one vast storehouse of wealth.

One time hundreds of vessels lined its wharves and docks and rode at anchor in the bay beyond, and in the streets of the town solid merchants and rich sugar planters and red-faced sea-captains and busy clerks and rollicking sailors hob-nobbed, jostled, and elbowed one another in buying, in selling, and in sight-seeing.

To Kingston were brought the pirates in the old days, and scores of records in the courts of admiralty tell how they were tried, condemned, and swiftly punished. Thither in later times were brought captured slave-ships caught plying their devil's trade between Africa and Cuba or the United States and there. In mid-harbor the tainted crafts were burned in the sight of all.

Kingston is an old town according to our New World manner of computing age. In the year 1692 an earthquake entirely destroyed the greater part of Port Royal, and the panic-stricken folk, fleeing thence to the main island from the plague that followed, gathered together upon the shores of Liguanea, where a little settlement of thatched huts marked the spot upon which Kingston was afterward to arise in her glory.

It has no such wild history as the mother town; its romance is mostly that of the luxurious prosperity of merchant prince and sugar king. Yet, thanks to the pirate and the slaver, it is not altogether devoid of another sort of story.

Nowadays we read in the crumbling docks and hoary warehouses a voiceless history of the busy, prosperous times of which "Tom Cringle" tells, when Mr. L—— and his brother merchants traded sugar and rum and logwood and pimento for the gold and silver of the Spanish Main and the flour and corn of America. We read in the rickety tumble-down houses that helplessly crumble to decay in the heart of the town the same silent history of the days when those merchants entertained their guests with princely hospitality—"everything in good style, wine superb, turtle, etc., magnificent, and the company exceedingly companionable." There we read of the time when rich Jews lived in Oriental luxury, and romance tells a story of a party of wild roisterers rambling in their cups through the streets at night and trying to peep into the Hebrew's house at the private doings within, and of how one was caught by a bevy of beautiful Jewesses, bound hand and foot with embroidered silken scarfs, and beaten, by way of punishment, with pearl-handled fans scented with musk and rose-water.

All this was very fine and pretty and romantic, but there was a reverse to the picture, dark, stern, terrible. The rich people lived merrily and luxuriously, but underneath the surface two hundred and fifty thousand wretches groaned and writhed in one of the most merciless servitudes that the world ever saw. There are other things to be seen in Kingston that speak a different history than that told by once noble houses now crumbling to ruin—things that speak of sullen cruelty and of mortal agony.

In the museum of the town there hangs in one corner an iron frame now rusting into decay. The frame is exactly the

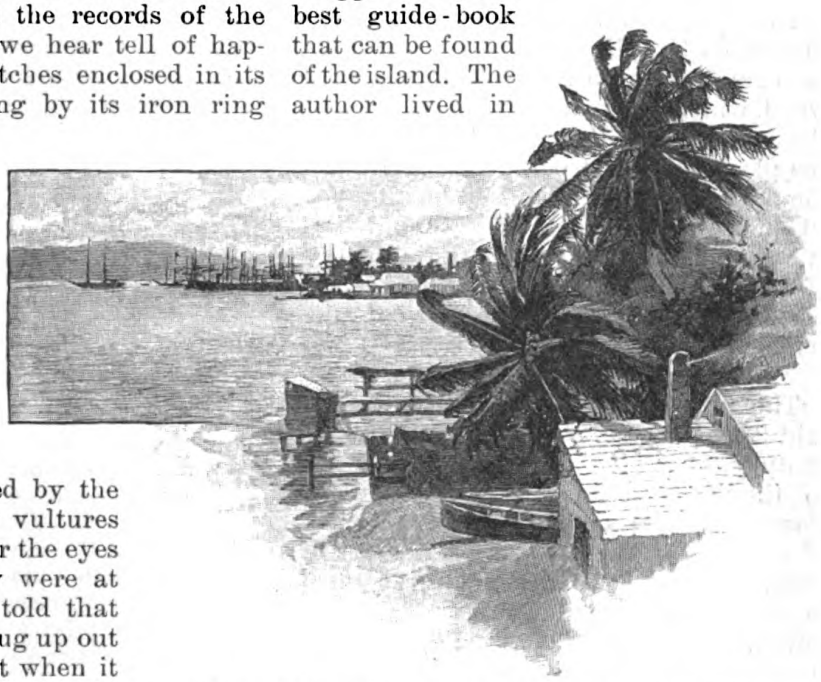
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shape of a human figure, and the iron bars open upon hinges and close with a padlock. In the band that arches over the head is a ring, and in either heel a long, sharp-pointed spike. It is the terrible "cage" of which now and then we catch a mention in the records of the slave courts, where we hear tell of hapless condemned wretches enclosed in its iron grasp, and hung by its iron ring from some gallows in the sight of all. Not only in tradition, but in actual records, we hear tell of such a miserable creature hanging in the "cage," dying for days in the shrivelling glare of the sun, starved and tortured and buffeted by the wings of the filthy vultures that hardly waited for the eyes to glaze before they were at their work. I was told that the frame had been dug up out of the sand, and that when it was discovered a female skeleton was still within its grasp.

Midway in the harbor between Kingston and Port Royal a tongue of land juts out from the peninsula toward the reefs that bound the crooked ship channel to the northward. Once this tongue of land was bounded by a strip of white coral beach, and covered with a growth of wiry grass; now it is nearly smothered under a thick growth of mangrove thickets, pierced by narrow canals that run here and there through the tangle, and dotted by little lagoons, in the lonely waters of which herons and pelicans and frigate-birds live an almost undisturbed life.

The name by which that point of land is known indicates its history with a terrible brevity; it is "Gallows Point." There in the old days of seventy-five or a hundred years ago a gaunt, hideous framework stood in the sight of all, and almost always between the upright posts one or more dead pirates hung in chains, swaying slowly to and fro in the breeze, with hollow, sightless eyes turned now toward the white-winged ships, and now toward the long neck of Cagawaya, whilst buzzards, the "John Crows" of Jamaica, sailed solemnly round and round in the air above, their silent following shadow now and then flitting across the gray stony brow beneath.

Every one quotes *Tom Cringle's Log* in Jamaica, and it is, perhaps, with all its exaggeration, the best guide-book that can be found of the island. The author lived in those days, and saw most that he describes with his own eyes. In one part of his story he describes *twenty-five* Cuban pirates strung up at Gallows Point in one morning.



"THE BEAUTIFUL SWEEPING CURVE OF HARBOR."

The negro that paddled our little boat in and out the crooked channels around Gallows Point was a very intelligent fellow, and had to do in some way with the custom-house. He very well remembered the time when the old gallows stood there. In his young days he and his friends used, he said, to come over from Kingston before the mangroves had begun to grow so thickly, and play at "General Walker" among the thickets. The game was suggestive of much of the past history of the place. One boy took the part of General Walker, and was given the advantage of a long start upon his race. The others hunted for him in and out among the mangrove thickets. If he were caught he was taken to the gallows, and there they played whip him. The guide did not know just why they called the play "General Walker," but the real

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General Walker was a great pirate in the old times.

We pushed the boat amongst the spider-like roots of the mangroves, and sent the quondam player of "General Walker" ashore to see whether anything yet remained of the wooden monument that made the place famous. By-and-by he came back with a rotting piece of wood, which he assured us was a piece of the gallows, and that he had found it at the place where the post used to stand in the days when he and his friends played "General Walker" among the mangroves. It was all that was left of the actuality of that hideous romance of the past—a piece of rotting wood, fit not even for decent burning.

The records of the Court of Vice-Admiralty of the early part of the present century are replete with entries relating to the capture and condemnation of slavers. Sometimes there is a fine smack of romance in the bald dry statement of facts. One paper that now hangs framed in the court-house is especially interesting. It is an affidavit, and enclosed in the frame with it is a packet of papers with ink faded and blurred by sea-water. My good friend Mr. Hendrick, the surrogate of the court, had the document copied for me, and I can do no better than give it as it stands, written in the quaint official jargon that, like a dry husk, hides the kernel of romance within.

It is perhaps necessary to understand, as a preface, that a certain brig called the *Nancy* was one time overhauled by his Majesty's cutter the *Sparrow* in the early part of the year 1799. The brig had all the appearances of and the appliances for a slaver, but not a scrap of paper was to be found that might be brought forward by way of proof. Nevertheless the *Sparrow* brought her into Kingston Harbor, where she lay for some time pending the decision of the court. At last, as nothing could be proved against her, orders were given for the *Nancy's* discharge.

Upon the very day she should have sailed, the affidavit now hanging in the glass frame, and the papers enclosed along with it, suddenly made their appearance, and were handed in to the court. It was to the owners of the *Nancy* as though a thunder-bolt had fallen from a clear sky, and the brig was lost.

The document reads as follows:

JAMAICA *ss.* IN THE COURT OF VICE ADMIRALTY.

The ADV: GEN: *ex: rel:* WYLIE *& al*

vs.

The Brig *Nancy* &c.

Michael Fitton Esquire being duly sworn maketh oath and saith, that the tender of his Majesty's ship of war *Abergavenny* then under command of this deponent being on a cruise off Jackmel in the island of Saint Domingo on the thirtieth day of August last, discovered a dead bullock surrounded by sharks, which he had towed alongside the said tender for the purpose of catching the said sharks. And this deponent saith, that having caught one of the said sharks and hoisted it on board the said tender he ordered some of the seamen to separate its jaws and clean them as the said shark was larger than common, which the said seamen did whilst other opened its maw and therein discovered in the presence of this deponent a parcel of papers tied up with a string. And this deponent saith that on perusing the said papers he discovered a letter of a recent date from Burricoa and as it occurred to this deponent they might relate to some vessel detained by some of his Majesty's cruisers he had them dried on deck. And this deponent saith that having been informed that his Majesty's cutter *Sparrow* had sent down to this island as prize a certain brig or vessel called the *Nancy* and supposing the paper so found as aforesaid might be useful at the trial of the said vessel called the *Nancy*, hath caused the same to be sealed up, and delivered them to one of the surrogates of this honorable court without any fraud alteration addition subtraction or embezzlement whatever.

Taken and the truth thereof sworn
to before me this 24th day of
September 1779

SPL. J. FRASER
Surrogate J.

Probably never since the days of Jonah has judgment so come upon the wrong-doer out of the belly of a fish.

Once, in the opening of a jungle that overgrew the banks of one of the streams that empty into the harbor, we came upon a stray drift-piece of humanity that had floated down the stream of time to the present from those old by-gone slave days.

The row-boat was being pushed up a crooked little creek that meandered through thickly growing weeds where great mud-fish scurried in and out, and between banks of dense vegetation pierced by alligator wallows, and arched overhead with trailing vines and branches into a roof of quivering leaves. By-and-by an open space was reached, where, upon the marshy bank and in the midst of the

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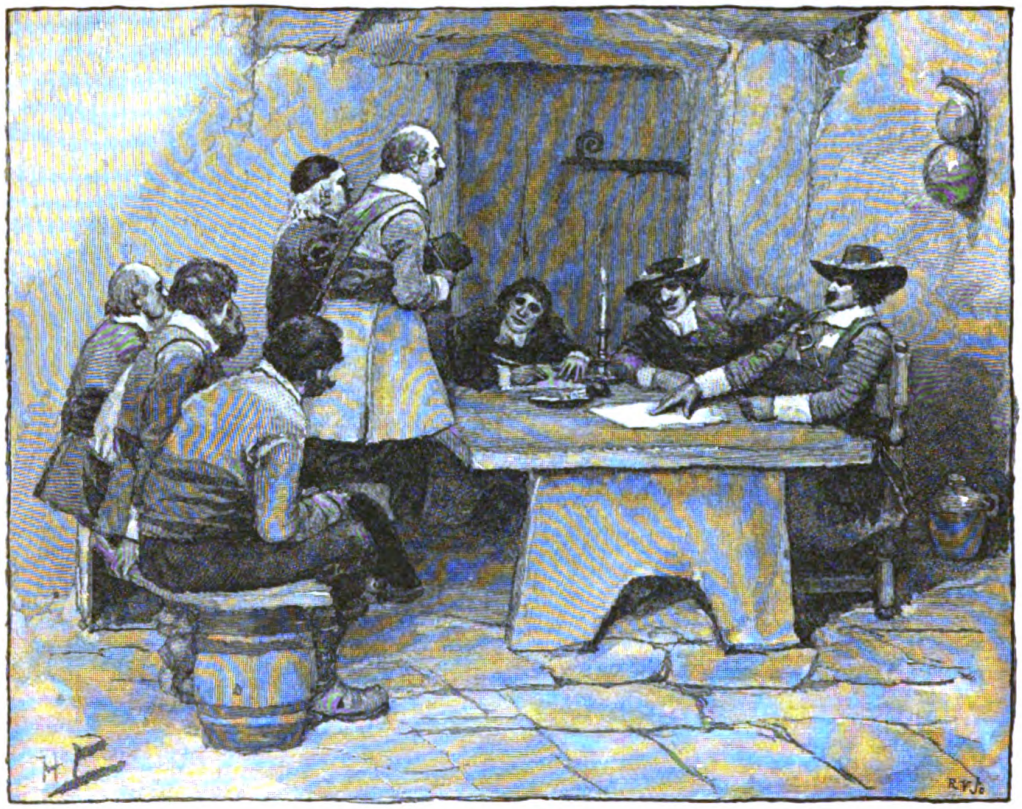


"SQUATTED ON A LOG, AND TALKED IN A SAD, MELANCHOLY MANNER."

brush, one could just see the outlines of a low straw hut, such as one might expect to discover somewhere in the jungles of Africa. An old negress made her appearance at the sound of the thud of oars in the rowlocks, and coming down to the bank, squatted on a log, and talked in a sad, melancholy manner.

Her history was that of thousands, but it sounded strange coming from her own lips. It was like a voice from the past speaking of dead things. She had been brought, as a girl of ten or twelve years old, to Jamaica aboard of a captured slave-ship. Her African mother had sent her to the spring to draw water, and there, in the thickets, the slave-stealers had caught her. They had thrust something into her mouth so that she could not speak, and had tied her hands behind her back and her feet together. Her mammy came and looked for her everywhere, but could not find her. She had stood as close to her as from here to yonder tree, and called and called, but the little girl could not answer, and her mother did not see her because the slave-stealers had hidden her amongst the leaves in the thickets. So by-and-by her mammy went away, and then the slave-stealers came, and took her down into a boat and aboard the ship. There they put her in a dark place with a great many more black people. Every morning they used to come and take out those who died and threw them overboard. She could not remember the name of the ship, but the white people burned her in Kingston Harbor. It was very difficult to understand the old creature's dialect, but she patiently repeated her words until the meaning was clear. She took the shilling that was offered to her, and gave her

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"THE ABBOT AND THE TOWN MAJOR PERSONATING CONQUERED SPAIN."

thanks in the same sad voice, and as the boat drifted down the current and around the dense foliage at the bend of the stream, she still sat motionless with the shilling in her palm looking after it.

V.

Jamaica, like many another of the West India Islands, is like a woman with a history. She has had her experiences, and has lived her life rapidly. She has enjoyed a fever of prosperity founded upon those incalculable treasures poured into her lap by the old-time buccaneer pirates. She has suffered earthquake, famine, pestilence, fire, and death; and she has been the home of a cruel and merciless slavery, hardly second to that practised by the Spaniards themselves. Other countries have taken centuries to grow from their primitive life through the flower and fruit of prosperity into the seed-time of picturesque decrepitude. Jamaica has lived through it all in a few years. Picturesque Italy and Spain are the product of two thousand years. Picturesque Jamaica of two hundred. Hoary crumbling walls of great empty warehouses, the treasure vaults of those former merchant princes of Kingston; Crœsuses, the luxuriance and opulence of whose lives "Tom Cringle" one time sung—bear, stamped upon their faces, all the similitude of a by-gone antiquity. They tell one in Kingston that it is not the breath of time that has wrought the likeness of hoary age upon those dark walls, but the gnawing salt of the sea-breeze that blows upon them all day. Facts are such raw and undigestible morsels for the stomach of fancy. One likes better to believe that Jamaica's own history has had to do with her town's decrepitude, rather than to give all the credit of it to the air of the Caribbean Sea. It is more titillating to the imagination to picture her as a beggar flaunting the rags of her by-gone prosperity, and a zest is added because those rags are of fine silks and satins, and have been stained here and there with blood.

Jamaica's first actual history is of one hundred and fifty years of Spanish rule, shrouded in the apocryphal mists that blur so much of Spanish West Indian history. In 1655 the English secured control of the island, and the stupor of Span-

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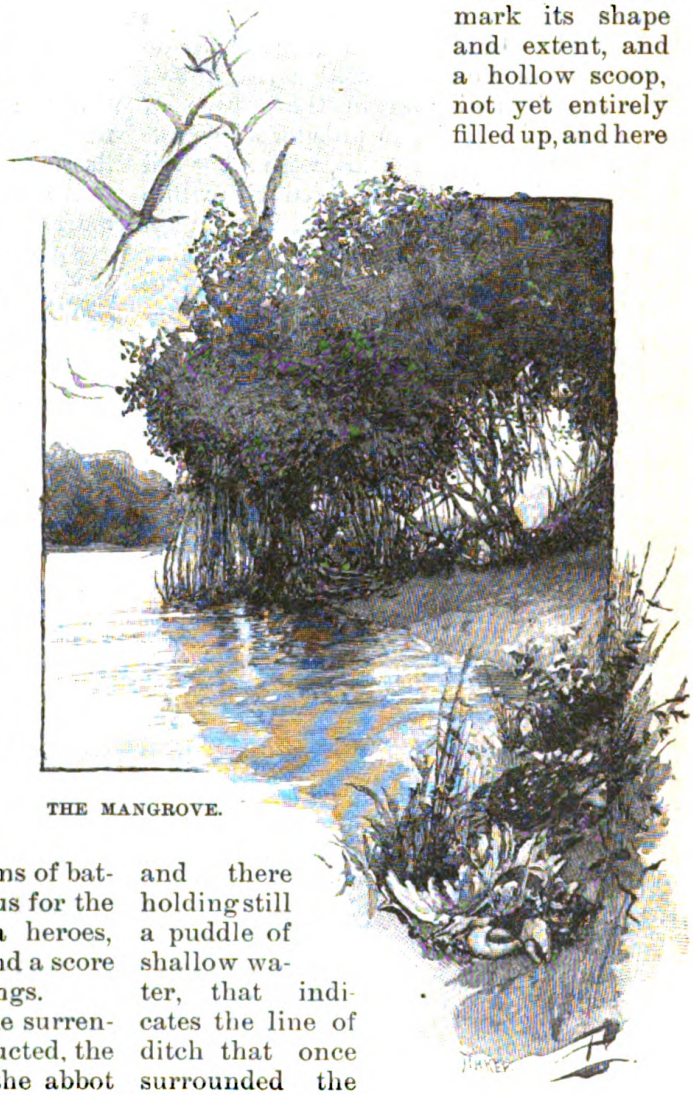
ish life was quickly changed to a redundancy of vigor.

Perhaps nowadays Admiral William Penn is more famous as being the father of his Quaker son, and the none too savory hero of more than one racy, tattling anecdote of old Samuel Pepys's, than because of anything that he himself has done to attain to the pinnacle. But nevertheless it was due to him, in conjunction with General Venables—together in joint command of the West Indian squadron in the days of Oliver Cromwell—that Jamaica became a part of the British Empire. The island was at that time about the least important of all the Spanish possessions in the West Indies. The admiral and the general thought as little as the Spaniards that they were about to lay the foundation of what was at one time to be the richest and most powerful of all English colonies—a spot that was to pulse with British life as no other spot pulsed in all the world outside of Great Britain herself; a centre into which should pour the wealth of the Indies; in whose harbors should ride mighty fleets, with flags flying, bent upon conquest, and into which should crawl battered hulks shattered in the storms of battle; which should be a rendezvous for the battle ships of those great sea heroes, Rodney, Nelson, Collingwood, and a score of other eighteenth-century vikings.

The first negotiations after the surrender of the Spaniards were conducted, the historian of the island says, by the abbot and the town major. The admiral and the general and the general's secretary received them in the oven heat of the officers' quarters at the fort, shaded from the dazzling glare of the sunlight without. The two commanders kept their hats upon their heads, and they sat at a table, clothed with the majesty of British empire, backed by a fleet of thirty vessels and an army of six thousand men. The abbot and the town major, personating conquered Spain, stood bareheaded before them, and the posse of neighbors sat bareheaded upon a bench near by. It was a picture of British conquest and of British glory.

VI.

Nothing now remains of the old Passage Fort, which once guarded the mouth of the Rio Cobra, and which had offered the only formidable resistance to the English, but the stone foundations, broad and well laid, that mark its shape and extent, and a hollow scoop, not yet entirely filled up, and here and there holding still a puddle of shallow water, that indicates the line of ditch that once surrounded the walls.



THE MANGROVE.

The fort once stood close to the beach, now it is a quarter of a mile or more back from the bay. The mangrove bushes, those great producers of land in the tropics, have for two centuries been stretching out their spider-like fingers into the water, accumulating earth and wash, until they have left the foundations of the fort isolated in a tangle of thickets, where its stone skeleton has tumbled to pieces, alone and unseen by any.

Everywhere, where the water is quiet in bays and harbors, one sees the mangrove at this silent, ceaseless work. The

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parent trunk, growing from a little pink stem, shoots up into a low shrub with wide-spreading branches, clothed perpetually with glossy green leaves. From these branches long slender roots drop into the water beneath, where, in the muddy soil at the bottom, they themselves take root, and in turn become trunks and trees. And everywhere under the snake-like net-work of roots which rise out of the muddy soil, and in the tangle of branches above, life is pulsing and rustling. Innumerable crabs, with long red legs and black bodies peppered with white spots, scurry and crawl in and out upon the rank mud beneath the arching roots, and droll hermit-crabs draw themselves with a click into their borrowed houses—strange-looking shells with long spines, curious spirals, mottled with blue and gray and yellow.

In the days of the Spaniards vessels used to sail up the Rio Cobra to Spanish Town; now it is wellnigh choked with the wash of centuries. To enter it you pass around a long spur of sand that stretches far out into the bay, a roosting-place for sleepy pelicans resting from their fishing—"old Joes," as the islanders call them. The channel, barely deep enough for the light canoes of the fishermen, is tortuous and winding, and further up along its course is nearly roofed in by overarching trees, and bordered by impenetrable thickets that now forever shut out the life that used to come and go between the harbor and San Jago de la Vega.

VII.

Spanish Town was one time the seat of government and the centre of the island aristocracy; but some years ago the gubernatorial residence and the Legislative Assembly were removed from the old town to Kingston, and since that time its decay has been rapid and certain.

A railroad runs from Kingston to the old capital, and the train rattles and roars through the lonely swamps and wildernesses, the tangled thickets and gaudy flowering vines, that border the lowland shore of Hunt's Bay, that stretches its marshy flats between the two towns.

Spanish Town breathes the very breath of dust, decay, desolation, and death in life that everywhere envelops the husk of former island magnificence. Even the great clock at the railway station that stares down with ridiculous solemnity upon the traveller as he steps from the coach seems, even in these, its young days, to have drunk from the Lethe fountain of stagnation, and has marked seven o'clock for nobody knows how many days, weeks, and months.

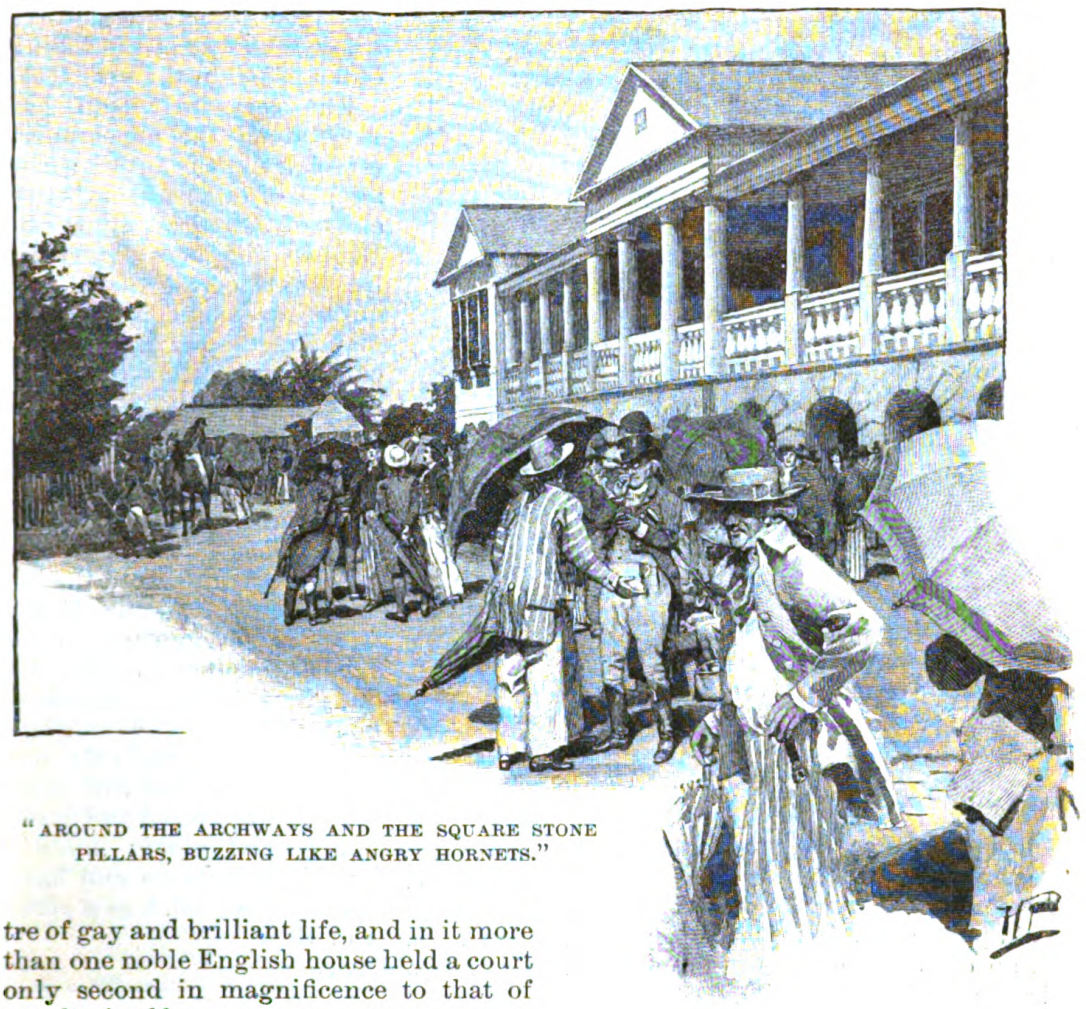
In the centre of the town is the Park, enclosed by iron railings, and filled to overflowing with luxuriant tropical growths. Four rather pretentious old-time buildings overlook it upon the four sides. The two main buildings, which stand facing one another, are King's House (the one-time residence of the Governor) and the former Houses of Assembly—each famous in its day.



"ONE TIME IT WAS ALIVE WITH THE GREAT LUMBERING COACHES."

Perhaps the greater interest clings around the King's House; the more pregnant atmosphere surrounds it, for in its day no place in the island was so the cen-

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"AROUND THE ARCHWAYS AND THE SQUARE STONE PILLARS, BUZZING LIKE ANGRY HORNETS."

tre of gay and brilliant life, and in it more than one noble English house held a court only second in magnificence to that of royalty itself.

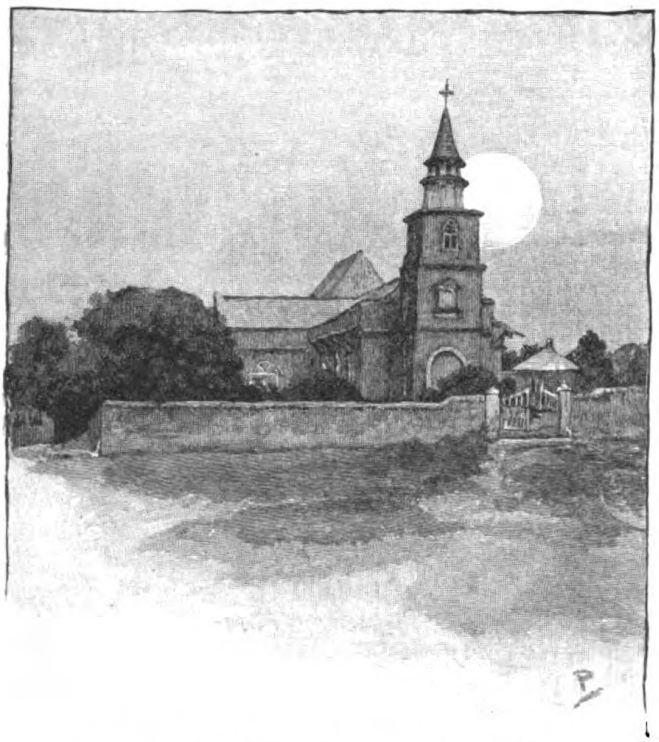
A broad flight of marble steps leads up to a high pillared porch covering in the doorway, and the door opens upon a great high hallway. The drawing-room and living rooms lie upon the right, and a great barrack-like apartment, with columns and an iron-railed balcony, known as the ballroom, and the old office and council rooms, lie upon the left-hand side of the main entrance.

I stood in the middle of the great empty ballroom gazing about me, and I could fancy it peopled with the old-time life: the powdered wigs, the pigtails, the bright silver buckles, the silk stockings, the jewelled sword-hilts. I could imagine the balcony above alive with beauty in silk and lace and patches, and all aquiver with the waving of fans, for here the august governors of past times—the Earl of Effingham, the Duke of Manchester, the Earls of Belmore and Mulgrave, and the Marquis of Sligo had received the homage of their whilom island subjects, while the ladies looked down upon the scene, and fluttered their fans and ogled with eyes long since dimmed, and smiled with lips long since shrivelled with the kiss of death.

The white hot street in front of the gubernatorial residence was lonely and deserted: one time it was alive with the great lumbering coaches of those who came to pay their respects to the governor.

The old House of Assembly opposite to it, across the Park, is now also silent of its past life: once it saw stir and bustle enough, for within its walls was held the hot debate over the bill for the emancipation of the slaves—a debate that wellnigh led the island into the footsteps of the American provinces, and into revolt against the mother country. At that time legislators, planters, and merchants clustered in knots around the archways and the square stone pillars, buzzing like angry

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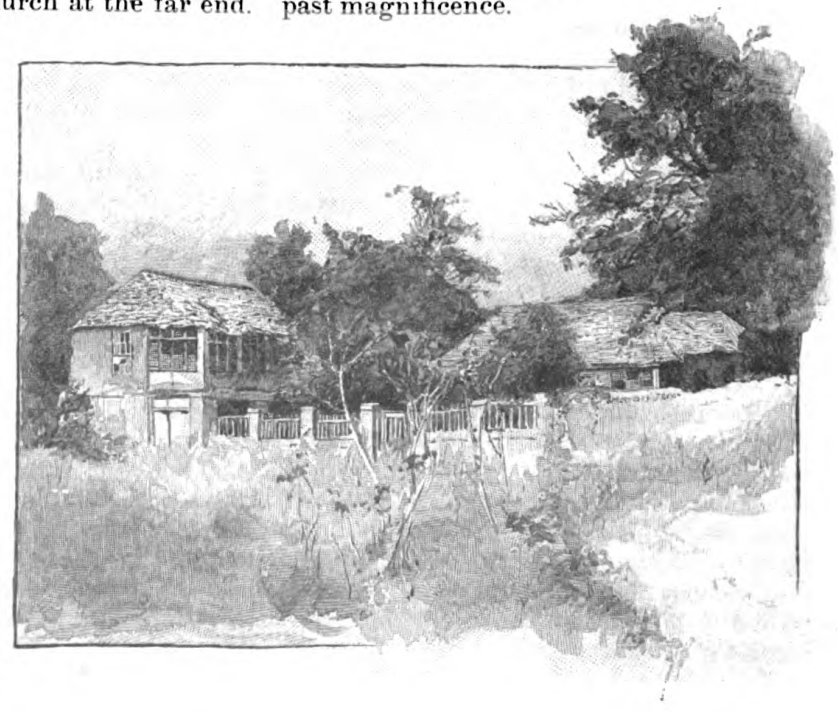
"IT IS THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. KATHERINE."

hornets over the coming ruin that needed no Cassandra to foretell.

Around the corner from the Park and the old public buildings is an open plaza, with an old brick church at the far end. It is the Cathedral of St. Katherine, and is the most ancient building upon the island. For once it was the Spanish Red Cross Church, in the days when Penn and Venables woke a stir and hubbub in San Jago de la Vega with the distant booming of their guns, besieging Passage Fort. In the floor is set many an ancient stone marking the resting-place of some worthy of that dim by-gone time. One of them even specifies that the crest carved at the head of the stone belonged to the bones of one below who was at the taking of the island in the year 1655.

The cathedral itself has very much the appearance, especially in the funny squat steeple, of other of the better class of Jamaican churches. But here and there one sees in fragments of the walls, and queer turns and angles, remains of the old Spanish architecture of the sixteenth century, and the long gargoyles that stretch out upon either side from the eaves, supported by wrought iron scroll braces, have a queer foreign look.

Nothing can exceed the dilapidation of a Spanish Town street, and everywhere in the suburbs one comes upon the one-time great mansion-houses of the one-time great people, staring vacantly out upon the high-road with sashless windows, blind and dumb and dead — *Sic transit gloria mundi!* They have danced their dance and have paid the piper, and not so much as a pistareen remains of their past magnificence.



"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI."

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THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

BY A RUSSIAN GENERAL.



SINCERE and unaffected love for his monarch, profound religious piety intimately united with the idea of the Tsar and of the father-land, attachment to the father-land, unlimited confidence in his chiefs, very strong *esprit de corps*, and a faculty of enduring gayly and naturally the greatest privations—such are the most marked characteristics of the Russian soldier. To these traits must be added remarkable bravery and a rare contempt of death, combined with naïve kind-heartedness and a gentle and indulgent disposition. The Russian soldier is distinguished by a good-humor that never abandons him even in the most difficult moments, by his brotherly understanding with his comrades, and by his gay and contented way of facing all the decrees of fate. Obedience is so deeply rooted in the mind of the Russian soldier that during my thirty years' experience of the army I do not remember to have witnessed one single case of insubordination, either in times of peace or in times of war.

The Russian soldier dies at his post. I have seen him in winter on sentry duty on the heights of Shipka die standing, surrounded with snow, and transformed literally into a statue of ice; I have seen him die on the march, striding over the sandy desert, and yielding up his last breath with his last step; I have seen him die of his wounds on the battle-field or in the hospital, at a distance of three thousand miles from his native village—and in these supreme moments I have always found the Russian soldier sublime.

Although a child of the plain, where his eye rarely descries the most modest hill, we see him boldly scale the topmost summits of the Caucasus, and climb the rocks and glaciers of the Thian-Shan, fighting all the time. He feels at home everywhere, whether in the steppes of the father-land, in the tundras of Siberia, or the mountains and deserts of central Asia. He has an exceptional faculty of putting himself at his ease wherever he may be, even in places where others would die of hunger and thirst.

I have seen the Russian soldier at home in time of peace, or during truces in the enemy's country, rocking the peasant's child in the village where he was stationed; I have seen him bivouacking in the desert, with his tongue parched and burning, receive his ration of a quarter of a litre of salt-water; I have seen him in heat and in cold, in hunger and in thirst, in peace and in war—and I have always found in him the same desire to oblige, the same abnegation of self for the sake of the safety and the good of others. These special characteristics of the Rus-



OLD GRENADIER.

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THE DEPARTURE OF THE CONSCRIPT.

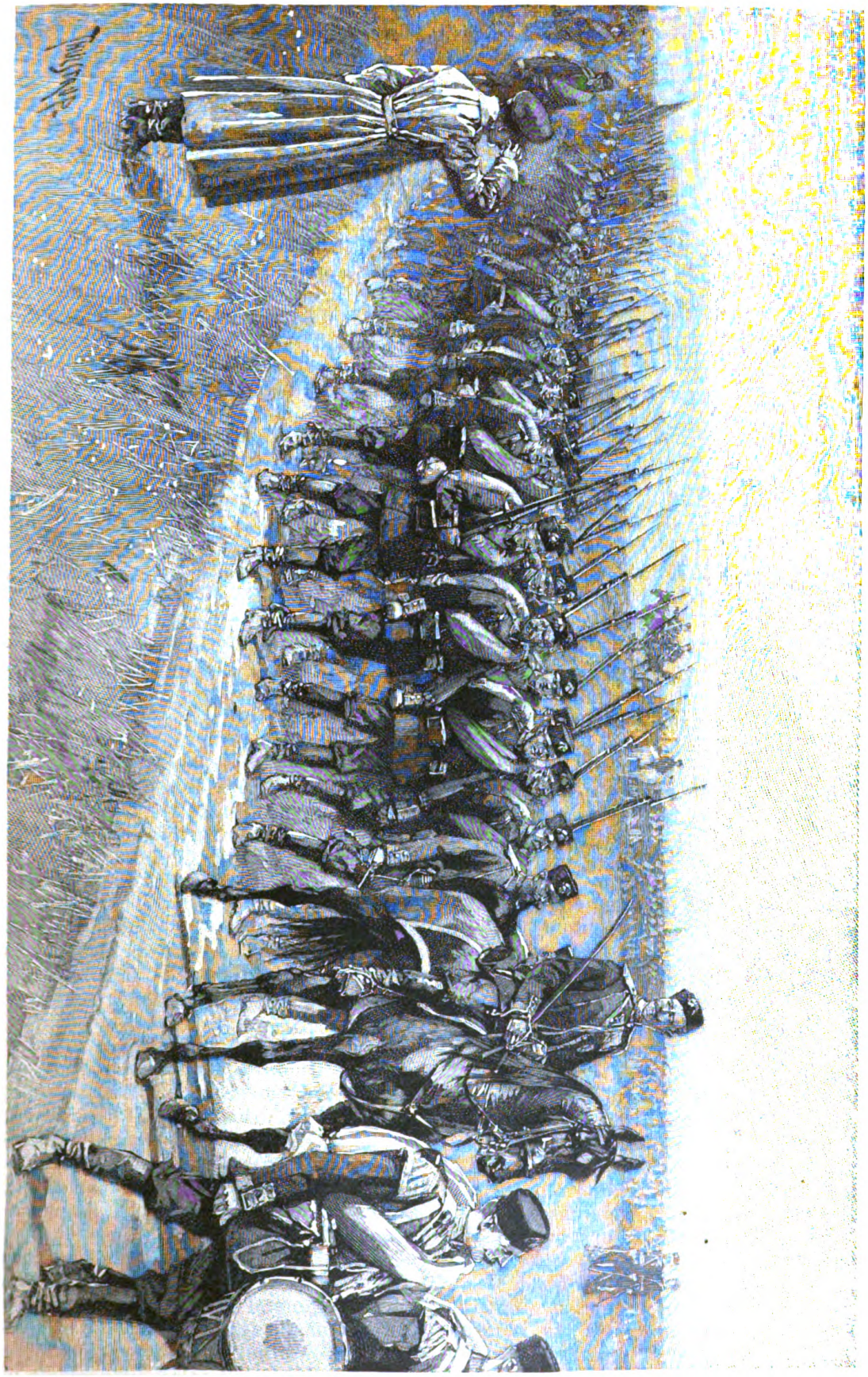
herds; they cross fertile plains, and seas ploughed by the ships of all nations; and they touch the most civilized and the best cultivated countries of Europe. The different tribes and nations which people the adjacent territories of these enormous frontiers are so widely different and so numerous that their mere complete enumeration would take too much space. We can note only Coreans, Tunguses, Manchoos, Mongolians, Kalmucks, Chinese, Uzbecks, Afghans, Persians, Kurds, Armenians, Wallachians, Poles, Germans, Swedes, Laplanders, etc. We might therefore readily conceive the great Russian army to be composed of many parts of different nature, each specially trained to act in different spheres, in opposite climates, and against different and particular nationalities. We find, however, in reality, that the great Russian army, with the few exceptions only of the irregular troops, which are not numerous, forms one grand homogeneous mass, organized, armed, clad, and disciplined in the same manner. The battalions of the line and rifle-

sian soldier—his self-denial, his simple and natural self-sacrifice—give him peculiar powers as a warrior.

The fifteen thousand miles of frontier of the empire offer infinite variety of topographical details, beginning with the wild heights of that long range of primitive mountains which, starting from the Pacific Ocean, separates the Russian Empire from the Celestial Empire, and ending with the moss and virgin forests of Lapland, and the fjalls of Norway, to say nothing of the whole coast of the Arctic Ocean. These frontiers traverse mountainous countries—parts of which have not yet been enlightened by human knowledge—burning deserts, green steppes, where thousands of Kirgheez and other nomad tribes pasture their innumerable men of eastern Siberia are not distinguished in any way from their comrades of the same arms in Turkistan or the Caucasus, or from the regiments in Poland and in the district of St. Petersburg. A few minor details of costume, necessitated purely by questions of climate, may alone be remarked here and there. The Russian army is therefore, in all its parts, ready and capable to act on every possible field of battle, otherwise it would be impossible to defend a territory so thinly populated in comparison with its extent.

Ethnographical circumstances play in the construction of the army a much less significant rôle than one might be tempted to expect in an empire which comprises fifteen great nationalities, not including the different component tribes.

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INFANTRY OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

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SENTRY—THE PAUL REGIMENT.

In Daghestan alone, which forms a part of the Caucasus chain 120 miles long by 90 broad, we find forty-eight different tribes, almost all speaking a dialect of their own. But in spite of this wealth of ethnographical elements we find the greater part of the different nationalities of Russia in Europe, Siberia, and the Caucasus mingled in the regular army. I knew very well one regiment stationed on the banks of the Volga in central Russia which was chiefly composed of inhabitants of the governments of Kostroma and Wladimir, but in which there were also Lettes, Poles, and 138 Tatares from the environs of Kazan. The Peuzates, the Bashkirs, the Finnish Tcheremisse tribes, the Tchuwakes and the Mordwa, who dwell in the central district of the Volga, along its eastern affluents, and in the Ural Mountains, also serve in the ranks of the regular army. But at the end of a single year's service all these representatives of different races are merged into one and the same type, that of the Russian soldier.

In recruiting the troops we endeavor as much as possible to follow the principle of forming regiments of men taken from the nearest governments. But in a country where the population is so unequally distributed this is not always feasible. Thus, for instance, the Turkistan troops are ordinarily recruited from the environs of the Kama River, from Oufa, Orenburg, and western Siberia, while the Caucasian troops are recruited from the central and southern Volga, from the steppes of the Don and of the northern Caucasus. For the guards, the artillery, and the special arms the tallest and most robust men are selected from all over the empire. The cavalry is chiefly recruited from Little Russia and Ukrania—that is to say, from the governments to the north of the Black Sea, whose inhabitants are considered to be peculiarly suited for this service. The fleet takes its contingent from the governments of the North, from the islands, and from the Baltic provinces. The sappers, miners, electricians, and balloon corps are chosen amongst those whose trades and anterior occupations render them most eligible.

The Finnish nation has its own army, composed of battalions of riflemen and a regiment of cavalry, which, with the aid of Russian artillery, are charged with the defence of the country and the protection of the Russian frontier on that side.

Besides the regular army above mentioned, the Russian forces include the following troops, formed specially on ethnographical and historical bases: the Cossacks; the Circassian militia, or Tcherkesses as they are generally called; the squadron of Tatares of the Crimea; and the Turkoman militia.

Most of the nomad tribes of the steppes of Asia, as well as the Laplanders and the Mongolian tribes, are still exempt from permanent military service. In time of war the former act as local militia, as need may require, serving principally to keep up the outposts, as train guards, foragers, scouts, and on other auxiliary services.

Russia is divided into fifteen military districts, which comprise also Finland, Siberia, the Caucasus, the Transcaspian region, and Turkistan. The Caucasian troops used to form an army by themselves, but they are now incorporated in the general organization, and bear merely the name of "troops of the military district of the Caucasus."

At the head of each military district is a general, who is often at the same time governor-general of the region. In other districts, as, for instance, in those of Moscow and Wilna, these two offices are shared by two generals. The chiefs of the military districts are directly subordi-

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nated to the Minister of War. The troops are divided into corps, composed of all the arms, together with the necessary auxiliary troops. The corps, which in time of peace and in time of war forms the largest administrative and strategic unity, can thus, if necessary, act quite independently. In time of peace the commanders of corps depend upon the commander of the military district. In war time these corps are formed into armies, to which are added, as need may be, irregular troops, siege artillery, and other auxiliaries.

The regular infantry comprises 48 divisions of 4 regiments each; of which 3 are of Guards, 4 of grenadiers, and 41 of the army; 55 battalions of riflemen; 109 reserve battalions, which are transformed in war time into the same number of regiments; 164 depot battalions; 32 battalions of the line; and 13 local battalions—representing in war time a total force, not including officers, of 1,371,926 foot-soldiers.

The Russian Guards, stationed at St. Petersburg and Warsaw, composed of the finest men of the whole Russian nation, accustomed to exercise and manœuvre constantly under the eyes of the Tsar, and being almost always commanded by some member of the imperial family, form a picked corps, which for exterior brilliancy, perfect drilling, and precision of movements is unequalled. In the ranks of the Guards the members of the imperial family serve as simple officers, while the staff is made up of the most distinguished military men of the empire. The chiefs, who until quite lately were chosen exclusively from the highest aristocracy of the country, are now selected from amongst the most eminent and experienced generals and colonels of the army, irrespective of birth.

The Russian infantry is remarkable for its firmness and its stoicism, as the walls of Sebastopol and the intrenchments of Shipka bear eloquent witness. Never, up to now, has a Russian troop, large or small, yielded arms in hand. But how many examples are there where a handful of men, surrounded by a stronger and more numerous hostile force, have resisted and fought until the last man has fallen! The attack of the infantry is vigorous and rapid. When it rushes upon the enemy, its united "hurrah," drowning all other sounds, has carried many a rampart,



AN OLD VETERAN.

and often put the foe to confusion without the aid of bayonets.

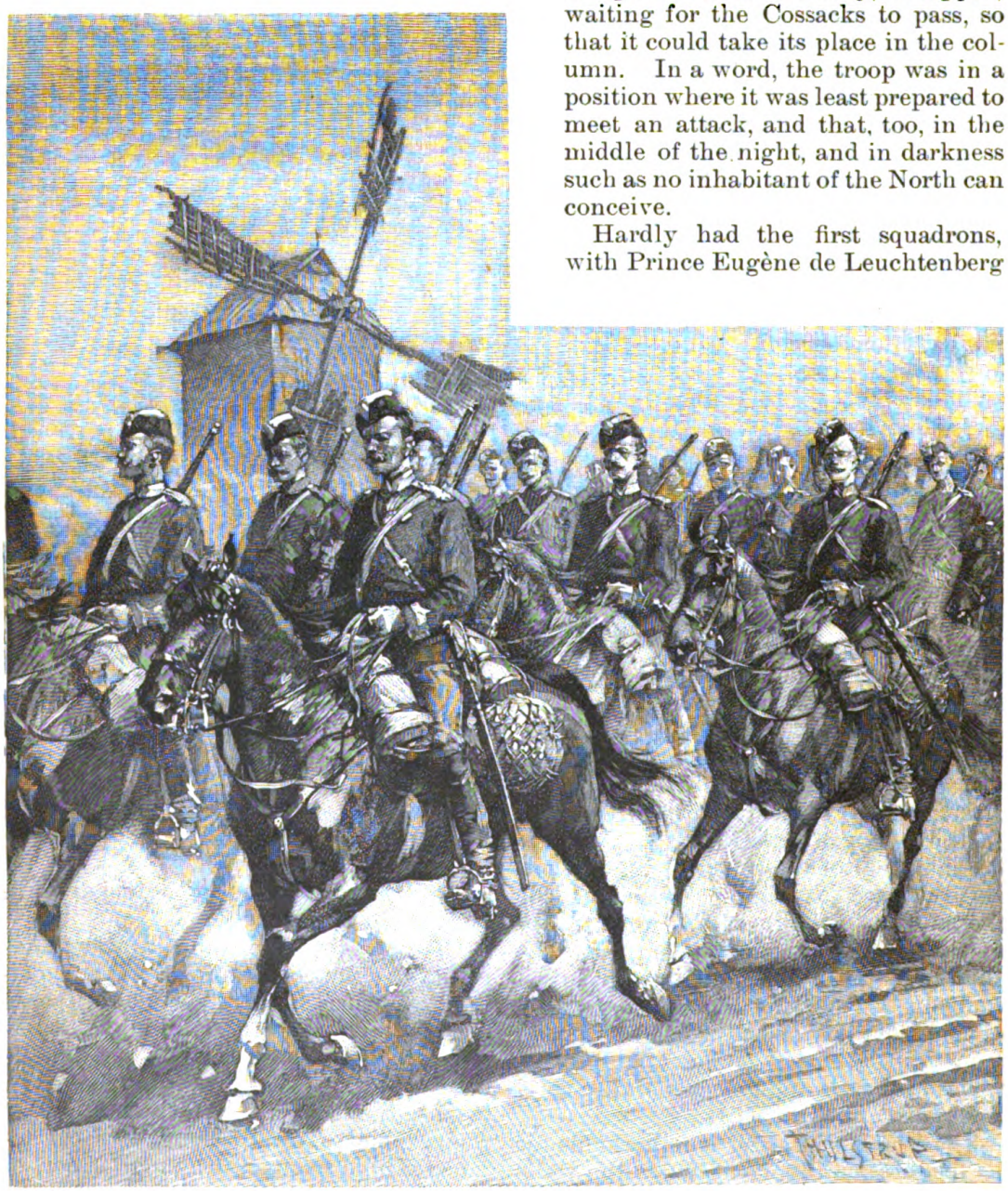
Of late the Russian infantry has achieved remarkable precision in shooting. During target practice in peace time it is considered nothing extraordinary if 60 or 70 per cent. of the bullets hit the mark. The firing discipline, too, even in the most critical moments, is very remarkable. Toward the end of the famous Khiva campaign a small troop of eight battalions, two batteries, and a thousand Cossacks was sent to establish order

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amongst the Turkoman tribes dwelling in the parts to the west of the oasis. These Turkomans refused to fulfil the conditions of peace accepted by the Khan of Khiva.

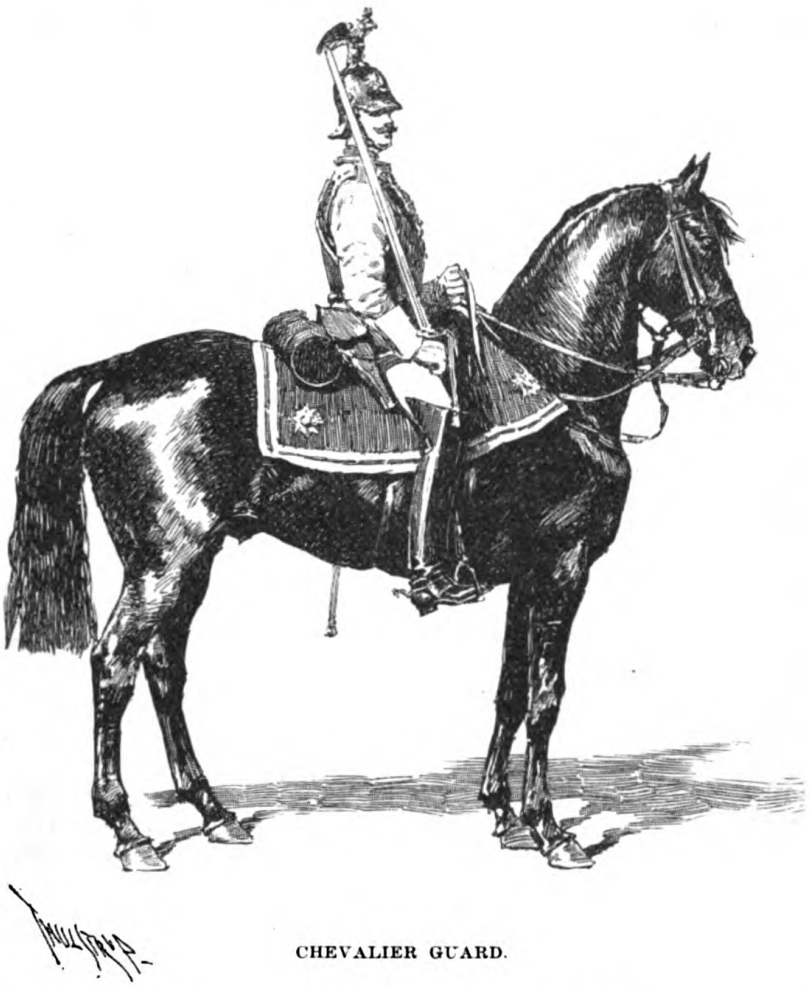
On the night of July 15th (27th) the little troop was encamped in a square in the neighborhood of the village of Tchandir, not far from the fortress of Illalle. On one side was a stretch of gardens following the line of the irrigation canal of Schah-Abat; on the other three sides was a plain intercepted by innumerable canals and dotted here and there with sand-hills. It was decided, without regard to the darkness, that we should break up the camp at one o'clock in the night, in order at daydawn to attack the Turkomans, whom we believed to be gathered at a distance of about ten miles. The start, however, was delayed until two o'clock. The cavalry opened the march, which was a mistake. The infantry had already left its quarters, and was advancing irregularly toward the starting-point, where, mingled with the artillery, it stopped, waiting for the Cossacks to pass, so that it could take its place in the column. In a word, the troop was in a position where it was least prepared to meet an attack, and that, too, in the middle of the night, and in darkness such as no inhabitant of the North can conceive.

Hardly had the first squadrons, with Prince Eugène de Leuchtenberg



DRAGOONS.

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CHEVALIER GUARD.

at their head, started along the road, than suddenly the air trembled with clamor, howls, and savage war-cries from a crowd of several thousand men, and seven Turkoman tribes, men and women together, fell upon our troop. Our squadrons were flung back upon the rest of the cavalry by force of the shock upon the infantry. The confusion was terrible. We could not see the confusion, for it was too dark, but we felt it. No more could we distinguish friends from enemies. At this moment I was crowded in the midst of a group of Cossacks, and my horse was pushed gently and slowly, as if by waves, first one way, then the other. At first not a single shot was heard, but only the dull thud of sabres striking human bodies and the lamentable cries of the wounded. Suddenly there was a flash and a glare in front of us, and a violent explosion, then a second, and a third. The rocket battery, being amongst the first squadrons, had succeeded, thanks to the darkness, in placing its stands right in the middle of the enemy. Unfortunately the rockets burst without rising. Probably they had got wet, and the heat had split them. However, the explosions frightened the Turkomans, and had the result of forming for a moment a little opening in the mass of the combatants. Then I heard behind me an energetic voice, "Make way!" and two companies of the second battalion of Turkistan riflemen passed through the midst of the Cossacks, and dashed to the spot where the battery had taken its stand. I joined the right wing of the first company. "Fire!" re-echoed the word of command, and a discharge was heard so uniform that it sounded like a single shot. "Fire!" I heard immediately alongside, and another similar discharge followed. "Fire!" a little further, and yet further, and then further still, to the right of where I was, one volley after another; and at last, in the distance near the gardens, we heard the rolling of the cannon. Eight successive rounds were fired by the companies near which I was, and in peace time, during reviews, I have often heard worse firing. Between the second and the third rounds a group of Turkomans dashed through the first company and killed four soldiers, but this did not prevent the regularity of the firing. The company was there, standing firmly as if it had not even remarked this little episode, waiting all attention for another command to fire. When the sun, with the rapidity usual in the East, rose on the horizon, our troop was found to be drawn up in a semicircle, one company by the side of the other, in an order as exact as if the manœuvre had been executed in

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broad daylight and by special word of command. It was the regular volley firing which had shown the battalions their places. If the firing had been confused and irregular, the troops would not have been able to discover their whereabout in the general chaos. In the camp lay pell-mell the dead and the wounded, Turkomans and Russians. The chief of the detachment, General Galowatscheff, and the chief of his staff, were both wounded with sabre cuts. In front of our companies was piled up a compact mass of fallen enemies, and in the distance the horizon was literally covered by the tall caps of the fleeing Turkomans.

But the quality which above all things distinguishes the Russian infantry soldier is his capacity of enduring without exhaustion all the fatigues of campaign life, and of making the longest and most difficult marches without losing his strength and courage.

During General Gourko's expedition on the other side of the Balkans, the infantry sometimes marched without a halt thirty miles, and then began immediately to fight.

The Turkistan army during its campaign against Khiva in 1873, after a two-months' march through steppes and the wildest deserts, arrived on May 11th on the banks of the Amu-Daria with only six men sick in the ambulance, although the troop had suffered during this expedition all imaginable privations.

The very first day the troop was caught in the environs of the Dchisak Mountains by a blizzard, in which several of the natives following the army as militiamen and camel-drivers perished of cold. Amongst the Russian soldiers no fatal accident happened, thanks to the presence of mind of the officers, who organized games, told the men stories, and tried to occupy them in a variety of ways in order to prevent them falling asleep. One commander of a battalion punished a soldier who had lost his horse brush simply for the purpose of showing the other men that the blizzard was not to be allowed to interfere with the service.

When the Sixteenth Battalion arrived on horseback at Shipka, it attacked, and after serious losses took by storm, a height which the Turks had had time to capture from our men. But scarcely had this height been captured by the brave battalion when the Russian signal of "retreat" was heard, and an aide-de-camp dashed forward to announce that the Russian forces at the other points were beginning to retire. Consequently the Sixteenth Battalion abandoned the position that it had so dearly won. But the signal turned out to be false, and, as we afterward learned, had been given by the Turks. Immediately the chiefs took measures to restore order. General Radetzky himself came up to the Sixteenth Battalion and gave the order to retake the height. The commander of the battalion demonstrated to the general the utter impossibility of this undertaking after the losses that the battalion had sustained. The soldiers were scattered amongst the bushes, and the Third Company had entirely disappeared. It was late, and for that reason the colonel asked permission to retake the position the next morning. "Try, perhaps you will succeed," replied Radetzky, with his usual cordial and smiling expression. The battalion "tried," but did not succeed, and overwhelmed by the enemy's fire, intrenched itself in the middle of the slope. The next day, early in the morning, it was decided to take the height in a compact mass. Those behind were to push on those in front. But scarcely had the battalion risen out of its trenches than a loud voice called out in pure Russian from the summit of the hill, "The devil take you, are you mad?" The signal of retreat had not reached the Third Company of the Sixteenth Battalion, which had remained innocently on the height, and not knowing where the others were, the valiant company had repelled all night long the attacks of the Turks on the one side, and the attacks of its own battalion on the other.

The costume of the Russian infantry soldier is simple, and adapted for service in the most varied climates. It consists of a cloth coat with tails, and short trousers tucked into long boots. The overcoat is a long garment of coarse gray cloth. This latter vestment has given rise to the familiar and affectionate appellation common in Russia, "our dear gray soldiers," by which is also expressed their simple modesty and ready self-denial. On his head the infantry soldier wears a cloth cap without a peak as working and undress uniform, and a round fur cap on parade duty. During the great summer heats the uniform is replaced by a white blouse. The Caucasus and Tur-

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CIRCASSIAN COSSACKS OF THE EMPEROR'S ESCORT.

kistan troops wear all the summer white caps, with a sort of tassel hanging over the nape of the neck. In Turkistan the soldiers wear trousers of red skin. As regards the accoutrement of the Russian infantry soldier, it may be remarked that he is a little too heavily loaded, for besides cartridges, provisions for four days, and a tent, he carries also all the *impedimenta* that he might need when campaigning. This fact, however, has the advantage of lightening the baggage train and facilitating rapid mobilization. When furthermore, thanks to the strength and abnegation of the Russian soldier, the weight of provisions can be augmented to the extreme limit, you will often see, especially in Asia, infantry cross immense distances without any baggage train whatever, and without a single superfluous man in the ranks.

This circumstance constitutes in Asia an enormous superiority over the English, whose fabulous baggage train and mass of camp-followers, who are useless in combat, will sooner or later be fatal to the Indian army.

The Russian regular cavalry is composed of 57 regiments of 6 squadrons each, and 56 depot squadrons, representing on a war footing, exclusive of officers, 95,314 horsemen. The immense herds of horses (*taboun*) which graze on the vast prairies of southern Russia, and in the steppes

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of the Turkomans, the Kalmucks, and the Bashkirs, furnish the Russian cavalry with material of a richness unequalled in the other states of Europe. All these horses present an endless variety of race, from the tall Argamac down to the Bashkir, the latter a small horse, but very tenacious and enduring. It would, however, take too long to describe the different breeds in detail; it suffices here to say that all the native animals have been improved in a multitude of stud farms by crosses with Arab and English horses. Hitherto these stud farms have been the principal purveyors of cavalry horses. No country can dispose of so many well-mounted horsemen as Russia. The regular cavalry has especially improved of late years, since the old riding-school principles have been modified and greater liberty left both to horse and horseman to develop their natural dispositions. Since all the Russian cavalry soldiers have been transformed into dragoons, the uniforms are not so ornate and brilliant as they are in other European states; but, thanks to the magnificent horses and to the superb bearing and easy grace of the men, the Russian cavalry is still very imposing in aspect. Its training is very complete, and it is drilled with a view to operating on all kinds of ground. In serried columns it jumps deep ditches, hedges, and ramparts; it is drilled to swim across rivers and lakes; as dragoons the men are also trained to fight on foot, and several of the regiments are not inferior to the infantry in target practice. The consequence is that the cavalry in large masses, and in common with its horse artillery, can act in an entirely independent manner without the assistance of infantry, and when well commanded it constitutes a redoubtable force.

The artillery is composed of 51 brigades (303 batteries) on foot, 30 horse batteries, 24 brigades of reserves (144 batteries), representing a total force of 3780 guns. In this number are included also the Cossack batteries. The fortress artillery is composed of 42 battalions.

The Russian artillery is armed with good cannons; both officers and gunners are thoroughly masters of their specialty; and the excellence of the horses enables the artillery to surmount difficulties of ground in an astonishing manner. The infantry have the highest consideration for cannon, and consider it a terrible disgrace to abandon a gun to the enemy. For the capture of a gun from the enemy the statutes give the cross of Saint George. The defence of a battery in position is entirely the business of the infantry that covers it. The artillerymen consequently carry no other fire-arms but their revolvers. This seems to us a mistake, for there may be occasions when the artillery may have to defend itself.

The other auxiliary troops, like the engineers, sappers and miners, signal-men, balloonists, and ambulance corps, are all organized in the manner which the modern science of warfare has found to be the best.

The Russian miners have long been famous, and, thanks to the efforts and personal knowledge of General Todleben in subterranean war, have acquired altogether exceptional skill.

In the irregular Russian army our attention is first attracted to the Cossacks. This military force, unique in its kind, forms in its present state the connecting link between the regular and the irregular troops.

In war time the Cossacks can keep under arms 155 regiments of cavalry, 20 battalions of infantry, and 38 batteries of horse artillery. But in time of peace only about half these troops serve; the others stay at home and attend to their peaceful occupations. The Cossacks of the Don alone send to war 62 regiments of cavalry and 22 batteries, of which 22 regiments and 8 batteries serve also in times of peace. In each division of regular cavalry there is, in time of peace, one regiment of Cossacks.

The military education of the Cossack begins while he is still in the cradle, for the first sounds that his ear catches are the warlike words of the songs by which he is rocked to sleep. All the Cossack children's games are of a warlike nature, and almost before the boys have learned to walk they are placed on horseback. The Cossacks are fine tall men, with bronzed complexions and very energetic expressions; their women are renowned for their beauty. The Cossack and his strong little horse form one. His costume is simple and imposing, without any glittering and useless ornaments that would only help the enemy to discover him. He wears no spurs, and all his arms are so well contrived that they never make the slightest noise. Nolon

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FIELD ARTILLERY.

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says of them, "A hundred Cossacks make less noise than a single regular cavalry soldier."

On active service the Cossack is the soul and the eye of the army, or rather its pointer-dog. He seems to smell the enemy where no one even thinks of his existence. The Cossack and his horse do not know what fatigue means, and no one has yet been able to discover when either of them takes rest. Even when slumbering they seem to be watching, and at any and every instant they are ready to act. The Cossack finds his way everywhere, and glides furtively across the ground occupied by the enemy. If a commander wants to send a communication to a distant column whose exact situation he does not himself know, he simply gives the letter to a Cossack, who is bound to find a way of delivering it. As guerillas the Cossacks have not their equals. They give the enemy not a moment's rest night or day, and always appear at the point where they are least expected. Next to the terrible winter, it was the Cossacks who contributed most to the extermination of the French in 1812. An enemy's train, however close it may be behind the troops, can never be sure of escaping the attack of the Cossacks. They appear all of a sudden, and attack with lightning rapidity, but in the force of their shock they are inferior to the regular cavalry. The consequence is, that if they happen to find themselves suddenly face to face with regular cavalry, they disperse like a cloud on the horizon, but soon come back from an opposite direction. The Cossack fights as well on foot as on horseback, and he is a very skilful shot. When a troop of Cossacks happens to be surprised by superior forces, and cannot retreat or take up a tenable position, the men make their docile horses lie down, to serve them as ramparts.

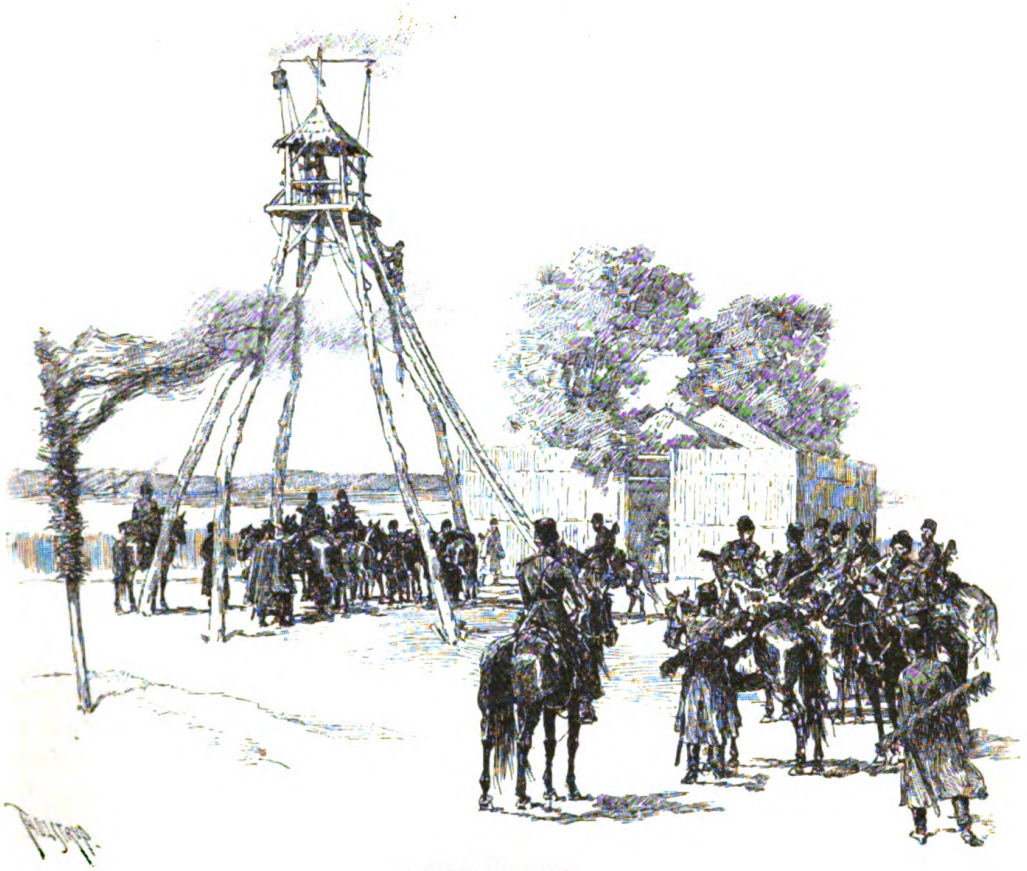
Amongst the privileges of the Cossacks must be mentioned one belonging peculiarly to those of the Ural. These Cossacks are ardent fishermen, and in the days of the Tsar Alexis Michailowitsch they obtained the right of barring with a weir the upper waters of the Ural, to prevent the fish ascending the river above their territory. In return for this privilege they send every year to the imperial court, according to old tradition, a present of splendid sturgeons and caviare. A refusal on the part of the court would be regarded by them as an immense affront.



OFFICER OF THE CIRCASSIAN COSSACKS.

Of all the Cossacks those of the Caucasus (of the Terek and the Kuban) have more than the others preserved their primitive character of pure warriors, for it is scarcely a quarter of a century since each one of them, while defending the frontier against the enemy, was incessantly exposed to the aggressions and ravages of the wild

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A COSSACK POST.

mountaineers of the Caucasus. These Cossacks wear the Tcherkess or Circassian costume, and ride on Kabardin horses, which are remarkable for their endurance and their easy and rapid gait—so easy that even a bad rider can travel on them the longest distances without fatigue. The Kabardin horse will walk five miles an hour, and his rider will simply have the impression of sitting in a swing very gently moved. I have often ridden fifty miles a day on one of these horses without feeling the slightest fatigue.

The methods of fighting and the warlike habits of the Tcherkesses have been adopted by the Cossacks of the Caucasus. Their villages, situated along the rivers Kuban, Laba, and Terek, used to form what was called the military line, and that is why these Cossacks received the name of Cossacks of the Line. During nearly three centuries, and up to the second half of the present century, they were fighting day and night with their wild mountaineer neighbors. All along the frontier were always posted, on high lookout scaffolds, sentinels whose experienced eye watched the heights and the plains on the other side of the river. In every village there was a cannon that warned the neighboring towns of the approach of danger.

The Cossacks, with their women and children, are busy with the hay harvest. Before them, beyond the river, is a picturesque scene—fertile prairies, woods, clumps of trees—and beyond in the distance the long chain of the Caucasus, with its peaks capped with eternal snow. But the Cossacks are on the alert; for during several days in succession they have seen columns of smoke in the mountains. When they want to gather together, the mountaineers signal to each other by lighting fires. Suddenly a cannon-shot is heard in the distance. In the Cossack's ears this shot sounds like a plaintive and desperate cry of distress. Other nearer shots follow. The sickles and rakes are thrown down, and everybody hastens back to the village. The Cossack girds on his pistol and poniard, slings his sword over his shoulder, and loads his

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gun, while his wife and daughter saddle his horse. In a few minutes the troop is ready, and dashes along at full speed to help the neighbors in distress, followed by the prayers of the women, and their exhortations to be speedy and to be brave.

Sometimes the Cossacks arrive in time. Near the village besieged by the Tcherkesses the Cossacks from all the surrounding villages assemble, and a bloody fight begins. Little by little other Cossacks arrive from the more distant villages, and the Tcherkesses, vanquished this time, beat a retreat. But it also often happens that before aid can arrive the Tcherkesses have had time to finish their horrible task, and the troop of Cossacks hastening to succor the unfortunate villagers find nothing but burning houses and smoking ruins strewn with the mutilated corpses of men, women, and children. All the cattle and a part of the women have been carried off.

On the other hand, it may be that the Cossacks themselves have assembled from the different villages to make an excursion into the mountains against the Tcherkesses. On these occasions they display no less artfulness and knowledge of the country than the mountaineers themselves. In their turn they attack the villages unexpectedly, set fire to them, kill the men, and capture the cattle, but they never touch the old men, the women, or the children. When the Cossacks return to their villages, young and old turn out to meet them. How many loving hearts beat anxiously when the dear troop appears on the horizon! What cries of joy, and what bitter wailings, too, when the troop enters the village!

The principal Cossack hero in this century was General Steptsoff, who, after innumerable heroic exploits, was killed in the Caucasus Mountains. His daring attacks on the Tcherkesses won him legendary renown, and his name and exploits form the theme of the favorite songs of the Cossacks.

The Caucasian militia consists of the irregular cavalry regiments of Daghestan and of Kutais; of the mounted militia of Daghestan, the Kuban, and the Terek; of the foot cohort of the Georgians; of the foot century of Gourie. These regiments and this militia are formed of those same Tcherkesses, Kabardins, Tchetcheres, Tatares, and other tribes of Caucasian mountaineers, who for two centuries and a half struggled so obstinately against the Russians, and of whom many have been pacified only within the past twenty years.

The Tcherkesses—the term now most used in Europe to designate the different Caucasian tribes—are a wild, bellicose, and rapacious nation. The Tcherkess is a warrior in his very soul, sly, cruel, and bloodthirsty. The sufferings of an enemy awaken in him only a sensual smile of enjoyment. He tortures his prisoner, kills him, and mutilates him terribly. How many loved comrades have I found with their arms twisted out of joint, and other parts of their bodies cut off and stuck in their mouths! The Tcherkess is not a fanatic, but he is a great fatalist; and now he is in the Russian service he attacks with the same ruthless ardor and bloodthirstiness the Mussulman with whom thirty years ago he used to fight side by side against the Russians. He always seeks to attack his enemy on the sly, but when he does not succeed in surprising him, he dashes upon him and displays prodigious courage. Tcherkess boys are trained from their tenderest years to ride and handle weapons. The Tcherkess horseman will rush at full gallop into a small court-yard, and not turn his horse until he strikes his nose against the wall. In the same way he will gallop toward a precipice, and turn his horse only when his forefeet are over the abyss. All the Tcherkess games and dances are of a warlike nature. One of the most picturesque sights one can imagine is a Tcherkess fête, when these tall, dark-skinned men, handsome and muscular, with their swords and poniards drawn, execute their favorite dance, the "Lesginka," around a fire, which, with its red glare, lights up their strong features and illumines the surrounding woods and rocks. A favorite game is to leap on horseback over the fire when the flame is at its highest. All the natives of the Caucasus carry arms up to the present day, and the Russian government finds it prudent not to interfere with this usage. Still it must appear strange to one who travels for the first time in the Caucasus to find himself surrounded by people who are all armed to the teeth. Doubtless the Caucasus is pacified, but travelling there is not completely safe. The Tatares and Kurds in the southern Caucasus, and the Jangouches in the northern districts, often indulge in brigandage.

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COSSACKS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.

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In European warfare the Tcherkesses are very useful on outpost duty and as skirmishers. Even in open battle they can make very successful charges. In the last Turkish campaign it happened once that a trench occupied by the Turks was attacked by a battalion of infantry, but the deadly fire preventing them from reaching the intrenchments, order was given to the Jangouche militia to mount to the attack, and they simply dashed upon the enemy like a hurricane, leaped over the defences, and massacred the Turks inside.

The war effective of the irregular troops of the Caucasus and of the Crimea amounts to 6330 men.

The Turkoman militia, numbering 2000 men, is composed of the newly subjugated Teke Turkomans of Merv and of Ahal-Teke. It is an entirely new force, whose acquaintance the Europeans will have the pleasure of making when the next campaign comes. Until the capture of Ahal-Teke, and four years later that of Merv, these Turkomans were chiefly engaged in brigandage. Like the Cossacks in olden times, they were absolutely free, and it was only in war-time or for long expeditions that they elected chiefs, whom they called Khans. The Turkomans were the real masters of the immense desert between the Amu-Daria and the frontiers of Persia and Afghanistan. They used to make long and prompt pillaging excursions. One of their best chiefs, Tyckma Sardar, who subsequently obtained as a reward for his services the rank of major in the Turkoman militia, told me that he had raided with his men as far as the shores of the Persian Gulf.

The Turkomans used to rob the caravans and the villages of neighboring countries, and returned home with abundant herds of cattle, provisions, and all kinds of merchandise. But their best and most lucrative booty was man. The prisoners whom they took in Persia were sold advantageously as slaves in the bazars of Bokhara and Khiva. This traffic received a serious blow in 1867, when the Emir of Bokhara was forced by the Russians to prohibit the slave-trade within his dominions. Nevertheless it was continued in secret. In 1873, when the Russians took Khiva, they liberated more than 40,000 Persian slaves, who had all been sold by the Turkomans. Now the slave-trade has been entirely abolished.

As the irrigated land in the Turkoman country is not sufficient to give occupation to all these turbulent spirits, the Russian government has formed military troops of them. The Turkomans have received this measure with enthusiasm. Unfortunately it would cost too dear to enroll all those who desire to enter the service, for almost all the Turkomans are on the list of candidates. If one of the men of the militia dies, a hundred offer themselves for the vacancy. The only dream that the Turkomans now have is to show the Russian Tsar what they can do. There is every reason to trust to their loyalty. Nowadays you may travel unarmed with perfect safety from one end of the Turkoman oasis to the other, as I myself have done.

The Turkomans are a fine race, with regular features and very dark skins. This is true, however, of the men only, for the women are generally very ugly. The Turkoman is excessively sympathetic, brave, hospitable, and honest in his way. He will rob a man whom he does not know if he finds anything lying about loose, but he never breaks open a lock or a door, and if you lend him a sum of money on his mere word, you may be sure that he will pay it back, even if he lives three hundred leagues off, away in the desert.

His method of warfare is that of all the Asiatic peoples. The quality by which he is distinguished above all other irregular cavalry is the facility with which he traverses incredible distances in a short time. While the Russians were at war against the Turkomans, it often happened that the spies in the evening would announce that a Turkoman troop had been seen before dinner-time near a well ninety miles away, and before the spy had finished his story the same Turkomans would be upon us.

When the Turkomans are preparing for a campaign, they train their big, strong, and swift Argamac horses for ten days or a fortnight so that they can run immense distances without eating or drinking. For these occasions the horses are fed on a sort of bread made of flour and meat. The Turkoman himself is satisfied, when needful, with a loaf of wheaten bread and a few drops of water a day.

The entire Russian war effective, including officers, artillery, engineers, train, etc., consists of:

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Regular army	1,766,278
Cossack troops	145,325
Irregular troops	6,331
Total	1,917,934

By adding to these figures the effective of the troops not levied in time of peace, say 100,000 men, we reach an effective of 2,000,000 men for the war footing. The Russian militia, which may be called out in times of war, amounts to 3,000,000 men.

The Russian officers are recruited chiefly from two different sources: the Military Schools, composed of young men who have passed through the preliminary course of the Cadets' Corps, and the Ensign Schools, or Junker Schools, where young men from the ranks study with a view to obtaining advancement. The former are naturally superior to the latter. Besides these, there are also the young men who receive the rank of officers of the first grade as a reward for bravery, but do not advance higher before having passed the necessary examinations.

The Guards have a brilliant corps of officers, for the most part rich and well-educated young men; as has been mentioned above, several members of the imperial family and of the first families of Russia serve as officers in these regiments. But the case of the mass of the officers of the great Russian army is very different. The army officer is not remarkable for any exterior *éclat*, but he possesses in the highest degree all the qualities that I have noticed above in speaking of the Russian soldier. Neither the instruction he has gained in the schools nor the reading of those books that excite young men's minds can efface in his nature those grand traits of the Russian character, which are based on love of the Tsar, of religion, and of the father-land. Russian discipline has its peculiar *cachet*, which is also the outcome of the national character; it is unlike Prussian discipline; but it is just as good, and in the hour of danger, when all is lost, I believe that it is even superior. The colonels often use the affectionate and familiar "thee" and "thou" in speaking to the young officers, and yet I have never seen an officer forget himself in presence of his chief, even though he might be a little drunk.

How often have I seen General Abramoff in Asia and General Skobeleff in Turkey, far from the enemy, in good company, where the wine had flowed copiously, after having received a despatch that necessitated prompt measures, send immediately one of his guests on an excursion from which he had a hundred chances of never returning, and which in Asia generally meant a journey of a hundred miles or more! The officer selected would rise immediately, hastily button his coat, and compose his countenance to seriousness, and in a few minutes he was gone, after a hearty shaking hands with the general, and some jocose scolding from his comrades.



OFFICER OF THE TURKOMAN MILITIA.

During an expedition in the valley of Schackrisial, in Turkistan, while our little troop was resting for a few hours, after having accomplished half the day's march, the officers had assembled around their chief, General Abramoff, and were breakfasting on carpets under the shade of a gigantic plane-tree. Suddenly a Kirgheez appeared, and related that the village where we were to pass the night was occupied by a group of the enemy. The general then addressed me in these words:

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GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

"G——, take ten Cossacks, drive the enemy away, and fix the resting-places for the troops."

I hastened forward, gathered my Cossacks together, and returned toward the general to report that I was ready, and to ask if he had any other orders to give me.

"No," he replied, "but you have time to eat a cutlet."

I confess that I did not find the cutlet very good, for I realized perfectly the danger of my situation. As I was leaving, a few minutes later, one of the officers, commanding a battery, called to me, "Mind you choose a good place for the artillery, and not in a marsh, as we were yesterday."

We see the same scenes, whether it is the general or the captain of a company who gives the orders; and the same scenes occur in time of peace in matters of daily service.

The Russian army officer is hardly known in Europe, and it is quite possible that the first impression he produces is unfavorable, on account of his timidity and his ignorance of the usages of society. But the real time to see him is when he is campaigning. Then this obscure, modest, and insignificant officer is suddenly metamorphosed into a giant, before whose courage, strength, and energy one must bow. All his timidity has disappeared, and his whole outward appearance assumes a new aspect. He always advances at the head of his men, and forms the first target for the enemy's bullets. The enormous losses in officers which the Russians experienced during the last Turkish war are evident testimonies to their courage. Thus, for instance, the Orloff Regiment of infantry and the Fourth Brigade of riflemen lost during the war more than 100 per cent. of their officers. Here is a mathematical problem to solve! At the beginning of an engagement near Shipka I had in the ranks of my troop only twelve officers who had survived past combats, and amongst this number five had come out of hospital with wounds not yet healed.

The Russian officer never thinks of resting himself until he has made all the arrangements for his soldiers, for whom he feels a fatherly solicitude. For this care the soldier requites him with sincere affection.

In speaking of the Russian officers, I have still a few words to say about the staff. Formerly there was much to be criticised in this organization, but the rich field of instruction and exercise that it has found in central Asia, the great experience that it acquired in the last Turkish war, and the practical tendency which has been given to it of late, place it on a level with the renowned German staff.

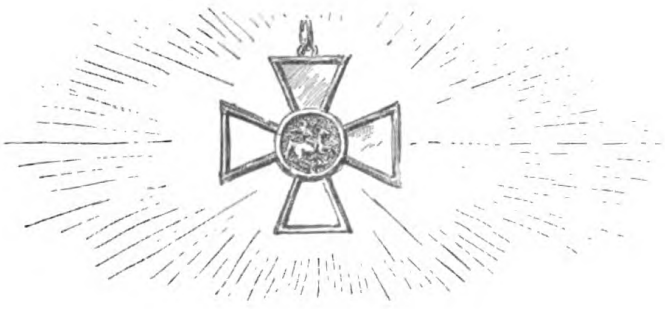
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Formerly the staff was not popular amongst the troops, but now that each staff-officer, in order to obtain advancement, is obliged to serve in the ranks of the army, and as many of the staff-officers have accomplished acts of heroism, this corps has gained the full confidence both of the ordinary officers and of the soldiers. As scouts the staff-officers have always distinguished themselves. One of the finest exploits of this kind is the reconnoissance of Lieutenant-Colonel, afterward General, Skobeleff, in the desert between Khiva and the Caspian Sea, at the end of July, 1873. One of the Russian columns, while advancing from the Caspian toward Khiva through the desert, got lost in the sand, and was obliged to return to Krasnovodsk without having attained its end. After the capture of Khiva, Skobeleff asked permission to reconnoitre in person the desert route between Khiva and the spot where the column had turned back. Disguised as a Turkoman, but unable himself to speak the language, the brave lieutenant-colonel went into the desert accompanied only by two faithful followers, an interpreter, and his Russian servant, also disguised as Turkomans. The war was then still going on, and the country that he was to traverse was peopled by the most savage inhabitants of the desert, burning with hatred of the Russians, who had just vanquished them a week ago. Near a well he encountered a hostile troop, and saved himself only by feigning sickness, for he knew that no Mussulman, unless he is a doctor, will come near or take any trouble about a sick man. His servant had to hide behind some bushes on a sand-hill. From this excursion Skobeleff returned safely, after a journey there and back of nearly 400 miles, bringing with him valuable topographical details. This expedition won him his first St. George's cross.

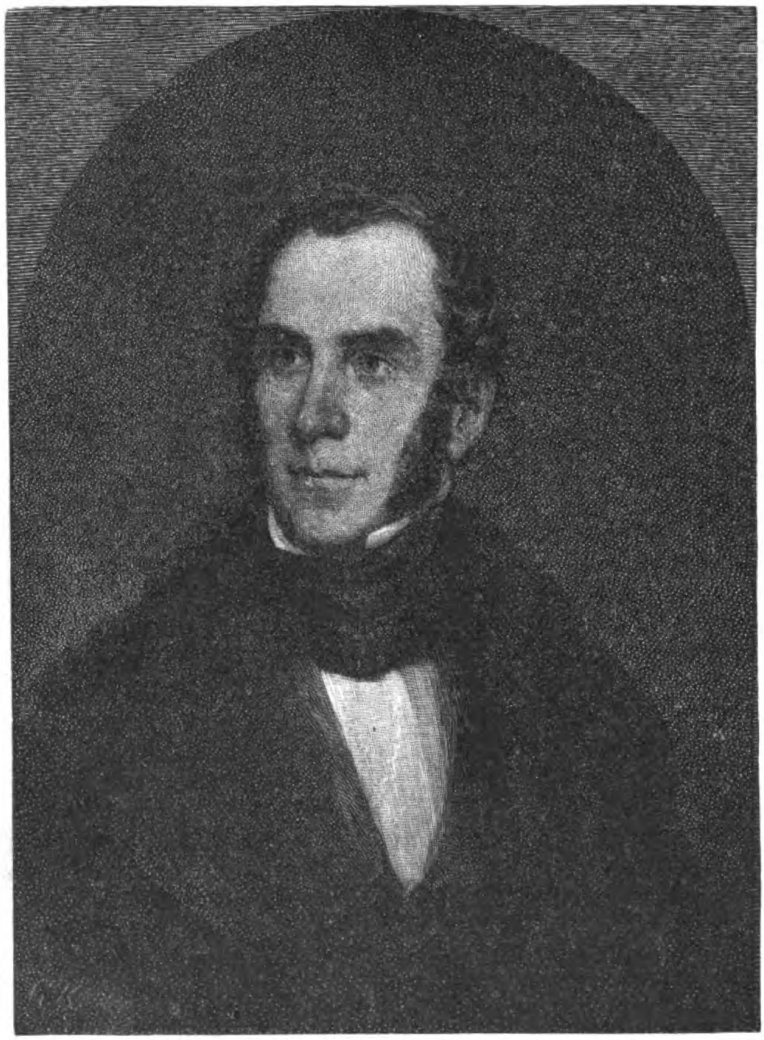
As able military theorists the Russian staff-officers have always been known, and many of the best works on modern military science have been written by them. The topographical and geodesic corps are also perfect, and their innumerable achievements in cartography and topography are familiar to all the *savants* of the universe. The explorations and scientific observations of the staff-officer Pezéwalsky in Mongolia and Thibet are at the present time being followed by all geographers with the liveliest interest.

In the troops forming the army of the Caucasus and of Turkistan the warlike spirit is more strongly kept up in time of peace than it is in the troops of the interior—the traditions of the past are fresher; duels between the officers are more frequent. The infantry soldier, both of the Caucasus and of Turkistan, is an excellent horseman, often a better horseman than many a cavalry officer. Hunting tigers, wild-boars, antelopes, and roebucks is their favorite amusement. This occupation fosters vigor and presence of mind both in officers and men.

In general, the Russian troops in Asia are more practical than others when campaigning. As soon as the soldier learns that he will remain in a place for a day or two, he digs out an oven in the first hillock he finds, and in a few hours he has made some hot bread and cakes, of which the first baked are offered to the commander of the troop. The veteran Turkistan soldier never drinks water while he is marching in the desert, but when there comes a quarter of an hour's halt he immediately puts his little teakettle on the fire. I wished to introduce this usage into a troop of the interior army during the campaign in Turkey, but the soldiers preferred to rest rather than to trouble about their tea before reaching the bivouac where they were to pass the night.



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THOMAS COLE.
From the portrait by A. B. Durand, P.N.A.

TWO PHASES OF AMERICAN ART.

BY MRS. L. C. LILLIE.

WHETHER or no the art of correspondence is dying out, certain it is that we owe the past generation a debt of gratitude for the charming manner in which they used it. The agreeable fashion of journalizing, recording impressions, the communicating of all sorts of small events in the daily lives of interesting people, create for us a delightful index to the period to which they belong.

It is easy, as we turn the thin sheets of an old package before us, to picture ourselves in an art circle half a century gone by, and to feel at home with the bright English lady who writes as follows:

"You would be interested greatly in some of the Americans now in London, particularly some young artists who at the H——s told us a great deal about art in America, or rather the art struggling to be there. These young men seem very hopeful and enthusiastic, and are particularly anxious to see Turner's work. We breakfasted last Thursday with Samuel Rogers, who was full of America from having met these very people. He had much to say of the future of art and literature in America. That country seems to ripen quickly every seed sown."

Again from the same packet: "Every one has been talking about the Turners at the Royal Academy. Whatever impressions he means to convey, they are certainly very wonderful pictures; and if, as

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some say, the man is mad, it is a strongly colored fine kind of madness."

At the same time we have before us letters from one of the young Americans referred to, and who was visiting London for the first time. This was Thomas Cole. He writes as follows:

"I have taken lodgings at a Mr. Upton's, No. 2 Fitzroy Square.... You may suppose that when I visited the exhibition of the Royal Academy I went with great expectations. I was going to see the works of painters highly estimated, and I almost trembled for fear I should find my own littleness. A view of the fine pictures has not discouraged me. There were many excellent ones by Turner, Calcot, and others of whom you have often heard me speak.... I called on Samuel Rogers a day or two since, and he received me with cordiality. He expressed himself highly pleased with the picture I had sent him, and invited me to dine with him to-morrow, which I intend to do. He has not yet seen my Hagar."

And again: "To Sir Thomas Lawrence I was introduced by a letter from Mr. Gilmore, of Baltimore. He treated me in a very friendly manner, was pleased with my pictures, and sent his carriage for me to come and breakfast with him. We breakfasted at eight, in a spacious apartment filled with works of art. Conversed on the fine arts of America.... After breakfast he took me into his painting-room, which was a picture wilderness.... The English have a mania for what *they* call generalization, which is nothing more nor less than the idle art of making a little study go a great way, and their pictures are usually things full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.... The standard by which I form my judgment is Nature, and if I am astray, it is on a path which I have taken for that of truth."

Of Turner he says: "I had expected to see an older man, with a countenance pale with thought, but I was entirely mistaken. .... He has a good gallery, in which hang many of his finest pictures.... When considered separately from the subject they are splendid combinations of color, but they are destitute of all appearance of solidity.... This appearance, I imagine, is the effect of an undue dislike to dulness and black. Nature in her most exquisite beauty abounds in darkness and dulness; above all, she possesses solidity."

Turner at the same time said to a friend: "There is a young man from America, named Cole, who ought to do fine things. He is as much of a poet as a painter." A judgment which was strikingly fair, even though the literary element in his work did not then absorb Cole as much as it did later. His observation of the form and outline of nature was perhaps keener at that time than when his imagination was given a more fanciful impetus.

This was in 1829, and of all the so-called American set then in London, Cole might be considered most representative of art in the young country. Everything that could be called an influence in his life was distinctly and characteristically American, and though English by birth, his enthusiasms, his ambitions, his hopes, all centred in his adopted country. There a certain art circle had begun to form, but with so few resources, and so little of the friction necessary to all talent which is creative, that Cole, like others of his fraternity, eagerly sought the advantage of foreign study and inspiration.

The story of his early manhood presents a picture so typical of the struggles which beset all art students at that day that it is worthy a more permanent record than has been given. In Philadelphia, where his father went into the dry-goods trade, Thomas instinctively turned to wood-engraving, but with the usual artistic desire for some more suggestive surroundings than were to be found in a rough workshop, he was wont to carry his blocks and tools home, where, however, it does not seem to have occurred to him, as it would to an artist of to-day, to set up anything like a studio. The family, eight in number, were possessed of great natural refinement and no small musical ability. Thomas worked where he could hear his sisters' tuneful voices, and also keeping his own flute near at hand; and we have an interesting picture of him at that period from a gentleman who in those days, while studying law, boarded with Mr. Cole's family, sharing the room of the young engraver. Of it he writes:

"He had his little work-bench put up in our room, under the window-sill, that he might have the full benefit of the light. We sat with our backs to each other; at intervals he whistled and sung, then laid aside the tool with which he was working, took up his flute, which was his constant companion, and played some sweet air."

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There was absolutely no art friction in the atmosphere about him, nor, indeed, was much to be obtained in any part of the country, the few artists who had achieved anything like excellence concentrating such influences as existed into a most limited circle. Neither opinion, sentiment, nor experiences were diffused, exhibitions were almost unknown, and the artist who felt his soul struggling within him was forced to let it expand with no help from his surrounding, indeed in most instances with the very meagrest of mechanical resources. In our day of constant interchange of all that makes and helps the world of art it seems hard to realize the position of a painter in the early part of the century. Smybert, the first English artist of any note who visited America, had left in Cambridge a copy of one of Vandyck's pictures, a cardinal's head, and this painting, although by no means of superior quality, was regarded by the few artists of the day as their chief object of inspiration. Copley, Trumbull, and others copied it, feeling that sense of exhilaration produced by contact with a master-work; but this fact in itself is significant enough to show the condition of American art resources at the time young Cole made his first venture in the world and his profession.

A travelling artist named Stein chanced to loan him a book on art, some pencils, and the first good colors he had ever possessed, but he seems to have made no more elaborate suggestion to young Cole than that he should try his fortune after the fashion of ordinary painters of the day, *i. e.*, go forth over the country painting portraits or sign-boards or whatever else he could find to do for practice and his living.

He left home with a green bag slung over his shoulder, and which contained a change of apparel, his few colors and brushes, the treatise on art before mentioned, and his beloved flute. The journey he made is characteristic both of the man and the period. He went on foot, stopping at various taverns, where it appears he was generally well received, and an arrangement effected whereby he could paint a portrait or a sign in return for his board and lodging. Soon after, we find him in Philadelphia, still working, but beset by the most painful anxieties; at times half starving in his garret, but thankful and encouraged when a customer appeared and ordered a picture for $11. When his family removed to New York, he painted in an attic room in an atmosphere of almost perpetual twilight, and with absolutely no advantages, and almost every possible obstacle to success. He was entirely unknown, obscure, penniless, and fighting not only an adverse fate, but every variety of disagreeable circumstance; yet forth from the poor little garret, with its dim lights and vexatious shadows, were sent pictures that bore the glow of day in a picture dealer's window so creditably that they at last attracted a purchaser.

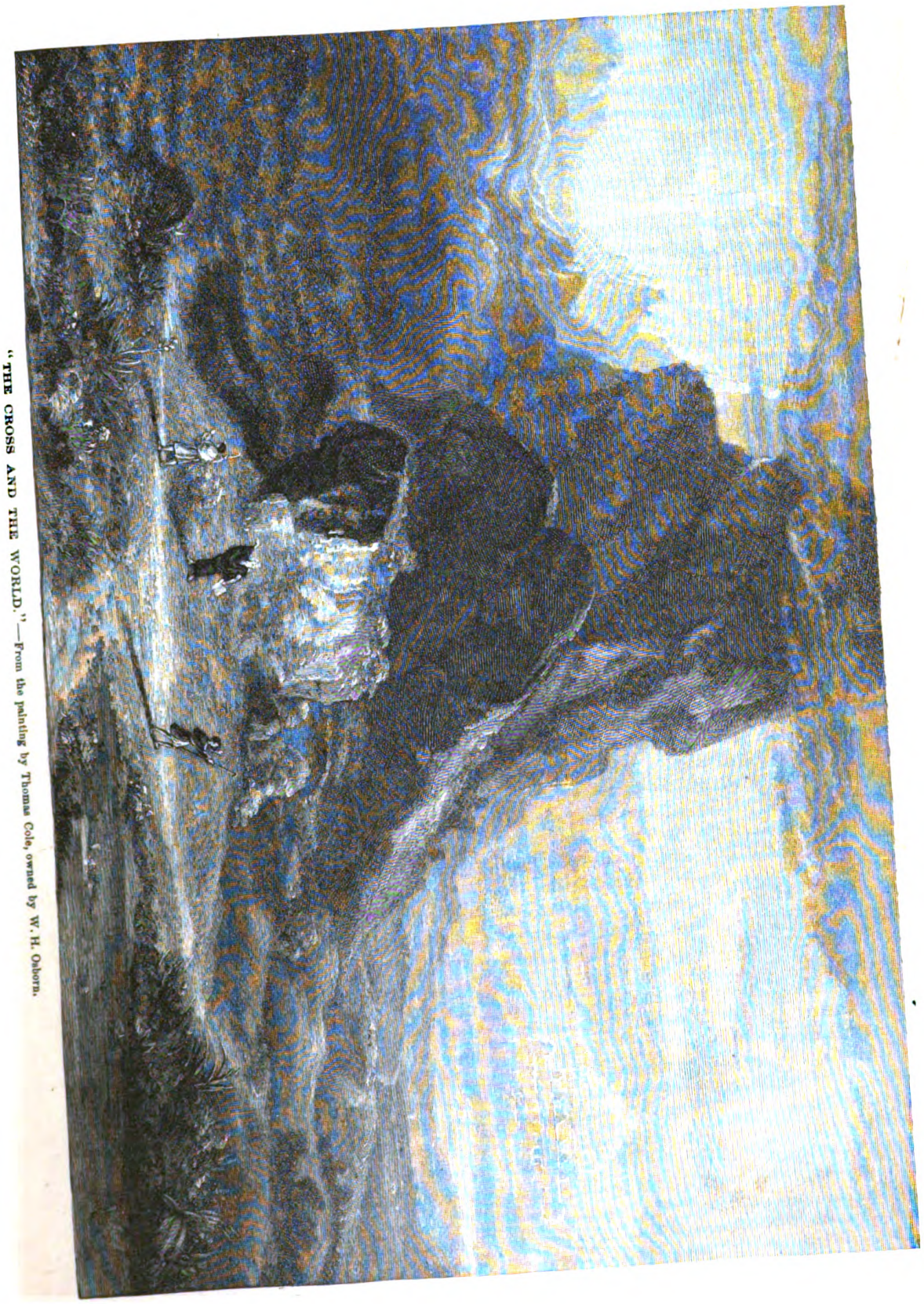
Three of them were purchased for $21 by a Mr. Bruen, and small as the sum was, it was sufficient to lift young Cole's spirits to a height greater than they had ever known; for this was recognition, the first sound of the applause to come later; and better still, it led to his visiting the Hudson.

Mr. Bruen, although not an artist himself, had felt, in journeying up and down the river, what a field its verdant banks would offer to any landscape-painter, and something in the work of the unknown young artist whom he had patronized made him feel like suggesting a journey, to be undertaken on commission, during which he would have time allowed him to study Nature, and draw from her the inspiration needed. It was Cole's first start in life. To us the chief significance of the visit was that it opened a hitherto unthought-of region to the American painter.

Cole started one October day. The Indian-summer had begun, and maple and sumach lent their glow to the still deep greens of the country that borders that enchanted river. The breaks in the land's fertility were few. It was not then as now, a country of summer villas and hotels, but a place of never-ending delight, of natural forms untouched, and for miles together almost unbroken in simple growths of nature. There seems to have been no definite idea in Cole's mind as to a resting-place, but on nearing Catskill his choice was made. He landed at the little village, and started at once upon a tour of investigation, making footprints for many others to follow.

It was a journey of strange and unexpected delight to the young artist. Brought face to face with this most lovely, untried country, Cole's heart awoke

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"THE CROSS AND THE WORLD."—From the painting by Thomas Cole, owned by W. H. Osborn.

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to new inspirations, his mind to wider visions and loftier dreams. He roamed about the valleys and mountain paths, feeling, as he so often said in later years, that he was taking them to himself, a possession like a treasure found for himself, to be his for all time, and it has been remarked that in all his work some touch or hint of the country of the Catskills lingers.

Cole went at once into the heart of the mountain country, and painted some sketches in the neighborhood of the Clove, which certainly contained as good work as anything he did later. The difficulty of an over-stimulated imagination was not in his way during his first greeting of a country which, as an artist, he felt that he had discovered. The infection of the place took hold of him; he came back to the village filled with a desire to make some permanent place of work for himself in this lovely untried region, but there was not then, as now, the ready facility for an impromptu workshop of any kind, still Cole was happy in the hospitality offered him by a gentleman, whose house, standing on a hilly street about one mile from the village, later became his own home.

With this genial acquaintance formed, making a personal association with the place, Cole returned to New York, exhibited his work, and the sketches secured immediate recognition.

Three men whose names belong to the first active period of art in America purchased these early pictures of the Catskills. Trumbull, Dunlap, and Durand were the buyers, and the result was the formation of a friendly clique, which, limited though it was, proved the very best influence the young man could have had.

Trumbull sent for the unknown young artist, inviting him to meet Dunlap and Durand at his studio.

It was a memorable afternoon. Trumbull preserved a sketch of Cole as he then appeared, a slightly built young man, apparently not more than one-and-twenty; fair, with large blue eyes, brown hair, and an expression of keen though reserved intelligence; speaking with some nervousness of manner, yet always to the point; timid, yet not awkwardly so; and when embarrassment wore away, quite brilliant in his style, having force and a certain epigrammatic way of putting things which pleased the older men immensely.

These new friends of Cole had drawn their special inspiration from Benjamin West, and in those first meetings the little band talked over art abroad in a way which fired the young man with a desire to go to the Old World; and as from that hour the hard part of his fight was ended, he soon found himself one of the so-called "young Americans" at Rogers's breakfast table, in the studios of Lawrence, Turner, and other artists of note, studying, observing, criticising, and drawing inspiration, which, however, he took back to work out with very crude material, for even in the great metropolis a painter's resources continued to be few.

At that time the meagreness of artistic life may be gathered from the fact that there was only one dealer in the city who supplied materials to the few studios gathered in the neighborhood of Greenwich Street and lower Broadway. This individual was somewhat of an autocrat, as may be imagined, and we have been told by an old lady who remembers him very well that it was not uncommon for him to dictate to the artists who patronized him the colors he would *permit* them to use, refusing to sell certain materials if he considered them inappropriate. The neighborhood of his shop was a sort of rendezvous, just as his little parlor in the rear was a place of gathering for a few choice spirits among the still small band of workers. Other places of meeting there were, although the records are few and far between, and the jovial times were not so frequent then as now. The advent of a new picture was treated with a certain dignity of respect, and studios presented no such social resources as are enjoyed to-day; but Cole had established himself in a studio at Catskill, keeping apartments in New York, on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, where he worked and exhibited, and where he received his best commissions from Mr. Reed. His heart, however, was in his beloved mountain country, and there he spent some happy months in the residence of the gentleman whose niece, Miss Maria Bartow, he married in the November of 1836.

The house and family had long shown him its hospitality. The lady of his happy choice he had known first as a child during his earlier visits to the mountains, and his marriage fixed his home permanently in that region. The house stands

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in a garden full of old-fashioned blossoms and fragrances; its walls of yellow stone show in summer-time against a gorgeous garden of hollyhocks; the gateway is overhung with verdure; and below the sweet old-fashioned garden beds are the pine woods, which reach down, skirted by farm lands, to the river. Near the entrance to the upper woods Cole built his first studio, where he worked upon the "Course of Empire" and other pictures belonging to that period; but nearer to the road stands his latest workshop, where the busy hand was arrested midway in his last effort, the "Cross and the World." On Christmas Day he wrote in this studio: "I am now sitting in my new studio. I have promised myself much enjoyment in it, and great success in the prosecution of my art. But I ought ever to bear in mind that 'the night cometh when no man can work.' I pray to God that what I am permitted to accomplish here may be to His glory. If I accomplish fine works, I must ascribe the honor to the Giver of the gift."

Here in this studio he worked, his wife spending many hours reading aloud or talking with him, his friends coming and going constantly, his pupils enjoying a certain freedom of the room, and yet feeling somewhat under the spell of its calm and temperate atmosphere. In the house some of his pupils since, as in the case of Church, grown to fame worked and enjoyed themselves, so that the place still speaks of their merry holiday antics, their various devices for whiling away winter evenings or hours of twilight idleness.

With each returning summer, expeditions on foot, in buck-boards, or other mountain conveyances, were made by the band of artists, all men representative of their period, who gathered in the Catskills in answer to Cole's summons thither, so that scarcely a nook in gorge or valley was unvisited, and many canvases went forth to bring the beauties of that region before the eyes of all the world.

The club formed from those first of his gatherings in New York met often in this neighborhood, and among many valuable mementos of those early working-days Cole's family keep sketches made by them, the humorous and the grave, the purely imaginative and the faithful study of nature, mingling in scrap-books which we turn with reverent hands, since so many of the brushes that called them into life are laid away forever. In all the rooms of the old house linger some of the associations with that time which commemorate not only a distinct phase of art in our own country, but of artistic feeling and impulse. In one room hangs the "Prometheus," which we believe Cole never considered fully finished; in another, the "Architect's Dream," and some studies purely religious in character; while every part has some suggestive souvenir of forty years ago, among which crop out hints of a later phase in art life, which, although it belonged to other parts of the country as well, had its most characteristic home in this same region.

Pupils gathered speedily about the still young artist; probably the most famous among them was Church, and yet he derived more in a general manner than actual technic from the master, his own instincts leading him in a direction quite different from that which absorbed Cole. Church was a native of Hartford, Connecticut, born May, 1826, and after receiving somewhat fragmentary art education, settled down with Cole, living in his house, working, going about with him, and at all events imbibing from the elder man a passionate love of nature, while the home life, its simplicity, and at the same time complete refinement, was of incalculable benefit to the young artist. Moreover, he became an enthusiastic lover of that region of the country, with which his name is now permanently associated, and in all his wanderings, in the midst of the most luxuriant tropical scenery, the Catskills still held a first place in his heart; and his home, crowning a picturesque slope almost directly opposite the Cole mansion, is the loved retreat of his summer days; there he lives a purely artistic though rather secluded life, within sight of all the scenes of his first days under Cole's guidance.

One of those who probably derived more that was absolute from Cole's teaching was Sanford Gifford, a careful painter, who, however, shared so much of Cole's imaginative tendency that he studied Nature with liberal interpretations, but at the same time with sufficient zeal for her forms in detail to make his studies very often valuable records of the mountainous country where he lived and worked, and, we may safely say, had his being, since from inclination he identified

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himself entirely with it. Parts of the Clove country, with its cascades, its silent ravines, and irregular mountain roads, were Gifford's happiest ground, and when he brought himself sternly face to face with what was actual and not fanciful in the scene before him, there was a spirit and a power about his painting strongly significant of the charm which rests over all of that endlessly appealing country. Whatever faults recent critics may have to find in the workers of those early art days in Catskill, certain it is that we owe to them the first strong impetus toward landscape painting in America.

The sketch club, meeting about at the houses of various members, must have been a charming association, for if the members in that day lacked the fine experience of the painters of our own period, they at least brought the charm of freshness, the enthusiasm of minds working out an inspiration of impulse on original methods; and if in a group of sketches before us—drawings made at Cole's house by Mount, Inman, Kensett, Church, and others—we see little hint of the stronger side of their work, there is at least the fascination of reality about them. Easy to conjure up a picture of that happy group of men: Mount, with his quiet, humorous smile, working away at his interpretation of the subject given; Cole, serene and peaceful always, yet not without his own touch of shrewd humor, the leader of the band, the one to whom young or old, gay or serious, turned for suggestions or help, encouragement, or word of timely sympathy and counsel; Church, sketching and talking together; McConkey, bending over his work as though his fame depended upon that one hour's employment.

Cole, moving into his new studio, still unplastered but roomy, writes to Durand of its unfinished condition, but "not a bad color," he says, "this pale brick and mortar," with a touch of the sensibility to such details which we are accustomed to attribute to a later set of workers, and forthwith he makes a record of the rude walls so admirable in form and color that we have to regret that his mind, teeming as it was with subjects, did not oftener concentrate itself upon simpler things. Such fragments of work make us sure that had Cole lived twenty years longer his art would have fused itself with noble effect into the reactionary spirit which took possession of many of his own followers. Mount, working in idle fashion through a few summer days at Catskill, carefully puts down in fine gray and green a bit of an old wall with some clematis hovering about it; some one else painting away toward sunset gives a bit of road-side parsley, tender, upright, and delicate, with an exquisite grace and finish; but such studies seem to have been of no special interest. The impulse of workers was toward the bolder in landscape, or the vividly historical, the public encouraging such native talent to a certain degree, and also investing readily in imported copies or originals of the old masters.

But the grandeur, the bold diversities of the country in which Cole lived, seemed to have moved the poetic side of the artist's nature. They stirred his mind into activity, the result of which was his most famous work, "The Voyage of Life," by which, and "The Course of Empire," he is probably best known to-day.

Progress can best be indicated by considering certain types, and so we group events around a few central figures of that time; but a sketch, however rapid, of the precise attitude of painting in the America of that day would scarcely assist our purpose, full of significance as its study might be to any artist of to-day, or to the critic who questions the solidity of native influences or material. From Copley, with his portraits in the picturesque dresses of his time, recording on canvas what suggests the customs as well as the people of the Revolutionary period, to Cole, transcribing nature with the glamour of a poetic imagination, to the band of landscape men who followed him, we have a period rich in suggestiveness, and, above all, characteristic of the country, its ambition, zeal, its love of stern fact, tinged with the purely romantic spirit equally American, and which inspired Allston no less than Cole, and in the absence of strong technical power and the friction of a close artistic circle dominated a period of American art, and, like all extremes, lead the way to a phase as distinct, as radically different, as can well be imagined; perhaps as much the outcome, however, of education, and what may be called literary influences, as that which had preceded it.

In 1848, in England, a new phase of art was developing, happily governed by a

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"THE TRYING HOUR."—From a sketch by W. S. Mount.

band of young men who united genius and power with fine technical ability. Four students at the Royal Academy—William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Thomas Woolner—had begun to question the principles of art upon which they were working. Of the four, Millais, then eighteen years of age, was probably the furthest advanced in art; Hunt had shown more solid strength; Woolner, the only sculptor among them, was a brilliant pupil of Behnes; Rossetti, a dreamy lad of nineteen, was unquestionably the most poetic both in feeling and expression, although his work later suffered from the extreme method which he employed, without the qualification which the others soon felt necessary. To say that they laid down for themselves any arbitrary set of rules would be erroneous—such an assertion on the face of it contradicts their leading principle; but one thing they resolved upon—to work in a spirit such as they believed governed the pre-Raphaelite painters, whose serious simplicity and attention to careful detail they considered far worthier of emulation than the "indifference," to quote one of their number, which prevailed among painters of the day.

In England, William Rossetti, Dante's brother, was editor of a new pre-Raphaelite magazine called *The Germ*. Ruskin was the prophet of the new school; his written and spoken words stimulated and encouraged these disciples of the new gospel of truth, and, as might be expected, reached the hearts and minds of certain people in America.

It has been said that a generation must intervene before any period can be faithfully or honestly criticised. Therefore to-day should be ripe for consideration of the two phases of art and their influences, the one dominated by Cole, who certainly was one of the earliest exponents of landscape painting, the other by that band of American pre-Raphaelites who entered into their work with characteristic force and enthusiasm, but working with disadvantages unknown to their brethren in England, for although the condition of the art in the America of 1860–5 was very different from that of 1829, the advance had not been characterized by anything fertile enough to nourish new and fanciful ideas. For-

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tunately the originators of the movement in America were men as capable of defining a novel principle as those who started it in England, and they put themselves at once into communication with Ruskin, as well as with any of the English "P. R. B.s" whom they could reach. A little society formed itself in New York, and from the outset they all regarded the movement as disciplinary. "We never supposed," writes Professor Charles Moore, one of the first members of the society, "that the mere literal study of nature, such as we devoted ourselves to, would of itself make good art. In this most important point we were, perhaps naturally, very much misunderstood by the general public. For myself, I feel sure that the discipline was excellent as far as it extended."

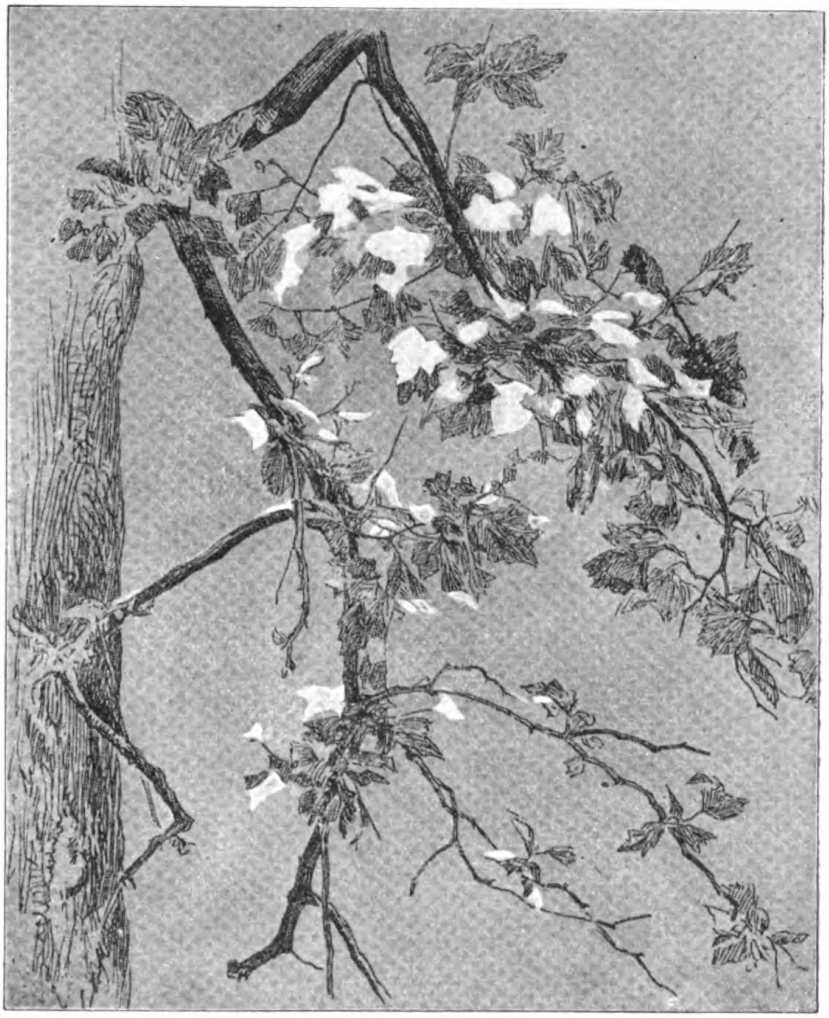
Certainly it bore fruit among people—artists and writers, critics, and that first circle of outsiders not exactly to be called Philistines—who outwardly had little sympathy with those who were occupied not only in working according to the new ideas, but in impressing their views upon others; and even where the influence has never been acknowledged its effects are perceived, and the fact that the American pre-Raphaelite movement, like the English, was modified in time, and underwent salutary changes, does not indicate any weakness in its first principles.



"CONSIDER THE LILIES"—JOHN W. HILL'S HOMESTEAD.
Fac-simile of drawing after a water-color by J. W. Hill.

The first members of the new society in America were Mr. Charles Moore, Mr. T. C. Farrer, Mr. P. B. Wright, Mr. Russell Sturgis, Mr. Eugene Schuyler, Mr. Clarence King, and Mr. Clarence Cook. They published in New York a paper called the *New Path*, "and," to again quote Professor Moore, "did what we could for the cause of truth in art as we then understood it. . . . We were in correspondence with Mr. Ruskin, who sent several encouraging communications, and we had the help of several other scholarly men, among them Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge. . . . The picture after Rossetti which you saw at my house in Catskill was one that I had copied from the original, which belonged to Mr. Norton. He had kindly allowed me to have it in Catskill, and I spent a great part of one winter in copying it, as a means of thoroughly studying it. . . . The conviction that art is an expression of human sentiments in relation to nature led me to feel that all the materials of the language of the art must be drawn from nature, and that therefore the first business of a student of painting was to acquire the power of drawing and of painting with truth and precision the actual facts of things. . . . In the minute search for these facts, however, as known to the geologists, botanists, and anatomists, one generally misses the larger relation of things"; and in reference to the work of an artist member of the young society, he goes on to say that it was "feeble and inadequate from too great timidity, and the fact that he had then access to no great art, which is, I believe, quite as necessary to a young painter as nature is. Nevertheless, what we did was with our whole hearts, and where there is love for nature there will always be more or less good in a young artist's work."

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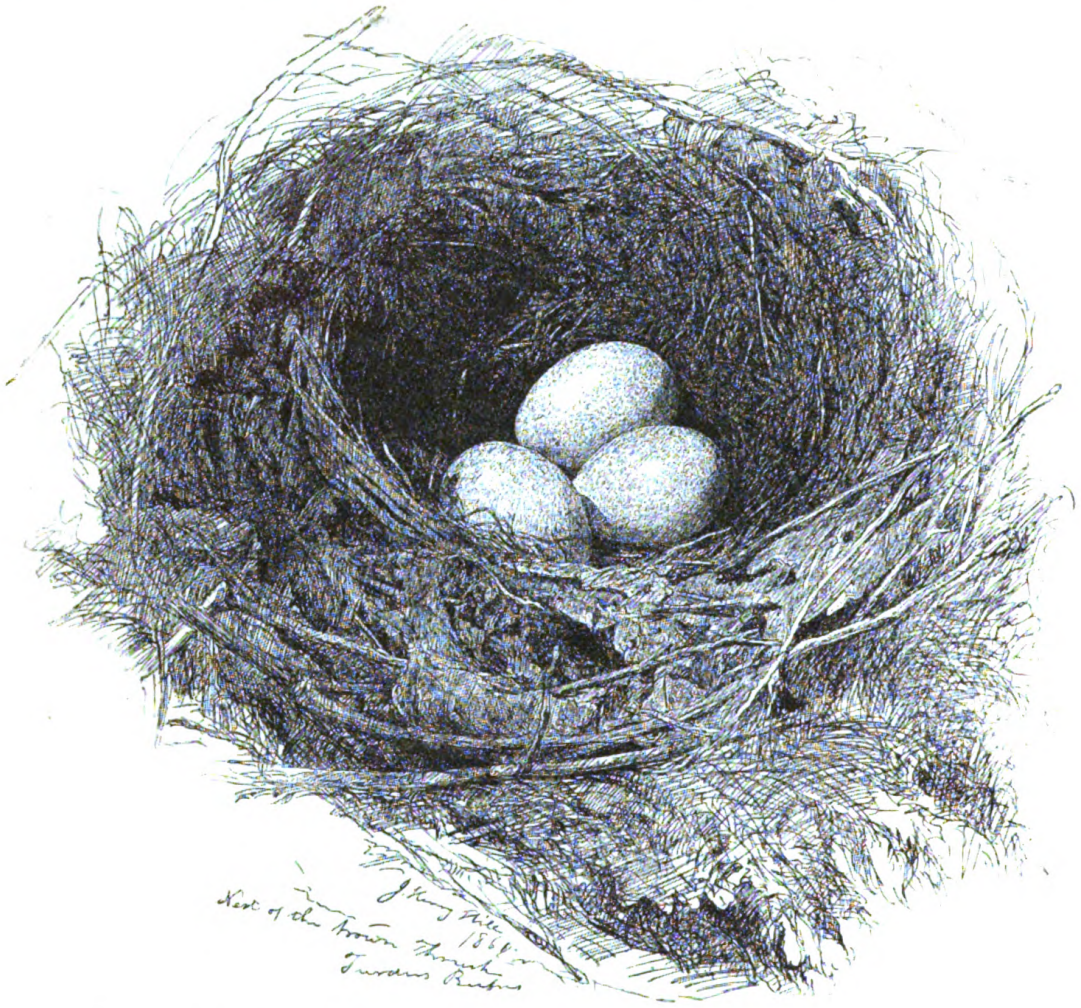
STUDY OF THE PLANE-TREE.—After a pencil sketch by T. C. Farrer.

Much might be said which would be of interest in regard to the work done by many American artists belonging to the new movement, whether from sympathy or actual membership with the society itself, but in this space we have only an opportunity for considering that which centred about the Catskills, for singularly enough the same region which had encouraged and inspired the first landscape school in America attracted the pre-Raphaelites; there the best work of Farrer, Moore, and the two Hills, father and son, was executed; there much of the writing on the *New Path* was accomplished; and there for some years the "P. R. B.s" of America worked, roamed about, studied, and lived harmoniously, deriving from their new means of grace a stimulus, a friction, and a discipline felt long after this first period of intense enthusiasm, of sweeping condemnation of older forms, had passed away, and at the same time affecting art all over the country.

The infusion of poetic fervor increased; the sentiment became a passion in some minds, and indeed one figure vanished now is easily conjured up, the type of all that was extreme in this study of the true. He was not a member of the society, the dear old man known among the younger artists as "papa" Hill, but he was strongly in sympathy with them, and lived and died acting up in letter and spirit to the principles of sincerity he so sternly advocated. At no time, under no pressure of circumstances, could he be induced to work merely to please a popular demand. Patiently, laboriously, truthfully he worked out each study, following strictly the rules of nature, whether he painted bits of his beloved creek at Catskill, or made a finished study of some rare orchard bloom; in all he gave, so far as he was able, the absolutely truthful copy of what he saw; how delicately, with what exquisitely harmonious blending of color, we have only to look at his pictures to-day to see.

Besides the work done in the immediate neighborhood of Catskill itself, Farrer, Moore, Newman, and others were given to expeditions up into the mountains, where they wrote and worked, exploring the country as carefully, if with different designs, as Cole and his friends had done before them; certainly bringing as much enthusiasm to their encounters with nature, and conscious of the power which a

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"NEST OF THE BROWN THRUSH."—In possession of Charles Eliot Norton.

move in a new and triumphant direction is sure to bring. Moore and Farrer and the Hills painted the valleys, bits of the Gorge, the Clove, or orchard lands, with such fidelity that now, as I write, the canvases upon the walls about me speak of the country as though a mirror had been held up to each familiar spot; and riding across the country from Catskill village up to the Clove, along the turnpike skirting that rolling country, with its perpetually shifting colors, its endless variations of light and shade, its background of eternal hills, we seem to live again among the association of twelve years ago, when the last sketches of that happy band were made. The fields with their ripening grain; the flower of the buckwheat, pale white between hedge-rows of deep green; the stretch of meadow-land; the grace of a tall tree; the ebb and flow of waters in the ravines; the soft gray of the twilight; the flush and splendor of noonday; the lines of primrose, and the points of crimson flame behind the pine-trees at sunset; the rising of the moon above the river, or the ineffable tenderness of the summer sky in Catskill—all these speak of a land belonging to the painters, who seem to know it no more. Twice has it been the nursery of art, and perhaps some future time will need its loving inspiration. Meanwhile we like to let it tell its story, to revive the old charm of flower or field, of hill or valley, and to think that the artists who worked there last drew so much of their inspiration from the same country that we see, independent of the richer, more luxuriant forms, the somewhat gorgeous aids to development of their idea, which the English pre-Raphaelites enjoyed.

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NON SINE LACRYMIS.

BY HENRY BERNARD CARPENTER.

IT was that hour when vernal Earth
And stormy March prepare
To greet the day of April's tearful birth
That I, o'ercome with care,
Rose with the twilight from a fireless hearth
To take the fresh first air
And smile of morning's mirth.

Tired with old grief's self-pitying moan,
A mile I had not strayed
Ere my dim path grew dark with double zone
Of men full fair arrayed,
While blent with sound of battle-trumpets blown
Came, as through light comes shade,
Cries like an undertone.

Plumed with torn cloud, March led the way,
With spear-point keen for thrust,
And eager eyes, and harnessed form swathed gray
With drifts of wind-blown dust.
Round his bruised buckler in bright letters lay
This scroll which toilers trust:
Non sine pulvere.

Wet as from weltering showers and seas,
April came after him.
He held a cup with saddest imageries
Engraven, and round the rim,
Worn with woe's lip, I spelt out words like these,
Though sorrow-stained and dim:
Non sine lacrymis.

These passed like regal spirits crowned,
Strong March and April fair;
And then a sphere-made music slow unwound
Its soul upon the air,
And soft as exhalations from the ground,
Or spring flowers here and there,
These words rose through the sound:

"Man needs these two in this world's moil,
Earth's drought and dew of spheres,
Grief's freshening rain to lay the dust of toil,
Toil's dust to dry the tears.
To all who rise as wrestlers in life's coil
Time gives, with days and years,
The wrestler's sand and oil."

O Toil in vain without surcease!
O Grief no hand can stay!
Think on these words when work or woes increase:
Man, made of tears and clay,
Grows to full stature and God's perfect peace,
Non sine pulvere
Non sine lacrymis.

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YOUMA.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE *da*, during old colonial days, often held high rank in rich Martinique households. The *da* was usually a creole negress,—more often, at all events, of the darker than of the lighter hue,—more commonly a *capresse* than a *mestive;* but in her particular case the prejudice of color did not exist. The *da* was a slave; but no freedwoman, however beautiful or cultivated, could enjoy social privileges equal to those of certain *das*. The *da* was respected and loved as a mother: she was at once a foster-mother and nurse. For the creole child had two mothers: the aristocratic white mother, who gave him birth; the dark bond-mother who gave him all care,—who nursed him, bathed him, taught him to speak the soft and musical speech of slaves, took him out in her arms to show him the beautiful tropic world, told him wonderful folk-stories of evenings, lulled him to sleep, attended to his every possible want by day or by night. It was not to be wondered at that during infancy the *da* should have been loved more than the white mother: when there was any marked preference it was nearly always in the *da's* favor. The child was much more with her than with his real mother: she alone satisfied all his little needs; he found her more indulgent, more patient, perhaps even more caressing than the other. The *da* was herself at heart a child, speaking a child-language, finding pleasure in childish things,—artless, playful, affectionate; she comprehended the thoughts, the impulses, the pains, the faults of the little one as the white mother could not always have done: she knew intuitively how to soothe him upon all occasions, how to amuse him, how to excite and caress his imagination;—there was absolute harmony between their natures,—a happy community of likes and dislikes,—a perfect sympathy in the animal joy of being. Later on, when the child had become old enough to receive his first lessons from a tutor or governess, to learn to speak French, the affection for the *da* and the affection for the mother began to differentiate in accordance with mental expansion; but, though the mother might be more loved, the *da* was not less cherished than before. The love of the nurse lasted through life; and the relation of the *da* to the family seldom ceased, except in those cruel instances where she was only "hired" from another slave-holder.

In many cases the family *da* had been born upon the estate:—under the same roof she might serve as nurse for two generations. More often it would happen, that as the family multiplied and divided,—as the sons and daughters, growing up, became themselves fathers and mothers,—she would care for all their children in turn. She ended her days with her masters: although she was legally property, it would have been deemed almost an infamy to sell her. When freed by gratitude—*pour services rendus*,—she did not care to make a home of her own: freedom had small value for her except in the event of her outliving those to whom she was attached. She had children of her own, for whom she would have desired freedom rather than for herself; and for whom she might rightfully ask it, since she had sacrificed so much of her own maternal pleasures for the sake of others' children. She was unselfish and devoted to a degree which compelled gratitude even from natures of iron;—she represented the highest development of natural goodness possible in a race mentally undeveloped, kept half savage by subservience, but physically refined in a remarkable manner by climate, environment, and all those mysterious influences which form the characteristics of creole peoples.

The *da* is already of the past. Her special type was a product of slavery, largely created by selection: the one creation of slavery perhaps not unworthy of regret,—one strange flowering amid all the rank dark growths of that bitter soil. The atmosphere of freedom was not essentially fatal to the permanence of the type; but with freedom came many unlooked-for changes: great industrial depression due to foreign rivalry and new discoveries,—a commercial crisis, in brief,—accompanied the establishment of universal suffrage, the subordination of the white element to the black by a political upheaval, and the total disintegration of the old social structure. The transformation was too violent for good results: the abuse of political powers too speedily and indiscriminately conferred, intensified the old

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hates and evolved new ones: the races drew forever apart when they needed each other most. Then the increasing difficulty of existence quickly developed egotism: generosity vanished with prosperity; creole life shrank into narrower channels; and the character of all classes visibly hardened under pressure of necessities previously unknown.

....There are really no more *das:* there are now only *gardiennes* or *bonnes,*—nurses who can seldom keep a place more than three months. The loyalty and simplicity of the *da* have become traditions: useless to seek for any parallels among the new generation of salaried domestics. But of those who used to be *das*, several survive, and still bear the name, which, once conferred, is retained through life as an honorific title. Some are yet to be seen in Saint Pierre.... There is a very fine house on the seaward side of the Grande Rue, for example, on whose marble door-step one may be observed almost every fine morning,—a very aged negress, who loves the sun. That is Da Siyotte. Gentlemen of wealth and high position, merchants and judges, salute her as they pass by. You might see the men of the family, the gray old father and his handsome sons,—pause to chat a moment with her before going to their offices. You might see young ladies bend down and kiss her before taking their places in the carriage for a drive. You would find,—could you linger long enough, that all visitors greet her with a smile, and a kindly query:—"*Coument ou yé, Da Siyotte?*"....Woe to the stranger who should speak rudely to her, under the impression that she is only a servant!...."*Si elle n'est qu'une domestique,*" said the master of the house, rebuking such a one,—"*alors vous n'êtes qu'un valet!*" For to insult the *da*, is to insult the household. When she dies, she will have such a funeral as money alone could not obtain,—a funeral of the *première classe*, attended by the richest and proudest of the city. There are planters who will ride that day twenty miles over the mornes to act as pall-bearers. There are ladies who rarely tread pavement, who seldom go out except in their own vehicles,—but who will follow the coffin of that old negress on foot, in the hot sun, all the way to the *Cimetière du Mouillage.* And they will inter their *da* in the family vault, while the crowns of the great palms quiver to the *bourdon.*

I.

....There are old persons still living in Saint Pierre who remember Youma, a tall *capresse*, the property of Madame Léonie Peyronnette. The servant was better known than the mistress;—for Madame Peyronnette went out little after the loss of her husband, a wealthy merchant, who had left her in more than comfortable circumstances.

Youma was a pet slave, and also the godchild of Madame Peyronnette: it was not uncommon during the old régime for creole ladies to become godmothers of little slaves. Douceline, the mother of Youma, had been purchased as a *da* for Madame Peyronnette's only child, Aimée,—and had died when Aimée was nearly five years old. The two children were nearly the same age, and seemed much attached to each other: after Douceline's death, Madame Peyronnette resolved to bring up the little *capresse* as a playmate for her daughter.

The dispositions of the two children were noticeably different; and with their growth, the difference became more marked. Aimée was demonstrative and affectionate, sensitive and passionate,—quick to veer from joy to grief, from tears to smiles. Youma, on the contrary, was almost taciturn, seldom betrayed emotion: she would play silently when Aimée screamed, and scarcely smile when Aimée laughed so violently as to frighten her mother. In spite of these differences of organization, or perhaps because of them, the two got along together very well: they had never a serious quarrel, and were first separated only when Aimée, at the age of nine, was sent to a convent to receive an education more finished than it was thought that private teachers were capable of giving. Aimée's grief at parting from her playmate was not assuaged by the assurance that she would find at school nicer companions than a young *capresse;*—Youma, who had certainly more to lose by the change, remained outwardly calm,—"*était d'une conduite irréprochable,*" said Madame Peyronnette, too fine an observer to attribute the "irreproachable conduct" to insensibility.

The friends continued to see each other, however; for Madame Peyronnette drove to the convent in her carriage regularly every Sunday, always taking Youma with

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her; and Aimée seemed scarcely less delighted to see her former playmate than to see her mother. During the first summer vacation and the Christmas holidays, the companionship of childhood was naïvely resumed; and the mutual affection survived the subsequent natural change of relation: though nominally a *bonne*, who addressed Aimée as a mistress, Youma was treated almost as a foster-sister. And when mademoiselle had finished her studies, the young slave-maid remained her confidante, and to some extent her companion. Youma had never learned to read and write; Madame Peyronnette believed that to educate her would only make her dissatisfied with the scope of a destiny out of which no effort could remove her; but the girl had a natural intelligence which largely compensated her lack of mental training in many respects: she knew what to do and how to speak upon all occasions. She had grown up into a superb woman,—certainly the finest *capresse* of the arrondissement. Her tint was a clear deep red;—there was in her features a soft vague beauty,—a something that suggested the indefinable face of the Sphinx, especially in profile;—her hair, though curly as a black fleece, was long and not uncomely;—she was graceful furthermore, and very tall. At fifteen she had seemed a woman; at eighteen she was taller by head and shoulders than her young mistress; and Mademoiselle Aimée, though not below the average stature, had to lift up her eyes, when they walked out together, to look into Youma's face. The young *bonne* was universally admired: she was one of those figures that a *Martiniquais* would point out with pride to a stranger as a type of the beauty of the mixed race. Even in slave days, the creole did not refuse himself the pleasure of admiring in human skin those tones none fear to praise in bronze or gold: he frankly confessed them exquisite;—æsthetically, his "color prejudice" had no existence. There were few young whites, nevertheless, who would have presumed to tell their admiration to Youma: there was something in the eyes and the serious manner of the young slave that protected her quite as much as the moral power of the family in which she had been brought up.

Madame Peyronnette was proud of her servant, and took pleasure in seeing her attired as handsomely as possible in the brilliant and graceful costume then worn by the women of color. In regard to dress, Youma had no reason to envy any of the freed class: she had all that a *capresse* could wish to wear, according to local ideas of color contrast,—*jupes* of silk and of satin,—*robes-dézindes* with headdresses and foulards to match,—azure with orange, red with violet, yellow with bright blue, green with rose. On particular occasions, such as the first communion of Aimée, the *fête* of madame, a ball, a wedding to which the family were invited,—Youma's costume was magnificent. With her trailing *jupe* of orange satin attached just below the bosom, and exposing above it the laced and embroidered chemise, with half-sleeves leaving the braceleted arms bare, and fastened at the elbow with gold clasps (*boutons-à-clous*);—her neck-kerchief (*mouchoué-en-lai*) of canary yellow striped with green and blue;—her triple necklace of graven gold beads (*collier-chou*);—her flashing ear-pendants (*zanneaux-à-clou*), each a packet of thick gold cylinders interjoined;—her yellow-banded Madras turban, dazzling with jewelry,—"trembling-pins," chainlets, quivering acorns of gold (*broches-à-gland*),—she might have posed to a painter for the Queen of Sheba. There were various pretty presents from Aimée among Youma's ornaments; but the greater part of the jewelry had been purchased for her by Madame Peyronnette, in a series of New-Year gifts. Youma was denied no pleasure which it was thought she might reasonably wish for,—except liberty.

Perhaps Youma had never given herself any trouble on the subject; but Madame Peyronnette had thought a good deal about it, and had made up her mind. Twice she refused the girl's liberty to Mademoiselle Aimée, in spite of earnest prayers and tears. The refusal was prompted by motives which Aimée was then too young fully to comprehend. Madame Peyronnette's real intention was that Youma should be enfranchised so soon as it could render her any happier to be free. For the time, her slavery was a moral protection: it kept her legally under the control of those who loved her most; it guarded her against dangers she yet knew nothing of;—above all, it prevented the possibility of her forming a union not approved by her mistress. The godmother had plans of her own for the

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girl's future: she intended that Youma should one day marry a thrifty and industrious freedman,—somebody able to make a good home for her, a shipwright, cabinet-maker, builder, master mechanic of some kind;—and in such an event she was to have her liberty,—perhaps a small dowry besides. In the mean time she was certainly as happy as it was possible to make her.

.... At nineteen Aimée made a love-match,—marrying M. Louis Desrivières, a distant cousin, some ten years older. M. Desrivières had inherited a prosperous estate on the east coast; but, like many wealthy planters, passed the greater part of the year by preference in the city; and it was to his mother's residence in the Quartier du Fort that he led his young bride. Youma, in accordance with Aimée's wish, accompanied her to her new home. It was not so far from Madame Peyronnette's dwelling in the Grande Rue to that of the Desrivières in the Rue de la Consolation that either the daughter or the goddaughter could find the separation painful.

.... Thirteen months later, Youma, attired like some Oriental princess, carried to the baptismal font a baby girl, whose advent into the little colonial world was recorded in the Archives de la Marine,—"*Lucile-Aimée-Francillette-Marie, fille du sieur Raoul-Ernest-Louis Desrivières, et de dame Adélaïde-Hortense-Aimée Peyronnette.*" Then Youma became the *da* of little Mayotte. It is by the last of the names conferred at christening that the child is generally called and known,—or, rather, by some creole diminutive of that name.... The diminutive of Marie is Mayotte.

In both families Mayotte was thought to resemble her father more than her mother: she had his gray eyes, and brown hair,—that bright hair which with children of the older colonial families darkens to apparent black as they grow up. She gave promise of becoming pretty.

Another year passed, during which no happier household could have been found: then, with cruel suddenness, Aimée was taken away by death. She had gone out with her husband in an open carriage, for a drive on the beautiful mountain route called *La Trace;* leaving Youma with the child at home. On their return journey, one of those chilly and torrential rains which at certain seasons accompany an unexpected storm, overtook them when far from any place of shelter, and in the middle of an afternoon that had been unusually warm. Both were drenched in a moment; and a strong northeast wind, springing up, blew full upon them the whole way home. The young wife, naturally delicate, was attacked with pleurisy; and in spite of all possible aid, expired before the next sunrise.

And Youma robed her for the last time, tenderly and deftly as she had robed her for her first ball in pale blue, and for her wedding day all in vapory white. Only now, Aimée was robed all in black, as dead creole mothers are.

M. Desrivières had loved his young wife passionately: he had married with a fresh heart, and a character little hardened by contact with the rougher side of existence. The trial was a terrific one;—for a time it was feared that he could not survive it. When he began at last to recover from the serious illness caused by his grief, he found it impossible to linger in his home, with its memories: he went as soon as possible to his plantation, and tried to busy himself there, making from time to time brief visits to the city to see his child, whom Madame Peyronnette insisted on caring for. But Mayotte proved delicate, like her mother; and during a season of epidemic, some six months later, Madame Peyronnette decided that it would be better to send her to the country, to her father, in charge of Youma. Anse-Marine was known to be one of the healthiest places in the colony; and the child began to gain strength there, as the sensitive-plant—*zhèbe-mamisé*—toughens in the sea-wind.

II.

It is a long ride from Saint Pierre over the mountains to the plantation of Anse-Marine,—formerly owned by the Desrivières; but the fatigue of six hours in the saddle under the tropic sun is not likely to be felt by one susceptible to those marvellous beauties in which the route abounds. Sometimes it rises almost to those white clouds that nearly always veil the heads of the great peāks;—sometimes it slopes down through the green twilight of primitive forests;—sometimes it overlooks vast depths of valley walled in by mountains of strange shapes and tints;—sometimes it winds over undulations of cane-covered land, beyond whose

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yellow limit appears the vapory curve of an almost purple sea.

Perhaps, for hours together, you see no motion but that of leaves and their shadows,—hear only the sound of your horse's hoofs, or the papery rustling of cane waved by the wind,—or, from the verge of some green chasm veiled by tree-ferns, the long low flute-call of an unknown bird. But, sooner or later, at a turn of the way, you come upon something of more human interest,—some living incident full of exotic charm: such as a caravan of young colored girls, barefooted and bare-armed, transporting on their heads to market the produce of a *cacaoyère;* or a negro running by under an amazing load of bread-fruits or *régimes-bananes.*

Perhaps you may meet a troop of black men drawing to the coast upon a *diabe* or "devil,"—which is a low strong vehicle with screaming axles,—a *gommier* already hollowed out and shapen for a canoe: those behind pushing, and those before pulling all together, while a drummer beats his *ka* on the bottom of the unfinished boat, to the measure of their song: "*Bom! ti canot!—allé châché!—méné vini!—Bom! ti canot!*"....

Or perhaps you encounter a band of woodmen, sawing into planks by the roadside some newly felled tree, with a core yellow as saffron, or vermilion-red,—a tree of which you do not know the name. It has been lifted upon a strong timber framework; and three men wield the long saw,—one above, two below,—all with their shirts off. The torso of the man above is orange yellow: one of the sawyers below is cinnamon-color, the other a shining black as of lacquer: all are sculpturally muscled; and they sing as they saw:—

"Aïe! dos calé,
Aïe!
Aïe! dos calé!
Aïe, scié bois,
Aïe!
Pou nou allé."....

....Such incidents become rarer as you begin the long descent, through cane fields and *cacaoyères*, from the wooded heights to the further sea,—leaving shadows and coolness behind to ride over lands all uncovered to the sun; but the immense peace charms like a caress, and the magnificent expansions of the view console for the seeming absence of human life. Behind you, and to north and south, the mornes heighten their semicircle above the undulating leagues of yellow cane,—and beyond them sharper summits loom, all violet,—and over the violet tower successive surgings of paler peaks and cusps and jagged ridges,—phantom blues and pearls. Before you, over the yellow miles, purples the far crescent of sea under its horizon curve,—a band of upward-fading opal light;—and a strong warm wind is blowing in your face. You ride on, sometimes up a low wide hill, sometimes over a plateau,—more often down a broad incline,—the sea alternately vanishing and reappearing,—and leave the main road at last to follow a way previously hidden by rising ground,—a plantation road, bordered with cocoa-palms. It brings you by long windings, between canes that shut off the view on either hand, to one of the prettiest valleys in the world. At least you will deem it so, as you draw rein at the verge of a morne, to admire the almost perfect half-round of softly wrinkled hills opening to the sea,—whose foam-line stretches like a snowy quivering thread between two green peaks, over a band of ebon beach;—and the golden expanse of canes below;—and the river dividing it, broadening between fringes of bamboo, to reach the breakers;—and the tenderness of shadows blue-tinted by vapors, the flickering of sunlight in the silver of cascades, the touching of sky and sea beyond all. Last, you will notice the plantation buildings on a knoll below, in a grove of cocoa-palms;—the long yellow-painted mill, with its rumbling water-wheel and tall chimney; the *rhommerie*, the sugar-house;—the village of thatched cabins, with banana leaves fluttering in tiny gardens;—the single-story residence of the planter, built to resist winds and earthquakes;—the cottage of the overseer;—the hurricane-house, or *case-à-vent;*—and the white silhouette of a high wooden cross at the further entrance to the little settlement.

All this was once the property of the Desrivières,—the whole valley from shore to hill-top: the *atelier* numbered nearly one hundred and fifty hands. Since then, the plantation has been sold and resold many times,—exploited with varying fortune by foreigners as well as creoles;—and nevertheless there have been so few changes that the place itself probably looks just as it looked fifty years, or even a hundred years ago.

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But at the time when the Desrivières owned Anse-Marine, plantation life offered an aspect very different to that which it presents to-day. On this estate in particular, it was patriarchal and picturesque to a degree scarcely conceivable by one who knows the colony only since the period inaugurated by emancipation. The slaves were treated very much like children: it was a traditional family policy to sell only those who could not be controlled without physical punishment. Each adult was allowed a small garden, which he might cultivate as he pleased,—half-days being allotted twice in every week for that purpose; and the larger part of the money received for the produce, the slave was permitted to retain. Legally a slave could own nothing, yet several of the Desrivières hands were known to have economized creditable sums, with the encouragement of their owner. Work was performed with song, to the music of the drum;—there were holidays, and evenings of privileged dancing. The great occasion of the year was the *fête* of Madame Desrivières, the mother of the young planter, the old mistress (*tetesse*),—a day of *bamboulas* and *caleindas*,—when all the slaves were received by the lady on the veranda; each kissed her hand and each found in it a silver coin. But it was a delight for the visitor, especially if a European, to watch even the common incidents of this colonial country life, so full of exotic oddities and unconscious poetry.

The routine of each day opened with an amusing scene,—the morning inspection of the feet of the children. These, up to the age of nine or ten, had little to do but to play and eat. They were under the charge of the *infirmière*, Tanga, an old African woman, who, aided by her daughters, prepared their simple food, and looked after them while their mothers were in the fields. Soon after sunrise, Tanga, accompanied by the overseer, would assemble them, and make them sit down in line on the long plank benches under the awning of the infirmary building: then at the command, *Lévé piézautt*, they would all hold up their little feet together, and the inspection would begin. Whenever Tanga's sharp eye detected the small round swelling which betrays the presence of a *chique*, the child was sent to the infirmary for immediate treatment, and the mother's name taken down by the overseer for reprimand,—every mother being held responsible for a *chique* allowed to remain in her child's foot overnight. There was so much tickling and laughing and screaming at these inspections, that Tanga always had to frighten the children several times before the examination could be finished.

Another morning scene of interest was the departure of a singing caravan of women and girls, carrying to market on their heads various products of the plantation: cocoa, coffee, cassia; and fruits, cocoa-nuts, and *mangues*, oranges and bananas, corossols (custard-apples), and "cinnamon-apples" (*pommes cannelles*).

Then a merry event, which occurred almost weekly, was the sortie of the gommier,—a huge canoe nearly sixty feet long, made from a single extraordinary tree. It had no rudder, but a bow at either end, so as to move equally well in either direction; and benches for a dozen paddlers, with a raised seat in the centre for a drummer. It had two *commandeurs*, one at each bow;—it could carry a dozen barrels of rum and six or seven casks of sugar;—and it was used chiefly for transporting these products to the small vessels from St. Pierre, which dared not venture near the dangerous surf. The gommier itself could only be launched from a sloping cradle built expressly for it over deep water in the hollow of a projecting cliff. When the freight had been stowed and the rowers were in their seats, the drummer beat a signal; blocks were removed, cables loosed, and the long craft shot into the sea,—all its paddles smiting the water simultaneously, in time to the rhythm of the *tamtam*, or the *tambou-belai*.

Every Sunday afternoon the Père Kerambrun came on horseback from the neighboring village to catechise the negro children. It was usually in the sugar-house that he held his little class,—the broad doors being thrown open front and rear to admit the sea-breeze, and the sun would throw in spidery shadows of palm heads on the floor. The old priest knew how to teach the little ones in their own tongue,—repeating over and over again each question and answer of the creole catechism, till the children learned them by heart, and could chant them like a refrain.

—"*Coument ou ka crié fi Bon-Dié?*" the father would ask.

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Then all the child voices, repeating the question and its answer, would shrill in unison:—

—"*Coument ou ka crié fi Bon-Dié?—Nou ka crié li Zézou-Chri.*"....

—"*Et ça y fai pou nou-zautt, fi Bon-Dié-à?*" (And what did He do for us, that Son of the good God?)

—"*Et ça y fai pou nou-zautt, fi Bon-Dié-à?—Li payé pou nou p'allé dans lenfé; li baill toutt sang-li pou ça.*" (He paid for us not to go to hell; He gave all His blood for that.)

—"*Et quilé priè qui pli meillè adans toutt priè nou ka fai?*" (And what is the best prayer among all the prayers we say?)

—"*Et quilé priè qui pli meillè adans toutt priè nou ka fai?—C'est Note Pè,*

—"*pace Zézou-Chri*
montré nou li!"

—all would sing together. (It is the *Notre Père*,—the Lord's prayer,—because Jesus Christ showed us how to say it.)

And at the end of each day's task,—when the lambi-shell was blown for the last time to summon all from the fields and the mill buildings, there was the patriarchal spectacle of evening prayer,—an old colonial custom. The master and his overseer, standing by the cross erected before the little village of the plantation, waited for all the hands to assemble. Each man came, bearing the regulation bundle of forage for the animals; and laying the package of herbs before him, removed his hat. Then all, women and men, would kneel down and repeat in unison the *Je vous salue, Marie*, the *Notre Père*, and the creed,—as the stars thrilled out, and the yellow glow died behind the peaks.

....Often, when the nights were clear and warm, the slaves would assemble after the evening meal, to hear stories told by the *libres-de-savane* (old men and women exempted from physical labor),—those curious stories which composed the best part of the unwritten literature of a people forbidden to read. In those days, such oral literature gave delight to adults as well as to children, to *békés* as well as to negroes: it even exerted some visible influence upon colonial character. Every *da* was a story-teller. Her recitals first developed in the white child intrusted to her care the power of fancy,—Africanizing it, perhaps, to a degree that after-education could not totally remove,—creating a love of the droll and the extraordinary. One did not weary of hearing these stories often repeated;—for they were told with an art impossible to describe; and the little songs or refrains belonging to each—sometimes composed of African words, more often of nonsense rhymes imitating the *bamboula* chants and *caleinda* improvisations,—held a weird charm which great musicians have confessed. And furthermore, in these *contes créoles*,—whether of purely African invention, or merely African adaptation of old-world folk-lore and fable,—the local color is marvellous,—there is such a reflection of colonial thought and life as no translation can preserve. The scenes are laid among West Indian woods and hills, or sometimes in the quaintest quarter of an old colonial port. The European cottage of folk-tale becomes the tropical *case* or *ajoupa*, with walls of bamboo and roof of dried cane leaves;—the Sleeping Beauties could never be discovered in their primeval forest but by some *nègue-marron* or *chasseu-chou;*—the Cinderellas and Princesses appear as beautiful half-breed girls, wearing a costume never seen in picture-books;—the fairies of old-world myth are changed into the Bon-Dié or the Virgin Mary;—the Bluebeards and giants turn into *quimboiseurs* and devils;—the devils themselves (except when they yawn to show the fire in their throats) so closely resemble the half-nude *travailleurs*, with their canvas trousers and *mouchouè-fautas* and other details of costume, as not to be readily recognized: it requires keen inspection to detect the diabolic signs,—the red hair, crimson eyes, and horn roots under the shadowing of the enormous "mule-food hat" or the *chapeau-bacoué*. Then the Bon-Dié, the "good God," figures as the best and kindest of old *békés*,—an affable gray planter whose *habitation* lies somewhere in the clouds over the *Montagne Pelée:* you can see his "sheep" and his "*choux-caraïbes*" sometimes in the sky. And the breaker of enchantments is the parish priest,—*missié labbé*,—who saves pretty naughty girls by passing his stole about their necks....It was at Anse-Marine that Youma found most of the tales she recounted to Mayotte, when the child became old enough to take delight in them.

....So the life had been in the valley plantation for a hundred years, with little

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varying. Doubtless there were shadows in it,—sorrows which never found utterance,—happenings that never had mention in the verses of any *chantrelle*,—days without song or laughter, when the fields were silent.... But the tropic sun ever flooded it with dazzling color; and great moons made rose-light over it; and always, out of the purple vastness of the sea, a mighty breath blew pure and warm upon it,—the breath of the winds that are called unchanging: *les Vents Alizés*.

III.

.... In the morning Youma usually took Mayotte to the river to bathe,—in a clear shallow pool curtained with bamboos, where there were many strange little fish to be seen;—sometimes in the evening, an hour before the sun-setting, she would take her to the sea-beach, to enjoy the breeze and watch the tossing of the surf. But during the heat of the day, the child was permitted to view the wonder-world of the plantation only from the verandas of the house; and the hours seemed long. The cutting of the cane in the neighboring fields to the playing of the drum,—the coming and going of the wagons creaking under their loads of severed stems,—the sharpening of cutlasses at the grindstone,—the sweet smell of the *vesou*,—the rumble of the machines,—the noisy foaming of the little stream turning the wheel of the mill: all the sights and odors and sounds of plantation life filled her with longing to be out amidst them. What tantalized her most was the spectacle of the slave children playing on the grass-plot and about the buildings,—playing funny games in which she longed to join.

—"I wish I was a little negress," she said one day, as she watched them from the porch.

—"Oh!" exclaimed Youma in astonishment.... "and why?"

—"Because then you would let me run and roll in the sun."

—"But the sun does not hurt little negroes and negresses; and the sun would make you very sick, *doudoux*...."

—"And that is why I wish I was a little negress."

—"It is not nice to wish that!" declared Youma, severely.

—"Why is it not nice?"

—"Fie!.... wish to be an ugly little negress!"

—"You are a negress, *da*,—or nearly the same thing,—and you are not ugly at all. You are beautiful, *da;* you look like chocolate."

—"Is it not much prettier to look like cream?"

—"No: I like chocolate better than cream.... tell me a story, *da*."

It was the only way to keep her quiet. She was four years old, and had developed an extraordinary passion for stories. The story *Montala*, of the wizard orange-tree which grew to heaven;—the story *Mazin-lin-guin*, of the proud girl who married a goblin;—the story of the Zombi-bird whose feathers were colored "with the colors of other days,"—the bird that sang in the stomachs of those who ate it, and then made itself whole again;—the story of La Belle, whose godmother was the Virgin;—the story of Pié-Chique-à, who learned to play the fiddle after the devil's manner;—the story of Colibri, the Humming-Bird, who once owned the only drum there was in the world, and would not lend it when the Bon-Dié wanted to make a road, although the negroes said they could not work without a drum;—the story of Nanie Rosette, the greedy child, who sat down upon the Devil's Rock and could not get up again, so that her mother had to hire fifty carpenters to build a house over her before midnight;—the wonderful story of Yé, who found an old blind devil roasting snails in the woods, and stole the food out of the old devil's calabash, but was caught by him, and obliged to carry him home and feed him for ever so long.... these and many more such tales had been told to little Mayotte already, with the effect of stimulating her appetite for more. If these tales did not form the supreme pleasure of her stay at the plantation, they at least enhanced and colored all her other pleasures,—spreading about reality an atmosphere deliciously unreal,—imparting a fantastic personality to lifeless things,—filling the shadows with *zombis*,—giving speech to shrubs and trees and stones.... even the canes talked to her, *chououa-chououa*, like old whispering Babo, the *libre-de-savane*. Each habitant of the plantation, from the smallest black child to tall Gabriel, or "Gabou," the *commandeur* of all,—realized for her some figure of the *contes;* and each spot of hill or shore or ravine visited in her morning walks with Youma, furnished her with the scenery for some impossible episode....

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—"Mayotte!" exclaimed Youma;—"you know one must not tell stories in the daytime, unless one wants to see *zombis* at night!"

—"No, *da!*.... tell me one.... I am not afraid, *da.*"

—"Oh! the little liar!.... You are afraid,—very much afraid of *zombis.* And if I tell you a story you will see them to-night."

—"Doudoux-da, no!—tell me one...."

—"You will not wake me up to-night, and tell me you see *zombis?*"

—"No, *da*,—I promise."

—"Well, then, for this once,"—said Youma, uttering the traditional words which announce that the creole story-teller is ready,—"*bobonne fois?*"

—"*Toua fois bel conte!*" cried the delighted child. And Youma began:—

DAME KÉLÉMENT.

(*Bobonne fois?—Toua fois bel conte!*)

....Long, long ago there lived an old woman who everybody said was a witch, and in league with the devil. And nearly all the bad things said about her were true.

One day a poor little girl lost her way in the woods. After she had walked until she could not walk any more, she sat down and began to cry. She cried for a long, long time.

All about her she could see nothing but trees and lianas;—all the ground was covered with slippy green roots; and the trees were so high, and the lianas so woven between them, that there was very little light. She was lost in the *grands-bois*,—the great woods which swarm with serpents....

All at once, while she sat there crying, she heard strange sounds quite near her,—sounds of singing and dancing.

She got up and walked toward the sounds. Looking through the trees she saw the same old woman that people used to talk about, riding on a *balai-zo*,* and dancing round and round in a ring with ever so many serpents and *crapaud-làde*,—great ugly toads. And they were all singing:

Kingué,
Kingué;
Vouvou
Malato,
Vloum-voum!
Jambi,
Kingué,
Ton galé,
Zo galé,
Vloum!

The little girl stood there stupid with fright: she could not even cry any more.

But the old woman had seen the leaves move; and she came with a sort of fire playing all round her, and asked the little girl:—

—"What are you doing in the *razié?*"*

—"Mother, I lost my way in the woods."....

—"Then, my child, you must come to the house with me....You might undo me, unravel me, destroy me if you had a chance."

The little girl did not understand all that the old woman said; for the wicked old creature was talking about matters that only sorcerers know.

By the time they got to the house, the poor child was very tired: she sat down on a calabash which served the witch for a chair. Then she saw the old woman light two fires on the earth floor, with torch-gum,—which smells like incense. On one fire she placed a big pot full of *manman-chou*, *camagnioc*, yams, christophines, bananas, devil's egg-plants, (*melongène-diabe*), and many herbs the little girl did not know the names of. On the other fire she began to broil some toads, and an earth-lizard,—*zanoli-tè.*

At noon the old woman swallowed all that as if it was nothing at all;—then she looked at the little girl, who was nearly dead for hunger, and said to her:—

—"Until you can tell me what name I am called by, you will not get anything to eat."....Then she went away, leaving the little girl alone.

The little girl began to weep. Suddenly she felt something touching her. It was a big serpent,—the biggest she had ever seen. She was so frightened that she almost died;—then she cried out:—

—"*Oti papa moin?—oti manman moin?*
Latitolé ké mangé moin!"....

But the serpent did not do her any harm: he only rubbed his head fondly against her shoulder, and sang:—

—"*Benn-mè, bennepè,—tambou belai!*
Yche p'accoutouné tambou belai!"

* A broom made of the branches of a shrub called *guiyantine.*

* *Razié:* the lower growths which occupy the ground under forest trees, or cover the soil in places where the trees have been cleared away.

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The little girl cried out louder than before:—

—"*Oti papa moin?—oti manman moin?*
Latitolé ké mangé moin!"....

But the serpent, still rubbing his head fondly against her, answered, singing very softly:—

—"*Bennepè, bennemè,—tambou belai!*
Yche p'accoutoumé tambou belai!"...

Then when he saw she had become less afraid, he lifted his head close to her ear, and whispered something.

The moment she heard it she ran out of the house and into the woods again. There she began to ask all the animals she met to tell her the old witch's name.

She asked every four-footed beast;—she asked all the lizards and the birds. But they did not know.

She came to a big river, and she asked all the fishes. The fishes, one after another, made answer to her that they did not know. But the *cirique*, the river crab that is yellow like a plantain,—the *cirique* knew. The *cirique* was the only one in the whole world who knew the name. The name was *Dame Kélément*.

.... Then the child ran back to the house with all her might; her little stomach was paining her so that she felt she could not bear the pain much longer. The old woman was already at the house, scraping some magnioc to make flour and *cassave*. .... The little girl walked up to her, and said:

—"Give me to eat, *Dame Kélément*."....

Two flames of fire leaped from the witch's eyes: she gave such a start that she nearly broke her head against the iron-stones that she balanced her pots on.

—"Child! you have got the better of me!" she screamed. "Take everything! —take it, take it!—eat, eat, eat!—all in the house is yours!"

And she sprang through the door quick as a flash of powder: she seemed to fly through the fields and woods.... And she ran straight to the river;—for it was deep under the bed of the river that the devil had buried the name which he had given her. She stood on the bank, and chanted:—

—"*Loche*, O loche!—was it you who told that my name was Dame Kélément?"

Then the loche, that is black like the black stones of the stream, lifted up its head, and cried:—

—"No, mamma!—no mamma!—it was not I who told that your name was Dame Kélément."

—"*Titiri*, O titiri!—tell me, was it any among you who told that my name was Dame Kélément?"

Then the titiri, the tiny transparent titiri, answered all together, clinging to the stones:—

—"No, mamma!—no, mamma!—none of us ever said that your name was Dame Kélément."

—"*Cribîche*, O cribîche!—was it you who told that my name was Dame Kélément?"

Then the cribîche, the great crawfish of the river, lifted up his head and his claws, and made answer:—

—"No, mamma!—no, mamma!—it was not I who said that your name was Dame Kélément."

—*Tétart*, O tétart!—was it you who said that my name was Dame Kélément?"

And the tétart, that is gray like the gray rocks of iron to which it holds fast, made answer, saying:—

—"No, mamma!—no, mamma!—it was not I who told them that your name was Dame Kélément."

—"*Dormeur*, O dormeur!—was it you who told that my name was Dame Kélément?"

And the dormeur, the lazy dormeur, that sleeps in the shadow of the rocks, awoke and rose and made answer:—

—"No, mamma!—no, mamma!—it was not I who told them that your name was Dame Kélément."

—"*Matavalé*, O matavalé!—was it you that said my name was Dame Kélément?"

And the matavalé, the shining matavalé, that flashes like copper when the sun touches his scales, opened his mouth and answered:—

—"No, mamma!—no, mamma!—I never said that your name was Dame Kélément."

—"*Milet*,—*bouc*,—*pisquette*,—*zangui*,—*zhabitant*,—was it any one among you who told that my name was Dame Kélément?"

But they all cried out:—

—"No, no, no, mamma!—none of us ever said that your name was Dame Kélément."

—"*Cirique*, O cirique!—was it you who said my name was Dame Kélément?"

Then the cirique lifted up his eyes and his yellow claws, and screamed:—

—"Yes, you old wretch!—yes, you old

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witch!—yes, you old malediction!—yes, it was I who said that your name was Dame Kélément!"....

The moment she heard those words she stamped on the ground so hard that the devil heard her, and opened a great hole at her feet; and she leaped into it head-first. And the ground closed over her. Two days after, there grew up from the place a clump of the weed they call *arrête-nègue*,—the plant that is all thorns.

Now while this was happening, the serpent had turned into a man;—for the old witch had changed a man into that serpent. He took the little girl by the hand, and led her to her mother.

But they came back again next day to search the old woman's cabin. They found in it seven casks filled with the bones of dead people; and also ever so much silver and gold,—more than enough to make the little girl rich. When she got married, there was the finest wedding ever seen in this country.

....Mayotte's morning visits to the river with Youma had furnished her with material for the imaginative scenery of the last part of this foolish little story, which delighted her so much that she made her nurse repeat it over and over again. She had seen the crawfish show their heads above the pools; she had caught the *titiri* in her little hands; she knew by sight the *loche* and the *tétart*, the *matavalé* and the *zhabitant*, the *dormeur* and the *cirique*. She also knew—by painful experience—the *arrête-nègue*. Dame Kélément, she fancied, must have had a face like old Tanga's when angry; and the little girl who lost her way in the woods must have looked just like a certain little black girl whom Tanga often had to scold, and who used to cry in the most extraordinary way: *Aïe-yaïe-yaïe-yaïe-yaïe-yaïe!*

But in the midst of her ecstasy, a faint fear came to her with the recollection of Youma's warning....

—"Da," she asked, timidly, "I will not see zombis to-night, will I?"

—"Ah! you must not ask me to tell stories in the daytime any more," said Youma, guardedly.

—"But tell me, I won't see them to-night,—will I?"

—"If you see them," replied Youma, without mercy, "call me! I will make them go away."

IV.

Youma was alone in the house that night with the child; for M. Desrivières had ridden over to Sainte-Marie, and the servants occupied an adjoining building....She was roused from her sleep by hearing the child cry out:—

—"*Da, oh da!—moin pè!*"

The tiny lamp left burning before the images of the saints had gone out;—little Mayotte was afraid.

—"*Pa pè*,"—called Youma, quickly rising to caress her,—"*mi da-ou, chè.*"

—"Oh! there is Something in the room, *da!*" said the child. She had heard stealthy sounds.

—"No, doudoux; you have been dreaming....Da will light the lamp for you."

She felt for the matches on the little night-table,—could not find them,—remembered she had left them in the adjoining salon,—moved toward the door;—and her foot suddenly descended upon something that sent a cold shock through all her blood,—something clammy and chill, that lived! Instantly she threw all the weight of her lithe strong body upon that foot—the left: she never could tell why;—perhaps the impulse was instinctive. Under her naked sole the frigid life she strove to crush writhed with a sudden power that nearly threw her down; and in the same moment she felt something wind round her ankle, over her knee, wrapping the flesh from heel to thigh with bruising force....the folds of a serpent!

—"*Tambou!*" she muttered between her teeth,—and hardened her muscles against the tightening coil, and strengthened the pressure of her foot upon the unseen enemy....The foot of the half-breed, never deformed by shoes, retains prehensile power,—grasps like a hand;—the creature writhed in vain to escape. Already the cold terror had passed; and Youma felt only the calm anger of resolve: hers was one of those semi-savage natures wherein fear rarely lives beyond the first moment of nervous surprise. She called softly to the little one.

—"*Ti doudoux?*"

—"Da?"

—"Do not move till I tell you: stay in bed;—there is a *bête* in the room."

—"*Aïe, aïe!*" sobbed the frightened child,—"what is it, da?"

—"Do not be afraid, cocotte: I am holding it, and it cannot bite you, unless you

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get up. I am going to call for Gabriel: do not stir, dear."

And Youma called, with all the power of her clear voice:

—"*Sucou!—sucou!* *Eh! Gabou!*"...

—"What is it?—what is it, *da?*" sobbed the little girl.

—"Do not cry like that, or I will get angry! How can I see what it is in the dark?"....

She called again and again for aid.... *Bon-Dié!* how powerful the creature was! —the pressure of the coil became a numbing pain. Her strength was already beginning to weaken under the obstinate, icy, ever-increasing constriction. What if the cramp should come to help it?.... Or was it the entering of venom into her blood that made those strange tinglings and tremblings?.... She had not felt herself stricken;—but only the month before a plantation hand had been bitten in the dark without feeling it; and they could not save him.... "*Eh! Gabou!*".... Even the servants in the pavilion seemed to sleep like dead. And if the child should leave the bed in spite of her warning?....

—"Oh! they are coming, *da!*" cried Mayotte. "Gabou is coming!" She had seen the flash of his lantern through the slatted shutters. "But the door is locked, *da?*"

—"Stay in bed, Mayotte!—if you move it will bite you!" The salon filled with voices and sound of feet; then there was a pushing at the bedroom door.

—"It is locked," called Youma;—"break it!—smash it in!—I cannot move."

....A crash!—the room filled with a flare of lanterns; and Youma saw that the livid throat was under her foot;—the hideous head vainly strained at her heel.

"*Pa bouèné piess!*" cried the voice of the commandeur. "Do not stir for your life, my girl! Keep still for your life! Stay just as you are!"

She stood like a bronze. Gabriel was beside her, his naked cutlass in his hand.... *Quim fò! quim fò!—pas bouèné piess, piess, piess!*".... Then she saw the gleam of his steel pass, and the severed head leap to the wainscoting, where it fell gaping,—the eyes still burning like sparks of charcoal. In the same moment the coil loosed and dropped, and Youma lifted her foot;—the body of the reptile lashed the planking, twisted, strove to crawl as if to join the head;—again and again the cutlass descended, and each lopped fragment nevertheless moved.

—"Are you hurt, my daughter?" a kind voice asked,—the voice of M. Desrivières: he had seen it all.

—"*Pa couè, maîte,*" she answered, looking at her foot. But she did not know. He led her to a chair, knelt down and began the examination himself; while Mayotte climbed to Youma's neck, clinging and kissing and crying: "Did he bite you, dear da?—did he bite you?".... "No, doudoux; no, cocotte: do not be afraid!" She was telling the truth unawares: the serpent had never been able to use his fangs; but the seaming of his coil remained upon the smooth red skin as if branded....Gabriel had dropped his cutlass and detached the long *mouchoir-fautas* about his waist to make a ligature: he was the *panseur* of the plantation.

—"Never mind, my son," said M. Desrivières: "she has not been bitten."

Gabriel stood dumb for astonishment.

Meanwhile the room had filled with armed plantation hands, and a clamor of exclamations:...."*Die Seignè! qui sépent!*".... "*Mi tête-là ka lè modé toujou!*" ...."*C'est guiabe mêum!*...."*Moceau-à ka rimié pou yo joinne!*...."*Aïe! Youma tchoque!—ouill papa!*"....And a serpent nearly six feet in length! No one had ever heard of such a feat before. When Youma told how it happened, —very simply and very calmly,—there was a dead hush of admiration. It was first broken by the rough basso of the commandeur, exclaiming:—"*Ouaill! ou brave, mafi!—foute! ou sévè!*".... "Severe," the negro's strongest adjective to qualify courage, retains in his patois something of quaint and reverential meaning, —something of that sense which survives in our own modern application of it to art and truth: the creole now rarely uses it except in irony, but Gabriel uttered it with unconscious exquisiteness; and M. Desrivières himself applauded.

—"*Doudoux-da-moin!*" cried Mayotte, smothering her nurse with caresses;—"*ti cocotte-da-moin!....Mais bo y, papoute!—bo y!*" she pleaded, to M. Desrivières. He smiled and kissed Youma's forehead.

—"And it was all my fault," declared Mayotte, beginning to sob again: "I made her tell me stories in the daytime."

But that serpent was no zombi: they

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found his trail and followed it to a hole which some rat had gnawed in the planking of the salon, under a sideboard.

V.

From that night Youma became the object of a sort of cult at Anse-Marine;—there is no quality the black admires so much as physical courage. The entire *atelier* began to evince for her a respect almost fetichistic. The girl's heroism had conquered any petty dislikes which her city manners and natural reserve might have provoked, and had hopelessly crushed the small jealousies of house-servants who imagined themselves supplanted by a stranger in the master's home. These now only sought to obtain her good-will, to win her smile;—the plantation declared itself proud of her,—boasted of her prowess to the slaves of neighboring estates;—the hands saluted her when she passed, as if she were a mistress; and the improvisors of the *caleinda* chants celebrated her praises in their *belai*. Even the overseer, M. de Comislles, though a rigid disciplinarian, no longer addressed her as *mafi*, "my daughter," but as *Manzell*,—Manzell Youma.

But what secretly pleased her above all was the attention of Gabriel. Gabriel appeared to have taken a sudden fancy to her. Although the busiest man on the estate, he found time to show his friendship by little kindnesses and courtesies of which one could scarcely have believed so rude a nature capable. He invented opportunities to meet her during the midday respite from labor, and of evenings,—before or after making his nightly round to see that all the regulations of cleanliness and good order had been obeyed in every cabin,—that clothing had been washed, and refuse removed. His visits were necessarily brief;—they were also strangely silent: he rarely spoke, except when asked a direct question, or when teased by Mayotte into taking her on his knees and answering her prattle. More usually he would simply seat himself on the veranda close to Youma's rocking-chair, and listen to her chat with the child, or her story-telling,—seldom even turning his face toward her, but seeming to watch the noisy life of the *cases*. But almost at every visit he would bring something for the child,—knowing she would share it with her *da*,—some gift of fruit gathered in his own garden: such as a bunch of *figues*, which are tiny dessert bananas scarcely two inches long;—or a *zabricot* (tropical apricot),—that singular fruit the ancient Haytians held sacred as the food of ghosts,—a colossal plum, as large as the largest turnip, with musky vermilion flesh, and a kernel big as a duck's egg;—or an odorous branch cut from a *zorange-macaque* tree, heavy with mandarines;—or a *fouitt-defendu*,—the same, according to creole tradition, which Eve was tempted by the Serpent to eat,—a sort of huge orange larger than a pumpkin, with a luscious pink pulp. . . . One day,—the day of Mayotte's *fête*,—Gabriel brought a very pretty present: a basket he had himself woven of bamboo strips and liana stems, filled with samples of almost everything the estate produced. There was a beautiful little sugar-loaf,—a package of *batons-caco*, or sticks of chocolate,—a little *couï*, or half-calabash, filled with brown sugar,—a can of refined syrup,—a *pain-mi*, or boiled-maize cake, sweetened, and wrapped in a piece of balisier leaf tied with a *ti-liane-razié;*—some *tablettes* of grated cocoa candied in liquid sugar;—and a nice bundle of Chambéry cane, tied with a cane leaf. . . . Another day, when Youma had taken the child to the river for her morning bath, she found there, fixed upon the bank beside the little pool, a broad and handsome rustic bench, built of the long tough stems of the *pommier-rose*, with split bamboos for the back and the seat: Gabriel had made it, working at night, and had carried it to the river before daybreak, as a surprise for Youma.

. . . . Silent as Gabriel's visits were, they began to exert an influence on Youma. She found in them an unfamiliar pleasure,—became accustomed to look for them with unconscious eagerness;—even felt vaguely unhappy when he did not come. And yet, after having failed to see him for a longer time than usual, she never asked what had prevented his visit;—she would not have confessed, even to herself, that she feared his indifference. He, on the other hand, never offered an explanation. The two strange natures comprehended each other without speech,—drew and dominated each other in a dumb, primitive, half-savage way.

. . . . He brought one afternoon a fine *sapota*,—that fruit in whose smooth flushed swarthy skin creole fancy finds the semblance of half-breed beauty. Within its flat black seed, between the two halves of

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the kernel, lies a pellicle,—creamy, fragile, and shaped like a heart,—which it requires dexterity to remove without breaking. Lovers challenge each other to do it as a test of affection.

—"Mayotte," said Youma, after they had eaten the fruit together,—"I want to see if you love me."....She cracked the flinty shell of a seed between her teeth,—then tried to remove the pellicle, and broke it.

—"Oh, da!" cried the child, "it is not true!—you know I love you."....

—"*Piess, piess!*" declared Youma, teasing her;—"you do not love me one bit!"

But Gabriel asked for a seed, and she gave him one. Rude and hard as his fingers were, he took out the little heart intact, and gave it to Mayotte.

—"*Ou ouè!*" he said, maliciously;—"*da ou ainmein moin passé ou!*" (Your da loves me better than you.)

—"It is not true!—no, *cocotte!*" Youma assured the child. But she did not feel sure of what she said.

....When the cane-cutting season was over, Gabriel asked and obtained leave to go to La Trinité, one holiday morning. He returned at evening, later than the hour at which he was accustomed to find the young *capresse* on the veranda; but she was still there. Seeing him approach, she rose with the child asleep in her arms, and put her finger to her lips.

"*Quimbé!*" whispered Gabriel, slipping into Youma's hand something flat and square, wrapped in tissue-paper: then, without another word, he strode away to his quarters.

When Mayotte had been put to bed, Youma looked at the packet....A little card-board box: within it, upon a layer of pink cotton, shone two large light circles of plain gold,—barbaric ear-rings such as are only made by colonial goldsmiths, but well suited to the costume and bronze skin of the race of color.... Youma already possessed far finer jewelry; but Gabriel had walked thirty kilometres for these.

He smiled as he passed by her window in the morning and saw them shimmering in her ears. Her acceptance of the gift signified assent to a question unspoken,—the question which civilized men most fear to ask, but which the creole slave could ask without words.

VI.

—"What is it, my son?" said M. Desrivières, as Gabriel, who had asked to speak with him alone, stood nervously twirling a great straw hat between his fingers.

—"*Maîte*," he began, shyly,—"*moin ainmein ti bonne ou.*"....

—"Youma?" queried M. Desrivières in surprise.

—"*Mais oui, maîte.*"

—"Is Youma willing to marry you?"

—"*Mais oui, maîte.*"

....For a few moments M. Desrivières could make no reply: the possibility of a union between the two had never occurred to him, and Gabriel's revelation almost shocked him. The *commandeur* was certainly one of the finest physical men of his race,—young, industrious, intelligent; but he would make a rough mate indeed for a girl brought up as Youma had been. She was also a slave, without education; but she had received a domestic training that gave her a marked superiority above her class, and she had moral qualities more delicate by far than those of Gabriel....Above all, she had been the companion of Aimée's childhood, and afterward her friend rather than her servant: the influence of Aimée had done much for her;—something of Aimée's manner, and of Aimée's thought, had become a part of her own....No; Madame Peyronnette would never hear of such a union: the mere idea of it would revolt her like a brutality.

—"But, Gabriel," he answered at last, "Youma does not belong to me. She belongs to my mother-in-law."....

—"Master, I know she belongs to Madame Peyronnette," said Gabriel, making the rim of his *chapeau-bacouè* revolve still more quickly;—"but I thought you would like to do something for me."

The planter smiled at the suggestion....He had often expressed to Gabriel the wish to see him marry,—had even promised to give him a handsome wedding when he should have made a choice. But Gabriel seemed in no haste to choose. Then it became known that, while he remained indifferent to the girls of Anse-Marine, he was in the habit of making furtive visits to a neighboring estate; and M. Desrivières himself went there to discover the object of those visits. He found it in the person of a handsome *griffe;* and, wishing to give Gabriel an agreeable surprise,

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bought the girl for fifteen hundred francs, and brought her back with him. But from the day that she belonged to the plantation, Gabriel paid no further attention to her whatever. Secretly, he resented his master's intermeddling in the matter; and nevertheless, in spite of that episode, it now seemed to him quite natural to beg M. Desrivières to buy Youma for him. . . . The planter, however, felt no anger;—the incident rather amused him. He valued Gabriel highly, and understood him well:—a nature impatient of control, but capable of exerting it to an extraordinary degree. As a *commandeur* he was inestimable; as a *travailleur* he would have been almost impossible to manage. His former owner, a *petit blanc*, had been glad to sell him, with the frank assurance that he was "sullen, incorrigible, and dangerous." De Comislles, who purchased him, knew it was a case of "fine stock" unappreciated; and often boasted of the bargain he had made.

—"I cannot buy her for you, my son," said M. Desrivières, kindly. "Youma is not for sale. Madame Peyronnette will not sell her at any price,—even to me. . . . I am going to the city to-morrow, and will ask my mother-in-law if she will let Youma marry you: that is all I can do."

Gabriel ceased to twirl his hat: he stood silent for a little while, with his eyes cast down, and a decidedly sinister expression in his face. He had never thought that Youma's fate might not be decided even by M. Desrivières's wealth and influence: a suspicion that the planter's assurances were false, momentarily darkened his thoughts. Then he looked up, bowed to M. Desrivières, and with a hoarsely muttered, *Mèçi, maître*, withdrew.

—"It is Youma who will suffer the most," thought M. Desrivières.

VII.

Madame Peyronnette's decision was just what M. Desrivières had expected. She was even more astonished by Youma's choice than he had been,—could only attribute it to a fascination purely physical, or, as she termed it, animal: the one peril among all others that she had especially feared for Youma. She even reproached her son-in-law,—held him responsible for the affair; and finally insisted upon Youma's immediate return to the city. She did not wish that another should be Mayotte's nurse; but whether Mayotte remained at Anse-Marine or not, Youma should return. It was time at all events that the child should begin to learn something more important than sucking sugar-cane and playing with little negroes;—besides, she had become quite strong, and the city was exceptionally healthy. Youma might continue to live with the Desrivières at the Fort; but a girl innocent enough to become enamored of the first common negro who made love to her, needed looking after; and Madame Peyronnette intended to make sure that no more such things should happen. . . . M. Desrivières offered no opposition to his mother-in-law's wishes; he announced his intention to return to town himself as soon as possible, and bring Mayotte and her nurse with him.

. . . . To Youma this decision brought a shock of pain that stupefied her too much for tears. Then, with the instinctive, automatic resentment that sudden pain provokes, came to her also for the first time the full keen sense of the fact that she was a slave,—helpless to resist the will that struck her. Every disappointment she had ever known,—each constraint, reprimand, refusal, suppression of an impulse, every petty pang she had suffered since a child,—crowded to her memory, scorched it, blackened it; filled her with the delusion that she had been unhappy all her life, and with a hot secret anger against the long injustice imagined, breaking down her good sense, and her trained habit of cheerful resignation. In that instant she almost hated her godmother, hated M. Desrivières, hated everybody . . . . except Gabriel. At his advent into her life, something long held in subjection within her,—something like a darker passionate second soul, that since her childhood had been making ever stronger strugglings to break free,—had risen to meet him, bursting its bonds, and winning mastery at last: the nature of the savage race whose blood dominated in her veins.

Its earlier rebellions had produced no graver result than occasional secret fits of melancholy,—beginning after Aimée's departure to school, when Youma was first taken into an existence high-hedged about in those days with formalities extraordinary. Except during the evenings of a brief theatrical season, and the occasion

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of a select ball, the creole ladies remained almost cloistered in their homes from Sunday to Sunday, scarcely leaving their apartments except to go to church,—never entering a store under any circumstances, and having even the smallest details of their shopping done for them by slaves. Enervated by a climate that would probably have exterminated the European element within a few generations, but for the constant infusion of fresh blood from abroad, the white women of the colonies could adapt themselves without pain to this life of cool and elegant seclusion. But Youma was of the race of sun-lovers. The very privileges accorded her, the very training given to her as a sort of adopted child, had tended rather to contract her natural life than to expand it. In the country she had found larger opportunities for out-door enjoyment, and freedom from formal restraints of a certain kind; but even in the country her existence was confined by her duty as a nurse,—compressed into the small sphere of a child's requirements. Youma was too young to be a *da*. For the *da* there were no pleasures. The responsibilities of such a place,—requiring nothing less than absolute self-sacrifice,—were confided as a rule only to slaves who had been mothers, who had fulfilled the natural destiny of woman. But Youma had scarcely ceased to be a child, when she found herself again sentenced to act, think, and speak as a child,—for the sake of a child not her own. Her magnificent youth dumbly protested against this perpetual constraint. Despite that sense of personal dignity Madame Peyronnette had spared no pains to cultivate in her,—the feeling of having social superiority among her class,—she sometimes found herself envying the lot of others who would have gladly changed places with her: the girls who travelled singing over the sunny mountain roads, the negresses working in the fields, chanting *belai* to the tapping of the *ka*....Youma felt a painful pleasure in watching them. She suffered so much from the weariness of physical inaction;—she was so tired of living in shadow, of resting in rocking-chairs, of talking baby talk,—just as in other years she had been tired of dwelling behind closed shutters, and broidering and sewing in a half-light, and hearing conversations which she could not understand. Still, at such moments, she had judged herself ungrateful,—almost wicked,—and battled with her discontent, and conquered it,—until Gabriel came.

Gabriel!....He seemed to open to her the day of a new world full of all that her being longed for,—light, and joy, and melody: he appeared to her in some way blended with the freedom of air and sun, of river and sea; fresh scents of wood and field; the long blue shadows of morning, the rose-light of tropical moonrise; and the songs of the *chantrelles*, and the merriment of dances under the cocoa-palms to the throbbing thunder of the drums. Gabriel, so calm, so strong, so true!—her man of all men,—made for her by the Bon-Dié;—Gabriel, who, though a slave, could compel the respect of his master;—Gabriel, for whom she prayed each night, and laid before the Virgin's image her little offering of wild flowers;—Gabriel, with whom she would be so happy, even in the poorest of *ajoupas*,—for whom she would gladly give liberty,—if she had it,—or even her life, if it could do him service!....She wished to be beautiful—and they said she was beautiful—(*yon bel-bois*, like a shapely tree, like a young palm)—only for his sake: ....And they were going to take him from her,—pretending that he was not good enough for her (as if *they* could know!),—because they wanted her to remain with them always, to suffer for them always, to live in darkness and silence,—like a *manicou*. And they had the power to be cruel to her, to take him away from her! The world was all wrong,—wrong at least for her. Whomsoever she loved was taken from her: first her mother, Douceline; then Aimée Desrivières;—now Gabriel....

....It was the morning after his arrival from the city that M. Desrivières had called her aside to tell her: she had just returned from the river with Mayotte, after giving the child her morning bath. ....He had spoken kindly, but very frankly,—in a way that left no hope possible.

For a long time she sat speechless and motionless in her room: then, obeying the child's wish, went out with her upon the veranda. The day was exquisitely clear, with a tepid wind from the sea. Above her, on the nearer side of the valley, sounded the mellow booming of a *tambou belai*, and a chorus of African

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song. A troop of field hands were making a new path to the summit of one of the mornes; the old path having been washed away by recent heavy rains. The overseer had surveyed the course for it, marked out the zigzag with stretched cords; and the workers were slowly descending in a double column,—all singing,—all the hoes and rammers keeping time to the drum rhythm. Sometimes the men would throw up their hoes in the air and catch them again, or exchange them in a fling, without losing the measure of the movement. And there was a girl,—young Chrysaline,—carrying a tray with tin cups, *dobannes* of water, and a pitcher of liquor;—serving drink all round at intervals; for the work was hot. . . .Youma looked for a tall figure in blue cotton shirt and white canvas trousers at the head of the line. But Gabriel was not visible. Another was acting in his place, overseeing the task, and keeping a watch for serpents,—a black man, Marius.

Only three days more; and she would have to leave Anse-Marine,—would see Gabriel no more. . . .They were going to return to the dull hot city in the dullest and hottest month of the year. . . .Did Gabriel know?. . . .Or was it because he knew, that she did not see him among the workers? She felt that if he knew, he would contrive some chance to speak with her. . . .

Even as this feeling came, Gabriel appeared before the house,—made her a sign to leave the child and come to him.

He laid his hand caressingly upon her shoulder, and whispered:—

—"The master told me this morning . . . .he is going to take you away from us?"

—"Yes," she answered, sadly;—"we are going back to the city.". . . .

—"When?"

—"Monday coming."

—"It is only Thursday," he said, with a peculiar smile. . . ."*Doudoux*, you know that once they have you back in the city again, they will never let you see me, never!—yes, you know it!"

—"But, Gabriel," she answered, with a choking in her voice,—hurt by the tone of pleading in his words: "what can I do?—you know there is not any way.". . . .

—"There *is* a way," he interrupted, almost roughly.

Wondering, she looked at him,—a new vague hope dawning in her large eyes.

—"There is a way, my girl," he repeated,—"if you are brave. Look!"

He pointed beyond the valley, over the sea to the northeast, where loomed a shape of phantasmal beauty,—a vision only seen in fairest weather. Out of the purpling ocean circle, the silhouette of Dominica towered against the amethystine day,—with crown of ghostly violet peaks, and clouds far curled upon them, like luminous wool of gold.

—"*Doudoux, in one night!*". . . .he whispered, watching her face. . . .

She caught his meaning. . . .Freedom for the slave who could set his foot on British soil!

—"Gabriel!" called the voice of M. de Comislles.

—"*Eti!*" he shouted in answer. . . . "Think about it, my girl,—*chongé, chongé bien, chè.*"

—"Gabriel!" again cried the voice of the overseer.

—"*Ka vini!*" called Gabriel, running toward the summons.

. . . .She returned to her accustomed place on the veranda, where Mayotte was playing with a black kitten. She scarcely heard the child's laughter, and joyous callings to her to look when the little animal performed some droll prank,—answered mechanically as if half awake: her gaze continued fixed upon the shining apparition in the horizon, that tempted her will with its vapory loveliness. Slowly, while she gazed, it took diaphanous pallor,—began to fade into the vast light. Then, as the sun climbed higher, it passed mysteriously away: there remained only the clear-colored circling sea, the rounded spotlessness of the summer heaven. . . .But the luminous azure memory of it lingered with her,—burned into her thought.

She did not see Gabriel again that day. He seemed to avoid her purposely,—to give her time to reflect. . . .

VIII.

. . . .Never a doubt of Gabriel's ability to carry out his project entered her mind: the possibilities of pursuit and capture, of encountering a *rafale* in that awful channel—or even worse; for the hurricane season had set in,—gave her little concern. What danger could she not

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brave for his sake?—anywhere with him she would feel safe.

But slowly the exaltation of her fancy began to calm. The totally unexpected suggestion of a means to frustrate the will of others, and of winning all that she desired, had cooled the passion of her disappointment; and, with its cooling, her natural power of just reflection gradually returned. Then she felt afraid,—afraid of something in herself that she knew was wrong. For even in the first moment, the proposal of Gabriel had vaguely smitten her conscience,—startled her moral sense before she could weigh, however hastily, the results of abandoning her friends, her birthplace, her duties,—of declassing herself forever,—of losing the esteem of all who put trust in her. But now as she thought,—seriously thought,—she knew that a shame rose and tingled in her face. . . .

No—no—no!—it was not true that her life had been all unhappiness. She began to recall,—in shining soft succession,—many delightful days. Days of her childhood, above all,—with Aimée, when they played together in the great court of Madame Peyronnette's house in the high street—the beautiful sunny court with its huge-leaved queer plants and potted palms,—where the view of the splendid bay lay all open in blue light from the Grosse-Roche to Fond-Corré;—with ships coming and going over the horizon, or drowsily swaying at anchor,—the court where each morning they used to feed the *zandolis*, the little green lizards of the *tonnelle*, who flashed down from the green vault of climbing vines to eat the crumbs thrown them! . . . . Aimée, who shared all things with her,—even when a tall young lady. Aimée, whose dying hand clasped hers with such loving trust,—whose dying lips had whispered:—"*Youma, O Youma! you will love my child?—Youma, you will never leave her, whatever happens, while she is little?—promise, dear Youma!*" . . . . And she had promised . . . .

. . . . She saw again the face of Madame Peyronnette, smiling under its bands of silver hair,—smiling as when Youma felt her cheek stroked by the fine white hand that glimmered with rings;—as when she heard the gentle assurance:—"You are my daughter, too, child—my beautiful dark daughter-in-God! You must be happy;—I want you to be happy!". . . . And had she not really tried to make her so,—contrived for her, planned for her,—expended much for her sake, that she might never have the right to envy others of her class?. . . . And Youma thought of all the gifts, the New-Year surprises,—the perpetual comfort. She had always had a room apart,—a room overlooking the *tonnelle* with its vines and pommes-de-liane, where the humming-birds circled in gleams of crimson and emerald,—a little chamber full of sea-wind: she had never been allowed to lie on a simple mattress unrolled upon the floor, like a common domestic.

. . . . For Aimée's sake she had found scarcely less consideration in her second home, from Madame Desrivières and her son. And ever since Aimée's death, the kindness of M. Desrivières had been that of a father. He had trusted her to such a degree that he had never noticed Gabriel's visits.

. . . . What would all these think of her? . . . . To whom did she owe most?—to them, whom she had known so long, and the kind lady who had brought her up with her own child, after having named her at the baptismal font; or to Gabriel, whom she had known only for one season?. . . . Ah! never,—not even for his sake, could she be false to them!—the good God would never forgive her!. . . . But Gabriel did not know: if he knew, he could not ask her to fly with him. . . .

. . . . Once more the darker side of her nature was quelled,—sank back sobbing to its old place. The cruel pain remained: but she lay down to rest that night with a strong resolve to seek Gabriel as soon as possible, and to say *No*.

And nevertheless, her heart sank a little next morning, when Gabriel, striding by as she was taking the child to the river, said, in a low, hurried tone:—

—"Go to the beach this evening, at four o'clock. I will see you there. The *gommier* leaves for La Trinité with a cargo."

Then he was gone, before she could answer a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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TRUST.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

WITHIN the slender chalice of thy hand
"Hold fast what I give thee," and drop down, too,
The fringes of those tender flowers of blue,
Thy wondering eyes; nor question nor withstand
What I may give. Perchance my love hath planned
Some sweet surprise, or test if thou be true.
What if it be a sprig of bitterest rue;
A strange swift summons to an unknown land;
A hurting thorn; a cross?—rare gifts, I know,
For love to bring; but wouldst thou trust me still?
Quick, dear, thine answer! "I should trust until
The hidden meaning in thy gift should show."
Ah, sweet, when God sends just such gifts to thee,
Canst thou not answer Him as thou dost me?

A WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

THERE are books in plenty on riding, but most are concerned chiefly with men, and a woman studies them almost in vain to find any practical hints which will help her. In this country especially is there a dearth of information. Our climate, so very hot in summer and so very cold in winter, would seem to leave no time but the spring and autumn in which a woman may really enjoy horseback exercise. Partly for this reason it happens that the women of the eastern United States are not celebrated as equestrians, though Hyde Park often exhibits as awkward riders as our own parks, and we can sometimes match the best of England. I am not concerned with riding for show, or to exhibit unusual feats of daring. I propose only to speak in a practical, common-sense way of riding for exercise, fresh air, and rest.

Our girls and our women, as a rule, need riding more than the boys and the men; a boy has many ways of exercise from which a girl is debarred, and it is quite certain that in no other exercise permitted her can she put in play so many muscles and breathe in so much fresh air in a given length of time. As to the muscles, let any one testify after her first good ride as to the locality of the lameness which follows, and say whether it be special or general. This lameness is only the result of the unusual demand made on various muscles which commonly in a woman's quiet life are almost unemployed. Wherever a lameness is felt, there is a muscle which has been called on for an unusual amount of tension—that is, of activity. There are two cures for this lameness — the first, to stop riding, for thus the muscle which has been so unwontedly contracted and relaxed will soon return to its normal flabby and lifeless condition by not being used; the second is to keep on as if nothing had happened. By this course the muscle becomes accustomed to the extra demand, takes on a new strength through the fuller supply of blood, and grows hard and firm. We can take our choice as to which of these ways is preferable. One thing, however, must be assumed—to secure good results in the latter case the riding must be undertaken cautiously, and never persisted in till utter weariness supervenes. The rides should be short and gentle at first, and gradually increased in length. Weariness should be the signal for a stop. But this being understood, they should be persisted in day after day, and the lameness will take care of itself. Once gone, it comes not back again, or but slightly, after long absence from the saddle. The muscles all around hips, waist, and shoulders have been permanently strengthened and developed. The effect will be seen at once in a free and easy carriage of the whole body in walking. A good walk is the result not of strength alone, and never of effort; it comes from strength under perfect control and a nice balance of myriad forces, which can be gained perhaps in no

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other way so pleasantly and surely as by riding. I might pause incidentally to speak of the greater security our girls would thus acquire in case of danger, from their control of more obedient and more flexible muscles; but this is aside from the immediate subject.

A woman should never attempt to ride at first any but a well-trained horse. To say nothing of the fact that she may learn bad habits from the horse, as well as he from her, she is encumbered with the folds of a skirt which, though not so ridiculously long and full as in the olden times, is yet sufficiently in the way to fetter her in case of a fall. It must not be forgotten that a woman has no means of influencing and controlling her horse beyond voice, whip, and bridle, while a man can bring to bear also the pressure of knee and leg. The fact that she has less strength than a man is, however, of the least consequence; the strength of a horse and of a human being are so enormously disproportioned that a little more or less on the part of the rider is not of much importance. I mean, of course, as to stopping or guiding. In the case of a runaway, the greater strength of the man comes into play in the form of endurance, enabling him to keep his seat longer, and not to fall off from sheer exhaustion. In any other way it may be doubted whether, even in a runaway, the man has the advantage. A maddened horse cares nothing for all the mere brute strength that any man can bring to bear. He may be guided, because the force of life-long habit takes precedence even of his present fright, but he cannot be forcibly stopped.

Besides, in any case, strength is not the force which can be used to advantage with a horse. That is his own weapon. That he understands. But the articulate voice is a mystery to him. It is something which he does not possess, and does not comprehend, and to which he yields. And though he be intelligent and cunning, and able to invent and employ crooked ways to gain his clearly conceived ends, the cunning and the crookedness of the human race are immeasurably superior, and to them he must yield. The miracle of human speech and diplomacy are the winning cards in the game, and these are surely possessed by woman, unless all history and tradition lie. She should not, then, hesitate to ride from distrust of her physical strength, and yet, as has been said, let her not be foolhardy enough to ride an untrained horse, or one that is known to have any special vice or trick.

But, on the other hand, she should as well beware of an over-trained horse. I mean one that has been put through what is known as high-school training, and that has learned to look upon every slightest motion of hand, foot, or rein as a signal for some special performance on his part. With such a one, even the practised rider may be as greatly surprised as is the man who, talking the language of a foreign country with but slight knowledge of its idioms, suddenly finds himself challenged to a duel because some innocent remark has been taken as an insult. One ought never to buy one of these high-schooled horses without a written code of signals, which he should commit to memory, or perhaps might carry fastened before his eyes, attached in some way to the head-band. It takes months to learn the lessons which such a horse has to communicate, without such a code, and before "all the lessons are learned," the rider, unless with a most excellent seat and a very level head, may find himself left behind.

A horse for a woman to ride should, then, be well-trained, bridle-wise, with a delicate mouth, and a neck which has been well suppled, so that he will guide easily to right or left by the least pressure of the rein or the lash of the whip on either side of his neck. If a horse will not obey the slightest movement of the hand, he is not really fit for the saddle. Then the rider and horse must be in a sense one. Each must perfectly understand the other. This condition implies power of comprehension, patience, and wisdom on the part of the rider. They are almost always to be depended on in a well-trained horse. But the perfect accord so necessary for perfect enjoyment can never be, unless you own your horse, and allow no one else to ride him for any considerable time. The unfortunate horses in a riding-school are like Pope's women—they have "no character at all." They are ridden, or rather sat on and pulled about, by so many different people that in despair they give up trying to understand the meaning of their riders, if they ever have any, and become a sort of four-legged machines. But in reality every horse worth riding has an individuality of his own—an individuality much more marked than that

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of most of our human acquaintances. He has his own particular likes and dislikes, delights and fears, and often his own especial little joke, which he never wearies of trying to play off, any more than your friend tires of repeating his own particular witticism. One of my horses has two jokes in which he particularly delights. One is, pulling suddenly round a corner where he knows he ought not to go; and the other, making a supreme effort and cutting directly in front of another horse with whom he has been trying speed, and who he sees is beginning to get an inch ahead of him. To accomplish the first, he invariably selects a time when he is coming in on a full canter. He gives no sign of wanting to turn till he has nearly passed the road, when, feeling sure that he has put me off my guard, he wheels as swift as a flash and dashes in. Having accomplished this, he knows perfectly that he will be whipped; and though he winces at the lash, he evidently thinks to himself, "Well, I did it, anyway," and goes back very meekly to the road where he belongs. There is no particular harm in this; but his other joke, of cutting right across the bows, so to speak, of perhaps two or three other horses at full speed, is too dangerous to be risked, and hence I am obliged to keep him out of the temptation which he is unable to resist.

The rider must be mistress, and the horse, servant. So much is certain, but this being granted, there must be also a kind of friendly consideration for the servant on the part of the mistress. The horse should be allowed to have "some good times" of his own. This, however, can be permitted only when you know that he is an obedient and respectful servant, as it is only to a well-proved servant of the human race that it is safe to allow liberties. There is no reason why he should not have his own little gallop, his own little trot, or his own little walk, provided that he is sure to obey you instantly and to the letter when you tell him to walk, trot, or gallop. You must be in full sympathy with your horse. You must try patiently to understand him and his way of thinking, and here you have the advantage over him, for while all his processes of reasoning lie in the background of your own consciousness, and are states from which you have emerged, and into which you can go back by the force of your will, he never has been so far as you, and cannot possibly comprehend and grasp your superior and farther developed methods. When you have voluntarily and patiently put yourself back into his circle, you will find that his way of reasoning and thinking is just the same as your own, only that his brain works more slowly. If he have time enough, he will reach a reasonable conclusion, but often it happens that before he has had time enough for this, his emotion of fear gets the mastery, and he sees no other refuge from evident or mysteriously threatening danger than flight. Is he so different from his rider in this? Did you never run away from a noise with no apparent cause, or from so small and harmless a cause as a mouse or a dragon-fly? And what about a panic in a theatre, or on a steamer, or at a railroad accident? The wisest among us shies, if in walking something—we may not at first know what—jumps out suddenly in front of us. The horse shies under the same circumstances, but he does it in dignified and well-bred silence, whereas many a man swears and many a woman screams. To the unprejudiced observer the brute may seem the wiser, after all.

When you find your horse doing precisely the same thing that you do, instead of being angry with him, you ought, with a profound sense of pleasure, to recognize your close relationship to him. Meanwhile, however, you should remember that your swifter thought should come to his aid. If in his confusion and his momentary doubt he hears your voice or feels your hand upon his neck, he takes a little confidence; he finds that he is not quite alone in the danger, and you gain time for him, in which he may recover his senses. In dealing with my horses I am continually reminded of Morris's graphic "tangled wolfish wit." Their wit is "tangled" in comparison with ours. We must help them to untangle it by our straighter thought. I cannot imagine any one becoming acquainted with an intelligent horse in the relation of mistress and servant without feeling a profound sympathy for the "tangled wit" which, through all its tangle, responds instantly to her helping hand or voice, and serves her so patiently and so faithfully. Well does Ruskin say: "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to our great

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mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul."

As no one can teach a child successfully who cannot come down to the child's level of thought, so no one can train an animal who cannot in some sense do the same thing, for otherwise no medium of communication can exist between the two except that of physical pain. A horse who has been trained simply by the whip can no more be depended upon than the child can be depended on for that knowledge and those habits which have been flogged, not into, but on to him. We certainly can understand something of the nature of those brains which in comparison with ours are undeveloped, and it seems to me that the line separating animals capable of training from those which are not so capable is drawn only by our own natures. In other words, if we could feel our way far enough back in our own consciousness to understand how a clam feels, judges, and acts, there would be nothing to prevent our training clams to perform several feats not now included in their list of accomplishments. The trouble is that we have grown too far away from the clam, so that we cannot establish any line of communication. The fault is ours, not his.

We have not, however, lived sufficiently beyond the horse to prevent our going back with a little effort to his stage of consciousness, and understanding how he reasons, and why he does as he does, and therefore there is no such barrier between us and him. We can send him our messages and our ideas when we once get telegraph wires up between us, and the names of the telegraph wires are sympathy, patience, and gentleness. By means of these three, we can teach an intelligent horse almost anything. There is a quaint and very suggestive story which bears on this point: In a rural village a horse had been lost, and no one was able to give any account of him except that he had been seen on the last day known grazing on a certain spot, with his head toward a large rock. After the search had been abandoned, all suggestions as to where he might have gone having proved unavailing, a simple-hearted lad who had little credit for intelligence among the villagers came quietly leading in the animal. When asked where he had found him, and how he could possibly have thought of so unlikely a place as the one where he really was, the lad answered, simply: "Why, they all says the last place he was seen was in Low's lot looking toward the big rock, so I goes there and looks at the big rock, and I says to myself, 'Now if I was a horse, what would I do, and where would I go?' and I goes there and I finds him." We have only to follow this example, to ask ourselves the same question, and we shall not often fail to "find" our horse. And when we have found him, we can manage him.

First, then, as an essential to thorough enjoyment of riding, the horse and rider must be one, and one in sympathy quite as much as in motion. You cannot ride really well till you understand his every gesture as much as he yours, any more than you can be said to ride well till you feel as secure in your saddle as in your rocking-chair, and until, no matter what gait he assumes, you and he appear to belong together as one body.

The horse is generally believed to have but little activity of the brain. It is stated that four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four are all that he requires. The fact that he seems to need but little sleep is brought forward to prove that he has little mental activity. He is generally, in point of intelligence, compared unfavorably with the dog. We must not forget, however, that the dog is the companion of man, received into the house, and accustomed from his earliest years to the society of intelligent people. His mind has been by this means developed, his mental activity increased. And the cumulative effect of heredity must not be overlooked. It is an undoubted fact that a certain amount of knowledge is transmitted from generation to generation among what we are pleased to call brute animals. For instance, even the calves of the present day are less afraid of a railroad train than the cows were when railroads were first introduced. The dog has been in an atmosphere of education for thousands of years, but the horse has been left to the care of ignorant and brutal men, whose only idea of enforcing obedience is by means of a loud, harsh word, a blow, or a kick. When he is left in peace, he is fastened generally with his head to a blank wall, where he can see nothing to interest him. Sometimes he must stand for long spaces of time in this way, the interminable, colorless day being broken only by the pro-

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cess of cleaning and his three feeds. When his nervous nature under this strain invents some way of amusing himself and making time go a little more rapidly, he is roughly bidden to stand still, or is forced to stop his little play by the lash, and earns the title of a vicious brute. If a dog were subjected to the same treatment, how long would it be before he would require also only four hours' sleep by reason of a "low mental activity"? The Arabs make companions of their horses, and they get in return the services of willing and intelligent friends. Most horses have their viciousness thrust upon them, and even a vicious horse may be changed in nature by persistent and intelligent kindness. The horse has always done more reasoning than he has had credit for, and it is usually because he refuses to be a mere machine that he is punished. If we do not understand his continual protest against this degradation, it is only because we ourselves are lacking in intelligent perception. When he does not object to a cow or a whole drove of cows in the country, but shies and almost refuses to pass one in the city, it certainly shows that he has the faculties of memory, conception, comparison, judgment, and reasoning. When he passes a hundred street cars or wagons drawn by horses without notice, but shows unmistakable signs of fear on approaching a cable-car or a wagon moving without visible means of motion, does he not testify to his grasp of the causal relation, and show that he is as ready as man ever has been to suspect the presence of the Prince of Darkness wherever his own intellect was unequal to the problem of explanation?

Has he not a clear idea of the flight of time when he calls you out to the stable to give him his dinner just at noon? How does he find his mistress's house among a whole street full of houses precisely alike, and never miss stopping at the right door? As to intelligence and power of acquiring knowledge, there can be no doubt, and that implies attention, and also an appreciation of the laws of association. The horse certainly can distinguish some colors, for he is afraid of a red lantern when he does not mind a white one. I think there is no doubt that he also distinguishes green from red. In color knowledge he is not, then, so far behind the Greeks of Homer's time, as judged by Mr. Gladstone. He has certainly great power of invention, and of adaptation of means to non-existent ends. And he does not fail in cunning, nor, I think, in a sense of humor. The same incitements which move us to honorable action stir his nature; the same discouragements lower his ambition, and precisely the same treatment is necessary with him as with children in educating them. No more valuable normal school exists for a teacher than the saddle if she would be successful with her human pupils, for here, as is true often in schools, the real teacher generally learns quite as much from the pupil as he from her.

The horse shows the capacity for a magnanimous trustfulness over and above all his suspicious nature when he will let his mistress come into his stall while he is lying down, and so at a disadvantage, and sit down upon him while he eats from her hand. And the same animal that will plunge wildly from the stable, buck-jumping and snorting, if the groom be on his back, will never fail to walk softly and tenderly, under precisely the same circumstances otherwise, if he carries a woman. Such conduct as this, when it is found in human beings, is supposed to denote a royal nature. On the whole, it has always seemed to me that we might be much more humiliated at being forced to acknowledge our kinship with some of our nearer relations.

We must never forget that in the case of animals the pupil cannot rise higher than the teacher, and that the teacher must be thoughtful and intelligent. He must not only feel a kinship with his pupil, but he must recognize in him an individual character, and must adapt himself to that. No two horses are exactly alike in character any more than two people. With regard to the point of strongly marked individual character, the following stories may serve as illustrations: My "Mac" cannot endure to be left alone, and nothing more is necessary to make him perfectly miserable and almost beside himself than to have his companions desert him on the road, or to be left solitary in the stable. In the former case he becomes evidently anxious and nervous, and cries in the most pitiful way till he catches sight of them again, when the cry becomes a relieved and joyful whinny, and the unwilling and uncertain gait a glad gallop. In the latter case he never ceases his restless motion and his cry of

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loneliness, his eyes look wild, and he pulls his head impatiently away from any caressing touch. He had been sick for a week, so that one day I did not want him to go far or fast, and sent the other horses out before him, half an hour after they had gone, taking him down the river road. He was very nervous and uneasy, would walk for a while, and then throw up his head and break into a trot or a canter. When he came to the watering-trough he put his head down, but then suddenly concluded that he had no time to stop, wheeled sharply and went on, still as if the force impelling him were some attraction in front of him. This continued, I all the time bringing him down to a walk, and he over and over trying to break off, till we reached a fork in the road, and I turned him to the right. He obeyed the rein, and then stopped entirely and gave one of his despairing cries. However, I propose to be mistress and to direct as to the route, and so he had to go on, shortly after turning and going quietly back on the same road by which we had come. At supper I inquired which road the other horses had taken, and found that they had gone down the river road, but at the fork had turned to the left across the bridge. The conclusion was irresistible: Mac had been anxiously following their trail and trusting to catch up with them till the scent failed and despair succeeded to hope. My Dick has been seen politely passing hay from his own pile to a strange horse that stood face to face with him in the stable, and whose manger was empty. But it would never have occurred to either of these horses to do what the other did.

The average groom has never an idea that the horse is anything in and for himself. This is very forcibly suggested by the fact that we never find a groom to understand us if we speak of a horse's right and left foot, meaning by these the foot which would be right and left to the horse. He knows nothing of any consciousness in the animal, and to him the feet are only "off" and "nigh," these two terms being relative to the man who walks by the side of his horse, and who, naturally carrying his only means of enforcing obedience in his right hand, finds the horse's right foot the one farthest "off" *from him*, and the left foot "nigh" *him*. If I speak of the right foot, thinking of what would be "right" to the horse's thinking, the groom takes it for granted that I mean the one that is "right" to him, he being the only conscious being present, and supposes I mean the "nigh" one, while I, giving my horse credit for consciousness, mean the "off" one. This is a little point? It only proves that the groom, as I said, never thinks of the horse as a somebody in and for himself, but as merely a some*thing* to be looked at from the outside. I have never known a groom to fail in confirming this theory. Again, ninety-nine out of one hundred grooms or stable-men will take it for granted that you are speaking to them if you speak to your horse, and will reply, with a little confused air, "What, ma'am?" And when I say, "I was talking to my horse," they look still more confused, and probably set me down as "either insane or the most eccentric woman in the city." They will shout, "Stand still!" or "Get over there!" or, if exceptionally gentle, will say, "Move over, little man," or, "Come, my boy," but they are incapable of comprehending that any person in her senses can actually address any remark to an animal. So long as horses are almost continually in the hands of people who are not able to educate or humanize them, we need not wonder that they do not seem as intelligent as dogs, or bring up the fact that they need little sleep to prove that they have naturally a small amount of brain activity. I suppose that the same statement might be as well made with reference to the undeveloped human being, but it would not prove that he had not the capacity for development. What is learned by a horse, if put in daily contact for only three hours with an intelligent and sympathetic mistress, is very astonishing. He likes to be amused and to be played with. He should be kept always, if in a stall where he must be tied, with his head to the interior of the stable, and not to the dead-wall, so that he may see the passers-by and the other horses. If he be left in a box-stall and untied, he will care for this himself. His comfort should be looked after as well as the convenience of the grooms. And when he is ridden, he should, as has been said, be allowed some liberties also. He should not find himself the slave of a despotic and capricious mistress, but her valued and trusted servant.

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This, of course, assumes that the mistress is sure of her seat, which she must acquire for herself by practice. A woman's seat in the saddle is an artificial one, and no man can teach it to her. If she cannot hold by her knee and by the combined action of the thigh muscles, she has no seat. She ought to be so sure of her seat that if her horse runs or shies, that is the last thing she will think of, because it has become a matter of instinct with her. She is not sure of her seat unless she can ride in perfect security and with perfect pleasure, on a rapid trot or canter, with the reins knotted and hanging on the horse's neck, and her arms folded. (It may be well to know, though you cannot prevent a horse from shying, that a woman is more likely to lose her balance if he shy toward her feet rather than from them.) Now she cannot be sure of her saddle unless she is perfectly even and square in it. If she be so, she can lie down easily upon her horse's back, touching both shoulders. If she find she cannot do this, she is not even, and she should never give up trying till she can. If her knee-hold be good, she can raise herself again without the slightest pull at the rein. Besides acting as a test of an even seat, the ability to ride in this position would be found very useful in case of a runaway under low-hanging trees, as has been often shown. The position will also often prove a great rest in a long ride. A woman probably never sits as straight anywhere else as on a horse, and when the muscles of the back are tired, five or ten minutes of lying down, while the horse walks quietly, will prove a very refreshing change. It is hardly necessary to say that this experiment ought not to be tried for the first time while the horse is in motion, unless the rider has a companion, or unless the horse is perfectly obedient to her voice. A woman must learn to ride by riding. There is no other way. As a rule, riding-masters can ride themselves, but they cannot teach, because for the teacher are required many intellectual qualifications which the usual riding-master does not possess. And again, a woman cannot be taught her seat by a person who has had no experience in riding in that way. I have known but one riding-master who deserved the name of teacher.

There are some advantages in the side-saddle. A woman is certainly more graceful on horseback than a man, and if she have any seat, she is far less likely to be thrown off by any sudden change of motion. The disadvantages are obvious. It is generally understood, I think, that in our present way of riding we are following the example set by Queen Anne of England, who is said to have been somewhat deformed, so that she could not, or did not, ride like a man.

But there is a higher grace than that of possessing a good seat, and that is the ownership of good hands. By this is meant the power of so holding the reins as to create and preserve perfect and sympathetic communication between horse and rider. The qualifications of a good surgeon are not far out of the way in a good rider—"an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, a lady's hand." We notice here that it is especially the hand of the woman that is required, and not only that of the woman, but that of the gentle woman; not only gentle, but steady and firm. Gentle it must be, so that the horse's sensitive mouth shall only just be felt, no more strongly than the angler feels the trout at the end of his line; steady, that the horse may know what he has to depend on; firm, that he may be conscious of control. To a practised rider with such a hand, on a trained horse, it is almost as if the reins were telegraph wires running from mind to mind. It seems only necessary to think the desire, and the horse obeys before the rider is conscious of having stirred a muscle. The good seat must be the condition of a good hand, for one can never hold the reins lightly if she be insecure as to her position. A series of jerks irritates the nervous animal, and destroys his confidence; a steady, hard pull numbs the sensibility of his mouth, and eventually spoils it and all pleasure in riding. It is not strength, but steadiness and firmness, that he needs, and the "give and take" of the hands which allows his head some motion, and yet "feels" him at every instant. The slack, the gentle, and the firm hand you should have, and be ready to use any one, as the case requires. I translate from an old French book bearing date of 1771 when I add:

"It should be a rule with every horseman not to pass at once from one extreme to another, from a firm hand to a slack one, so that in the motions of the hand you must on no account leap over that

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degree of sensation which constitutes the easy or gentle hand. Were you at once to go from a firm hand to a slack one, you would then entirely abandon your horse; you would surprise him, deprive him of the support he trusted to, and precipitate him on his shoulders, supposing that you do this at an improper time. On the contrary, were you to pass from the slack to the tight rein all at once, you would jerk your hand, and give a violent shock to the horse's mouth, which rough and irregular motion would be sufficient to falsify the firmest *appui* and ruin a good mouth."

As to the ways of holding the reins, they are various; but it makes no difference, provided that the good hand is behind them. It is of far less importance how large the object-glass of a telescope may be than it is how acute and trained is the eye that looks through it. The general way of giving directions as to holding reins is so confused in most books on horsemanship that it would seem almost impossible for any one to succeed in merely taking them into the hand rightly. I am quite sure that if directions for threading a needle were to be written out in the same detailed way, no woman would ever be able to get the thread into the eye, and hand-sewing would become a lost art. One very good way of holding the reins is with the second finger between the two branches of the snaffle rein, and the little finger between the two branches of the curb; the ends then being thrown back over the bridle hand, the thumb shuts down on them all together, and the end of the curb lies on top, so that it can easily be reached, should it become necessary to tighten it. This is rather the French than the English method, but it is good, because with a very slight turn of the wrist you can feel the horse's mouth with the two bits alternately, which is a very good thing for him, especially if he be inclined to have his own way. He never should be felt with both bits at once. It is better to put both hands than one to the reins, even though you make little use of the right hand. It is better, first, because you are more likely to sit square and even. It is a dangerous habit even for a man to use only the left hand, as is shown by many of the one-sided riders we see, and a woman is more apt to sit crooked in her saddle than a man. It is better, secondly, because you may need sometimes both hands at the two sides of the reins, and it is very easy, if the right hand be in place, to separate and hold them so.

To ride correctly and securely, the heel of the stirrup foot should be held always well down, and the toe of the other. This will be found difficult to accomplish all at once. It is best to give your whole attention to the stirrup foot till you are sure you have that educated so that the heel will stay down, and then you can train the other. Both feet should be kept close to the horse. The steady holding down of the stirrup heel will be found to keep the whole leg from ankle to knee close pressed against the saddle, which should always be the case. If the heel be taken care of, the leg may be left to take care of itself.

We come to the point of dress, both of horse and rider. It is an axiom that a horse should not be ridden without a martingale until it has been proved that you can ride him with one; but, as a rule, the less a horse has on, the better. If he has the bad and dangerous habit of tossing up his head, the martingale should, however, be kept. Two bits and two reins are better than one, and more than double your means of conveying ideas to the horse. You may want to set his head properly with the curb, and for the "single-foot" and some fancy gaits you will want to take him on that bit. Further, there is double safety in the double bridle in case of breaking bit or rein. There may come a time when you will really need the additional force of the curb, and it is easy to carry it loosely in the hand when not needed.

For the reason that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," not only the martingale, if possible, but the noseband and any rosettes should be dispensed with. You will not be able to find any leather strap or any colored ribbon which will compare in beauty with the lines of the head of an intelligent horse. You cannot improve upon those lines, or that coloring or lustre. Show just as much of the head as is consistent with safety. The saddle should also be as small and light as possible, and should fit the horse perfectly. The least want of fit will prove a source of pain, and perhaps of serious trouble, to the animal. It should have a perfectly level seat, and not be hollowed. It may perhaps be well to have it covered with buckskin for the first lessons, as the un-

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practised rider is less apt to slip on that; but after she has once attained any feeling of security, let her saddle be covered only with pig-skin. It is a good plan to have two rings set on the pocket side of the flap, from which, by straps, a water-proof cloak can be carried if the clouds threaten, for it is by no means necessary to give up a ride on account of rain. With a loose water-proof cloak, rubber trousers over the riding trousers, and celluloid collar and cuffs, it is possible to have all the pleasure of riding, and to come in at the close perfectly dry as to under-garments. A leather lining, known as a "preventive leather," just fitting the under surface of the saddle, is an admirable arrangement. It is made of calf-skin, and should be washed clean with soap and a damp sponge, and wiped dry as soon as it is taken off. If a saddle fits and has this lining underneath, the horse's back will never become sore, though the ride be long, and even in the hottest of our summer weather; no other saddle-cloth should be used. The habit skirt can be protected for summer on the habit side of the saddle by a cloth safe permanently fastened to that side, like a half saddle-cloth. There should, of course, always be open space under the saddle over the backbone.

The horse should be well up to the weight of the rider, yet a good rider of heavy weight will not hurt an animal's back with much riding, when a poor or inexperienced one, though light, and in the same saddle, will bring him in sore after one ride. The secret of not hurting the horse is often more in the even and steady seat, the perfect balance, and the light spring than in the saddle. And yet, however evenly a woman may ride, there must be more weight on one side than on the other, and there will be more pressure of the saddle on the side where her feet are not. For the relief of the animal, then, if for nothing else, it is well to be able to ride both a right and a left handed saddle; that is, to ride indifferently on either side of the horse. A growing girl, indeed, who rides a great deal, ought always to be taught riding on both sides, or she will almost inevitably acquire a twist. Even for a fully grown woman the accomplishment is not only desirable and often convenient, but the physical pleasure is greatly increased. It would be difficult to find a more delicious sense of muscular pleasure than can be found in riding for an hour on one side, and then coming in to change saddles and skirts to ride immediately on the other. The pleasure results, I suppose, from the relaxing of the muscles which have been tense, and the corresponding tension of those which have been relaxed; but it is a positive muscular delight incomparable to any other. To ride regularly alternate days on alternate sides is a great relief both to horse and rider, and the poise and balance, and hence the security of seat thus gained, are beautiful and enjoyable things.

That the left is the bridle hand is a legacy from the days when one hand must be kept free to wield the sword, and that the right. In enforcing the general lesson, "Practise thyself even in the thing which thou despairest of accomplishing," Marcus Aurelius goes on to say, "for even the left hand, which is ineffectual in all other things for want of practice, holds the bridle more vigorously than the right hand; for it has been practised in this." In riding on the off side it is not necessary to change the bridle hand, if, as suggested above, you are in the habit of keeping the two hands at the rein, though if you have a well-trained horse you may find pleasure in educating the right hand into some intelligence and guiding power. A marvellous proof of the quick communication existing between you and your servant will be at once given by this experiment, for you will find that the horse will not obey as quickly as is his wont when the reins are in the right hand, and will fancy that he can have a little of his own way, while as soon as they are transferred, though he does not see the change, he feels it, and at once perceives that there is to be no more "fooling," but that you mean business, and he might as well behave himself.

In some parts of the country the usual way of riding is on the off side of the horse. It is presumable that it was the thorough-going revolutionary spirit in our ancestors that induced them in contradiction of the English law to turn to the right instead of to the left when they met on the road. They forgot, probably because there was so little riding on the part of the women, that at the same time they should have ordained that women must now ride on the "off" instead of

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the "nigh" side of the horse. It was a serious oversight. If we are to turn to the left, we should ride on the usual side, so that as we pass a carriage there will be no danger of touching with feet or habit; but as soon as we are to be forced to turn to the right, this is all wrong, and every facility is offered for touching and catching. You will realize this when you ride on the off side and have to pass even a horseman going in a contrary direction in a narrow road. You have no anxiety as to catching the flowing skirt, for you have nothing but the smooth flap of the saddle on the collision side. However the women in England may ride, the women in America ought to ride on the off side as long as they have to "turn to the right." If you ride on both sides from the beginning, you will know no difference, for one knee will learn as well as the other to grasp the pommel; but if you have learned in the common way, and then attempt the off-side saddle, you will be interested in finding that you cannot for some time make the left knee take hold, even with all the will-force you may put into play, and that the thigh muscles on your left side have no grip. You will have patiently to practise for several days before you can get any of your brain force down into those muscles, before you do not feel as if a support that you had had on your left side round your waist had been ruthlessly taken away, and before you cease to be lame. This period of muscle education will not, however, be very long, and then you will feel as if you had gained a new sense. The game is well worth the candle. The practice will, of course, involve two skirts for every habit, or else a skirt so made that it can be worn with either side out.

The woman's dress on horseback should be absolutely plain. Any attempt at trimming or lightness is, in the words of a real artist tailor, simply "degrading the habit to the level of a dress." The length of the skirt is a matter of taste, not of fashion, and to allow the tailor to cut it so short that it does not at all cover the stirrup foot, is to exhibit a woman's foot in a very unfavorable position. No real woman will ever resign her dress, whether on horseback or off, unconditionally to the demands of passing fashion, for every woman should be a creator, and her dress as well as her room should be an expression of what she is in herself. Of course if she be nothing in and for herself, that fact will also make itself manifest by an entire lack of creative power and of expression. If the habit be long enough well to cover the forward foot, riding against a stiff breeze will curve the edge of it under the toe and help to keep it covered. If a skirt be properly cut and fitted, there is no need of the loops on the underside, which are intended to have the foot slipped through to hold it down. These loops are a miserable subterfuge of a tailor who does not understand his business, and they might easily prove a source of great danger in case of a fall.

It seems as if no sensitive woman ever could wear flowers as she would a ribbon or a scarf, simply and solely for the sake of her own adornment. She must, as Heine so beautifully suggests in his poem, always recognize a sort of loving kinship for a flower. It is painful and significant for some of us to see flowers pinned on the habit of a rider to be ruthlessly tossed about and destroyed with the violent motion. But leaving sentiment out of the way, all ornament of whatever description is out of place on horseback. Good taste dictates that everything, from collar to boot, should be absolutely and severely plain. The woman who is riding is not to exhibit herself alone. If she is to be a thing of beauty, it must be then as one with her horse, and the beauty must come from the perfect poise of the erect and lithe figure, the sway with the motion above the waist, the firm cling from waist down. The charm is in the harmony, and the sense of perfect freedom which comes from the perfect ease and evident security of the rider. It is like the beauty of Greek sculpture. It abides in the lines, and deeper still in the complete freedom expressed by them. One might as well try to adorn the Venus Victrix with ribbons and flowers as the figure of a good woman rider. If, as it seems in some of our American cities, it be necessary to show to the world how much money one has to throw away, a few ten-dollar greenbacks carelessly pinned to the breast of the habit would answer the purpose quite as well as a bunch of Jacqueminot roses in the winter.

It may be suggested that for any practical purpose a genuine whip is to be pre-

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ferred to the useless short stiff cane with a loop of leather at the end, which is so utterly ridiculous for common riders. There is a whip made in the Bermudas of twisted sea-weed which is very good, and will be found convenient in wet weather, so ruinous to ordinary whips, or when the temperature is so low as to make their whalebone dangerously brittle. I have never seen but one, which was brought me from the islands, but it might be worth while for the saddlers in this country to import them, both for novelty and for usefulness.

As to the spur, a woman is at a great disadvantage in that she can apply it on only one side. Its use is to quicken the motion of fore quarters when applied close behind the girths, and of hind quarters if farther back; and on the heels of a perfectly competent man, who uses his legs with the same certainty that he does his arms, it is of great value; but it is undoubtedly true that there are more people who use a spur when they ought not to, than there are who do not use it when they should. And here lies the danger, for a sudden movement of the horse may carry his body against the spur, and he then starts, supposing that you desire him so to do; you, not knowing this, check him, and perhaps strike him again. Many a fatal accident is due only to this unintentional use of the spur, and considering that only one is available to a woman, and the other extra risks which she must take, it is perhaps better to dispense with it. At any rate, it never should be worn with a horse that is not perfectly known, unless you are absolutely sure that you will never strike him with it involuntarily.

Horseback exercise is often dangerous in its after-results because a woman neglects to change damp under-clothing. For the perfect enjoyment of the exercise, all clothing should be at once changed for fresh and dry, and the same vigorous currying which the groom thinks it not too much trouble to give the heated animal in the stable as soon as he comes in will be found to be of great use to the rider. You would severely blame the groom who should turn your horse into his stall, saddle and bridle on, and leave him to stand there and grow dry. Is not your health of as much importance as that of the horse, or is he more delicate and sensitive than you?

The gaits generally desirable for a horse are the walk, the trot, canter, single-foot, and pace. The walk should always be brisk. If the horse be allowed to shuffle along, he is apt to become lost in his own reflections, and very apt to stumble, though he is not a stumbler. If he have a good shoulder, he will recover himself at once with a grunt, which, with an intelligent horse, sounds very much like a half-suppressed oath. But if he have a bad shoulder, he will probably go down, at any rate on his knees, which process will not improve them. Even in a walk his mind should always be kept on the alert, if you would have either pleasure or safety. The order of the feet in a walk is diagonal, only that the hind feet follow the forefeet at a perceptible distance of time. In passing from the walk to the trot, this space of time becomes less and less, till the diagonal feet touch the ground at the same instant, making the cadence "one, two," instead of "one, two, three, four," as in the walk.

When water grows colder and colder it contracts like other substances till it reaches the freezing-point, and just at that supreme moment when it is to change its very nature and become a solid, it expands. The production of the "single-foot," though not like, always reminds me of this. The trainer secures it by checking the horse with the curb just at the supreme moment when the diagonal feet are on the point of touching the ground together, and while he by no means slackens the gait — for the horse often single-foots faster than he trots — arrests it just at that point, so that while the horse increases his speed as he would if he had gone into a rapid trot, he still keeps with his feet the exact order of the walk, giving distinctly to the ear the same quadruple measure. The rapid play of the feet makes this a hard gait for the horse, and he generally seems relieved when he is permitted to fall from it into a trot; into a canter he should never be allowed to fall. It is, however, a delightfully easy one for the rider, provided the animal do not step too high. It is often said that a single-footing horse never trots well. But this is not true. The trouble is generally that the rider does not keep her horse to his gaits, either from want of knowledge or from carelessness, and consequently his trot gets, as it is called, "mixed," and is

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spoiled. Each gait should be kept clearly distinct from every other, and the horse never be allowed to pass from one to the other except by direction of his rider, and he should have practice in all the gaits that he possesses, every time that he goes out. If this be the case, the more gaits he has, the better; and as to the fact of inability to trot, my best single-footer is my fastest trotter, and can well keep up on that gait with many a horse doing his best at a canter, and he never changes from one gait to the other except at the signal.

In the "pace" the two feet of the same side touch the ground at the same time. It is a rapid gait, but the motion given to the rider, I think, is not generally found pleasant. In the canter the beat becomes triple time, two feet striking separately and two together. The fore foot which is thrown out ahead is known as the leading foot, and is always kept toward the centre of a curve in a rapid turn. It receives the main shock of the weight, though it does not touch the ground first. The horse will often, even in a straight gallop, change the foot which leads, presumably to rest it. He will always do this in going round a sharp curve if it be needful to do so to have it on the inside. He does this instinctively, as a measure of precaution against falling. Every horse has his own individual preference as to the leading foot in a canter, and is easiest when using that. It was formerly said that a woman's horse should always lead with the off leg, but I am inclined to think that the change in pommels and the addition of the so-called "leaping head" have somewhat altered the woman's bearing in the saddle, and that it makes practically no difference in comfort to the rider with which leg horses lead, provided only that each one leads with his own favorite leg. By all means let your horse have as many gaits as possible, both for your own comfort and your own amusement, but do not lend him to any one who will allow him to "mix them up." It makes no difference what signals you may use for them, so long as you and he understand them, but a motion is better than a word, and he should obey it instantly, and change from one gait to the other. His trot is always at its best at the instant when he wants most to get over the ground faster by plunging into a canter. There is a little difference doubtless in the two shoulders of every horse, he being able to move one more freely than the other. And this gives rise to a leading foot, even in the trot. The rider rises and falls in the trot with the leading foot of the horse, rising when this is lifted, falling when it is put down, and to rise on the other gives a curious sort of rotary motion. Why it should be generally easier to rise on one particular foot than on the other of the horse can be accounted for only by the fact that every horse has a favorite fore leg of his own, one to which he trusts himself more confidently than to the other.

As to fancy gaits, the Spanish march and the Spanish trot are very pretty and very amusing, especially if one perceives how wholly the animal holds his attention fixed on his fore feet, and leaves the hind feet to take care of themselves as best they may, and if one catches the almost pained look of anxious attention in the eye. It is pleasant to be able to make him walk sideways in either direction as you may tell him, and it must never be forgotten that every additional accomplishment renders him more amenable to your direction even in simple things, as every one widens his sphere of obedience; but, after all, that is the main use of them. What you want is a horse that can walk well, trot square and even, and canter, either slowly or rapidly, as you may direct. If he will single-foot too, so much the better. If you can make your horse do all these things well and thoroughly, and do them at once when you give the signal, you may consider that you have taken one step toward being an equestrian, even if you have never jumped him over a five-foot fence, or wildly galloped in pursuit of the aniseseed bag.

A woman should always, when possible, mount from the ground, with the assistance of a groom, and not allow herself to sit down on the saddle from a high platform. There is no trouble in mounting without assistance, if she have only any vantage-ground which will allow her to get her foot in the stirrup and her hands to the pommel and saddle seat. A log, a bank, a stone, is quite sufficient, unless the horse be above the height generally used by a woman. And she should be able at the end of her ride to spring from her saddle to the ground without any help. She can hardly be called a rider if she cannot easily do these things.

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I have said before that there is no need of losing a ride because of rain, and there are pleasures given by a ride in the rain which the "fair-weather rider" never can know—pleasures of sight and of smell, new aspects of otherwise perfectly familiar scenes, which are almost like a new creation. Nor need our coldest winter weather deter any one. A woman has decidedly the advantage over a man in winter, for her skirt acts the part of a muff, and she need never fear cold feet. In fact, she need fear no suffering from cold except in her hands. There are no gloves which will keep them warm while they hold the bridle, but a vigorous beating on the horse's elastic quarters well behind the saddle will soon send the warm blood tingling through the fingers to their very tips, and after that they will give no trouble for a long time. As to ears, they will never resist a rub and a quick trot, and once warm they always stay so, as indeed would the hands, were it not for the enforced cramped position of the fingers. It is of great advantage here to be mistress of two bridle hands instead of one. A warm double-breasted overcoat should be worn, and then I know of no more exhilarating thing than a fast trot or a rapid gallop over the crunching white carpet, while the loose dry snow, flung up by the hoofs, or dashed from the trees by the wind, flies in the face like the white foam of the sea, and every muscle of the horse responds to the tingle of the nerves in the sharp, stinging air. The whole atmosphere is cleft through and through by the shafts of light; the bare trunks and boughs of the trees are like beautiful sculptures against the blue; the pines bear at the tip of each branch, as it were, a great white blossom, while the hemlocks sway heavily under their snowy burden, and we ride through all the glory. There is another variety of pleasure in riding through a fast-falling snow-storm, when the whole air is muffled and the horse's feet cannot be heard. There is absolute safety from slipping in the "neverslip" shoes, even on glare ice. The horse knows this as soon as he touches his feet to the ground, and as the points in these shoes can be replaced by sharp ones as soon as they are dulled, there is no necessity of having the horse's shoes ruthlessly pulled off every week or fortnight to be sharpened. As also the points can be changed for blunt ones when not on the road, there is no danger of his cutting himself with them in the stable. There is absolutely no trouble with them if the groom be careful not to let them get rusted in, and a little pains every day will prevent this. But, indeed, if your groom be careless, you will be more unfortunate than Francis I. at Pavia, for all will be lost.

The reason why riding is of more value than almost any other exercise to the tired brain-worker is that it furnishes a new channel to the current of the thoughts. We may walk and walk briskly in fresh, bracing air, but the action of walking is so automatic that the anxieties and cares which are our hourly companions still hold possession of us, and will not away. But on horseback we have another will to deal with, and other dangers to guard against; we are forced to think of our horse and of the road; and to secure escape from our habitual train of thought for even two hours out of the day is to lay up new store of strength for future labor. The same advantage of change of thought is secured as by theatre or book, and secured under the added conditions of rapidly circulating life currents, smoothly playing muscles, and the contact of fresh air. But to a brain laborer, after all, the greatest relief comes doubtless from the enforced change of thought-direction.

To be fond of a horse, and to be personally interested in whatever pertains to his comfort or education, are held by many to savor of unwomanliness. But wherever a Lady Gay Spanker is found, she existed as such potentially and in other ways before she ever mounted a horse. Sympathy, pity, and a feeling of kinship for one of the noblest animals placed in our power by the Creator are surely not unwomanly attributes. To educate and train is the special province of the womanly nature. Control by diplomacy rather than by physical force has always been credited to woman, even by the most justly hardened misogynists. Firmness, steadiness, and intelligent clear purpose are not now considered exclusive prerogatives of our brothers, and to feel gratitude and affection for a servant who has faithfully served us to the full measure of his ability, and comes trustfully toward us if free, or welcomes us with a loud, joyful cry if fettered, is surely the mark, not of a coarse, but of a delicate and refined nature.

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A WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.

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A NIGHT AT OUSELEY MANOR.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

"OUSELEY MANOR, KENT, *June* 20, 1886.

"MY DEAR MARY,—It is so long since we met, and now that Véronique and I have settled into our English home—a charming one too—I want to see all my old friends in it. I hope, my dear cousin, that you will come to us, and that you will find Ouseley pleasant enough to pay us frequent visits.

"If your boy Philip is with you, we hope to see him too. Fix your own day, and I will meet you at Axel Station at four o'clock. You must stay as long as you can, Véronique says. She was so charmed with her glimpse of you three years ago that she is impatient to see you in our new home; so is

Your affectionate cousin,

JOHN DREER."

Philip had just risen from the breakfast table; I looked up at him. Philip is only fourteen, but he is such a tall, manly fellow, and he takes such care of me, that, in his father's absence, I have grown to depend very much on my boy.

"Read this; it is from my cousin John Brandreth," I said. "Do you remember seeing him and his wife in Paris three years ago? He was on his way home from India, and I think you know he had to change his name because of this property."

"Yes, I know; and I can't say he's improved it. Dreer's a creepy sort of name." He gave a little shiver, and I laughed. It was so amusing that this big, burly, merry fellow should attach any importance to a name. He went on, "It must be jolly, though, to get a fortune and a house when you don't expect it, and to be able to give up India."

"Yes; Mr. Dreer was only a far-off cousin, and John had never seen him. He told me it was a complete surprise when he got the lawyer's letter summoning him to England."

"But that was ever so long ago," Philip said. "Why has he never asked you before?"

"I have not written, and perhaps he thought we were still at Oporto. I fancy John must have seen in the paper that your father had resigned his appointment. You see this letter is addressed to me care of our agent. Well, but for your fever, I might still be in Portugal."

"Yes; it was awfully good of you to leave father and come over to nurse me. I believe, though, this break has helped him to make up his mind to resign. Oh yes, it's much better. He is never well at Oporto, and he'll soon be here now."

"I hope so," I said. "I hardly see how we can go to Ouseley. I must be in town on the 30th. Your father may come sooner than we expect him."

Philip stood thinking. "I'm sorry on your account; you look fagged, little mother, and the change would have set you up. Yet I'm not sure," he added, slowly.

"I shall be all right, dear, though I am sorry to miss Ouseley; and you would like it; you would get some riding. I believe it is in a delightful country." Then, as an idea came to me: "Yes, we can go. I'll write and propose the 23d for our visit."

Philip did not look as much pleased as I expected.

"Just as you like," he said; and he went abruptly out of the room.

My cousin wrote by return post. He and his wife greatly regretted that they could not receive us on the 23d; if the 30th would suit us, John would meet us on that afternoon.

I was very sorry, but I had to write and say that I must be in town on the 30th, and as we had promised to spend the summer with my husband's father in Cornwall, I feared we must give up the pleasure of seeing Ouseley.

This note was answered by telegram: "Come 23d. Will meet you as arranged. Do not bring a maid."

Philip looked disgusted. "What a bobbery about nothing!" he said, with school-boy contempt. "Why couldn't they say yes at once?"

And I sat wondering why I might not take my useful maid with me.

We had a bright day for our journey to Ouseley. The country looked lovely, though the trees were too leafy—Philip said they looked as stout and well-fed as an English squire; but they were very stately; below them were stretches of long grass, ready for the mowers, and gay with many-colored flowers; and now and

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then we got vistas of hill ranges rising one behind another till at last only a faint blue line marked them off from the gray horizon. Overhead the sky was clear and the air was full of sunlight, but lower down clouds were gathering, and I said to Philip I was afraid the brightness would not last.

"Here we are," he said, with his head out of the window; "and there, just outside, I can see Mr. Brandreth on the box seat of his coach. Isn't he a fine fellow, just? I suppose, though, I must call him Mr. Dreer."

I laughed. "He'll expect you to call him Cousin John."

The train stopped, and a servant in livery came and opened the door of our carriage. In another minute my cousin was shaking hands with us. He looked better than when we met in Paris, stouter and healthier, his honest blue eyes were brighter, and as he smiled at Philip, I saw that my boy had taken to him.

"Get up and sit beside me, Philip," he said; "I shall put your mother inside. Why, my dear Mary, you look quite tired by this little journey. We must try and get some color into your cheeks."



"A LADY DRESSED IN WHITE CAME DOWN THE BROAD STAIRCASE."

Dear old John! the sound of his cheery voice and the sight of his honest face took me back to childish days. I lay back in the coach, thinking. My cousin John had always seemed like an elder brother, and I fancy he still thinks I am a child, for I was younger than Philip is when John went to India.

I roused and looked out; the country was lost to sight in a whirling cloud of dust. I had soon to close both the coach windows. We escaped the dust, however, when we drove in at the gates; the splendid trees of the avenue screened us as we drove up to the house. It had become strangely dark, and when the coach stopped a vivid flash of lightning dazzled me, then came a crashing peal of thunder.

I had just time to see that Ouseley was an imposing Elizabethan house as John hurried me out of the coach and into the hall. Then he heartily shook my hand.

"So glad to see you at Ouseley, dear Mary," he said. "We have only just escaped a wetting. I expect it was the coming of the storm that has upset Véronique. She was so poorly this morning that I insisted on her keeping quiet instead of coming with me to the station."

He stopped. A vivid flash blazed across the grand old hall, showing in out-of-the-

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way corners the gleam of armor and old weapons; opposite the huge fireplace it gleamed on a splendid pair of branched antlers. The peal that followed seemed to rock the house, and before it ended a lady dressed in white came down the broad staircase at the lower end of the hall.

It was my cousin's beautiful wife Véronique, but I was startled as I looked at her. She was almost as white as her gown, and she came down slowly, clinging to the broad hand-rail as if she were ill. Her husband and I went up to her, she smiled and kissed me, and then she slipped her little hand under John's arm.

"You are not well," I said.

"Oh, it's nothing. Please do not think me a baby, but thunder always upsets my nerves. I want to see your boy."

And when I saw her laughing and talking with Philip, I thought she was soon cured, and mentally decided that she was fanciful.

II.

John said I was to have tea before I went to my room.

"Then you can lie down and rest till dinner," he said, in the old masterful tone I so well remembered.

I thought the drawing-room delightful; it was long and low, with a quaintly ornamented ceiling in plaster, and on one side a wide archway led into a smaller room; the windows opened into a broad balcony, and the brick-work of this was covered with climbing roses.

"Come out here, mother," Philip called to me from the balcony, as I sat talking to Véronique while she poured out tea; "you will like this."

I went out, and certainly I thought I had never seen anything more lovely in its way than the tangle of creeping plants —woodbine and clematis and wild rose— that lay in the dry moat below the balcony; a low red brick wall bordered the moat, and this was many-colored with blossoms; snap-dragons and pinks and rocket and gray tufts of grass and lichen almost hid the brick-work; while over all honeysuckle towered rampant, and sent exquisite fragrance to the balcony just above. Even the wall of the house was lovely; the stone had that opal gray tint which tells how summers and summers of sunshine have burned in their radiance there; the brick-work too, in places, looked almost as tawny as the lichen that made such rich rust spots near the iron *c's* and *s's* that had been put to hold it safe.

"It is surely a very old house," I said, as I turned back to the drawing-room.

Véronique sighed. "Don't you think it is too old?" she said. "Of course I know that it is dreadfully modern to say so, but I sometimes wish Ouseley was half the size, and only about ten years old."

John laughed. "Did you ever hear such treason?" he said. "But she likes it in her heart. I will show you the gardens to-morrow. Now you must go to your room and rest."

I was looking at Véronique. She had suddenly turned as white as she was when I first saw her on the stairs, but she rose from her chair, and said she would take me upstairs.

"You'll do no such thing," her husband said, and he rang the bell. "Whatever ails you, child, you look like a ghost again."

At this she sank on the sofa with a sort of sob, but she tried to smile. "What will you think of me, Mary?" She has such a sweet voice, but to-day I thought it sounded pathetic.

John took me to the foot of the staircase, and handed me over to a solemn-faced maid, who looked as if she had never smiled in her life. I remembered that Philip had my keys, and I said so.

"Philip's room is close to yours," John said. "I'll go and bring him up, and then he and I will walk round the place."

When we reached the top of the stairs a gallery stretched out on either side. We went down the left gallery, and then down another at right angles. The rooms seemed to be large rather than numerous, for there were only a few doors in each gallery. The one we were following ended in a door covered with black cloth. The maid pushed this open, and I saw a dark passage beyond.

"Two steps, please, ma'am."

I stepped down, and then my guide opened another door on the left. Light streamed into the passage as she held the door open, and I saw a short flight of steps, but there was a strange musty smell, and the window through which the light came was heavily barred outside.

There were only a few stairs, and then we stood on a landing with two ancient-looking oak doors. The maid held one open, and I went into a pretty little room,

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so bright and full of afternoon sunshine that I forgot the musty smell and the gloomy approach; the window looked down on the well-planted shrubbery below.

"It is better to have it, ma'am," and she poked the fire vigorously.

I had noticed, as I came in, that there was a door on either hand; these were of



"I ROSE GENTLY, UNCOVERED THE LIGHT, AND LOOKED CLOSELY AT HIM."—[See page 257.]

There was no bed in this room, but it was furnished with taste, and had a bright modern wall-paper. There were plenty of books on the shelves, a most comfortable-looking sofa, and a good blazing fire of logs.

"It is really too warm for a fire." I looked at the maid as I spoke.

dark oak, and they seemed somehow out of keeping with the dainty little room. The solemn maid opened the door on the left and showed me into a tiny bedroom; this was oak-panelled half-way up, and had the same gay paper above the dark wood. There was such a large fire here also that the room felt like an oven.

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"This room is for you, ma'am, if you please; and this"—she crossed the little sitting-room and went to the other door—"is for the young gentleman."

Steps outside, and then a rap on the door, startled me, but Phil's bright face came in next minute.

"This is your room," I said, as the maid opened the door on the right.

I drew back in surprise. This room was much handsomer than the other; it was indeed very large, but it looked gloomy. The ceiling was yellow with age, and the walls were dark and panelled from floor to ceiling; the floor, too, was dark oak, with a quaint faded green carpet in the middle of it. Perhaps it seemed gloomy because the window, though broad, was very low and deeply recessed, with short curtains of some dark stuff set close to the latticed casements.

The two middle curtains were drawn aside, but still the farther end of the room at first sight seemed in shadow, out of which loomed a tall bedstead, with four attenuated pillars holding up a canopy, once, no doubt, full of color and gilding, but now only sombre-looking. There was a handsome green silk quilt on the bed, and this was richly embroidered. The furniture was handsomely carved, and so was the huge mantel-piece, part of which went up to the ceiling, and had as a medallion the portrait of a beautiful girl in the costume of the seventeenth century.

"This ought to be for you, mother," Philip said when he came back to me. While I stood looking, he had inspected the other rooms. "This is three times as big as that one"—he nodded over his shoulder.

In my heart I preferred the bright little room allotted to me; but I thought Philip, perhaps, had a special wish for it.

"Very well"—I took my keys from Philip and gave them to the maid—"it will make no difference. You can put my things in this room, please."

The woman looked troubled, and when she began to speak she stammered, "Master particularly said—if—if you please, ma'am—he gave me the order—himself—you, ma'am, were to sleep in the small room, and the oak room was for the young gentleman, if you please, ma'am—it must be as he said."

The woman's change of manner puzzled me. Her stolid calm had fled. She was fluttered, I thought; she feared to give offence, and was at the same time in greater fear of disobeying her master.

"Very well; it does not signify." Then I said to Philip, who was still looking out of the sitting-room window, "Come, Phil, and look at this curious old room; you will not have time when you come in from your walk."

He shivered as he came in. "It feels actually cold, in spite of the fire," he said, laughing.

I laughed too, for there was a big fire burning on the hearth, roaring up the open chimney from between two rough iron dogs.

Phil soon became interested in the old furniture. He has travelled so much, owing to his father's delicate health, which has obliged us often to seek a fresh climate, that he is more cultivated than boys of his age often are.

He pointed out to me that the panels near the fireplace were far more richly carved than the rest. The fireplace was on the right-hand side of the room, and near it was what I fancied to be a curtained recess, but on drawing the curtain aside, I found that it only masked a door which led to the landing outside.

"Look," I said, "you have a separate entrance to your room. I can only reach mine through the sitting-room."

Philip tried the door, but it was fastened. He went outside, but there was not a key; and then he shook it violently.

The maid left off unpacking my trunk, and came forward into the sitting-room.

"My son wants to open the door," I said. "You can get the key, perhaps."

She looked very grave. "The door has always been fast, ma'am. There is not a key belonging to it that I know of."

She went back to my room, and closed the door behind her.

Philip stood looking at the carved panels.

"Couldn't you fancy, mother, that there might be the spring of some door hidden under one of the big leaves?"

"You had better ask John."

"Philip, Philip, I say," John's strong voice came up the stair flight, "are you not coming for a walk?"

III.

The house had seemed so quiet when we arrived that it was a surprise to me when eight other visitors came dropping

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one by one into the drawing-room. John introduced me to them as his cousin, and I was pleased to find among them a very old friend whom I had known when I was a child.

The rector and his wife were soon after announced, and with them came the inevitable pair of tall blue-eyed daughters, who seem to divide their time between cottage visiting and tennis, and never have any time for reading.

The dinner was a very merry one; there were some good talkers, and, better still, a large proportion of excellent listeners. I do not think that conversation flagged for a second. I sat between my cousin and one of his old Oxford friends, and they kept me laughing at their stories till Véronique rose from table.

After dinner every one seemed in excellent spirits. John and his Oxford friend, the rector and I, played whist, and although we were in that cozy part of the room within the archway, the buzz of talk beyond us made me blunder over my cards. Véronique sang very well, and at first my attention was distracted by listening to her; my attention was also disturbed by the ways of a young couple who sat on a far-off sofa. He was Véronique's brother, a young army man home on sick leave, and the girl was the daughter of Mrs. St. Quentin, a very wealthy widow, one of the house guests at Ouseley. I saw that she sat watching the young couple with a very unsympathetic face, and I quite forgot my play in a nervous fear that she would interrupt what I was sure was a very happy evening. There was little talk between them —a few words, then an exchange of glances, and then silence. I have been married fifteen years, but I knew so well how delicious that silence was. How I longed for my husband's return as I watched them!

"My dear Mary"—John's voice sounded severe—"you are very dreamy tonight."

I looked down at the cards, and saw that I had just lost a trick in a shamefully careless way.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" I said; "I am so sorry!"

"I expect you are tired," he said, as we finished the game. "You were done up by the journey. Come and talk to Mrs. St. Quentin." He moved toward the widow; then, with a glance across the room at the young pair on the sofa: "I know how amusing you can be, when you try," he said. "Véronique will be so grateful if you talk to our friend."

I looked at John and nodded, and then I sat down beside Mrs. St. Quentin. She did not want to be amused, she only wanted to talk about herself and her gout. She told me the names of the various doctors she had consulted, and the various health resorts she had visited in pursuance of their advice.

I observed that once fairly launched on this subject she forgot to keep watch on the sofa, so that I had the satisfaction of feeling that the conversation was of use to somebody; to me it was simply a trial of patience. I was glad when the rectory party went away and we all separated.

By the time I had got into my dressing-gown and slippers, Philip followed me upstairs. Ever since his illness he had disliked the smell of tobacco, and now, when John asked him to come with the others to the smoking-room, he declined. I had been reading a very interesting book before dinner, and I had gone back to it, so I did not feel inclined to go to bed.

Philip went to the book-shelves, and at last he took down a book, and soon became as absorbed as I was. All at once he roused and sat listening. I heard a far-off clock striking.

"Is it late?" I said.

"Rather. Why, mother, I believe that must be twelve. I'll look at the clock on your mantel-shelf; my watch is nohow since I let it fall; it stops, and loses, and plays all sorts of games." He went into my room and brought in my watch. "You ought to be in bed, mother," he said, "you look so tired. I expect Mrs. St. Quentin bored you."

"And yet you grudge me the amusement of this book. Don't you sit up, Phil; I'll not stay long, but I must finish this chapter."

Philip was rubbing his eyes, and he yawned as he spoke. "I suppose I'd better give in, for I can't keep my eyes open. Good-night, dear; I hope you'll sleep well," he said, affectionately, as he kissed me.

I went with him to see that he had all he wanted. His fire had gone out, but he said he was glad of this, and yet to me the room was chilly. I felt depressed as I closed the door on him; he seemed, I thought, so unlike his bright, merry self.

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"'I FOUND THIS UNDER THE PILLOW,' HE SAID."—[See page 260.]

I read on and on. I had finished my chapter, and I was half-way through another—rather a dull one. I did not feel sleepy, and I had a great unwillingness to lie awake in a strange bedroom, but presently the lines of print began to get entangled, one joined into another, and the letters slipped from one line into that below it. I felt my head become suddenly heavy. I must have fallen asleep.

It seemed to me that some one came into the room and stood frowning at me. I looked up, and I saw Mrs. St. Quentin.

"Where is my daughter?" she said. "Ah, hush!" She raised her hand warningly. "She and young Captain Dayrell are not to be found."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Hypocrite!"—she struck the table with her hand—"it is all your doing: you contrived to keep me talking while they planned their flight."

She struck the table again with all her force, and it gave out a clanging sound, like that of a door shut violently; then a cold wind rushed in on me. I started and opened my eyes; the fire was out, and the lamp gave only a dim light. I saw Philip standing at the door of his room, his face almost as white as his night-shirt.

IV.

I struggled to be quite awake, but at first I did not succeed—the rousing had been too sudden. Philip seemed to be drawing the bolt across his door. I had noticed this bolt, and had wondered why it was on this side of the door. Then he looked strangely at me.

"What is it?" I said.

"Oh, nothing! But, mother," he said, reproachfully, "why are you not in bed? You'll be quite ill to-morrow."

My wits had come back to me, and I returned his look of reproach. "My dear boy, what's the matter? Why are you not in bed? Why have you bolted the door?"

He stood looking at me in silence, then he passed his hand over his eyes. "Oh, it's nothing, I dare say," he said at last. "I've had a bad dream, and I can't sleep. If you'll go to bed, I'll just have those rugs and finish my night on the sofa in here."

I was quite awake now. "Are you ill, dear?"

He, indeed, looked terribly ill and alarmed. I felt uneasy about him. He had had delirium in his fever, and his eyes had just the same wild, terrified look that had frightened me in his illness. I felt I must humor him.

"I'll tell you how we will manage," I said: "you go to my room—you will very likely get to sleep there—and I will go to yours."

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He caught vehemently at my arm. "You shall not do it; you shall not go into that room; you will not sleep there. Go to your own," he said, imperiously; "and I will sleep here."

He had unfastened our large roll of rugs, and had wrapped himself in one of them. Now he took the others and spread them over the sofa.

His eagerness and excitement frightened me. I thought it would quiet him best to let him have his own way.

"Wait a moment," I said, and I fetched in a blanket from my bed, which I had taken off, thinking I should be too warm. There was an extra pillow also, and very soon I had tucked Phil up in a comfortable bed on the sofa. He thanked me, and urged me to leave him.

"I believe I shall be asleep in two minutes," he said.

I took away the lamp and went into my room, but I did not close the door. I put the lamp where I was sure the light could not reach Philip, and then I sat down to think. This was the first journey my boy had taken since his illness. The doctor had warned me to be careful of him, but he had not said there would be any risk. Lately Philip had looked so very well and bright again that it had become difficult to realize that he was a convalescent, and had been so very ill in the spring. I decided that he was weaker than he seemed to be, and that his nerves had been over-excited by his visit. There would be no use in asking him to sleep in the oak room; he had evidently had a bad dream there.

I went back to the door and listened. He was already asleep. I took the remaining blanket, and treading very softly, I placed it over him.

"He cannot take cold now," I said to myself; "and if we are to change rooms, I may as well begin to-night."

I was standing beside my boy; he drew a deep shuddering breath, and then gasped, as if he were suffocating. I went back and fetched the lamp, but as I looked at Phil there was no sign of suffering on his face. Still I could not make up my mind to leave him. I screened the lamp; then I went and put the things I was likely to want in my dressing-bag, and sat down near the sofa.

Once again came the strange gasping sound from Phil, and I saw his hands pulling at his throat. I rose gently, uncovered the light, and looked closely at him; but he was only dreaming, for before I reached him he was once more fast asleep.

"Poor dear fellow!" I smiled to myself. "It shows what a fancy he took up about the room. I am afraid his dreams to-night would be troubled anywhere."

However, when I had watched beside him for some time longer, to my great relief the sound sleep lasted; his breathing was even, and so very quiet that I felt I might safely leave him.

"Poor boy!" I thought; "he will be ashamed and vexed too when he wakes, but it will soothe him to find that I have slept quietly in the oak room. The fresh country air will soon strengthen his nerves."

I first drew back the bolt, and opened the door very gently for fear of rousing my boy; then I took up my dressing-bag and the lamp, and went into the oak room, leaving the door ajar. It felt so cold in here that I hurried over my undressing. There was such a dim, gloomy look in the room, and though I turned up the lamp, it seemed to give far less light here than it had done in my own bedroom. All at once a very disturbing idea came to me: Had Philip really heard or seen anything? Was it not only a dream which had given this shock to his nerves? For a moment I stood shivering; a cold damp covered my forehead, and I looked at the door. Then I remembered I had left it ajar, and I felt ashamed of my cowardice.

I knelt down and said my prayers, but even then, when I had lit the night-lamp, and screened the light, I actually ran to the bed, jumped in, and smothered my head under the clothes, my terror had so mastered me. I had resolved to leave the lamp burning near the unclosed door, so that if any sound from Philip roused me I might not be taken by surprise; and presently, when I uncovered my face and looked round everything looked peaceful, and there was the lamp shedding a soft glow on the door near which it stood. I felt very much ashamed, and determined to go to sleep as fast as possible.

"There is no possible excuse for me," I said, severely. "I have not had an illness, nor am I at all nervous."

I did not go to sleep as quickly as I wished to. The new scenes and new faces I had seen kept flitting before me like the figures in a kaleidoscope. Then I thought

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about my strange dream and Mrs. St. Quentin's accusation.

I hoped the young couple would not elope. It would be very sad if I had helped such an unwise step. Then I tried to take comfort, as one does when conscience pricks. John had asked me to talk to this purse-proud mother, and I do not think he would have done this if he had not felt full confidence in Captain Dayrell. Besides, I reflected that Elaine St. Quentin must certainly be five-and-twenty—old enough to decide for herself—and when I said good-night to Véronique, she had told me that the attachment was an old one. It had begun, she said, before her brother went to India. On the whole, I was grateful to Mrs. St. Quentin, for this reverie had diverted my thoughts from my boy. That was a real trouble. I had not realized that his illness had left him so weak. I was getting very warm and comfortable, and every minute I became more drowsy.

V.

I waked up. I must have slept heavily, the effort was so great to rouse myself and open my eyes, and yet I knew that something had happened. I thought at once of my boy, and I tried to call to him, but my throat felt choked. Then a sudden rush of cold air passed over my face, and I knew that I was not alone in the room. I cannot say how I knew; I only felt that something was there in the darkness, near the curtained door, and I was conscious that I trembled with terror. I seemed to know that the thing had come in by the closed door, and had caused the rush of cold air. It was not Philip; my heart told me that. I strained my eyes, but I could see nothing in the darkness, and yet I knew that something was drawing nearer to my bed. There was no sound of footsteps, and yet it was coming nearer and nearer.

A deep sigh sounded close in my ear, and then something again pressed on my throat. Yes, I felt long, cold fingers twining themselves round it. I tried to scream, but I could not even breathe. I tried to move, but my limbs were stiffened. The pressure tightened—tightened till my eyes felt bursting from my head. Then suddenly I gasped, and flung the bedclothes off me. I do not know how I got out of bed and reached the door. I closed and bolted it behind me.

After this I must have grown faint, for when I roused I was leaning against the door, and shivering till my teeth chattered. I listened. There was not a sound in the oak room. I heard only Phil's regular breathing as he lay asleep on the sofa.

A faint light came from my little bedroom, and I remembered that the maid had lit the night-lamp there before she went away. I crossed the sitting-room very quietly, but when I was once more in my bedroom I snatched up the matchbox and lit all the candles I could find, those on the mantel-shelf as well as those on the dressing-table. Then I wrapped myself up as warmly as I could, and sat down in the easy-chair beside the bed. I was so numbed and stiffened that at first I sat like a log. I believe if that dreadful experience had returned I must have sat still till I was strangled. I had no longer any power to move.

But I was not in any danger of falling asleep. My head burned and my temples were throbbing, but I was wide-awake; my eyes felt sore and strained; I was too stupid to think actively, but I was able to realize the shock my boy must have received.

How well he had borne it! I had deplored his weak nerves, while all the while he had striven to hide this horror from me. This was why he would not hear of my sleeping in the room, and yet he had been willing to be thought fanciful lest he should frighten me by telling the truth.

This conviction roused me, and so recalled the memory of my ghastly awakening that once more I felt sick with horror, and I shuddered from head to foot. I took up one of the candles and hurried into Philip's room for refuge. I can never forget the sudden relief that came to me when I saw gray light stealing in from the edges of the blinds above his sofa.

I blew out my candle and looked out. Yes, morning was coming, and the birds were pouring out their greeting to the light. The sickening terror left me, and instead came a sense of healing and of peace.

Philip still slept quietly. I took up a rug which he had left among the straps and wrapped it round me; then I went softly back to my room and lay down on the bed.

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I wakened with the consciousness that there was a muffled far-off rapping. I opened my eyes and saw bright sunshine. There was a sharp distinct knock on my bedroom door.

"Who's there?" I said, sleepily. "What's the matter?"

It was so cheering to hear Phil's laugh.

"You have slept like a dormouse, mother dear," he said. "I have been up and dressed these two hours. John showed me the way to the bath-room last night. The maid is outside. Shall I send her in to you? I told her I would wake you first."

I was awake enough by this time to reflect. Last night, when I lay down, I was full of anger against John for exposing us to such a horrible visitation. I had told myself that some curse rested on the oak room, and that no one should have been allowed to sleep there; but morning sunshine is a practical counsellor, and it chased away my midnight fancies.

No doubt last night's alarm had been the work of a thief, who had got possession of the missing key, and who, having first frightened Philip, then had been tempted by the contents of my dressing-bag to put me also to flight.

I decided not to say anything until I had spoken to my cousin, for the thief might be one of the servants.

"Please tell the maid to come again presently," I said. "I will ring when I am ready for her. You will please go down and apologize for my lateness." I was looking at my watch, and I saw that it was just half past nine.

I lost no time in putting back the blankets and pillow; then I rolled up the rugs, and restored the sofa to its usual state; but I had not courage to unbolt the door of the oak room, though I wanted to collect my dressing things.

"If it was a burglar, they will have been taken," I reflected. And yet, even when fortified by this practical idea, I could not nerve myself to unbolt the door.

I rang the bell. When the maid came I said, as carelessly as I could, that some of my things were in Mr. Philip's room: would she bring them?

As soon as she left me it occurred to me she would think it very strange to find the door bolted on this side. Well, I could not help that. She came in presently with my bag and my dressing-gown. I thought she looked grave.

I felt very nervous as I looked into the bag. I remembered that I had left it open. Everything was as I had left it, and I saw that the maid had placed on the dressing-table my brushes and the silver-mounted bottles I had taken out overnight. I grew cold while I looked, and no doubt I turned white, for the maid asked if she should light the fire.

"You feel the cold, ma'am, I dare say," she added. "This room is not often used."

She was standing behind me, but I saw her face in the glass. She bit her lip, and colored, and I guessed that she had said what she had been told not to mention.

"Ah!" I said, carelessly. "Your visitors' rooms, then, are full at present."

"No, ma'am; there are two other rooms—very nice ones—but last week, after the thunder-storm, a bit of the ceilings fell. They are ornamented ceilings, ma'am, and the bits have to be made expressly. It will take some time, I believe, ma'am."

"These rooms are not used for visitors, then?" I said, severely, for my indignation was fairly roused again. But the maid had recovered herself.

"The others are much nicer, ma'am, and it's not often we have so much company all at once. Not but what this room has been slept in now and again."

I dressed as quickly as possible. I had to make up my mind to some decision before I saw my cousins.

When the maid left me I asked her to inquire if any letters had come for me.

"Yes, ma'am," she said; "the young gentleman laid them on the table."

She went and brought them to me from the sitting-room. One of them was from my husband's agent. I opened it in the hope that it would give me some tidings, but it was only a dry business letter. The agent certainly inquired the date of our return to town, and asked to see me on my arrival. So far it would help me, for I determined to leave Ouseley without delay.

VI.

When I saw Véronique's bright face, it seemed as if all this horror had been a dream. Breakfast was nearly over; only two of the guests lingered, and Véronique had waited till I came down.

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"I am sure you need not excuse yourself," she said, in answer to my apologies. I thought she looked at me anxiously. "You look pale and tired still. I am only sorry you did not breakfast in your room." When we were left alone, she added, "I am afraid you did not sleep as well as your boy did."

"I never sleep well, dear, in a strange bed."

She gave me such an earnest look that I felt guilty, and my eyes drooped.

"John has taken your boy to look at the young pheasants," she said. "Perhaps when you feel rested you will care to see the gardens. There are some very picturesque views of the old house from one or two sides; but perhaps you are too tired to go out before lunch. If you feel up to it later, we might drive to Ironhurst. I want to show you some of our lions while you are here, dear Mary."

She looked so sweet as she spoke that my talk became very difficult. After all, it was possible that neither she nor John knew about the ghastly secret of the oak room, and that the maid had spoken truly when she said those rooms were seldom used because others were nicer. But, in any case, I could not stay another night at Ouseley.

"You are very kind," I said; "but I am afraid we must leave you to-day. I have to see our agent when I reach London."

She shook her pretty fair head at me. "The agent will have to wait, dear Mary. I can't let you go yet, and John will be greatly vexed if you hint at such a thing. Please tell me what you like, and everything shall be arranged to please you. I so want you to be happy at Ouseley"—a pause—"I—I am afraid—you—you, perhaps, don't like your bedroom." I was looking at her, and I saw her color fade. "You can have another one next week."

"My bedroom is very nice, dear," I said, heartily. Then I stopped, for John came into the room.

Véronique went on speaking while I shook hands with her husband.

"Mary is still tired with her journey, dear; so I shall drive her myself in the pony-carriage, and then she won't have to talk more than she cares for; the other four ladies will drive somewhere else."

"Very well," her husband answered; and then, laughing at me, he nodded at his wife. "She always settles the day's campaign for us all," he said. "I only obey orders."

"It must come now," I thought. I summoned up my courage, but I was so nervous that my voice had a husky sound. I did not think Véronique had really suspected me, but I knew how much more difficult it would be to escape John's scrutiny. "Thank you both very much," I said, "but I have letters, and I am sorry to find I must go to town to-day."

"To-day!" John exclaimed. "My dear child, you are much too tired. If the one short journey tired you yesterday, just fancy what you will be like when you come back this evening."

At this I suppose I must have looked strange, they both stared at me so oddly.

"Go along," her husband said to Véronique; "Mary will excuse you. I expect the house-keeper is waiting. Mary shall come for a walk with me." Then, as his wife went, he said, "Shall I find you in the conservatory in a quarter of an hour?"

I longed to excuse myself, but I could not think how to do it, so I nodded. As I went to my room I wondered whether Philip had said anything. I wanted to see my boy, and to find out how he had been disturbed; but then I hesitated; he had slept so soundly afterward that it was possible the whole thing might seem like a dream to him, and he need never know better; he could not know that I had not passed the night in my snug little room. My own daring in boldly challenging the terrors of that ghastly bed seemed to me now, in broad daylight, a piece of sheer folly.

I went to my bedroom and put on my hat. As I came out into the sitting-room I heard a movement in the oak room. The maid had left the door of communication open, I supposed, and she was busy within.

"Mother!" I went in. Philip was standing beside the bed in the oak room; he looked very grave. "I found this under the pillow," he said. "Is it yours?" He held out to me my pocket-handkerchief. I remembered that I had put it under the pillow.

"Yes," I said.

"Good heavens!" the boy said, with an alarmed face, "and you tried to sleep in this bed, and you felt that— Oh, mother, how could you?" He hugged me and

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kissed me as if I had been restored from death.

"We'll not talk about it; we had better not think of it even," I said. "Put your things together, darling; we are going back to town."

Philip's eyes sparkled. "That's first-rate. I can't tell you how glad I am. I did not mean to frighten you, little mother, but I meant to send you to bed early to-night, and then take up my quarters on the sofa, and bolt the door leading to the oak room."

I packed as quickly as I could, and then I went down to meet my cousin John in the conservatory.

John was there waiting for me; he looked troubled and very anxious, I thought. He only said, "Are you ready?" and then he led the way across the lawn to a walk between two high yew hedges. There was an old stone bench at the end of this walk, but John passed by it; he went on till we came to an open walk across the park. He stopped and turned round; he faced me. He looked unhappy.

"No fear of a listener here, Mary. Now, for Heaven's sake! tell me all that happened last night. Were you disturbed in—in any way? Surely your boy slept in the oak room, not you?"

I wondered whether he had questioned Philip.

"Did Philip tell you anything?" I said.

"Not a word; he is all right. He was so cheerful when he came down to breakfast that I felt quite relieved till I saw your face, Mary; and when you said you must go, I knew something had happened to you in that oak room"—he walked on a few paces. "I'd have given I don't know what sooner than it should have happened; but, for Heaven's sake, don't tell Véronique!"

I had been growing more and more indignant while he was speaking, and I said, stiffly: "It is unjustifiable, John, to use such a room. You knew that Phil had only just recovered from a serious illness. I can't think how you could do it."

John stared at me. "Do what?" he said.

"You know what I mean," I went on, angrily. "It would have been so much better to let our visit stand over, if you had no other room to give me. I can't tell you how I feel about it."

John stood still and looked at me; there was so much genuine sadness in his face that I was touched.

"You can never be as sorry as I am." His voice sounded hopeless as well as sad, I thought. "My dear Mary, you don't know what a blow this is to me." Then he said, very gently, "Perhaps you will tell me exactly what happened last night."

He listened to my account of the night with very earnest attention, and when I had ended, he stood thinking. He walked on presently, and I followed him.

"It is so, then," he said, "and I would not believe it. I wouldn't believe it now if any one else had told me; but you were never fanciful, Mary. Good Heavens! how sorry I am that you and your boy should have been exposed to this horror!"

"Didn't you know anything, then?" I was still a little sceptical. "The room has a strange, shut-up look."

"It had got a bad name formerly. Oh yes, I knew that, and I guessed that most of the servants thought it was haunted; that was why I said, 'don't bring a maid,' because I knew she would hear the gossip in the house-keeper's room. We have never needed the room, so it has never been used. The small bedroom has been slept in several times, and I thought the tale about the oak room was all nonsense."

"Then why did you give me the small room, and put my boy in the other?"

He looked grave at this. "I must tell you the whole story. A few days after our arrival here, an old woman came up to the house and begged to see the master. I was out, and when I came home I found my wife in a state of nervous terror. I could not pacify her. At last she said she had gone to see this old woman, whose name was Tryphena Willis, and she had learned from her that the oak room was haunted. It was a long time before I could soothe Véronique. I utterly refused to believe the story, and I said I would have Tryphena Willis punished if she talked such scandal about my house. But I am afraid Véronique has always believed in the story, for it was she who insisted that you should not sleep in the oak room; and she was completely upset when I decided to let you come on the 23d, instead of the 30th."

I remembered how scared Véronique had looked when we arrived.

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"But why," I asked—"why should one day be worse than another?"

John gave a sort of groan. "That's the worst part of it. I am coming to that. When I had quieted my wife's terror, I went down to the village in search of Tryphena Willis. I was greatly annoyed, I can tell you." I knocked at the door of the small cottage which a child pointed out to me as Tryphena's. It was opened by a tall, bony creature, whose first sentence showed me she was a Yorkshire woman. She listened to my scolding in grim silence. She then said she had never sent for 't' mistress,' as she called her, and that if folks come where they were not wanted, they might hear more than they bargained for. 'I asked for *you*,' she said; 't' head of t' house muss hear what concerns his dwelling.' Then she said that 't' leddy' had seemed so alarmed that she had spared her, but she would tell me the truth. For generations past—she could not say for how many—she had been told by her grandmother, on Midsummer Eve, and sometimes for a night or two after, 'summat walks in t' oak room,' she said. She looked so ghastly as she spoke, and she spoke with such a horrible impressiveness, that I no longer wondered at Véronique's terror. I questioned the woman further, but she shook her head. 'You know what is needful,' she said, and she closed her lips firmly. I cautioned her not to talk about this story, and I told her that I had no faith in it. When I was going away, she said: 'Ye scoff now nobbut. Ye'll have faith some day, and mebbe I'll tell ye t' cause on't.' I left the cottage feeling very much annoyed. If I had not been afraid of alarming Véronique by my absence, I would have spent a night in the oak room; in fact, I had planned to send her away just about the time, so that I might try the experiment. Anyway, I decided that no one else should occupy the room between the 20th and 30th of June, until I had proved the folly of such an absurd story. Tryphena Willis had stoutly affirmed that the visitation would only affect those of kin to the old family."

"That was why you refused at first when I proposed the 23d for our visit?"

"Yes; and at the same time I was ashamed of my own superstition; but all the other rooms were occupied, and Véronique was urgent that you should not sleep in the oak room; then, when I found you could not come later, I felt how absurd it all was, and I telegraphed without consulting her. She was very much alarmed, and insisted that Philip should have the oak room, not you. You saw how terrified she looked when you arrived."

"Did you learn anything more from the old woman; I mean whether anything horrible ever happened in that room?"

John shook his head. "Ah," he said, "it will be a lesson to me. The story seemed so absurd that I resolved to let it die out. I thought if I went and questioned Tryphena, her own belief would be strengthened, and the whole thing might get talked about. I confess that I was relieved when I heard that the woman was dead, and now I wish she was alive that I might question her. She was the only one of the old servants left about the place. Years before he died, Mr. Dreer dismissed them all; he had brought half a dozen foreign servants with him when he came to live at Ouseley, and he seems to have shut the house up except a few rooms. Well"—he turned back toward the house—"I shall tire you, Mary, and I am afraid, after what has happened, I dare not ask you to sleep another night at Ouseley. I have no other room to give you."

"No," I said; "I could not sleep near that room again."

He looked really unhappy. "I must shut up that corner of the house, I suppose. I dare say you saw that it is shut off from the other rooms."

"I should be far more inclined to let in light and air, and I should begin by burning that horrible bedstead." I shuddered as I spoke, and John saw it.

"It is horrible," he said. "I almost agree with Véronique in her dislike to ancient houses. It seems as if the old belief is a true one, and that crime and sorrow can live over again in the scenes which have witnessed them, although they do not visibly reveal themselves. You will not say anything to Véronique?" he said, eagerly.

I reassured him.

"But it would be useless to do as you say about the oak room, Mary. You have lived so long abroad that you have forgotten all about the tenacity of our English rustics. Keep on with the old customs and the old traditions, and you are all right, and you will be a popular landlord among them; but bring in

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change of any sort, and you make yourself at once newfangled and suspected. I cannot afford to lose a tenant in these hard times, and my farmers are as superstitious as their ploughmen are. After all" —he looked sadly at me—"how can we blame them, when I dare not venture to ask either you or Philip, or any one else, to pass another night in the oak room?"

To this day those rooms remain unoccupied in Ouseley manor-house. Once or twice a year they are solemnly cleaned and aired and dusted by a bevy of housemaids; but John tells me that no servant would be brave enough to enter the oak room alone, and that none of them will even venture near the black cloth door after dark.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHINESE.

BY JOHN HEARD, JUN.

I HAVE just finished reading one of Mr. Stevenson's delightful "random memories," which he calls "The Education of an Engineer," and as I look back through my Appian Way of projects begun and left undone, the picture of my old Celestial friend, Liéou-Siéou-Chang—a true celestial now, alas!—rises before me. That he should in any way be connected with my own education as an engineer was due to the fact that the theory of my future career was invented many years ago by two intimate friends of my father. Prosper Mérimée cast me for an engineer; and Count Kleczkowski, whose knowledge of Chinese character was as sound as it was deep, laid the scene of my exploits in the shadow of the Great Wall.

The more immediate effect upon my life was a protracted residence in one of the preparatory schools in Paris, appropriately called by the students "stuffing boxes," whence, twice a week, I sallied in quest of knowledge of Chinese. We met in a little back room of the old "Collège des Langues Orientales Vivantes," in the Rue de Lille. There half a dozen of us twirled and jerked our pointed bamboo brushes in futile attempts to copy the simple characters traced before us by the venerable Liéou, and with the rest, I suppose that I understood them at the time. As I look upon those efforts to-day a certain solemn sense of wonder at the audacity of youth comes over me, and I ask myself how many of those insane-looking, ill-drawn puzzles I ever committed to memory. At each successive lecture our professor, Count Kleczkowski, developed some new and astounding complication, the mere statement of which now would fill my mind with awe and my heart with a gentle gratitude toward the man who deemed me capable of mastering it. Much practical knowledge of Chinese I never acquired, for illness interfered with these studies of cryptography at a comparatively early period; but the mere statement of the problem which we were expected to solve in four or five years is sufficiently picturesque and interesting to bear quoting in polite conversation.

Imagine, then, a language devoid of grammar or syntax; unhampered by declensions, moods, tenses, or inflections of any kind; essentially monosyllabic; in which the slightest change of pitch in the voice completely modifies the sentence; subject to no rules of logic or construction; a language petrified into solid blocks, and representing human thoughts as a mosaic represents a picture; a language in which every sentence is a puzzle even to the sons of the country; a language which once written can no longer be read, but must be scanned—and even then you have imagined but a few of the characteristic peculiarities of Chinese.

It has often been said, it is still said to-day, that the Chinese speak after the fashion of children, directly, straight to the point, with an energy of expression, a directness of purpose, and a natural logic devoid of the artificiality of Occidental tongues. As an example of this child-like simplicity, which we may be pardoned for thinking peculiar, let us take the following sentence. A Chinaman says to us:

"To have—one—(numerical particle)—widow—wife—he—to be—religion—friend—house—within—necessary—to use—all—to have—although—forsooth—not—to count—rich—noble—to arrive—bottom—to pass—to obtain—day—product."

We see at once that in his simple, straightforward way he meant to say:

"There lived a Christian widow who

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possessed all that she needed; though not rich, she had enough to live upon."

If brevity be the soul of wit, our children of to-day have certainly improved upon the Chinese rendering, though how they might have expressed themselves fifty or sixty centuries ago, when the Chinese language was being invented, we have, of course, no means of knowing. If the parents of that time at all resembled those of to-day, they would have allowed the children to prattle on unheeded until they knew better, or sent them to bed—or— Well, whoever was right, somebody was wrong. So much for the vaunted simplicity of Chinese.

In one particular, however, they agree with our great law-giver, Mr. Herbert Spencer, who declares that it is more rational to suggest the picture of a "white horse" than that of a "cheval blanc"; he condemns inversion as being an obstacle to rapid, accurate conception; and one of the very few rules that govern *ordinary* Chinese is that the qualifying word, sentence, or idea precedes the qualified; the rule, however, only applies to *ordinary*, not "fine," Chinese. Indeed it is impossible to draw parallels between any of our Western languages and this Eastern idiom. In a general way, and speaking mathematically, we start from some concrete idea, some number which we subsequently raise to the power required; the Chinaman begins with the logarithm of that number, and where we work forward, he works back. Sinologues usually claim that Chinese is essentially ideographical; but is this not a generality applicable to all languages? Assuming the principle of ideography as the basis of expression, they should point out, when attempting to compare our languages with Chinese, that our idea is distinctly concrete, digital, theirs abstract or potential. For instance, with us "sun" represents a definite thing—the sun which we see nearly every day in the heavens above us; with them "sun" may mean light, heat, brilliancy, or any other of its possible attributes. Hence arises one of the great difficulties which attend the translation into Chinese of any civilized expression—a difficulty greatly enhanced by the radical modifications of one abstraction by the preceding or following characters; just as a daub of yellow paint loses its individual value by the admixture or juxtaposition of some other daub of color.

From this absence of precision in the meaning of words innumerable minor complications or remedies have arisen. The number of sounds of which the human voice is capable being limited and far inferior to the number of ideas necessary to daily intercourse, combinations of sounds became unavoidable in the representation of intermediate ideas; hence in the *spoken* language the monosyllabic rule is sometimes infringed. Yet, as each sound or syllable has a distinct meaning of its own, we cannot consider these compound words as being truly polysyllabic. They are merely two words joined by a hyphen, and used thus as a temporary expedient. The derived sense of two such words is, however, by no means always clear to the "barbarian" mind; the subtle gradations of meaning from greater to less escape us and elude our reasoning. For instance, "*to honor-to revere*" joined together mean "*to respect*"; "*to revere-to honor*," on the other hand, mean nothing at all. The combination "*candor-decency*" is equivalent to our *moral sense, sense of honor;* whereas "*decency-candor*" is an expression devoid of meaning. Again, the collective sense is deduced from an appropriate combination of the component parts, and here the logic of the expression is sometimes more evident. "*Father-mother*" is equivalent to *parents;* "*goings-comings*," to *relations;* "*words-acts*," to *character;* "*man-man*," to *humanity;* and here the aphorismatic character of the combination is not only intelligible but actually pleasing.

In ordinary conversation, especially with inferiors, no attempt is made to avoid what a well-bred Chinaman would consider as unnecessary explanatory verbiage. Among educated people, however, it becomes tantamount to an insult to add a single unnecessary word to the hint thrown out. Just as among our literary people the first word of a quotation is deemed sufficient, so among Chinamen, to whom the study of their language is equivalent to a sound literary education, the key-note of the idea is sufficient. In whist each card is played with reference to those which have already been played as well as to those remaining in hand; so in Chinese polite conversation each word spoken refers to what has already been said, and this considerate regard for the

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other interlocutor's wit is such that a third, who has not heard the beginning of the dialogue, will, in most cases, fail to understand what is being said.

Hence it follows that popular novels or dramatic works must be written in a style totally different from that in which classical books or even diplomatic documents are conceived; and, as a corollary, that no classical work can be read and correctly interpreted without a commentary explaining and completing the text. In fact, these classics, of which happily there are but a few, remind us of a full table of contents of Euclid's geometry where the hypotheses are stated but not demonstrated.

Some witty Frenchman, complaining of the absence of rules characteristic of our pronunciation, expressed his dismay by exclaiming: "You write Boz and pronounce Dickens!" but had he attempted to learn Chinese, there is no doubt but that he would have reserved his epigram for that language of surprises, where what with us is an exception becomes a rule. Notwithstanding the intelligent, persistent efforts of Fr. Gonçalves, of Stanislas Julien, of Sir Francis Wade, Wells Williams, and Kleczkowski, to discover some system of construction whereby to guide the beginner, it does not seem that their short-cuts differ materially from the ordinary run of short-cuts, which usually lengthen the road. There is so much that is arbitrary, so much that must be committed to memory, so much that *is* without any better reason than the fact itself, that it would seem more straightforward to say to the student at the outset: "Learn your manual of conversation strictly by heart, avoid theories, and if you discover what at first sight may seem to be a rule, look upon it as purely mnemonic, but do not attempt to apply it with your reason."

Now let us briefly glance at what the student is expected to learn by heart. The Chinese language being essentially objective, it becomes necessary to consider first the written expression, from which the spoken expression of to-day is derived, and, illogical as it may seem, learn to write before we learn to read. With its keys and relative values, its radicals and phonetics, its accents and pauses, Chinese writing might more correctly be compared to a colossal musical score than, as has been done, to the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians or the picture writing of the Indians. The score once written, the Chinese, who are great lovers of classifications, divisions, and subdivisions, began to seek for some method of co-ordinating the multitude of detached characters which they had inherited or accumulated; and, as far back as twelve centuries before Christ, they imagined a system according to which their first dictionary was constructed. Careful analysis showed that all the known characters could be defined and classed under one of the following six headings: 1. Imitative. 2. Indicative. 3. Combined. 4. Interverted. 5. Rhythmic or syllabic. 6. Metaphorical.

But excellent as was the theory of this system, its practical value was disappointing. It was easy enough, indeed, for the classifiers to decide that an abstract, isolated character should be placed in class 3 rather than in class 6; but when this character occurred in a more or less modified sense in the middle of the sentence, the public, not knowing what it meant, could not *a fortiori* determine its distinguishing value, and the dictionary was useless to all who did not know enough not to need it. The next method adopted was the *natural* system; every character was referred to one of the great natural headings — heaven, earth, etc.; this literary monument was completed about 1100 B.C., and is still highly respected if little used. About that time a third system was tried, and, more or less modified, is the Chinese Webster of to-day. The characters were divided into two great classes—males and females, as the Chinese call them; or, according to our barbarian phraseology, into radicals and phonetics. Besides this, there exists a magnificent pronouncing dictionary in one hundred and ten volumes, which was completed about the beginning of the eighteenth century, but as the pronunciation varies from one province to another, such a work cannot be called national.

In a general way every Chinese character is composed of a radical (which standing by itself is complete) combined with a phonetic, the former indicating the germ of the idea, the latter a modification of the same. Two hundred and fourteen radicals (less about forty-seven now more or less obsolete) and one thousand and forty phonetics compose the a b c of current Chinese. These must absolutely be learned by heart at the very outset, and

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that makes an alphabet of twelve hundred characters. The thirteen classical books only contain 6544 different characters, a fact which at first seems somewhat reassuring; but when we remember that the one character *ye*, for instance, has forty-one distinct meanings, our momentary sense of triumph is quickly dispelled.

"Do not feel dismayed at these figures," our professor says, encouragingly. "You would have no hesitation in beginning the study of law in England or America, and yet the logic and limits of English law are precisely similar to the logic and limits of the Chinese language. Precedent is the only law in either case, and complicated as it may seem at first sight, it works fairly well in daily practice."

Every one knows, of course, that Chinese is written with a brush instead of a pen, and that the lines are vertical, beginning at the left-hand corner of the page. A good handwriting, as we should say, is a *sine qua non* of a good education. The lines must be perfectly symmetrical, both vertically and horizontally, each character occupying exactly the same amount of space in its little square. Like ourselves, the Chinese have several styles of handwriting, from the clear, finished, classical style of isolated pictures to the abbreviated, irregular, running hand of every-day business correspondence. It takes an ordinarily skilful student from three to four years of constant practice to acquire anything like a Chinese style, although there are but eight (some say nine) distinct strokes to be learned, the one character *yawn* — eternal — containing them all. (Fig. 1.)

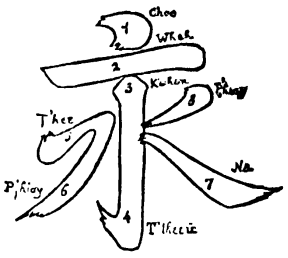


Fig. 1.

Their proper arrangement and the order in which they follow one another are all-important, and must be observed. From the following line (Fig. 2) the construction of the 214th radical, *yoe* (wind instrument or measure of capacity), may be understood, and serve as a general guide. The writing of Chinese is therefore as easy as it is picturesque.



Fig. 2.

There remain but two other points for us to consider: the pronunciation and the intonation of Chinese; the latter being so important, according to their ideas, that if a word be correctly intoned, it matters little how it be pronounced; in other words, the value of the vowel is alone important.

The number of keys in which the voice may be pitched seems to be somewhat uncertain, some claiming only four (as at Pekin), others as many as seven. The following five, however, are more than sufficient: *high*, *low*, *ascending*, *descending*, and—I can find no better word to express it—*chuckling*.

If we stop for a moment to consider that the key of each note or character completely modifies its meaning, and if we admit only four intrinsic meanings to each of the 6544 characters of the classics, Pekin Chinese, which recognizes but four distinct keys, would consist of 104,704 words or meanings. The needs of daily life call for the use of at least 4000 characters @ four meanings @ four key meanings; so that before we can say that we know Chinese reasonably well, we must learn to draw correctly 4000 complex signs, and absolutely learn by heart 64,000 words!

To the Anglo-Saxon student this is scarcely encouraging. If he remembers with what scant success he made himself understood to French and German waiters, and with what self-satisfied superiority they invariably answered him in English, he may hesitate before attacking a language which exacts perfect enunciation, perfect accent, and accurate construction. It is but slight consolation to him to know that the *tone* meanings apply only to the spoken language, and that only the more educated Chinamen know their prosody sufficiently well to always apply it correctly. With the lower classes he can get on somehow or other; but with the upper classes he must know his Chinese well, or it is useless for him to attempt more than the stiffest and most unsatisfactory kind of intercourse.

As for the pronunciation proper, it offers comparatively few difficulties to any one who can aspirate, lisp, handle the French *u* and the German *ö*, and especially speak through his nose just sufficiently to avoid

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sounding the final *g* in such terminations as the French *in*, *on*, *un* (pronounced in Paris, not in Marseilles).

This is, in a few words, what I remember of my lessons in Chinese. It is sufficient to prevent me from ever again putting down my name for a course in that language; but I should be sorry to have it deter any one else from doing so. A clear idea of the difficulties to be overcome would in all cases help the would-be student, and this knowledge he can, as a rule, obtain neither from text-books nor grammars. In many cases he learns too late to what good advantage he might have applied his energy and his time, now lost; and I, for one, feel despondent when I think of the progress I might have made had I neglected the idiom of Ah Sin for, say, Basque or Persian.

POLLY DOSSETT'S RULE.

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD.

A NICKNAME in a small neighborhood is the indication of marked characteristics in the individual it is bestowed upon. A degree of celebrity is also denoted by a nickname; it is a terse vernacular analysis by ignorant but quick-witted people; and a nickname may be a biography. Polly Dossett, of Chicksdale, was an example of these facts. Her rightful name was never spoken; the children there would scarcely have recognized her by that appellation, but "Polly Dossett" was familiar to them all.

Mr. Eben Dorsett, her husband, existed in the manner he best liked—silent, and continually resting in whatever place he happened to be: against his meadow bars, in the hay-mow, on the settle at the store where he bought his goods, in his arm-chair at home, and in bed. Still waters run deep. Mr. Dorsett was still, but there was no running in any current of his being. Yet he was deep enough to have his way when he wanted it, and his wife withstood no purpose unless he was pleased to have her do so. He too called her "Mis' Polly." They had no children, but once upon a time Mr. Dorsett quietly travelled away from Chicksdale, remained absent a week or so, and returned with a little girl, soon understood to be the daughter of his deceased sister, and bequeathed to him. She was immediately taught to call herself Isabel Dorsett. Shortly all that related to her child life was forgotten; it became a mysterious dream, stretching backward in her memory like a web of confused colors, where pictures of endless winters and summers were wrought, and where figures appeared engaged in trifling and unmeaning pantomime.

After Isabel's arrival Mis' Polly became less demonstrative abroad, and more so at home. Mr. Dorsett, in consequence, left his arm-chair frequently for his outside places of rest, leaving the field clear for Mis' Polly's operations. Hitherto she had laid small stress on domestic rules: as her husband said, they did not go down with him. But it was different now; a child, a soul had come into her hands to be brought up, and trained by a system, or a series, which she called *Rules*.

But there never was a girl less trained or under the ban of a system than Isabel. Never was such mental blindness as Mis' Polly's. She denied her system and contradicted her rules constantly. A pious, honest, innocent-hearted woman was Polly; somewhat vain, and disposed to be a manœuvrer, so her friends said. But what of that? Who lies more about us than our dear friends?

As time went on and Isabel grew up, Mis' Polly's limits were narrowed and modified. She was jealous of Isabel's affection and influence, and dreaded lest she should be deposed as an old woman. But Polly at the age of fifty was still handsome; her black hair lay in glossy ripples over her high polished forehead, and her bright eyes reflected all that came within their scope. Her complexion was varying as that of a child's; it betrayed her emotions as she blushed or paled. Isabel always knew when she was pleased or angry by her change of color.

Mr. Dorsett was proud of his wife's beauty. "Back to," he declared, she looked as young as Isabel; and when they were walking together, especially if it was at the end of "down street," he could hardly tell one from the other.

Isabel arrived at the age of twenty, and since Mr. Dorsett brought her to Chicks-

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dale had never gone beyond its precincts. Her education had been such that Mis' Polly often preluded her admonitions with, "If I had had your advantages when I was your age, I might have come to something."

All the teachers available had been employed from year to year in Isabel's behalf. Some of them had come from strange parts, set up a "high-school," which flourished and failed between three months and a year. Some kept a town school in the winter, and studied divinity or medicine the rest of the year. Isabel gained intellectual fragments from all; obtained a great deal of information about the Punic wars; translated one-fourth of *Corinne* seven times; parsed "The Course of Time," and supposed it to be poetry; misunderstood Paley's *Theology;* and learned to draw and paint dreadfully. She was very much in earnest through all these undertakings, and succeeded in muddling her mind quite thoroughly. Happily she was fond of reading. No one about her ever dreamed what channels of thought were opened by an indiscriminate, incessant course of reading; she devoured everything that came in her way, especially romances; she would walk miles in a pelting storm for the sake of borrowing a novel she had heard of. Mis' Polly never bought a book out and out. Several times she subscribed for evangelical works, because her neighbors did so; but there was not a volume of poetry in the house, nor a story-book. All fiction was forbidden fruit in Mis' Polly's estimation; and many a battle was fought over that most delinquent of novelists, Dickens, who found his way to Chicksdale, as he did to every other civilized spot. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not divide Isabel from the empire of romance. Of course there was a chasm between existence and aspiration—a commonplace, tedious desert between her and that paradise which was *possible.* The *great soul* was somewhere; she longed for it; but meantime she was lively and contented; could not help having a good appetite, and feeling a natural interest in feeding chickens and working at the ornamental branches prevalent among young ladies. It was an important epoch also when Matilda Spooner, the dress-maker, fulfilled her semiannual engagement, and furbished up the wardrobe of Mis' Polly and herself. Matilda was an old maid—a good-hearted, peculiar woman, whose whole heart was bound up in the welfare of Chicksdale. She was at home with the Dorsetts', and much attached to the family. Mr. Dorsett took care of her little property, which was considerable enough to support her; but she thought idleness was Satanic; besides, she was a gossip, and enjoyed going from one family to another, to "find out" all their misfortunes and expectations.

"How time do fly!" she began one morning at Mr. Dorsett's, having come to fulfil a week's job. "I declare it don't seem three months since I cut this barege, and it is going on for three years. You are twenty this May, Isabel; you'll soon catch up to me."

"Ain't it melancholy, Miss Matilda? Shall I have two or four flounces to the dress?"

"Eliza Aikin told me that her a'nt Mari had been over to Mendon to Mr. Belnap's, where there was a woman from Boston staying, and *she* had four flounces to her dress; but I don't wish to bias you. She said, too, that rosettes were stuck everywhere upon it; 'twas blue silk, thick as a board."

"How lovely it must have been!" sighed Isabel.

"What's lovely?" demanded Mis' Polly from the corner, where she had been too busy to hear.

Matilda repeated the remarks.

"Sho! So much trimming is a useless expense. My rule is, just enough furbelows to take off the Quaker look. How many rosettes did you say?"

"The beautiful should be necessary," said Isabel, looking dreamily out of the window.

"Amen," added Matilda, "if it will bring me more pay."

"Don't be staring at nothing just now, Isabel," ordered Mis' Polly. "We have too much to do. Settle yourself down to work."

"She's a-thinking, Mis' Polly. Do let her be. It is as good as a play to hear her thoughts sometimes," said Matilda, stopping work to take a pinch of snuff and look at Isabel admiringly.

"Nonsense, Matilda Spooner!" cried Mis' Polly. "What good does thinking do, I should like to know? Is it going to clothe and feed a girl who has her hands to depend upon for a living?"

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"Now, Mis' Polly, you are talking gammon, with this 'ere great farm at your back, and your cheese, and your beef creeturs. Who is to have it all, *I* should like to know?"

"Isabel won't. Have you forgotten Mr. Dorsett's nephew, Tom? He made stir enough to be remembered, I should say," concluded Mis' Polly, with asperity. "Now I've got to attend to dinner—Tom or no Tom, Isabel or no Isabel."

"Dear me! what needs must I go and rake up an unpleasant story? It is just like me," said Matilda.

"Never mind, Miss Matilda; ma will be over it in a minute. But she never does speak of Cousin Tom. Why not?"

"No wonder. He was a good-for-nothing boy. Mr. Dorsett emptied his till, I'll be bound, just because he was his dead brother's son. Your adopted pa is one of the best men that ever lived, and all Chicksdale knows it. Suppose he do pick out the soft spots everywhere to loll in; he has a right to 'em. To tell the truth, I haven't thought of Tom Dorsett myself for five year. He went to South America, they say; hope he'll never darken any door in Chicksdale again. Mercy on me! Oh Lord!"

"What ails you, Miss Matilda?" cried Isabel, jumping from her chair. "Are we all going crazy this morning?"

Matilda did not answer. She was pale and staring, her eyes fixed on something outside. Something in the front yard, evidently; a mad dog, or the elephant broke loose from his tether at the menagerie in Mendon lately, or a tramper from jail—which was it? Isabel was on the point of seizing Matilda to shake her, when the brass knocker fell with a thundering thump on the door.

"It is Tom Dorsett," said Matilda, falling back in her chair. "What in the name of the Old Harry is he here for? Better call Mis' Polly. She will have her match now—rules and all. Mercy on me! I could be knocked down with a feather."

Mis' Polly put her head in at the door, and said: "Somebody coming just at dinner-time, and nothing under the Lord's heavens to eat except ham. It is my rule—"

She was checked by a burst of hysterical laughter from Matilda, who gasped, "Ought to have your fatted calf on hand, for Tom Dorsett is at your door."

Mis' Polly turned a fiery red. "I don't believe it, Matilda."

Some impulse caused Isabel to flee to her room upstairs. An event scared her. Was she at last about to discover a drama?

"Did I ever!" continued Miss Matilda. "Can't believe my own eyes. He'll worry you as a dog worries a bone."

"No, I never," answered Mis' Polly; "but the door must be opened. I hear him whistling."

"It's good that he hasn't got the brown-creetis," said Matilda, grimly.

"Where is Mr. Dorsett?"

"Under the hay-stack, fast asleep."

Mis' Polly did not hear this observation, for she was in the passage. When she opened the door a pair of great brown eyes peered down into hers, and a pair of brown hands dropped upon her shoulders.

"I have come back to put myself under your rule, Aunt Polly. Will you see Tom Dorsett?"

"I must, I suppose. Walk in. Mr. Dorsett will be here directly."

"Glad to hear that he is on his pins yet; he might have pegged out in ten years, you know." He followed her into the keeping-room, muttering: "Just the same! just the same! What! Matilda Spooner here," he cried, "and not a day older! The wheels of time don't fly swiftly round with you, 'Tilda."

"Only when they bring welcome tidings home, Mr. Dorsett," she replied, dropping the "Spanish courtesy" she had learned at the one-fiddle dancing-school twenty years ago.

"You still sew with '*sharps*,' I see. Aunt Polly, have you little Isabel with you? She has grown up, of course."

"She has. I must dish up the dinner, if you'll excuse me. Have you travelled from any distance?"

"Merely from Australia, by way of California—a little excursion in a sailing ship."

"Oh," thought Matilda, "I'll bet he has brought Californy gold with him. That's the meat in that egg."

Tom's face fell as Mis' Polly left the room. "No jolly welcome for *me*," he said; "and I am fool enough to feel hurt about it."

"You could not expect your relations to feel overjoyed," replied Matilda; "by-gones ain't always by-gones. You were a dreadful wild, bad boy, and you know it, Tom Dorsett."

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"Nobody knew how to manage me. I was driven and stung and railed at, never allowed a cent to spend, never put to work, only noticed to be found fault with. I've got the shiners now, 'Tilda." He rattled the loose money or keys in his pocket, and laughed.

"You plagued your mother terribly," said the implacable Matilda.

"I *was* a brute of a boy, nothing better nor worse—a coarse, undeveloped animal—stole apples, told lies, did not know how to control or express myself. But here I am, a self-made man, with plenty of rocks in my pocket." Again the money was rattled, and he laughed louder.

Matilda felt nervous. "Here is Mr. Dorsett," she said, relieved at the sight of him.

Tom drew himself up, and looked as cold and stiff as a ramrod.

"Well, Tom," said Mr. Dorsett, kindly offering his hand, "you have wandered to the old place again. Glad to see that you have an interest in us still. Seen Mis' Polly? Ain't she spry? Where are you from last?"

For an instant Tom felt a constriction in his throat; his eyelids grew hot; there was a rush of manly tears there, which Matilda saw, and which made her his friend in spite of the remembrances rankling in her mind against him. He shook hands so long with Mr. Dorsett and so heartily that the old man felt in danger of losing his footing.

Isabel came down to dinner just as Mr. Dorsett, rather flustered by Mis' Polly's scarlet face, began saying grace without having waited for her. The act permitted looks of astonishment to pass between Tom and Isabel. Each knew what the other's first thought was:

"What a handsome man!"

"What a handsome girl!"

Matilda tried to make the dinner light by her chat, but failed. All were glad when Mis' Polly cut the apple-pie and poured cups of tea for the "top off" part of the meal. Mis' Polly, with the tenacity of an injured woman, dwelt upon the past when Tom tormented and ridiculed her. Young as he was, he contrived to make her perceive her weak points; with a rude hand he had often knocked from under her the scaffolding of pretence she had erected to give her importance. She wondered how long he would stay. Instinct told her that no needy man sat in their presence. Matilda cut the knot by an abrupt question:

"How long shall you stay in these parts? Chicksdale is not very grand, you know."

"I don't know. I am already quartered down in the village at Smith's tavern. It will be no trouble to go at any moment. Aunt Polly, more pie, if you please; I eat two pieces now."

That night Matilda felt a divided duty. She must warn Isabel against a young man's arts, and especially against Tom's.

"Isabel," she began, solemnly, "me and Tom Dorsett's father kept company for two years, and he forsook me. What do you think of that? I feel a nat'ral interest in that young man. He is not so bad as he looks. I don't mean so in one sense, for he is handsome, just like his father; but you must be careful. I don't want you to go through the mill as I did; keep your eyes open. Men are selfish creatures—*all* men, not Tom in particular; he may be the very one. I am not going to discourage you. I don't want to interfere in anybody's business, but I guess Mis' Polly had rather attend your funeral than your wedding, provided Tom Dorsett is furnished as a bridegroom."

"Never fear for me, Miss Matilda; my heart is adamant. I have little thought of beaux. You should not suggest them. Don't you think his head is like Byron's—those close thick curls?"

"Who may Mr. Byron be? Somebody over in Mendon?"

"Oh, you surely have heard of the author of 'Childe Harold,' the grandest history of a man's heart! Haven't you read the 'Corsair'?—

"'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free?'"

"Poetry-books, you mean. If you are going to spout that way, I must be going. I wish you would listen to reason, Isabel."

"I am so tired of reason, and rules! Ain't I continually hampered by them? What is dinned in my ears from morning till night? I hope Cousin Tom has some life in him, some spirit, to fight with ma."

Tom hovered like a hawk over Mis' Polly, flying in and out of the house, as it was his privilege to do. Chicksdale discovered, or said so, that his voyages had been mysterious, contraband in some sense—or where did the money he was so

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free with come from? Mrs. Smith counted his shirts, and took note of all his belongings for the benefit of the curious.

"'Pears to take things cool and easy," said old Smith, when questioned. "Pays up reg'lar, and no questions asked; likes my old woman's sass, ain't over-particaler with his vittles, and cusses as little as any sailor I ever came across."

Tom divided his time into various grades of loafing; passed hours on the piazza of the tavern, with his legs on the railing, his chair tipped in a line with the idlers beside him, who smoked his cigars and listened to his yarns. Sailor-like, he took to horseback exercise. Isabel knew the step of his horse when he clattered by the house at all hours of the night. Mr. Dorsett accustomed himself to look upon his comings and goings, and ceased to notice them. Tom had sown his wild oats, he saw, and he felt so little curiosity concerning him that when he was out of sight he was pretty much out of mind.

Tom had returned to his native place as an experiment. It was the most natural place for him to seek, of course, though his ten years of absence had worn out any vital interest in it. He was tired of the sea; he had earned money enough to last a moderate man his moderate life. He had a half-fancy to buy some land, build a house, and place a wife in it; but he was not sure that he could endure the gentle dulness of Chicksdale. Should he settle there and walk the earth—a proprietor of it, and a husband too—the old restlessness might break out and drive him back to the savage monotony of the sea, or the exciting solitude of the gold mines. He would wait, "loaf and invite his soul," with the idlers of Chicksdale, and buy no land nor court a wife at present. He therefore behaved with so much reticence, and so thoroughly developed the Dorsett laziness, that Mis' Polly's anxiety subsided. The hawk did not pounce, but remained in the quiet air of Chicksdale with motionless spread wings. He began to be necessary to Mis' Polly. She sent the big young man hither and thither upon frivolous errands about the farm and in the village, and he respectfully fulfilled them. It was next to having a son of her own to order and to serve, she remarked to Matilda Spooner, who sneered at and contemned the intimacy. Mis' Polly, however, only liked Tom in a personal sense. Isabel was not permitted to cultivate his acquaintance; without appearing to do so, Mis' Polly kept strict watch between the pair. If one could clear up the infirmities of human nature, the biography of Mis' Polly would soon be closed. Rather than have Isabel and Tom fond of each other, Mis' Polly—a Christian woman—would backbite their characters to the death. And yet she was sincerely attached to both. She had a hard row to hoe, Matilda Spooner said to herself, for she, the poor, ignorant dress-maker, as she called herself, was clear-sighted and unwarped. What curious animosity sprang up in Mis' Polly's heart at this period toward Isabel, and made her path thorny? Brambles, with rough leaves and laced stems stuck thick with prickles, were spread before her, which she was compelled to tread upon. Tom knew why they were there, but, man-like, at present, he let them alone, being in a sort of lazy thraldom to Mis' Polly. Was there ever a man wholly uncompliant to a woman's will and whims, provided they were exercised for his sake? Was one ever quite insensible to a woman's preference? Pity, vanity, the belief that it is but one's natural deserts, and that strange irresponsibility where the affections are concerned, prevail with him. So Tom allowed himself a license with Mis' Polly's jealous, exacting friendship, and shut his eyes against her injustice to Isabel.

So, even here, human emotion began to be astir in its strange complexity, as if it were in the charge of the tutelary gods of the regular drama. Isabel was suddenly lifted out of the commonplace, and the old romances lost their flavor. If we only knew it, there is no commonplace. It is the way we hold the kaleidoscope which changes the reflecting surfaces; its colors and forms are the same.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of," and Tom was the stuff which composed Isabel's first dream of love. When he came to Chicksdale it was May. The summer, so uneventful in appearance, flew as if on the wings of swift birds, and autumn was at hand; the golden days of September arrived, when morn and eve were full of sweet cool airs, and the atmosphere was yellowed by the grain fields and the early changing leaves. All were busy at the farm. Mis' Polly was preserving peaches and plums, and Tom was tasting them. The farm hands ate ap-

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ples while philandering at their work, and Mr. Dorsett, cheerful and contented to his heart's core, pulled up weeds, stalks, vines everywhere. Isabel assisted him in collecting seeds, saving plants; assisted Mis' Polly as usual; was self-collected, and not over-miserable when let alone. Tom and everything were riddles she could not solve. The excitement of his constant presence, his liveliness, the thousand little interests springing up each day between them, prevented melancholy and self-brooding. How she treasured his careless kindness! How fond she was of putting away his hat, and bringing him anything he wanted, when Mis' Polly would let her! How she liked to meet his eye, to be near him, and watch all his gestures! Any change of voice, any nearer approach, set her heart to beating, and all her beautiful youth ready to bloom in hope and joy. And to think there was no reason for these exalted feelings! Tom liked her very well, thought her very handsome, was disposed to pinch her cheek, and call her "Pussy" or "Goosie"; but somehow he had not been visited with the thought that she was a womanly woman--to be wooed and won. Mis' Polly's age and pronounced character overshadowed her.

Matilda Spooner came to stay a fortnight at the farm, as there was extra work to be done this fall. She brought what she called her luggage—to wit, a paper bandbox.

"What is in that thing?" Tom asked.

"The cat that's let out of the bag, Mister Tom," she replied.

"Now tell me, Isabel, how be things?" she asked, when they were alone. "Folks say that Tom Dorsett is here night and day."

"He is in and out daily, of course."

"Why do you look so pale, Isabel?"

"I do not look pale."

"Yes, you do."

Isabel began to cry, and Matilda sighed and sniffed in sympathy.

"I feel," sobbed Isabel, "as if I could not call ma *ma* again. I can say so to you, but to nobody else."

"It shall never go further while I breathe," said Matilda, solemnly. "Haven't I mistrusted what was going on? I said to myself over and over again, while at this place and t'other, Polly Dorsett is at her managings and manœuvrings."

"She watches me so with her snapping eyes. She is so hard, too. Why is she unwilling to have Cousin Tom like me?"

"Human natur'," replied Matilda, briefly.

"She cannot keep him tied to her apron-string forever."

"He likes it; he's a man."

Isabel reddened. "Do you really think so?"

"Yes. Oh dear, what a contrary world! And folks don't know that they are seen through. Like the ostrige we read of in history, when she hides her head in the bushes she believes herself wholly hid, till the hunters find her; hence ostrige feathers. Where's that black one you wore winter before last?"

Isabel laughed.

"Laugh away, if you will only laugh. Eben Dorsett ought to have a flea put in his ear. In reality Polly vallies him more than she does any other human being. It is her everlasting love of making people gee and haw her way that makes all this fuss."

"It is of no use for me to oppose her. I gain nothing. I wish I could leave Chicksdale. I am sick of life."

"There's a good time a-coming," said Matilda, cheerily.

But neither of them approached the subject most in their thoughts. Matilda was too delicate to probe Isabel, and Isabel was too shamefaced or shame-hearted to confess that she thought she loved Tom Dorsett, when he had never spoken a word of love to her. Somehow Isabel felt comforted by Matilda; her spirits rose. At tea-time—and Tom was there, eating through the viands with a tremendous relish—she laughed merrily, looked round boldly, and was so bright generally that Mis' Polly fell into a dreadful crossness, which took away her appetite.

"There's strangers in town," said Matilda, "and I'm glad of it. We are going to have some stir. It's time somebody did something. There's not a mite of public spirit in this place; no picnics, no parties—nothing."

"Who be the strangers?" asked Mr. Dorsett.

"She that was Adeline Morton, the minister's daughter, has come to make a visit with her a'nt, Sally Morton. Her husband couldn't come, but her brother-in-law, Captain Comines, is with her. Sally Morton's is inside out, I tell you,

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what with children, trunks, and horses. Adeline spoke with me yesterday; she knew me right off."

"I remember her," said Mis' Polly; "a proud, disagreeable girl."

"Now Mis' Polly, can't you say something good of her?" asked Mr. Dorsett. "She was a likely gal."

"It is my rule, Mr. Dorsett, to speak of persons as they really are."

"Just so, Mis' Polly; we know your ways by this time," answered Mr. Dorsett, rising from the table. "Declare, how short the days are getting! Meller moons, though, now. I thought as I was coming in from the barn that this world was too handsome to leave; my sperrit rejoiced. A perfect calm everywhere. 'Baccy is good such weather as this, Tom. How do you relish your cigar?"

Tom happened to be commenting on Isabel's ribbons just then, and had put his head close to hers.

"Isabel, why don't you pick up the cups?" cried Mis' Polly. "Matilda wants the table."

"Indeed I don't!" cried Matilda.

"Cigars are good in all weathers, uncle," answered Tom at last. "I'll go out with you, if you are going Chicksdale way."

"Let's all go up the lane," Matilda proposed; "it is pleasant. Dew isn't heavy; the air is as yellow as a bumble-bee's back, and there's a new moon. Come, Mis' Polly, beau me along. We'll take Mr. Dorsett, and Tom and Isabel can follow."

There was such an impulse about Matilda that the Dorsetts found themselves out-of-doors presently, and arranged as she proposed. Mis' Polly had a shawl over her head, and Isabel a twisted woollen scarf. Matilda, afraid of "neuralagy," wore a towering bonnet and woollen gloves.

Mr. Dorsett might well rejoice; it was a heavenly eve. The sky was full of crimson bands stretching over the hills. A red star shone in the west, and near it swung the crescent moon. Not a breath of wind was stirring the trees; but the windless airs were pressing out the autumnal odors. The lane was bordered with thickets, vines, trees, shrubs. Isabel thought it the pleasantest place in the world for a walk—with Tom.

"How many times I have hid myself in this lane when I was a boy!" he remarked, puffing his cigar with zest.

"What for, Cousin Tom?"

"Obliged to do so, I was such a scamp."

Mis' Polly, hearing Tom speak, turned, and called to them to hurry on and keep up.

"Let 'em alone," said Matilda; "let 'em be young for a few minutes by moonlight."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mis' Polly.

They did not hurry—Tom and Isabel.

"Have you never heard of my capers?" asked Tom.

"Only in a vague way."

"Did you not consider me a bugbear when I first came? I think I have worn away Mis' Polly's early wrath against me. I wish she were not quite so short with you, Isabel. Take my arm, won't you?"

Speechless, she slipped her hand under his arm; he had it in his own big paw in a moment.

"What a mite of a hand!—and you a girl on a farm too; your fingers are like rose leaves, Isabel."

The rose leaves rested quietly in his grasp. They walked on, keeping step together, and came to a gap in the hedgerow. The yellow light in the west gleamed across their faces; Tom turned toward her, looked into the eyes just seeking his, and met a glance so appealing that a thrill shot through his stupid heart.

"What a beautiful evening it is, Cousin Tom!"

"Very," he answered, vaguely, wondering at himself.

"I like the crescent moon the best."

"Very," he said again.

"Shall you go away soon?"

"I don't know what I shall do yet. Do you care?"

"Care!"

Mis' Polly stopped abruptly. "I am going to turn back; I have been far enough."

"I hear music," said the artful Matilda. "The band must be playing at Nimmin Hall. It is only a step or two more. We don't have to pay anything for standing outside."

Matilda was irresistible that night—a Destiny with the proper shears, as well as a village dress-maker with the scissors of "Rogers, Cutler," in her hand.

The party entered the main street of the village—a pretty way, bordered with elms, square yards filled with flowers, and comfortable, middle-aged houses.

"I declare!" continued Matilda, suddenly halting. "Sally Morton's house is

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all lighted up. I have half a mind to call. Won't it be neighborly to do so?"

"Matilda, you are possessed with the spirit of gadding to-night," said Mis' Polly, feeling a little curious about Adeline Comines. "I doubt whether we are wanted."

"We might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," remarked Mr. Dorsett. "I'm no hand to go a-visiting; still, I'm willing, since we are passing by, to give this 'ere Mrs. Comines a call."

"Good-night, all," said Tom. "I am a stranger, and beg to be excused from the call. Isabel, will you ride down to the Glen to-morrow with me? Are the hazelnuts too green to gather?"

"Indeed they are," interposed Mis' Polly. "Besides, Matilda has come to make some dresses for Isabel; though, if she chooses to leave everything in the lurch, she may."

"Do you choose, Isabel?" asked Tom.

"If Matilda can spare me—yes."

Matilda, of course, was pleased with the proposal; and Tom strode off, while Mr. Dorsett was marching up the Mortons' path. True to herself, Mis' Polly took the lead.

"We thought we couldn't go by, Mrs. Morton, without calling on Adeline," she said. "No ceremony is my rule, as you know."

Mrs. Morton shook hands with them all before speaking, and then opened her parlor door. "Adeline," she called, "here are some old friends; they will be welcome."

"Mis' Polly!" cried Mrs. Comines; "how do you do? And Mr. Dorsett, just the same, and Matilda Spooner! But here is somebody grown out of my knowledge. Can it be little Isabel? It is; and how handsome she is! Philip, let me introduce you to my old neighbors."

Some chair-scraping and stepping of feet occurred, and then a dead silence fell on the company. Nobody knew what to say to anybody. Circumstance had drifted these persons apart; there was no thought, nor interest, nor knowledge, in common between them. Captain Philip Comines was amused; he happened to look at Isabel, and she happened to look at him—both smiled. He rose instantly, and opened a conversation with her. At the sound of his voice all the other voices broke loose in an ordinary gabble, in which Mis' Polly was prominent. A brilliant *tour de force* seized her.

"While the weather is pleasant, you must come out to the farm to tea," she said. "I shall be glad to have you come to-morrow. We have nice fruit now; our pears are excellent. Will you all come?"

Isabel was so surprised at this sudden move that her eyes enlarged considerably; she caught her breath in a sigh. Captain Comines observed her. Honest Matilda spoke out, brave as Horatius when about to face "fearful odds":

"But you know that to-morrow, Mis' Polly, Tom and Isabel are going to the Glen. Won't that interfere?"

"Isabel can put off the excursion for a day, I imagine," was the answer.

"Who is Tom?" asked Captain Comines, coolly.

"My cousin," Isabel replied.

"I detest cousins. Don't you?"

Isabel laughed, blushed, shook her head, and looked conscious.

"They are as mischievous in a house as mice are, or moths, or fleas—great nuisances. They are so selfish, too, and like to be coddled, and fed, and petted, especially great male cousins. Am I right, Miss Dorsett?"

"Philip, hush!" ordered his sister. "Shall we accept the invitation?"

"Shall be pleased to have you pay us a visit; but we are old-fashioned folks," interposed Mr. Dorsett.

"Certainly," replied Captain Comines. "About the Glen; I am told it is a pretty place. Why should not sister and I drive there? Our horses are here, you know. We can go to your farm early, stop an hour, drive out to the Glen, and return to Mrs. Dorsett's tea."

It was so arranged, and the Dorsetts left, with another hand-shaking.

Mis' Polly did not speak one word on the way home; but Matilda chatted with Isabel.

"I don't believe that the woman has one mite of pound, fruit, or sponge cake in her house. Oh, but I'd like to play a trick worth two of hers! Now to-morrow forenoon you will have to brew and bake; for Mis' Polly will set no mean supper before strangers."

"Well, we shall go to the Glen, anyhow," said Isabel, ready to skip at the thought. "Do you know, that Captain Comines is a clever man, bright and cool as steel."

"Them Comines are all smart, and rich. This one was wounded in the battle of

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Gettysburg. They say he walked right straight up a hill, shaking his sword like fury, his teeth set, his eyes flaming, till he almost ran against the Southerners, and then he was shot right straight down —a ball in his side—couldn't move his legs an atom; but he made his men carry him a spell, and he encouraged them and cheered them on till he fainted dead away, and was carried to one side. Didn't you notice how pale he was?"

"No; I wish I had now. I never thought about his being a soldier, though his bearing was military; but he is queer, Matilda; so different from Tom."

"Tom, Tom, I'm tired of your Tom! I wish he was further! Not that I wish him any harm; but another sea-voyage might do us all good—cure Mis' Polly of her crinkum-crankums."

As Matilda predicted, there was baking early next day. Mr. Dorsett had been compelled to visit the poultry-yard, late as it was, the night before, to catch and kill chickens. Isabel was called at day-break, and Matilda's services were changed to house-work. Tom was vexed at the plan and the general disturbance, and vowed that he would not go to the Glen nor come to tea. He gained small hearing, the women were so busy, and he went away muttering and "confounding" things. Isabel pondered over the soldier and his wounds. She wished that she might show him some appreciation of these facts, and snatched a moment to look over her *Language of Flowers* to find a military bouquet. Matilda was consulted about decorating the parlor with the few remaining flowers and green wreaths. There was nothing in the house in the way of red, white, and blue—no flag—nothing; they were as poor as poverty in all things, she confessed, where taste was concerned. However, she brought together the house plants, and everything from the garden, and brightened up the dull parlor, so that even Mis' Polly vouchsafed a grunt of approval. The flush of hurry and labor was on her face when the Morton party drove up the lane with a pair of horses and a large open carriage. Mrs. Comines regarded her with open admiration.

"I beg," she cried, "that you will ride with me down to the Glen; it is years since I was there, and I should like to have one familiar with the spot accompany me."

"My cousin, I believe, has given up going to-day, and I will ride in your carriage with pleasure. Indeed, none of us are going except myself. Ma thinks it would not be hospitable in her to leave the house when about to entertain friends, and pa is busy in the fields. Matilda cannot afford to leave her work."

"Mercy on me!" commented Matilda to herself, "how that child do take things on herself! A born lady couldn't do better than she is doing this minute."

Mis' Polly, secretly content over Tom's contumacious behavior, wore an affable expression, and remained in the open door till the carriage, which contained Mrs. Comines, her little girls, the captain, and Isabel, reached the top of the lane. If her vision had been a trifle longer her expression might have changed, for Tom Dorsett appeared in a chaise, driving swiftly toward the house.

"Oh," cried Isabel, dismayed, "he is going, after all!"

"He must take the oldish lady, then," said Captain Comines. "A change of programme is simply impossible, Miss Dorsett."

"Well, please stop a moment," she urged.

Captain Comines drew rein, and Isabel extended her hand to Tom imploringly. Of course he pulled up beside her. A glance passed between the two men which did not indicate any friendly desire for acquaintance. Nevertheless an introduction took place. Mrs. Comines apologized for taking Isabel, invited him to follow them, and bowed and smiled herself and horses on their road before Tom had decided that he was really at a stand-still. He could not tell whether he would rather go to the Glen, or return to the village, or go for Matilda and Mis' Polly. One or the other might suggest the right thing to do, and he drove his horse down the lane. Mis' Polly heard his wheels, and opened the door again.

"Changed your mind," she said, shortly, as he sprang out.

"Have you a mind to go? I feel slightly cheap just now, having met that sprig of a Comines with Isabel in tow. I hate new faces."

"I can't leave; tea is to be made ready."

"Call Matilda; I'll take her along."

Matilda was called. She protested against going. Her best bonnet was at home; her hair wasn't done up yet; Tom

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didn't want her, and she did not care about being a makeshift. If he hadn't capered so in the morning, Isabel would have been by his side. But Tom persuaded her, and in a few minutes they struck the track of the other carriage. It was only half an hour's drive from the Dorsetts', but it was past three o'clock when they reached the Glen. The sun was far in the west, and spread a level light low down among the tree trunks and ferns of the ravine. The party left the carriages by a sunken stone wall, and entered the woods by a mossy and vine-encumbered path. Captain Comines offered his hand to Isabel and led her along, while the others straggled as they pleased. Isabel directed the way to a grassy opening in the wood where there was a clump of old pines, and where the ground was dry, and odorous with their needles. They found a seat upon a rock. No one was in sight; there was not a sound in the air; the landscape was pathetic in this sombre, pale, silent light.

"I am glad I came," said the captain. "I perceive that I have a new sensation. How do you feel, Miss Dorsett, in this strange spot?"

"I am accustomed to this scene."

"Is it not much admired?"

"It is our only show-place, and is a good deal frequented. I think it beautiful."

The captain botanized over the ferns and mosses, to Isabel's surprise and delight. When Tom sauntered up to them he saw that she was deeply interested, and felt annoyed.

"This is a stupid place, Isabel," he said. "I think we should return; the sun is low, and it will be drenching damp soon."

The children burst upon the trio with cries of delight over the treasures they had collected. Then Matilda and Mrs. Comines came along, and after some general talk, which interested all except Tom, they started for the carriages.

"Isabel," said Tom, in a low voice, "will you ride back with me?"

"I don't think I should, cousin; it would seem impolite. Please excuse me."

"No; you must go with me now, or *never* go with me again."

"You are unreasonable."

"I know it."

Captain Comines guessed the purport of the conversation. "I wonder, now, if she will comply with the tar's commands? I shall despise her if she does," he thought.

"I feel compelled to decline your demands," said Isabel, feeling ready to cry.

"All right!"

Isabel was silent on the return. A sense of disappointment oppressed her. She wished the tea over and the Comines gone. She must speak with Tom alone; he should not leave her so. The moment they returned and were within Mis' Polly's walls, the latter felt that a crisis had come. Tom spoke to her as he never had before. Never was she to hear his careless laugh again; her reign was over; her rules futile.

"Aunt Polly," he said, sternly, "I have been a great fool, and you have allowed me to fool myself to the top of my bent. What possible reason have you had in standing between me and Isabel?"

"None. But this is no time to talk. I have other fish to fry just now; but I will give you the chance to blame me as much as you please. I have acted for the best."

The supper was generous, and, as Matilda said, Mr. Dorsett "helped generous"; his quiet good-humor covered the disturbance latent in Mis' Polly and Isabel. Mrs. Comines enjoyed her visit; so did the captain. He was falling in love with Isabel. His penetration divined that she was undeveloped, and that she might be trained to all that was lovely and excellent. What a delightful task — where there was so little to unlearn, so much to learn! The depths of her nature were not broken up yet; whatever her imaginings might be, she was still artless, simple, and inexperienced. What a flavor that supper had for him! A divine aroma in the tea and the homely viands. Little did Mis' Polly dream of the spice which Isabel could add to *her* handiwork! He felt elated, exalted, and compelled Tom to talk with him. Isabel listened, and grew ashamed of the conviction that the captain was more entertaining, more agreeable than Tom. A suspicion of this fact crept upon her when in the woods, but she drove it away as unworthy. The evening came to a close at the proper hour of nine. The horses were brought to the door, chafing and champing.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Comines; "the horses are so restless."

"They have had a good feed of oats, marm, and it livens them up. Horses like

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to go abroad as well as folks," replied Mr. Dorsett.

"I wouldn't ride up to Chicksdale for all creation in that carriage to-night," said Matilda.

"Nonsense!" said Captain Comines. "You pay me a poor compliment, since I drive them."

Tom also brought his horse and wagon to the door, but while Mrs. Comines was busy settling herself and children on the seats, he whispered to Isabel that he had had a miserable day, and that he was glad it was over. So was she.

"Forgive me, will you, Isabel? I am an unworthy creature, I know; but I am waking up to the fact that—"

"Good-night, Miss Dorsett," said Captain Comines. "Will you take the lead, Mr. Dorsett? I am ignorant of the road."

"Oh, certainly," answered Tom. "Are you ready?" He looked at Isabel wistfully.

"I must go, you see; no chance for me. Good-night, Isabel. How much there is to do, to be, and to say in this blind world, my dear! We open our eyes when swinging over an abyss; we speak when the sword to fall upon us makes itself visible in the air."

"Oh, Tom!" cried Isabel, struck with his strange look and accent, "don't—don't go just now; I want to speak to you."

"Come, child," called Mis' Polly. "Mrs. Comines is waiting for your last words. Go out to her."

Tom sprang into his wagon, and started out of the yard. Next Captain Comines, touching one of his horses, flew after him. Mr. Dorsett shut the gate, and returned slowly up the path with his lantern in his hand. The women stood in the porch listening to the sound of wheels which grew distant fast.

"That's over with," said Matilda. "We might as well go to bed, I guess. I am confused; there's a buzzing in my ears."

"Hark!" said Isabel.

A shrill cry rose in the air—a woman's shriek—then a dull trampling was heard. Nothing more.

"Run with your lantern," screamed Mis' Polly. "Something has happened at the turn in the lane. What can it be?"

"Go into the house, Isabel, this minute," ordered Matilda. "I'm sure there's an upset; I feel it in my bones."

"No; I am not a child. I shall go too."

They were all running now, Mr. Dorsett taking the lead with his lantern. They came upon a sad sight soon. Tom's wagon was overturned; the horse stood in a tremble, with part of his harness trailing about him. A peddler's red cart and its pair of horses were near; and behind, the carriage, with Mrs. Comines inside in a dead faint, her children crying and striking their hands together. Captain Comines was on the ground, with his arms round Tom, holding up his head. Mr. Dorsett raised his lantern; when its rays fell on Tom's face, Isabel, with a stifled cry, fell on her knees.

"Hush, dear girl!" said the captain; "he is going. Be brave; his breast is crushed. The wheel went over him."

The peddler was crying like a child, and cursing himself strangely—his cart, his horses, and himself—for coming to Dorsett's that time of night.

"What does it all mean?" asked Mis' Polly, in a hoarse whisper, wringing her hands and perfectly helpless.

"Tom, Tom, speak once more to me," cried Isabel. "Once, once more!"

He opened his eyes. "Going on the land—not to be drowned. I didn't think that, Isabel. In Chicksdale graveyard, after all. Aunt Polly, love Isabel for me. Hold on, Comines, a minute more; my time is short. Isabel, your hand. God, how hard this is!—*all* of it hard—ain't it, Comines? Don't *you* count on a day. Uncle—"

Tom had gone beyond the lane. No need of further steps, no aid of horse to carry him through the mysterious journey, which no space that mortal can account for covers.

Mis' Polly was speechless. No proverb nor rule came to her aid at this moment. *Accident* has no provision in ordinary life. It simply stuns and paralyzes ordinary action. Then the sufferers rouse, rub their eyes, and resume the common habits of existence.

All the cogs in the wheels of life on the Dorsett farm for so many months were thus suddenly changed. The little cares, anxieties, cross-purposes came to an end.

"It appears," said Matilda, reflectively, "as if preserving, dress-making, house-cleaning, must go on forever. We don't really calculate for anything else. And yet, since my remembrance, Chicksdale

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has started a new cemetery, and there are five hundred graves in it. What story does that tell?"

A few months afterward Philip Comines married Isabel Dorsett. On her marriage eve Isabel's thoughts drifted through the past. "Did I or did I not love poor Tom? To a fatal accident do I owe my happiness? One thing I know—I love Philip. From his love came mine. It is no dream, no vague, wondering aspiration; it is a solemn experience."

Mis' Polly, in a gray silk, was the mistress of ceremonies at the wedding. People shook their heads and said that she was growing old, for she did not mind Isabel's slipping from under her thumb, and nobody heard of her rules nowadays.

BARTHÉLEMY DE MACARTY'S REVENGE.

BY THE HON. CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

IN a contribution entitled "A Louisiana Sugar Plantation of the Old Régime," published in *Harper's Monthly*, March, 1887, I have given some of my souvenirs about a locality where sugar was made for the first time in 1795 by Monsieur de Boré, six miles above the city of New Orleans.

Among the most intimate friends who frequently visited the family at the Boré plantation there was an old maid named Mademoiselle de Macarty. Her name originally had been McCarthy. It had been Frenchified into Macarty. She was of Irish origin, being the descendant of a family that emigrated from Ireland and followed the fortunes of James II. after the battle of the Boyne. There was a Count de Macarty member of the House of Peers under the reign of Louis Philippe.

Mademoiselle de Macarty lived near the De La Chaise plantation, once well known on account of its brick-yard, but now divided into streets and lots which have become part of New Orleans. She was in affluent circumstances, possessed houses in the city, and owned a number of slaves. She had a beautiful and productive garden, of which she was very proud, superb orange-trees, a well-cultivated orchard, and acquired considerable reputation for the skill with which she manufactured all sorts of condiments, sweetmeats, and other delicacies. In this she was assisted by a *dame de compagnie* named Barella, of Italian descent. These two women have ever since remained inseparably connected in my memory with more than one fond recollection of a feast on fruit and sugar-plums.

Mademoiselle de Macarty left all her fortune to her nephew, Augustin de Macarty, who subsequently became Mayor of the city of New Orleans, and died childless.

She had another but more distant relative, called Barthélemy de Macarty, who lived a few miles below the city on a place fronting the river, and extending to the swampy forest behind. This gentleman, born to wealth, early in life gave proofs of possessing a considerable degree of eccentricity. He lived with his widowed father, Chevalier de Macarty, whom I knew in his old age, and who continued to wear, until the last day of his existence, a powdered head and a queue of the old *régime*. This aged gentleman drove every day, at the same hour, from his rural residence to Hewlett's Exchange, at the northwest junction of Chartres and St. Louis streets, where he appropriated for his special use the same corner and the same arm-chair, holding converse with a few friends of congenial habits and thoughts, and passing with them in successive review all the visitors of the establishment as they went in or went out, and commenting on each one of those who were of sufficient importance to be noticed. At 2 o'clock P.M., precisely, he rose, addressed the same invariable bow to the company, entered his carriage with the same privileged leg foremost, and was driven home at the same leisurely rate of locomotion. Then there was an end of him, so far as the outward world was concerned, until the repetition of the same proceeding on the next day.

The widowed father and the unmarried son were reported to live together with a singular sort of etiquette. The house was a spacious two-story one, after the fashion of the old colonial or creole dwellings, with large open verandas, or galleries, running along every side of the edifice, and supported by massive brick pillars.

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It was divided in the centre by a broad hall. On the left of this hall the apartments were exclusively occupied by the father, and on the right by the son. They respectively kept as distinct an establishment as if they had been miles apart. When so disposed, they reciprocally invited each other in turn to breakfast or to dinner. They continued to live with the same formality until the senior Macarty departed this life.

His son, Barthélemy, had been thoroughly educated, and gave promise of a brilliant career. When still very young, he had been selected by Governor Claiborne for his Secretary of State. Handsome, possessed of those clean-cut features which characterize the patrician of long descent, rich, and distinguished in every way, the youthful Secretary of State was the cynosure of society, and mothers kept a steady eye on him, for there certainly could not be a more eligible match for a beloved daughter. Suddenly, however, he disappeared from the brilliant circles of which he was the ornament, and became a recluse on the plantation which I have mentioned. Much talk, of course, there was on the subject, but the cause of such a stupendous social event never was really ascertained. Conjectures and suggestions, that was all. Everybody thought at first that it was a transient whim, but it lasted twenty-five years. Monsieur de Macarty, during all this lapse of time, was invisible to everybody, save to a few friends in New Orleans, whom he had to dine with him every Sunday, and for whom he usually sent his carriage, as their means of transportation.

A high wooden fence, made of solid planks closely wedged together, protected Monsieur de Macarty's premises from intrusion, concealing everything from view save the tops of the tallest trees. Within, there was the most luxuriously perfumed garden, blooming with innumerable flowers, adorned with the rarest plants and all the wealth of the vegetable world. For them he never hesitated to pay even enormous sums. His library was of the choicest, and containing the most costly editions, with magnificent engravings. In this solitude, into which the arts and sciences alone were permitted to enter, he lived absorbed in himself, and apparently dead to everything else. His agent visited him twice a year to render his accounts. Houses after houses, which he never saw and never cared to see, were bought for him in New Orleans. People would talk occasionally of his ever-increasing fortune, and wonder at the obstinate seclusion of one for whom the world should have had so many attractions.

For twenty-five years this gentleman continued to be inapproachable and invisible to anybody save to his slaves, his agent, and the same few friends who seldom failed to visit him weekly. These friends were very reticent about the recluse, and all that could be extracted from them was that the Sunday dinners of Monsieur de Macarty were exquisite, and his black cook a *cordon bleu*.

One day there was a sensational report in New Orleans. Monsieur de Macarty had suddenly departed for France, without even bidding farewell to his Sunday friends, who were in as great amazement as the rest of the people. All that could be learned from his servants was that he had received a letter which had greatly disturbed him. He had hastily sent a messenger to his agent in New Orleans, and had ordered a trunk to be packed with personal effects, as if for a long journey. Three days after, a ship bound for Europe had stopped in front of his house, and Monsieur de Macarty, with his faithful body-servant, black Joe, had gone on board. We happen to know the contents of the letter received by Monsieur de Macarty. It was a short one, and ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—I know not what connection has existed between you and my mother. All that I know is that she more than loved, that she worshipped you. This she did not, and could not if she had wished it, conceal from me. I, her only child, was fifteen years old when she died from the fatal effects of a mysterious grief which she seemed to hug voluntarily to her bosom. I never knew her but with sadness in her heart and on her brow. On her death-bed she made me solemnly promise that if I ever needed help in this world, I should send to you a sealed paper which I enclose. I am now eighteen, and in such distress that death alone can relieve me. I keep, however, the word which I pledged to my mother, but without hope. What could you do for me? You in New Orleans and I in Nantes, and the ocean between us! What more need I say to you at such a distance? How meaningless and fruitless does such a communication appear to me! But a mother's wish has been obeyed.

NATALIE VERMANDOIS."

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There was enclosed in this letter a small note, carefully sealed, but without address, either outside or inside, nor was it signed. Here is its text:

"O idol of my heart, never to be effaced from it! I have wronged you deeply, past redemption. I ought not to have doubted. It was an unpardonable crime to doubt your word—your honor. How can I have been so guilty? But if you had known to what extent I was deceived, perhaps you would have pardoned. Alas! you scorned to seek any explanation; and you were right. I adore your superb pride, although it has made us both so miserable. I adore it, because it is like the justifiable pride of a god—a generous pride which has made you spare my husband, your treacherous friend, whom you could have crushed. He does not know it; but I do! I know what a mournful recluse you have been since that fatal day of separation. Although so far away, I have never lost sight of you, and have ever been with you in spirit. Oh, how thoroughly I have learned to know you—better than you know yourself! Alas! it is too late. How marvellous is the intuition of sorrow! It is that intuition which makes me address you these lines with implicit confidence, when I have but a few days to stay in this valley of tears. I leave my only child in the hands of an unworthy husband. I fear for her. Should she ever appeal to you, save her. I know that this is the only revenge to which your pride will stoop.

"Faithfully thine in heaven and forever."

Forty days after the departure of Monsieur de Macarty a stranger rang the bell at the magnificent house of the banker Vermandois, in Nantes. He asked the servant who opened the door if Mademoiselle Vermandois was at home. The answer was affirmative, and the stranger was ushered into a superb reception-room. The servant retired without asking for a name, which had not been given, to be announced in compliance with a usual formality. His practical eye had satisfied him that the visitor was a person of distinction.

There stood conspicuous in that saloon the full-length portrait of a lady. The stranger approached the painting, and seemed to be immediately absorbed in its contemplation. He became deady pale, and grasped the left side of his breast, as if some sharp pain had suddenly shot through his heart. But that pallor had left no trace, and his arm had fallen listlessly down along his right side, when a door opened, and a young lady advanced toward him. He bowed gravely, and said:

"From the resemblance which exists between you and that portrait, I suppose that I have the honor to address Mademoiselle Vermandois. I am Monsieur de Macarty, from New Orleans. You have appealed to me. I have come."

She to whom these words were addressed trembled all over her frail body. With all the signs of extreme agitation she seized both his hands, which she shook with convulsive pressure, and looked as if disposed to fall kneeling at his feet, without being able to speak. Monsieur de Macarty prevented her, if such was her intention.

"I beg you to be composed," he said. "I know the nature of your distress. I have made the necessary inquiries before calling on you. You love Monsieur de Kerleree, a young captain of cavalry in the French army, but without any fortune, and you would rather die than marry old Castera and his millions. I understand it all. It is a story of very ancient date. Well, in memory of your mother, I will interfere in this matter."

Natalie clasped her hands, tears of joy gushed out of her eyes, and her feelings of gratitude would have burst out in burning expressions from her lips if Monsieur de Macarty had not hastened to check her, saying, frigidly: "Pray spare me any display of emotion; no scene, if you please; I hate such idle demonstrations, such hysterical explosions. Is your father at home?"

She could answer only with an affirmative motion of her head.

"Then," continued Monsieur de Macarty, in the same freezing tones, "allow me to ask you the favor to carry this card to your father. I desire to have with him a strictly private interview."

Mademoiselle Natalie, overpowered by hopes and fears, and by astonishment at the strangeness of the situation she was in, staggered out of the apartment to carry the message to her father. In the mean time Monsieur de Macarty calmly and slowly paced the large room, stealing occasionally furtive [redacted] as it were, involuntary glances at the portrait.

After a delay of a few minutes Monsieur Vermandois entered. He was a tall, handsome man, about fifty years old, with features sinister in their beauty, and bearing that undefinable expression which in certain faces is a warning to physiognomists. There was no exchange of saluta-

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tions between the two men. They stood face to face in close proximity, and for a while looked steadily at each other. There was bewilderment and anxiety in the inquiring eyes of Vermandois, and one hand, which he held behind his back, twitched convulsively. Monsieur de Macarty was self-collected, expressionless, and impassible, like marble. He was the first to break the prolonged and embarrassing silence.

"Sir," he said, "it is the first time that I have seen you since, under the guise of false and treacherous friendship, you robbed me of a treasure which you have been unable to appreciate. Think not that I condescend to address you any reproach. I have come here for a business transaction with Banker Vermandois. I shall be brief. Cashier of the Louisiana Commercial Bank, you resigned and departed for France shortly after your marriage. You were still on the ocean when a deficit of fifty thousand dollars was discovered, clearly traceable to you. Secret measures were instantly taken to have you arrested in due time. Of this I was confidentially informed by one of my friends, who was one of the directors. For the sake of one who shall be nameless, and on condition that your crime should not be divulged, I paid the sum that you had appropriated to your own uses and purposes. I have in my possession the whole transaction officially certified. This is not all. You are at present on the eve of bankruptcy. Your late speculations at the Paris *Bourse* have proved disastrous. You are obliged to pay within a few days to certain parties whom you know the round sum of five hundred thousand francs. You cannot do it. You see that I am well informed. Those parties have transferred to me all their claims. I am your sole creditor." Monsieur de Macarty paused and looked at Vermandois as if he dared him to a denial. Vermandois remained silent.

"Now to the point," continued Monsieur de Macarty. "Here is the business transaction which I propose. It suits me that your daughter should marry Monsieur de Kerleree, and no other. If you consent to it, I will deliver to you the Louisiana Commercial Bank document which I have mentioned, and will cancel the five hundred thousand francs obligations that I hold. I give you the remainder of this day and the coming night to decide on my proposition. If you accept, as I want no further interview, nor any direct communication with you, let the marriage of Monsieur de Kerleree and Mademoiselle Vermandois be announced tomorrow morning in the *Impartial* of Nantes as having to take place within a short time. If this notice does not appear, I will consider it as a refusal. In that case, on your own head be the consequences. I will no longer spare you."

Without waiting for any manifestation whatever on the part of Vermandois, Monsieur de Macarty turned on his heel and deliberately walked out of the house.

The next morning this short editorial appeared in the first column of the *Impartial:*

"We are delighted to announce from the highest authority the *prochain* marriage of Monsieur de Kerleree and Mademoiselle Vermandois. Monsieur de Kerleree is a promising young officer, and belongs to the oldest nobility of Brittany, but is honorably poor. The bride is extremely rich, being the only daughter of our well known and distinguished banker, Philippe Vermandois. This gentleman deserves great credit and commendation for his liberal and noble disregard of the inequality of fortune between the parties. *Une telle alliance entre la haute noblesse et la haute finance obtiendra une approbation universelle.* It is one of the social and political necessities of our progressive epoch."

On that very day Monsieur de Macarty received a joint note from the affianced couple requesting to be favored with the permission to call on him and make him witness the happiness of which he was the author. He begged to be excused from receiving Mademoiselle Vermandois, but consented to the visit of Captain de Kerleree, to whom he said:

"I have not admitted you to my presence to be greeted with expressions of gratitude. In what I have done I have simply pleased myself, and sought my own gratification. Therefore I deserve no thanks."

"But," replied Monsieur de Kerleree, when he had finished, "we hope that you will at least honor our wedding with your attendance."

"No. That is impossible. I depart this evening for Paris, and from that city for New Orleans. I bid you farewell, probably never to meet again; but I will

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leave with you a request. On the day of your marriage, I desire your wife to go alone from the altar to the tomb where she often prays for the soul of the departed, and there utter these words, which may reach the spirit to whom they are addressed in her far-distant celestial home: 'Mother, I am commissioned by him whom you have so deeply wronged to tell you that the pardon you so long craved is granted at last; for his revenge is complete.'"

"THE CENTRE FIGGER."

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

"DEY tells me you gwine ter be de centre figger at de 'Mancipation Day ter-morrer, Aun' Calline," said Uncle Jake Prince, halting in the dusty road outside the gate, and shifting his white oak split basket from one arm to the other.

"I sholy is, Unk Jake," responded Aunt Calline, with dignity.

The other cabins in the long double row of low two-roomed houses which had once made up the quarters of the old Winston plantation had fallen into disuse and decay; grass grew in their aforetime trim door-yards; "jimson" weed and mullein choked their garden patches; their window-shutters swung loose on broken hinges; their floors were mildewed and rotting; their very chimneys were crumbling; the broad walk which led past them and on to the great house, just showing its white-pillared galleries and peaked dormer-windowed roof through the trees, was a tangled thicket of undergrowth. The great house itself, seen more closely, wore an air of dilapidation, mournful enough to those who remembered it in the time of the old colonel, when its hospitable doors stood wide open winter and summer, and even the pickaninnies swinging on the big gate grinned a welcome to the incoming guest.

But Aunt Calline's cabin preserved its old-time look of thrift and comfort. In the little garden there were beds of cabbages and beans and okra, bordered with sage and rosemary; hollyhocks and larkspur and pretty-by-nights blossomed in the door-yard; a multiflora rose, entangled with honeysuckle, clambered up the squat chimney, and sent its long glossy green branches over the comb of the sloping roof and down to the overhanging eaves; a box of sweet-basil stood on the window-sill, and a patch of clove-pinks by the gravel-walk filled all the June morning with spicy fragrance. Within, the floor was yellow and shining from immemorial scrubbings; the rough walls were adorned with newspaper pictures; and the counterpane and old-fashioned valance of the bed were snowy white and sweet with the smell of lavender. A perpetual fire blazed or smouldered in the wide fireplace, while on the cracked hearth were ranged spiders and skillets and ponderous three-footed ovens with huge lids, suggestive of the rich brown salt-rising loaf, the crusty pone, hand-imprinted, the steaming pot-pie, the dainty "snowball," of days when self-respecting cooks looked with scorn and contempt on a cooking stove.

Aunt Calline herself, as she sat on the door-step beating cake batter in a deep pan resting on her knees, was a reminder of the old *régime*. A fantastically knotted turban encircled her head; a spotless "handk'cher" was folded across her ample bosom; her scant skirts were hitched up under a long blue check apron, and her rusty feet and ankles were bare. Her kindly old face was creased with wrinkles, but in her great soft brown eyes dwelt that curious look of eternal youth which is characteristic of her race.

"Big Hannah, whar useter b'long ter we-alls fambly, wuz de centre figger las' year," continued Uncle Jake, sociably, drawing nearer to the gate.

"Humph!" grunted Aunt Calline; "mighty fine centre figger dat corn-fiel' gal mus' er made, dough she *is* er sister in Zion! But I ain' seen Big Hannah ez de centre figger. I ain' nuver *been* to no 'Mancipation Day."

"De Lawd, Aun' Calline!" ejaculated the old man, with a well-feigned air of astonishment, "ain' you nuver been ter de 'Mancipation Day? Huccum you ain' nuver been dar?"

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"We-el," replied Aunt Calline, reflectively, dipping up a spoonful of batter and letting it drip slowly back into the pan, "hits edzackly dish yer way. De *fus* year dey celerbate 'Mancipation Day hit wuz jes' er leetle a'ter li'l Marse Rod lef' home. Co'se *you* 'members, Unk Jake, when ole Marse Rod an' young Marse Ed wuz kilt in de wah an' fotch home."

Uncle Jake nodded. He had set down his basket and placed his elbows on the low gate post, that he might listen more at his ease to the familiar story.

"De fambly trebbles wuz mo' beknownst ter me an' my ole man, 'caze we wuz 'mongs' de house-servants lak, dan dey wuz ter you-all fiel' han's. An' 'pear lak ole mis' an' missy wuz gwine clean crazy when dey fotch home, fus ole marse, an' den Marse Ed. Den hit wa'n't no time 'fo' de bre'k-up an' freedom. An' all de fool niggers dey up an' swarm erway fum de place same ez ef dey wuz er swarm er bees. All two er dem boys o' mine wuz 'mongs' de fus ter go; an' you wuz 'mongs' de fus yo'se'f, Jake Prince. An' whar is you fool niggers now?" she demanded, abruptly, her voice rising, and a look of scorn flashing into her eyes. "Whar is you fool niggers now, I axes you? *You* is traipsin' roun' de lan', callin' yo'se'f a'ter de low-life nigger-trader whar sol' you ter ole marse, 'stidder takin' de name o' de mos' 'spectable fambly in de county. An' mighty nigh all o' you-all is lazy an' good-fer-nothin', whilse heah I is in de cabin whar de cunnel gimme de same night Ab'm an' me stood up in the gre't house dinin'-room an' got married."

"Dass so," admitted her listener, with a deprecatory grin.

"'Reckly dey wa'n't nobody lef' on de plantation 'cep'n' jes me an' Ab'm an' Dick, dat younges' chile o' mine whar grow up 'longside o' li'l Marse Rod. Lawd! li'l Marse Rod, he wuz de beatenes' white chile fum de *cradle*, mun! I nussed him at de same breas' wi' Dick, an' dem two chillen wuz jes lak br'er and br'er. Dey run terg'er fum de cradle."

"*To* be sho!" assented Uncle Jake. "I 'members dem two chillen myse'f, mighty well. Dey useter pester me 'bout fishin'-lines an' wums, twel I—"

"Li'l Marse Rod's ha'r wuz dat yaller an' curly," she went on, heedless of the interruption, "twel I useter tell ole mis' hit wus jes lak er twist er sugar-candy; an' when dat chile laugh an' ax fer sumpn, Lawd! you is jes boun' fer ter gin hit ter him. An' dem chillen all de time terge'r. Ef Dick wa'n't at de gret house, li'l Marse Rod wuz in dis cabin. 'Pear lak I kin heah him yit, comin' runnin' down de walk yander, bar'headed, an' hollerin' ter me, settin' edzackly whar I is now, 'Mammy, tell Dick ter wait fer me; I'm comin'!'"

"*To* be sho!" interjected Uncle Jake. "I 'members dat mighty well, myse'f."

"He wuz er high-spirited chile; an' when he look erbout him an' see de ole plantation lef' ter rack an' ruin, an' nobody ter tek keer o' his ma' an' missy, 'cep'n' Ab'm an' me, he seem lak he couldn't 'bide dat. He wuz jes tu'n o' fo'teen den; jes de age o' my Dick. An' one mawnin' li'l Marse Rod wuz *gone*, mun! An' ole mis' foun' er letter onder de do' whar say dat he gwine some'ers fer ter wuk twel he git er pile o' money, an' den he comin' back an' tek keer o' ole mis', an' missy, an' Ab'm, an' me, an' Dick. An' he lef' er good word fer Dick in de letter. An' dass de las' we uver heerd tell o' li'l Marse Rod. But I tells you, Jake Prince, I jes ez sho dat chile gwine ter come back ez I is dat I settin' on dish yer do'-step. He gwine ter come back in er cayidge an' pa'r er high-steppin' hosses, like dem Ab'm useter drive fer ole mis' 'fo' de wah."

She rested the spoon on the edge of the pan for a moment, while her eyes sought the dingy great house among its embowering trees.

"We ain' nuver heerd fum him sence," she resumed, with a deep sigh. "Ole mis' and missy dey bofe werry twel dey sick 'bout Marse Rod, an' dat huccum I didn' go ter de *fus* 'Mancipation Day."

"Ole Aun' Dilsey Cushin' wuz de centre figger dat time," remarked Uncle Jake.

"Den de *nex*' year missy wuz on de p'int er gettin' married ter Cap'n Tom Ramsay, fum Richmon', an' me an' ole mis' we wuz makin' de weddin'-cake, an' I ain' had no *time* fer ter fool 'long o' 'Mancipation Day. An' de *nex*' year wuz de time dat my Dick wuz fotch home drownded from the bayou. Den Ab'm wuz tuk down. Mussy, Unk Jake, you 'ain' fergot dem seven year whar Ab'm wuz *down?*"

"Cert'n'y, Aun' Calline, I 'ain' fergot

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Unk Ab'm's rheumatiz. Dough dat ain' hender Unk Ab'm fum settin' in er cheer yander by de fiah an' pickin' de banjer. Mun! how Unk Ab'm could pick de banjer!"

"Dat he could! Dey wa'n't nobody in de quarter could tech Ab'm when it come ter pickin' de banjer. De quality useter come down fum de gre't house 'fo' de wah ter heah him pick 'Billy in de low groun's', an' 'Sugar in de gode,' an' de lak o' dat. Well, I 'ain' had no *call* ter go whilse de ole man wuz down; an' me er tukin' keer at de same time o' ole mis' an' missy, an' missy's chillen."

"An' missy er widder at dat."

"An' missy er widder at dat. Den de sweet chariot done swung low fer Ab'm, an' he tuk'n ter glory. An' *den* sometimes one an' sometimes an'er o' missy's chillen had de measles, o' de whoopin'-cough, o' de chicken-pox, o' de scyarlet-fever, an' 'pear lak I couldn't spar' er *minit* fer er frolic. Co'se, a'ter missy tuk'n de consomption an' die, an' de chillen gone ter Cap'n Tom Ramsay's folks, I couldn' leave ole mis'. Who gwine ter stay 'long o' ole mis' whilse Calline fla'ntin' herse'f ter 'Mancipation Day? Year befo' las' ole mis' *she* tuk down, an' I 'ain' lef' her night ner day twel she pass on ter glory las' Sat'day week. An' now, sence de fambly is all brek up, an' de gre't house shet, an' I has de *time*, I gwine ter de 'Mancipation Day."

"Ez de centre figger," respectfully suggested Uncle Jake.

"Ez de centre figger. I has been invited by all de conjugations o' all de chu'ches ter sét in de head cheer. But, kingdom come, Unk Jake!" she broke off, rising energetically to her feet, "I 'ain' got time ter be foolin' 'long o' you, an' all my cake ter bake. Dish yer batter ready for de oven now."

"Dass so, Aunt Calline! I is in er mons'us hurry myse'f. I done promise Miss Botts ter fotch her er settin' er domineker aigs 'fo' sun-up dis mawnin'. I gotter be gwine." And he picked up his basket and shuffled away.

It was late that night when Aunt Calline went to bed. Her hamper carefully packed and covered with a clean cloth was placed on the little table; beside it on a chair was laid out the black bombazine gown reserved for state occasions, the sheer kerchief, and the freshly ironed turban. She surveyed these last preparations with great satisfaction before turning down the wick of the smoky kerosene lamp. "Bless de Lawd," she muttered, "I is gwine ter feel my freedom at las'! I is gwine ter de 'Mancipation Day dis time, *sho!* An' I boun' Big Hannah, wi' de res' o' de corn-fiel' niggers, gwine ter laugh de wrong side o' dey mouf when dey sees me settin' in de head cheer ez de centre figger, an' all de conjugations o' all de chu'ches comin' up an' makin' dey bow ter Sister Calline Wins'n."

She was up betimes the next morning. The first long slanting rays of sunlight came in through the half-open shutter as she gave a last twist to the wonderful knot in her turban. "Now," she said aloud, "I gwine ter feed de chickens, an' tie up ole Rove, an' kiver up de fiah, an' den I *kin* say I ready."

She opened the front door as she spoke, but she started back with an exclamation of anger and surprise. A man, evidently a tramp, was huddled upon the step, his head resting upon his arms, which were crossed upon the door-sill.

"Look a-heah, white man," she began, in a shrill, high voice, "what you doin'? Whar you come fum? I gwine ter set de dog on you dis minit ef you doan git up fum dar an' go 'long 'bout yo' business."

The bundle of rags at her feet stirred. He lifted his head and threw back the long matted hair from his forehead. A pair of dim blue eyes looked up at her appealingly; a wan smile played over the emaciated and sunken features; the pale lips parted as if for speech. But there was no need. She had gathered him up in her arms, rags and all, and was carrying the light burden across the threshold, laughing hysterically.

"Lawd, li'l Marse Rod!" she cried, as she placed him in the big split-bottomed chair in a corner of the fireplace, "I know'd you wuz gwine ter come back! I is know'd it all de time. An' yo' po' ole mammy so blin' dat she didn' jes edzackly *place* you at de fus' look. 'Sides, you didn't had no *mus*tache when you lef' home." The tears were streaming down her old cheeks as she hovered over him in an ecstasy of joy. He essayed to speak, but a hollow cough wrenched his frail body, and his head dropped helplessly against the faithful breast which had pillowed it in infancy.

"Doan you try ter talk, honey," she

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said, stroking his cheek with her hand. Then, leaning over him and interpreting a look in his haggard eyes, she cried, "My Lawd a' mighty, de chile is *hongry!*"

She dragged the table to his side with feverish haste, and spread upon it the contents of the basket. She affected not to notice while he ate—almost ravenously. "You sees, Marse Rod," she said, now down on her knees before him removing the tattered shoes from his blistered and travel-worn feet—"you sees dat de quality doan nuver put on dey fine cloze fer ter travel in, an' I might o' *know'd* dat you wa'n't gwine ter come home all dress up in broadcloth, same ez ef you wa'n't no mo'n po' white trash."

Rodney Winston smiled pitifully. He had pushed away his plate, and was leaning back in his chair, exhausted and panting.

"Mammy," he interrupted, speaking for the first time, and laying a thin hand caressingly on her shoulder, "where is my mother?"

"I'clar' ter goodness," she went on, with tender volubility, pretending not to hear, "you look edzackly lak you did, edzackly! I gwine ter cut yo' ha'r 'reckly—dat same yaller ha'r whar me an' ole mis' useter say look lak er twis' er sugar-candy—an' den you kin put on some o' Ab'm's cloze yander in de chis; dey wuz all yo' pa's, honey, an' you ain' gwine ter be 'shame' ter w'ar 'em twel yo' trunk gits heah; an' den—"

"Mammy," he began again. But at this moment a confused and tumultuous sound began to float in on the fresh morning air.

"Jes you wait er minit, li'l marse," she said, starting up; and throwing a light covering across his knees, she went out into the yard, closing the door behind her.

The procession was coming—the great, good-humored crowd which had been gathering since long before daylight about the doors of Antioch Church. Every negro in the county, big and little, young and old, was there—the congregations of the churches marching on foot and carrying banners; the Sunday-schools under the leadership of the elders; societies with badges; Sisters of Rebecca and Daughters of Deborah in blue cambric shoulder capes and wide belts; Sons of Zion in the wrinkled and creased broadcloth coats and the well-preserved silk hats of a dead and gone generation; wagon loads of old people and babies; backsliders with banjoes and fiddles; hardened sinners who had never even been seekers at the mourners' bench—they were all there, and the long line had just turned the corner of the field beyond the great house. It was headed by an open wagon on which carried the choir of Antioch Church. Jerry Martin, big, black, and sleek, one of the chief holders in Zion, stood on the front seat, swaying from side to side, and shouting:

"*Ole Satan he thought dat he had me fas'.*"

The shrill voices of the women took up the refrain:

"*March erlong, childern, march erlong!*"

"*But I is broke his chains at las'.*"

And the whole line joined in the chorus:

"*March erlong, childern, for de Promis' Lan' is nigh.*"

The sound rolled away triumphant, mighty unctuous, and came echoing back from the distant woodland.

The carriage destined for that sister in Zion whose virtues entitled her to the foremost place of honor followed Jerry and his choir. Aunt Calline's heart thrilled with pride as it rattled up to the gate and stopped. It was the old Winston family carriage, dilapidated and somewhat the worse for wear, but strong and serviceable still. Two sleek mules trotted under the ragged harness, and Uncle Jake Prince sat on the driver's seat. Brother 'Lijah Vance, the pastor of Antioch, got out. The vast procession halted, and a sudden hush fell upon the people.

Brother Vance lifted the latch of the gate. "Good-mawnin', Sister Wins'n," he said, pompously, removing his tall hat and extending a gloved hand. "De centre figger will please ha' de goodness ter tek er seat in de cayidge, an' be druv ter de 'Mancipation Groun's."

"Much erbleege ter you, Br'er Vance," replied Sister Winston, with her grandest courtesy, "an' I meks my compli*ments* ter de chu'ches an' de chu'ch members. But I has comp'ny dis mawnin', an' I axes you ter scuse me fum bein' de centre figger."

"Lawd, Aun' Calline!" exclaimed Brother Vance, dropping in his dismay into every-day manners, "who gwine ter be de centre figger ef you ain'?"

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"Mr. Rodney Wins'n done come home, 'Lijah," she replied. A murmur of surprise swept down the line; many of the old Winston negroes were near, and these left their places and came crowding about the gate. "Li'l Marse Rod done come back," she continued, her head raised majestically, and her hands folded across her bosom; "he ain' ter say *rested* yet, but ter-morrer he gwine ter open up de gre't house yander. He axes you all howdy, an' he say you mus' come up an' shek han's at de gre't house."

"*To* be sho!" ejaculated Uncle Jake from his perch.

"Dass de li'l Marse Rod whar Mis' Calline Wins'n been jawin' 'bout ever sence I bawn," giggled one of the girls in the choir wagon, a pretty mulattress with a saucy face. "Whar's de cayidge, an' de pa'r er high-steppin' hosses, an' de baag er gol' he gwine ter fotch home fum yander, Aun' Calline?"

Aunt Calline turned upon her wrathfully. "Yer lazy good-fer-nothin' low-down nigger," she blazed, "ef you doan shet yo' mouf, I gwine ter hise myse'f in dat wagin an' w'ar you ter a plum frazzle."

The girl cowered down behind her companions, subdued and frightened. Brother Vance re-entered the carriage, much perplexed by the unexpected turn of events. Jerry Martin lifted up his powerful voice again, and the procession passed on.

She went back into the cabin. Her guest unclosed his eyes as she entered, and looked about him vaguely for a moment, as if he hardly knew where he was. Then a quick flush mounted to his cheek. "Mammy," he insisted, "where is my mother?"

"Well, honey," she admitted, reluctantly, "yer ma ain' ter say *livin'* edzackly; she done—"

"And my sister?"

"Marse Rod, you *knows* dat missy wuz po'ly fum de *cradle;* an' de consomption bein' 'mongs' de fambly—'mongs' de *women*-folks, min' you; 'tain't 'mongs' de *men*-folks—an' hit seem lak missy jes *hatter* go."

"Dick?"

"Lawd, chile, I ain't nuver *spected* ter raise *Dick!* Dick wuz dat venturesome dat when dey fotch him home fum de bayou drownded I ain' ter say '*stonish*'. Dick he layin' out yander in de fambly buryin'-groun', jes 'cross de foot o' yo' pa an' yo' ma; an' Ab'm he in de cornder, whar dey is lef' a place fer me."

He covered his face with his hands and groaned.

"Doan be trebbled, honey," she said, soothing him as one would soothe a hurt child—"*doan* be trebbled."

When she had clipped his hair and dressed him in the spotless linen and the old blue brass-buttoned suit, which had once been his father's, he lay on the bed, following with grateful eyes her bustling movements about the room.

"Mammy," he said, suddenly, "I've come back poorer than I went away. I've been everywhere; I've tried everything. In all these years I have somehow not been able to make my bread, much less—I was ashamed even to write to my mother until I could tell her that I was coming home to take care of her; and now—"

"Dat doan matter, honey," she interrupted, eagerly. "Doan you fret yo'se'f. We gwine ter git erlong. Yo' ole mammy kin wuk. Lawd, dey ain't no young gal in dish yer county whar kin do day's wuk lak I kin! An' when you gits fa'r rested, you is gwine ter tek up de ole plantation, an' men' de fences, an' patch up de cabins, and hiah de mules an' de niggers. Mun! de niggers gwine ter be mighty proud when dey gits er chance ter come back ter de old plantation; an' den—"

Even as she spoke his eyes closed, his head dropped, a mortal pallor crept over his already pale face.

"O Lawd, doan let de chile die!" she sobbed, chafing his pulseless wrists and rubbing his cold feet. He presently rallied, and sank into a peaceful slumber, which lasted well on into the afternoon. She sat watching him while he slept, her old brain teeming with visions of the renewed glories of Winston Place. The doors of the great house once more stood wide open;—the sound of music and laughter rang out from the windows;—horses were hitched in the lane; carriages rolled around the drive, and ladies in long rustling silk dresses got out and passed up the steps;—children were at play on the smooth lawn—children with skin like the snow of apple blossoms, and coal-black pickaninnies with laughing eyes and shining teeth;—a pack of hounds leaped and yelped about the stable-yard, where

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the young master and his friends were mounting for a fox-hunt;—the long table in the dining-room blazed with crystal and silver under the light of the lamps;—the house girls ran in and out, carrying trays of glasses, wherein the ice tinkled and wherefrom the sprigs of bruised mint perfumed the air;—outside, in the lane, the field hands were going by with cotton baskets on their heads and singing;—in the big kitchen fireplace the flames roared—

Suddenly a clear young voice filled the room. Could it be the curly-haired lad coming running bareheaded down the walk from the great house? "Mammy, tell Dick to wait for me; I'm coming!" he cried, a boyish smile playing about his lips, and a boyish light sparkling in his dying eyes.

"De las' o' we-alls fambly," moaned the faithful soul, straightening his limbs, and smoothing back the still silken curls from his forehead.

An hour or two later she came out into the yard. The sun had set; the first stars were coming into the soft gray sky, and under the horizon hung the pale crescent of a new moon. "I gwine ter put some pinks an' some honeysuckle in his han's," she murmured, "'caze ole mis' gimme dem pinks an' dat honeysuckle fum onder her winder yander ter de gre't house. An' I gwine ter bury him 'longside o' Dick, 'caze Dick he been er waitin' er long time fer li'l Marse Rod."

The evening wind was rising, and on it came borne the sound of singing. She lifted her head, listening. It was the 'Mancipation Day procession. Brother Vance was leading his flock homeward through the gathering dusk.

"*I is wuked all day in de br'ilin' sun,*"

sang Jerry Martin, the mellow tones of his voice ringing clearly out across the open fields.

"*Lawd Jesus, call me home!*"

responded the people.

"*Now de sun is down an' de wuk is done.*"

"*Lawd Jesus, call me home!*"

"Dass so!" said Aunt Calline, softly. "Dass so! De wuk is sho done. Lawd Jesus, call me home!"

THE SMYRNA FIG HARVEST.

FROM Marseilles, from Liverpool, from Trieste, from two or three ports on the Black Sea, you may take steamer direct for the town of Smyrna. Coming from the west, the vessel makes its way through classical seas. Chios lies on the right, and as you turn the headland you can see the wooded slopes of Mitylene, the rich green of the karob-trees broken by patches of gray-olive. A strong tide sets between the islands, but the sea is of a deeper blue even than the Italian Mediterranean. The steamer shapes her course again to the right, and passes into smooth water. We are now in the Gulf of Smyrna, and the town lies low down on the sea-shore, surrounded by hills, its castle hanging over the town in picturesque ruins.

Smyrna is the approach and the key to the small district that supplies all Europe, indeed the whole world, with the most popular of dried fruits. From the heart of the town a railway starts, running south to Ephesus and eastward to Sarakeui, and the traffic of the line depends largely on the fruit harvest. In Smyrna itself is the great market for the distribution of the figs to all parts of the world, and in harbor here may be seen a large fleet of steamers lying moored stern on to the quays, and porters, carriers, and *hamel* busy loading them in great wooden cases. It is by this railway that you make your way into the fig district. The tract is comparatively small, when it is remembered that its produce may be found all over the world. It is, in fact, actually small—a valley of some fifty miles skirting the northern bank of the Meander, and with a width at its widest of scarcely more than five miles. Twenty years ago not half this area was under cultivation.

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Through classic ground, and passing towns hallowed by many associations, the train makes its way at that leisurely rate which the Italians say insures safety, and with which Eastern nations are wont to discharge rather than to despatch all business. Ayasalouk is reached in about two hours and a half, and the distance is less than forty miles. Now this Ayasalouk has interests at once ancient and modern. The ruins of the old town of Ephesus lie under the foundations of this little Turkish village. In sight of its sordid cottages may be seen the white marble *débris* of the famous temple of Diana, and ruins of columns, bits of entablature, and carvings from the Corinthian capitals lie strewn about. A curiosity-hunter might fill his pockets, and no one would interrupt him. The mind of the inhabitants is centred, not on archæology, but on commerce; for Ayasalouk is the first point where the fig district is reached. Twenty years ago no figs were grown here. The opening of the railway has caused the land to be put under this cultivation. From Ayasalouk the railway, striking southward, commences an ascent without parallel in Eastern engineering. In four miles it reaches an altitude of 800 feet, winding in and out amongst the spurs of the Salatin Mountains, and at each turn disclosing beautiful views of the coast, with the gateway of Ephesus flanked by its two towers, and beyond it a tract of blue sea, and in the distance the shores of Samos. The gradient of this ascent is one in thirty-six. No horse could trot up such an acclivity and drag a carriage behind him, and yet the wheels of the engine are uncogged, and the locomotive on ordinary rails. When the train reaches the summit station of Azizieh, a huge girder is dragged across the rails, lest by any chance it might roll down again. Making the return journey, every fourth wheel is skidded, and the train runs along by mere force of gravity. To return to our onward journey, when we reach the bottom of the valley at Balachik, we are already arrived in the great fig district.

The map on the next page shows the district. The shaded portion represents the bottom of the valley, which is devoted to the fig gardens.

The soil of this tract is very deep, and has the property of retaining moisture, so necessary for the crop. This peculiarity is of special importance, as in cases of drought the fig-tree does not generally show at the time signs of drooping. The leaves retain their strength and color. It is only afterward, when the fruit should have reached maturity, that its stunted size and diminished yield show the effects of the check. Indeed, it is this quality of the soil that makes the valley of the Meander the great centre of the fig crop. Experiments have been tried by transplanting the trees to raise a crop in the neighboring valleys, but they have never been very successful. Some years ago Mr. West discovered in California a tract of soil which he believed to be almost identical. The climate also was similar. Mr. West took back with him some 300 roots. These fig-trees have done well. They have made good growth and yielded fair crops, but a sufficient time has not yet elapsed for the tree to reach such maturity as should test the value of its fruit for preserving. It is only when the trees are from five to seven years old that they begin to bear fruit useful for commercial purposes; but once that age is attained, the tree will yield its annual crop for sixty or seventy, or, with careful pruning, for eighty years. The fruit does not at all resemble the ordinary black eating fig. It is a short, pulpy fruit. A large one would weigh quite four ounces. The color is a bright yellow-green, but when you cut into it the flesh is white, with a centre of dark red. The taste of these figs is poor and rather faint, but the pulp exudes an abundance of amber-colored juice; so that they seem with the slightest pressure almost to drip with honey. Their promise to the taste is more than their performance. We know how beautiful a cherry orchard, or a garden wall covered with peach-trees, can look in the early weeks of a mild spring. The fig-tree differs from almost all fruit trees in this respect, that it seems to bear no flowers. Of course it does flower—if it did not it could bear no fruit—but it flowers invisibly. In fact the flower is concealed in what ultimately becomes the fruit. If you cut open a fig when it has attained little more than a third of its full size the flowers will be seen in full development, and it is at this stage that, if the stamens are perfect, fertilization takes place, and the fruit swells and ripens.

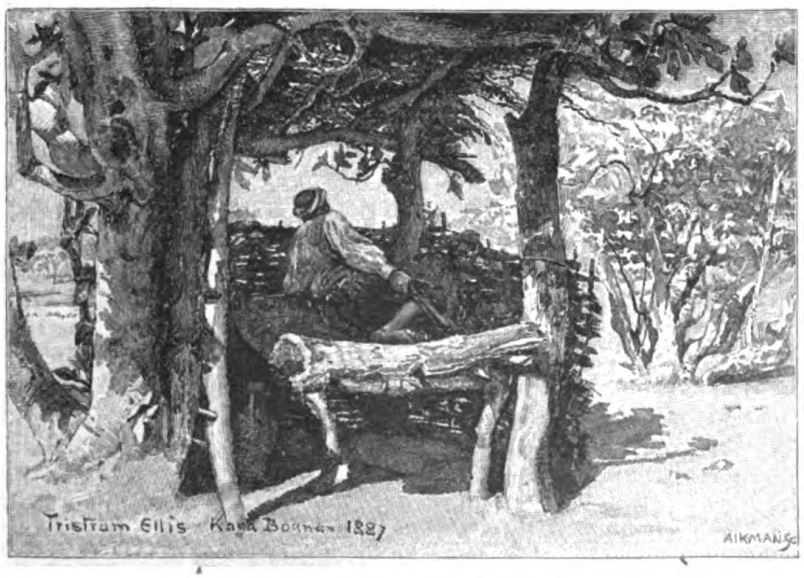
Walking through a fig garden in the Aidin district in the month of June, you

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will see a strange and almost incomprehensible operation being carried on. The trees are by this time covered with fruit, though the figs are less than half the size to which they subsequently attain. The boughs which bear them are often not more than a few feet from the ground. One of the peasants in the garden takes a basket filled with small green figs strung loosely on pieces of cord. Some of these cords will have only a couple of figs, and some as many as six. The workman flings the cords up into the branches, on the twigs of which they are caught, so that every tree shall be adorned with one of these singular necklaces. It is hard to guess their purpose. These strung figs are wild fruit, bitter in taste, and quite useless as food, but they have this singular property, that they arrest the tendency of the other figs to drop to the ground before they attain maturity. Sometimes the crop of these Capri figs, as they are called, fails, but so useful is the purpose they serve that growers will give as much as a piastre, or four cents, for each fig. This price is so high that, as a rule, it will swallow up all the profits expected from the crop. From the end of June and through July the fig swells and ripens. In its earlier stages the fruit is not very palatable, but on attaining maturity it is sweet and agreeable, juicy and much relished, though somewhat laxative. This is the season for the pilferers. The crop is so valuable that watchers are stationed in the garden, who keep guard day and night.

These watchers, called beckji, with their shelters and surroundings, might be designed for art rather than occupation, so picturesque is their appearance. Their accoutrement reminds one that Asia Minor is still a great hunting-ground for brigands. Quite a museum of knives and pistols is displayed in the belt, and a heavy iron-bound cudgel, shown in the illustration, is probably rather a symbol of office than actually needed for protection. The guardian's arbor is generally located near the drying-ground of the plucked figs. It is there that the greatest value is concentrated. It may be seen in the background in the illustration.



BECKJI WATCHING FIG GARDEN.

About the middle of August the figs begin to fall, and then all the population of the neighboring villages is poured into the gardens. Men, women, children, they are all at work from sunrise, gathering up the fruit and piling it into the baskets. The figs are heavy; the baskets are capacious, about fifteen

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GATHERING THE FALLEN FRUIT.

inches in diameter and the same width. Such a basket piled up with figs is a heavy load for a woman. At first the gleaning is over the whole garden. The figs lie as they fall, and the sun has ripened only the most forward of them. But by the end of August the heavy fruit drops so thickly that the pickers will fill a basket with what they gather up from under a single tree.

The appearance of the whole garden is picturesque in the extreme. The air in the early morning is clear, the sky cloudless, except when the vapor rests on the summit of the distant mountain ranges. The trees cast long shadows on the ground, and there you see women and children of all ages busy, wandering in and out under the branches, gathering up the fruit or carrying away the baskets. All Eastern dress seems exaggerated to our eyes, but the costume of the male gatherers is peculiarly eccentric. The sash that is tied round the waist is so wide that it reaches from a little below the armpits to some distance below the hips, and it is not only very wide, but also very long, so that, wound tightly round and round the waist, it looks more like the swaddling-clothes of an Italian baby than the familiar sash of a modern Greek. If the sash looks too wide, the trousers look too short, and end just above the knee, where leggings like a Highlander's stockings complete the costume, covering the feet almost to the toes. Their head-dress is a fez surmounted by a turban. The Anatolian peasantry have a passion for arms. The writer counted the equipment of one of these overseers. It consisted of two long daggers, two short daggers, a long pistol, a pair of revolvers, and cartridges stuffed round his belt. A pirate in burlesque would have envied these properties. The women wear trousers too, loose baggy ones, tied in at the ankles, and belts clasped with silver ornaments. The colors are very vivid, white and red and yellow. Wages are not high in this country. A working-man would make about fourteen cents a day, but in harvest-time he might expect as much as half a dollar. The figs grow singly on the boughs, rarely in couples, never in clusters.

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The lowest branches are three or four feet from the ground, so that the fruit has not to fall far. Even dropping from the topmost boughs, the force is broken by the leaves and branches, so that the figs are generally picked up whole. If they lie on the ground for more than twenty-four hours, they rapidly spoil.

The next step in the process is to dry them. A bank of earth is raised some six inches high, and strewn with rushes, and here the figs are laid out in single layers touching one another. The contact does not last long. The September sun is so hot that in a week the fruit is all shrivelled up, and when the figs are but half their original size, the time has come for storing and packing them away in bags. The ordinary consumer is familiar with the phrase "Eleme figs." Many people believe eleme to be the place from which they came, but in truth the brand denotes, not locality, but quality. None but the very best are strictly "eleme," the skins of which are so thin and the surface so delicate that they could not stand packing in bags; they have to be taken to market in shallow flat baskets. In the East as well as in the West the tricks of trade are practised. Eleme, which meant the very choicest kind of figs, is now applied to all kinds that are thought worth exporting, and almost indiscriminately whether the quality be first, second, or third. There is, indeed, yet another, a fourth quality, which never crosses the Atlantic, and is used by the natives for their cattle. These are the figs that supply the seeds of the preserve that is sold in London as strawberry jam. Part of what remains is manufactured into a cheap spirit, and the rest into manure. This kind of fig, called "horda," is scarcely worth the cost of carriage, and so the railway company, keen for all kinds of profit, has a special freight for the bags which bear the mark that shows they hold the horda figs. This concession has led sometimes to abuse. Eleme figs were packed in the horda bags, and despatched at reduced rates. The company had to take measures to defeat this fraud. Inspectors were employed to open the bags at random, and the company refused to carry in all cases where they detected fraud. It was found, on the whole, that to be honest was more profitable.

We have seen that though there are in



DRYING FIGS NEAR AIDIN.

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THE CARAVAN BRIDGE, SMYRNA.

fact four qualities of figs, these may be distributed practically into two classes—the eleme, which are exported, and the horda, which are consumed at home. Both kinds have to make their way to the great market at Smyrna. The horda are sent in yellow bags of ordinary sacking; the eleme receive better treatment. Goat-hair bags are used for their transport, which have the advantage of being very durable, very impervious to dust, and of presenting inside so smooth a surface that even if the figs are bruised the pulp does not stick. So expensive, indeed, are these hair bags that the growers generally hire them from the carriers. These carriers play an important part in the fig trade. They are known as "devegees," or camel men, but their functions are much wider than their name would suggest. They are at once carriers and venders, transporting the bags to the local station, accompanying them along the line, reloading them at the Caravan Bridge station, and bringing them thence to the fig market at Smyrna, two miles off. Not till a sale has actually been effected, the money received, and the figs handed over to the purchaser, do the duties of the devegee come to an end. It will be seen that he is something more than a mere camel man. His stock in trade, besides his camels and his hair bags, includes his character. These men deserve and have the reputation of exceeding honesty. It is said to be rare in Eastern nations. But in the duty they have to perform trustworthiness is essential. There is, indeed, a guild of these devegees, and fraud is punished by expulsion. Our illustration shows the camels crossing the Caravan Bridge. Smyrna lies behind us and to the right, and the cypresses in the drawing grow in the cemetery of the town. All through the day the tinkling of the camel bells is heard upon the banks of the river. Just at this point the bank is high, studded with overhanging cafés. The townspeople make it a favorite resort, and here they sit and smoke and sip their coffee. It is said that the bridge dates back to old Roman times. It is probable that the Crusaders may have crossed over it. The cypresses are peculiarly fine. The climate and soil of Smyrna exactly suit their cultivation. The tinkling of the bells is often very musical; the leading camel and the last camel are always furnished with them, hung on the peak of the saddle, or under the neck, or at each side under the



CAMEL BELL ATTACHED TO BACK HORN OF SADDLE.

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THE FIG MARKET, SMYRNA.

loads. These bells are made at Erzeroum, and the construction is peculiar. They fit one within another, the inner one forming the clapper of that immediately outside it.

The fig market of Smyrna is only two miles off, and it is hard to describe the confusion and bustle and shrill turmoil which prevail there during the few weeks of the fig season. Two narrow, dirty streets lined with low-built barns are devoted to the staple industry of the place. These barns are the warehouses in which the figs are stored, and here congregate the Jews and Greeks who buy from the devegees and afterward sell to the packers. In our drawing, the figure behind to the left is the government inspector watching the weighing of the sacks and noting down the results. In front of him the devegee leads his camel, well loaded with the hair-cloth bags which hold the eleme figs. The devegee is a Turk. The camel men are almost invariably Mohammedans. The leather which he bears in front has probably a revolver concealed. No

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law is probably better known in Smyrna than that fire-arms must not be carried in the streets, and probably none is more generally disregarded. To the right will be seen the goat-hair bags piled upon the causeway. The confusion is actually much greater than is suggested in the drawing. The narrow street is of course rather avoided as a thoroughfare, but here are necessarily collected government officials, weighers, itinerant sellers of drink and food, porters, camel men, and dealers. The sideways are so piled up with the bags that there is barely room left in the centre for the camels to tread their way. Nearly all the passenger traffic is actually over the bags. When the sun sets the street empties. Only a few watchmen march up and down guarding the fruit.

We will suppose the devegee has made his sale and gone back to the village, bringing to his employer the proceeds of a satisfactory transaction. The figs have yet many experiences to go through. Just now they are in the hands of the packers, and again the bags are loaded on to the camel's back and taken to the packing establishment. This branch of the trade is mainly in the hands of Greeks, and is perhaps the process which an intending consumer might least like to remember when the fruit was handed to him at dessert. There is, however, one firm at Smyrna which is not Greek, but Dutch. It is the largest packing establishment, and beyond all question the cleanest and best managed. This is the firm of Dutihl and Co. In their rooms the figs are sorted, pulled, and packed. The sorting is mainly done by women—a fact which you have every reason to know long before you enter the apartment. The parrot-house at the Zoological Gardens gives but a faint idea of the clamor and clatter and shrill-voiced racket that comes from 100 or 150 fig sorters of many nations and creeds, but indisputably of one sex. The room is large and airy, the floors scrupulously clean.

Here, round heaps of figs, are squatted girls, young women, old women, Greeks, Jews, Turks, and Armenians, all very talkative, and most very busy. And now it is that the qualities of the figs, so often alluded to in this paper, are decided. It is by the touch, by the feel, as each fruit passes between finger and thumb, that the experienced sorter recognizes whether the quality be first, second, or third, and tosses it accordingly into its appropriate heap. What is discarded from this assortment is left on the ground. The remnant is in effect a fourth quality, not destined for exportation to Europe, but, packed in fifty-pound bags, is shipped off and disposed of in the small neighboring towns. In the illustration the group of girls to the left are Turks. They may be distinguished by the white veils which they invariably wear. The faces are not covered. It is only when strangers come that their modesty revives. The men who are employed in the room or bringing in and out the figs are not considered worth being concealed from. The Turkish women, as a rule, herd together. Religious hatred is very strong in the East, but by tacit arrangement it is ignored in the workshop, and all creeds are represented on the floor of Messrs. Dutihl's sorting-room. It is curious that the Turkish girls have a peculiar twist of the wrist as they toss the figs to their appropriate heaps. Their action is much more picturesque and their work much less rapid than that of the others. And they have to pay for this accomplishment, for as they do less work in the day, they get less wages for their day's work. It is not very hard work. Women of all ages are employed. As in the cigarette factories in Seville, you see young mothers bring in their babies. The scene here is drawn exactly as the artist saw it. The old woman to the left of the standing girl might have been sixty, the child to the right was six. The figs when they are sorted are technically known as "maccaronia." It is a word with which one soon gets familiar in passing through the sorting-room.

When the figs are sorted, they have next to be pulled and packed. This work is done almost exclusively by men. It needs the strength of male fingers and the aptitude which constant practice gives. The fig is drawn between finger and thumb, flattened, and split at the stalk, so as to take the form which it preserves when it ultimately is found on the dinner table. Years ago figs were not split, but, with the exception of the top layer, were packed square in their unbroken skins, and indeed after this fashion, called "hakoum," are still furnished to the Eastern markets. In the packing-room, as in the sorting-room, all nationalities are collected. Like the women, they work in perfect peace, but, unlike them, often in almost perfect

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SORTING THE DRIED FIGS IN SMYRNA.

silence. Only from time to time one hears the cry of "Maccaronia," as the workman who has finished one basket calls for a fresh supply. The men sit on chairs or benches, facing one another at tables rudely formed of a couple of boards placed on trestles. An attendant fills a can with salt and water and places it beside each puller, who dips his hand in the mixture before he pulls and splits the fig. It is found that the action of the salt brings up the sugar contained in the pulp of the fruit. But this action is gradual, and indeed it is not till the figs have been some three months packed that they are in best condition for eating.

In packing the figs, long use gives great dexterity of arrangement. You can see the fruit distributed in the boxes in rows so neatly that a knife might be dropped between them without cutting a single skin. The boxes are made to hold amounts that vary in weight according to the markets for which they are intended. The contents are never under weight, and rarely as much as an ounce above the regulation. A good packer needs to have special aptitude and long training, and he is well paid for the work he does. Some of the men engaged by Messrs. Dutihl earn from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day, according as the harvest is poor or plentiful. All nationalities are employed, but the Greeks are the best paid. It is found they work best. Indeed there is an unintentional classification of the races, for the men are grouped by the overseer according to the scale of their wages. The Greeks are the best workmen; the Turks are either lazier or less apt. So in one part of the building you will find almost all Greeks; in another, almost all Turks; and then amongst the mediocrities a mixture including Jews. It is curious that in the East what we should call nationality is really determined, not by birthplace, but by creed. In Asia Minor Mohammedans would be described as "Turks," members of the Greek Church as "Greeks," while "Armenians" and "Jews" are evidently terms applied, not to nationality, but to race. In the illustration it is a Greek who is packing the figs; the negro sitting opposite to him is in the act of pulling and splitting. Beyond the negro is a Turk, while the group to the right are mostly Jews. All the better kinds of figs are packed in boxes, the third

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PULLING AND PACKING FIGS.

quality are sent off in barrels. The figures to the right in the illustration are busy with this inferior fruit. The figs are packed in layers, the layers arranged in concentric circles; and when the barrel is half full a board is introduced, on which the packer stands and stamps his weight, driving the underlying layers into closer contact. Boys come in from time to time from the sorting-room with baskets of the maccaronia, and an attendant is kept busy filling the cans with fresh water, for packing is thirsty work, and a Turk in hot weather almost insatiable. In this warehouse as many as 500 hands are often at work at a time, of which 150 are women, and there would be 50 boys and girls, the rest men. The *odium theologicum* rarely causes a quarrel; in fact, the men are too busy earning money, for the time of harvest is short; but even at their work they are generally armed, and you will see the sun gleam on the hilt of a Turkish dagger or the burnished handle of an English-made revolver.

Through the middle and end of August and through September the work is carried on, though in the last weeks of this month the supply of figs falls off, and only the best pullers and packers are kept on. By the second week of October the fig harvest for the year is at an end, the sheds and warehouses are locked up and empty, the tinkling of the camel bells is no longer heard over the Caravan Bridge, the railway has entered on its dull season, and the orchards and gardens of the Aidin district are deserted. About a quarter of a million pounds of figs is the annual product of this industry, though strictly speaking this figure does not represent the whole harvest, but only the figs of a quality worth packing and exporting. America and England are the largest consumers, but the English market is supplied with the fruit packed in boxes, while we get ours in drums and casks. Differences of freight figure largely in cost of production, when what is grown in Smyrna has to be sold in New York city.



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THE PENDS.

ST. ANDREWS.

BY A. LANG.

BENEATH a gray wash of air, a limitless waste of golden-brown sand deserted by the tide; far off a white line of breaking foam, a flocking of innumerable sea-birds, and to the extreme right, beyond an expanse of shapeless sand-hills covered with dry sharp grass, a little throng of spires and towers on a point of rock—that is the traveller's first view of St. Andrews. The air is keen and salt, the prevailing colors are broken browns and grays, there is a sense of space, and in our ears the voices of the wind and the sea. The earliest students who trudged thither from the south four hundred years ago, the pilgrims to the shrines, the martyrs who were dragged to suffer in the dungeon of the castle rock, the avengers of Wishart as they rode to the slaying of Cardinal Beaton, must all, at this

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THE SPINDLE ROCK.

distance of some three miles, have heard and seen what we see and hear to-day.

So little has the town changed that a map made in 1530 might still be used by the wayfarer for his guidance in the streets. From the mouth of the river Eden, where we stand in fancy, St. Andrews must for several centuries have offered to the gaze that assembly of the tall square tower of St. Rule's, and the more graceful shapes of the minster piers, and the old spire of the college chapel. But in those centuries there must have flashed from the bright high-pitched copper roof of the cathedral a light over land and sea, like the far-seen blaze reflected of old from the colossal statue of Athene Promachos on the Acropolis. That light is quenched forever, the great roof hath fallen, the towers are only crumbling fragments, broken by men's hands, and wasted by time and by the salt winds from the Northern Ocean. But the former arrangement of the town abides unaltered. The cathedral and priory front the sea and the downs. From them the three chief streets radiate landward, and the castle frowns on the Witch's Lake, while the colleges keep their old places, and so does ruinous St. Leonard's. A ghost of 1530 would not lose his way in modern St. Andrews.

St. Andrews is a city of ruins and of the dead. It has been compared to a mixture of St. David's, in Wales, and of Oxford, possessing the gray salt air and chill antiquity of the one, and the academic traditions of the other; a home of churchmen and of learning. At every turn among the modern streets, with their mixture of new and older houses, and with the eccentric broken levels of their roofs, you come on some fragment of the past. Here the road runs through "The Pends," a Gothic archway, part of the old priory buildings, perhaps the refectory. Here, beside a villa of yesterday, and within its grounds, is the delicate empty tracery of the windows of St. Leonard's College chapel. Roofless the chapel stands, the gravestones wasted by the weather, the ivy twining through the carved work and veiling the desolation.



DIVINITY COLLEGE YARD.

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On the other side lies the garden of a beautiful old Scottish house, with its many gables and turrets, and the room, with its oratory, where Queen Mary slept during one of her visits to St. Andrews. The chamber, though smaller, is very like that in which Rizzio was done to death in Holyrood.

This is an example of the charm of the city, of the way in which you meet the dead world at every turn. As Cicero says about Athens, "each stone you tread on has its history." The long wide central street, South Street, looks somewhat formal and bare, in spite of the trees of the priory at one end and the old gates of the city walls at the other. It was "improved," as far as pavement and things sanitary are concerned, some forty years ago, and then lost, to a great extent, the character of antiquity. But if you pass through the doorway of one of the houses, though it looks as unpromising as any door in "the long unlovely street" of Wimpole, you find yourself transported, almost as if by magic, from to-day into the Middle Ages, from the town into the country. On the street side of the door all is modern, stony, dusty, and bleak; within are gardens sloping down, with their venerable apple-trees and parterres of old-fashioned flowers, to the fields which surround the city. Here, too, stand such records of the past—the feudal past—as little gray towers which were dove-cots of old, homes of those sacred birds "the laird's doos"—the squire's pigeons—which had a legal right to live on the corn of the adjacent farms. But the "doo-cots," of course, are empty. These green wide spaces, with the unbroken view of the fields beyond the little stream which flows into the narrow harbor close at hand, are probably unknown to most of the strangers who visit St. Andrews, but they are among the features peculiar to the place, among the surprises which it reserves for its lovers. Indeed at every corner there are surprises. Even Nature has her unexpected gifts. For example, on the long uneventful coast to the east, beneath the grassy cliffs, you suddenly come on "The Spindle Rock," a kind of tower, in color like those of the minster, and quaintly decorated on the side by the natural tracery of a wheel. Hence the name, "the Spindle." To return to the town, within the play-ground of a perfectly commonplace though extremely useful middle-class school, the Madras College, is a very beautiful ruin, shaped somewhat like a decorative Gothic beehive, the old chapel of the Dominican order. Opening out of South Street too, in



VIEW FROM THE RIVER.

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a way that reminds one of All Souls' in "the High" at Oxford, are the quadrangle and buildings of the Divinity College, St. Mary's, lately the home of Principal Tulloch, well known both for the attraction of his personal character and his studies in literature. Nothing in St. Andrews so strongly recalls the description of the "gray little Oxford set by the Northern sea" as the Divinity College, which Mr. Pennell has drawn, and saved me thereby from the vain labor of attempting to describe it. When the scarlet gowns of the students in winter are moving about these venerable courts, and those narrow lanes with their strong savor of the sea, then St. Andrews looks its best, looks most like itself, and presents that odd blending of a university town with an east coast fishing village, which is in fact its essence, its *differentia*, as the logicians say. Where else can you find lecture-rooms, chapels, schools, within a few hundred yards of a narrow and perilous haven, a pier built of huge rudely cut stones dragged from the fallen cathedral, and the long rollers breaking on vast desolate sands, strewn here and there with the gaunt ribs and timbers of wrecks? When you note that all this mingled landscape is watched by the keep and the walls of a great prelate's castle, the scene of feasts and tortures, of murders and martyrdoms, the broken survival of an age when the Church leaned on the mailed secular arm, and when cardinals were fighting men, then you have, in brief, the historical magic of St. Andrews.

As for natural aspect, this crumbling castle crowns, and in old times guarded, an iron coast—

"An iron coast and angry waves,
You seem to hear them climb and fall,
And roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves
Beneath the windy wall."

These caves, too, have their memories. In them the first messengers of Christianity to the people of the north and east, the Culdees, are said to have made their home, wearing the naked rock in prayer, and carving with Christian symbols, probably, the walls of their damp oratories. From the caves the Culdees emerged the missionaries of the Faith in the north before the Augustinian orthodoxy, and, as the neighbors gathered round them, built the ancient church whose foundations, excavated not long since, may be studied just outside the walls of the cathedral. Then these adventurous saints and their successors dwindled before the power of the clergy of the Roman communion, and their very church was threatened by the encroaching tides. Then was built St. Rule's, with its tower; and finally the great cathedral arose, which became the metropolitan centre of Scotch religion. That, again, was "dinged down" by the fanatical mischievous mob at the time of the Reformation. But, before it fell, the schools of learning which grew up in the cathedral shadow had been made into a university, the oldest in Scotland, and in the university sheltered itself and survived the *religio loci*, the sacred and historical associations of St. Andrews. Such is the briefest possible sketch of the growth, and decay, and continued existence of the city.

To understand all that the city has seen and suffered before it became only a market-town, and the seat of a small college, and the home of the royal game of golf, requires a minuter and closer view of the past. And here I am greatly in doubt as to whether a historical survey may not seem somewhat pedantic and out of place in a sketch whose limits confine it to the task of conveying impressions. As Mr. Ruskin is in love with Venice, as Montaigne was in love with Rome, so Dean Stanley was in love with St. Andrews, and I confess that I share his passion. I want the reader to understand the *sentiment* of the place, the magic of it, that in St. Andrews which makes one feel a personal affection for this little town, with the sand in the harsh wind that sweeps the streets, with the sea fog clinging like a shroud to the broken minster, and swathing the stern tower of St. Rule's. Perhaps the attempt is impossible. One cannot revive in another these memories of boyhood, in the halls where of old one wore the gown—the long scarlet gown—which is so unlike the scanty rag of the commoner at Oxford. No, to a stranger not full of the legends of our bitter and brawling Scottish past, St. Andrews must seem a remote country town, where the weather is often detestable, where there is no fashionable promenade, no brazen band discoursing music, no glittering shops, where the ruins only interest an architect, and where society does nothing, dreams of nothing, talks of nothing but golf. St. Andrews is not a very crowded or popular watering-place,

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GATEWAY.

and Mr. Pennell, who came to sketch it (and did not stay long), is the only transatlantic pilgrim I ever met in the shadow of St. Rule's. The place, indeed, is an inaccessible corner of the kingdom of Fife, and, oddly enough, Sir Walter Scott, who glorified so much of Scotland, said little of this romantic town. The Borders, the Highlands, the Orkneys, and Galloway he made classic, but not St. Andrews. Therefore let no stranger from afar visit it on *my* invitation, unless he feels drawn by the magnet of what is old, and in a mood to dwell for a while with much that is forlorn. To save him trouble, I will offer a sketch of St. Andrews' history, with the chief dates, and having achieved this as rapidly as may be, will speak of the modern aspect of the place, the links, the golf, the bathing, the professors, the students, the pursuits and pastimes of living mortals. The general reader is not only permitted, but implored, to skip what follows here, if he finds history dry.

About the fabulous origin of St. Andrews, it is enough to say that the legend

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ST. ANDREWS FROM THE LINKS.

is like the other exercises of monkish fancy, and probably grew up in the thirteenth century. The more historical opinion is that Angus Fergus's son, King of the Picts, founded the town on Kilrymont—the king's hill—in 732–736 A.D.—there or thereabouts. According to Simeon of Durham, the chronicler, a certain Acca, a venerator of St. Andrew the apostle, fled from Hexham, in Northumberland, carrying relics with him, and founded a bishopric among the Picts. Whatever may have been the relations of Acca with the Culdees, it is certain that the Culdee rite was that of the earliest historically traceable men of religion of St. Andrews. The mediæval annals of the place show us the power and influence of the Culdees, a marrying clergy, gradually waning before that of the regular Roman orders. The bishop is no longer elected by them; nay, by 1298 their place is occupied by regular canons. In 1120 we get an authentic glimpse of St. Andrews from Eadmere, some time bishop, who has left his memoirs to the ages. He was sent into Scotland, at the request of King Alexander I., by the Archbishop of Canterbury. At St. Andrews he was made bishop to some extent, but was *not* consecrated by the Southern primate; for the Scotch, strong sticklers for home rule, regarded that as an assertion of English supremacy. The Archbishop of York, as if *he* had been metropolitan of all the northern part of the island, next put in a claim to consecrate Eadmere, who left St. Andrews a kind of half-baked and incomplete bishop, and never returned. At St. Andrews there is a tract of ground called Boar Hills, and this is connected with "the primitive mysterious boar," who always comes to the front in early history. He appears in the Indian *Puranas*, and in the legend of Queen's College, Oxford, as well as at St. Andrews and in Calydon. This monstrous boar, after slaying men and cattle, perished in a popular revolt, and all the land he had ravaged was given by Alexander to endow the Church. But to whom did the king really allot the land? The bishop claimed it for his bishopric. Alexander meant it for the priory, and to the priory it was finally assigned. The arms of the city are still a boar tied to a tree, nor would it much amaze me if the whole story was originally invented (as was certainly the case at Selkirk) to account for the city's device, and for the name "Boar Hills."

Now, at this dim period, how much existed of the actual surviving clerical St. Andrews? On this point I borrow the evidence of a writer (probably, if one may judge by his style, a very famous historian) in the *Saturday Review* (December 24, 1870). According to this authority, the tall massive square tower of St. Rule's, the most imposing thing in St. Andrews, probably dates about 1127–1144. Now this is confessedly a very late date for so archaic a building. "It proves that the primitive Romanesque lingered very late in Scotland," and "marks the long abiding of old-fashioned tastes at St. Andrews." The tower—"the campanile," Mr. Pennell calls it in his illustration—"has all the characteristics of primitive

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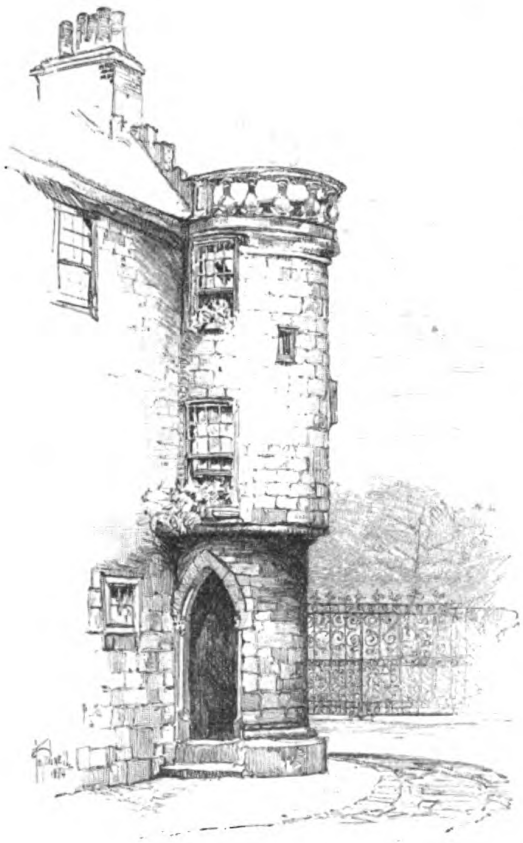
style, with most distinct mid-wall shafts in its windows, but carried up with an excess of height and slenderness which has no parallel among square towers in the British Islands." This tower, then, with the possible exception of the church outside the cathedral wall, St. Mary's of the Rock, is the oldest, as it is the most perfect, ecclesiastical relic of St. Andrews. It saw the cathedral, the priory, the bishop's castle rise, and it has seen them fall. Now the cathedral was built between 1159 and 1238, was labored at by eleven bishops, and was not dedicated till 1318. The work was delayed by the great war with England, and Robert Bruce was present at the dedication. It was razed by the riotous accomplices of John Knox in 1559. Thus the ecclesiastical prime of St. Andrews, the period



THE BELL TOWER.

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of the great buildings — St. Rule's, the priory, with its huge strong wall and wall towers still standing, the castle on its isolated rock above the bay, and the cathedral—existed, from foundation to fall, for but four hundred years. The fifteenth century produced "the plain massive towers of the parish church and of the college church," the latter showing us



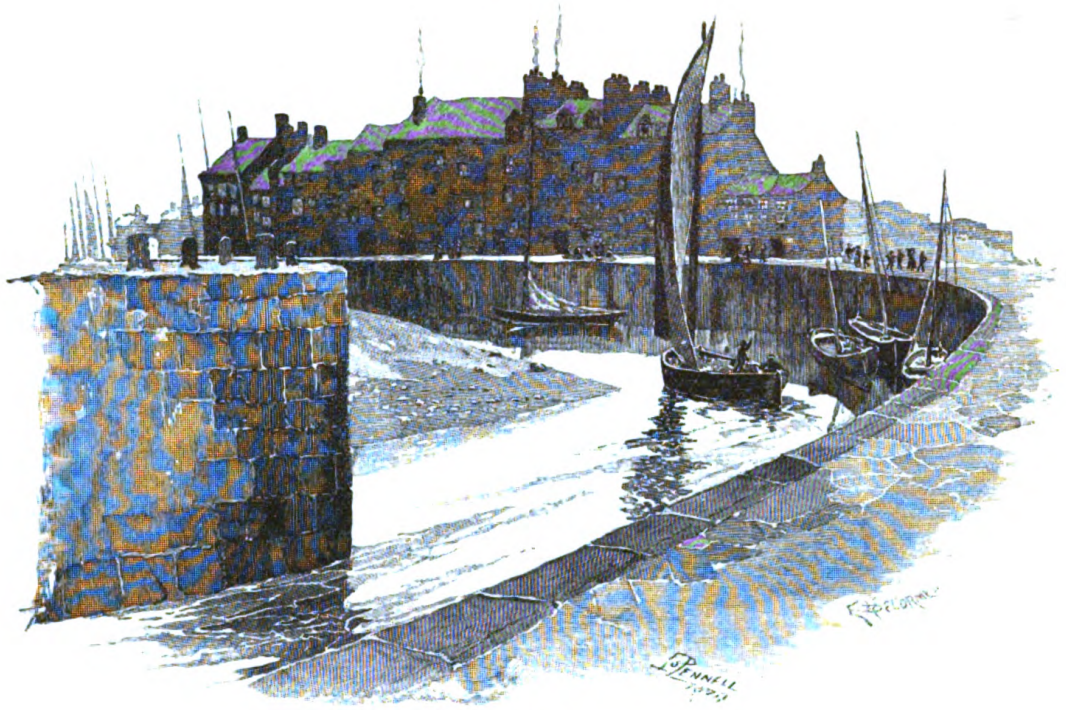
A CORNER.

"something not so very unlike the general conception of St. Rule, living on in the fifteenth century." In those four hundred years St. Andrews was a thriving merchant town. There are apparently, if Lyon's history of St. Andrews is to be trusted, indications that the sea once came further inland, and that the harbor was more accessible to trading vessels than it is at present. The great change ecclesiastically, as the *Saturday Reviewer* points out, was that which converted the missionary clergy of the ancient settlement and of St. Rule's into regular monks, and the bishop into a feudal lord. St. Rule's was neglected for the new cathedral, and that took the shape of a monastery. "The monastic precinct," as any one may see who notes the massive walls of brown and golden-yellow stone, with the trees and creeping plants growing in the towers and peering through the arrow slits, "is strongly fortified, and it is said that one object of the gigantic wall, which one is tempted at first sight to take for the wall of the city, was to make the monks more independent of the bishop." For this, or some other purpose, they had constructed a curious subterranean passage, walled and paved, leading through the cathedral and the priory, in the direction of the harbor. This passage was discovered in 1884. The bishop's castle, again, whether he, in turn, wished to be more independent of the monks or not, was an amazingly strong place for those times, hanging above the sea. The precinct wall was built in 1522, by John Hepburn, the prior.

So much for the religion and religious folk who slowly, like coral insects in a coral reef, built up the towers and spires of St. Andrews. Their graves, like that most beautiful marble tomb in the college church (the bishop ordered no better at St. Praxed's in Mr. Browning's poem), have been shattered by violent hands and the treasures of the dead have been plundered. The great silver mace of the university, with its quaint Gothic tracery, is part of the spoil of the tomb of Bishop Kennedy. But that old religion did not pass away from Scotland without leaving her a bequest, namely, the university. Scots who craved for learning had been wont to voyage to Balliol College, in Oxford, founded by the wife of John Balliol, or to Bishop Murray's Scotch college, in Paris (founded in 1326). But the monastery cathedral of St. Andrews must long have had schools of some sort under its wing before, in 1413, on a February day, Henry Ogilvy carried to St. Andrews the papal bulls which gave the seminary the privileges of a university. Next day the *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral, while four hundred of the clergy, with an unnumbered multitude of the laity, bent in gratitude before the high altar. At night there were bonfires and rejoicings in the streets, for Scotland was not yet Sabbatical, and so arose that little university which I am proud to call my Alma Mater.*

* *Lyon*, I., 204, says there were endowed schools of St. Andrews and "poor scholars" two hundred years before the university received its charter.

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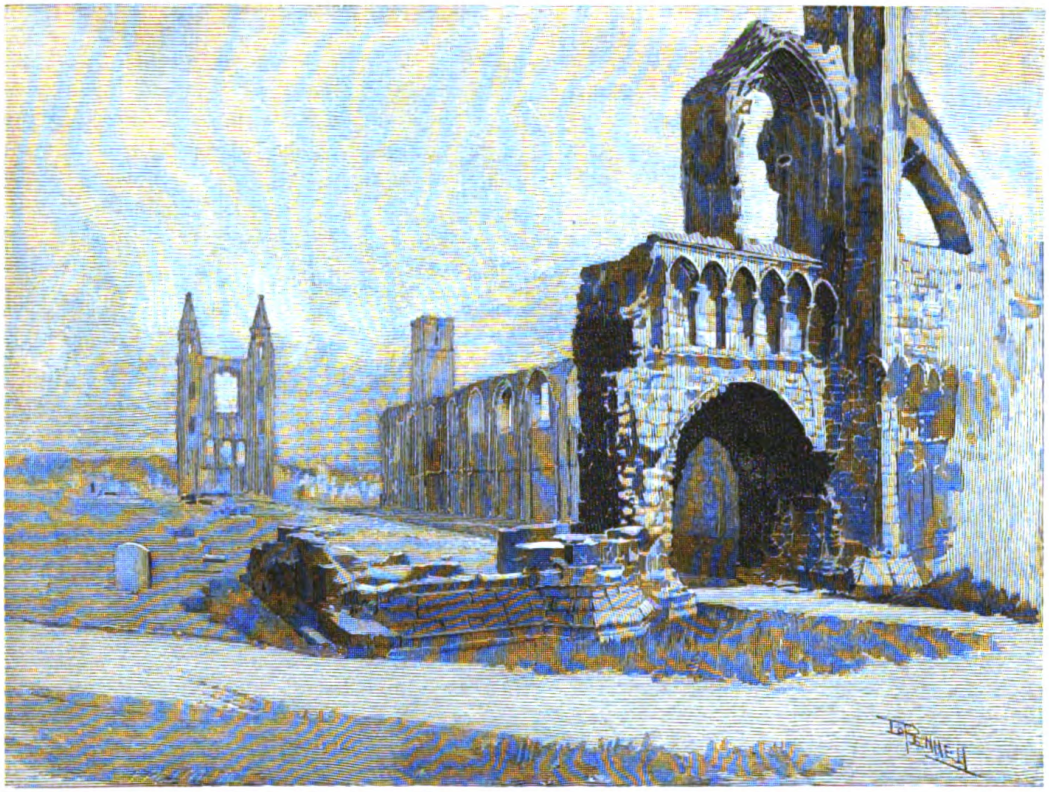
HARBOR.

Dark days were gathering for St. Andrews and the Church and the people, even before the university was born. Worse things than English wars were threatening. The Lollard movement in England, the combined forces of socialism and scepticism, of honest inquiry and agrarian discontent, which we connect with the names of Wicliffe and John Ball, filled the end of the fourteenth century. Under the Lancastrian kings, the Church replied by persecution. St. Andrews, too, saw the martyrdom of men of the new ideas. Paul Craw, a disciple of Huss, came to St. Andrews and preached, and attempted to win over the students, and was burned at the stake in 1432. A brass ball was put in his mouth to prevent him from addressing the people. In 1432 the wind from the sea dispersed the ashes of Paul Craw, and sowed the seeds of that fierce hatred of the Roman Church which came to its strength when the cathedral was destroyed. From this hour everything at St. Andrews tends to the great ruin. The evil fates of the house of Stuart drag Scotland to her national destruction. Archbishop Stuart, a young man of twenty-one, the king's natural child, fell when

"Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,"

and priest like paladin, on Flodden field. Disaster follows disaster, blood cries out for blood. Henry VIII. bade the Earl of Hertford "turn upside down the cardinal's town of St. Andrews, as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same. And if you see any likelihood to win the castle, give some stout essay to the same." These were strange orders in the mouth of the Defender of the Faith. However, the English general never managed to execute these humane commands. Beaton, the cardinal bishop, was Henry's great opponent, and so, according to Lyon, this most Christian monarch set about having the cardinal assassinated. The monarch's motives were excellent—partly political, partly religious. He wished to unite Scotland and England, he wished to establish the Protestant faith (that is, his own beliefs for the moment) in the northern kingdom. The cardinal was an obstacle, the Scotch Protestants went about to murder the cardinal, and a certain Wishart was one of those Invincibles. Wishart went around prophesying Cardinal Beaton's death, and Beaton had him arrested for "heresy." This was certainly an error of judgment, as it at once made Wishart a martyr. Naturally the cardinal's court condemned Wishart at

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RUINS OF ST. RULE'S.

sight for heresy, and he was burned in front of the castle, probably in the ditch or moat, on March 1, 1546, just one hundred and fourteen years after Paul Craw. The torch was now lit that burned the monks out of the cathedral. I can imagine the height above the castle moat crowded with red-gowned students, and grave merchants, and shrieking women of the fisher-folk, and the brown-bearded sailors from the harbor. The students might have their golf clubs in their hands, they might have taken the spectacle of the burning as they made their way to the links. There would be priests and monks from the neighboring cathedral in the throng when the smoke and the cry went up in the air, and were scattered by the March east wind across the face of the land. The people never forgot that burning, nor forgave it. As for Wishart, he was a brave man of an unscrupulous age. He may have been an assassin at heart; if so, he doubtless believed that his religion bade him sharpen the dagger. When Beaton was slain, in turn, Fox says that his murderers "were stirred up by the Lord." We cannot judge these men by our standards of right and of morality. The cardinal had not long to wait before he was done by as he did. On the 29th of May, 1546, two or three groups of young gentlemen were loitering on the edge of the castle moat, whence, on a fine May morning, there is a pleasant view of the clear green waves, and far across the bay the sands of the opposite coast show like a line of gold in the blue sunny air. The castle porter let down the drawbridge, the masons engaged in strengthening the fortress passed in to their work. Norman Lesley held the porter in friendly conversation, while James Melville, and Kirkaldy of Grange, with a few friends, slipped by into the castle court. But seeing John Lesley, no admirer of the cardinal's, the porter leaped to raise the drawbridge. In a moment Lesley's dagger was in him, and he was robbed of the keys and thrown into the moat. Then, with wonderful craft and skill, the handful of Wishart's avengers surprised, seized, and dismissed the gentlemen of the cardinal's guard. The sleepy sentinels they simply led to the gate, and bade them go their ways. The castle was then silently emptied of

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a hundred workmen and fifty of the household. The business was contrived with such dexterity and success as M. d'Artagnan and M. d'Herblay displayed when they released M. de la Fère and M. du Vallon from the prison of Cardinal Mazarin, and stole away the cardinal himself. Indeed, Norman Lesley's feat makes the deeds of Porthos, Athos, and Aramis appear credible, if not commonplace.

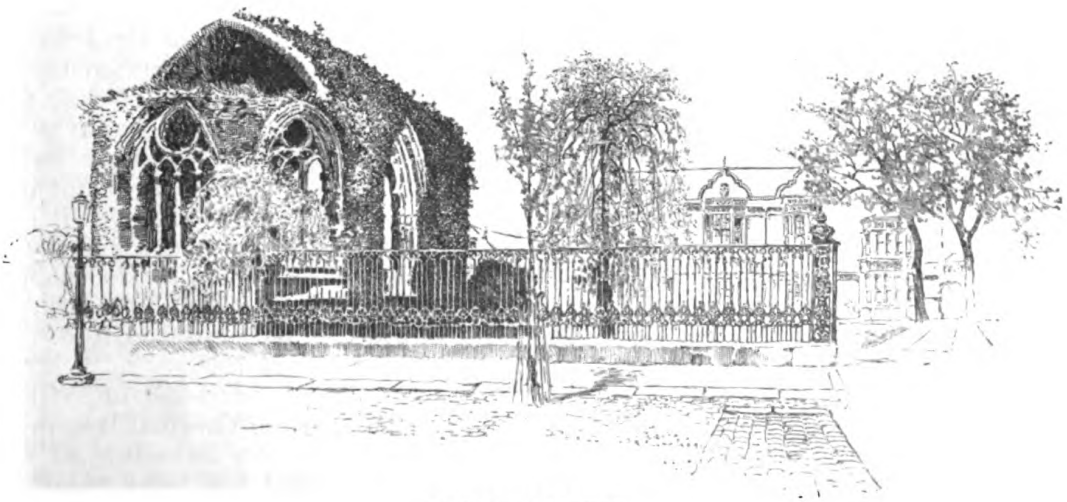
In the silent empty castle of St. Andrews Cardinal Beaton now wakened, and looking out of his bedroom window, asked a by-stander what was going forward. Being informed that Norman Lesley had taken the castle, he rushed to the private postern-gate. It was guarded. He sped back to his chamber, and was barring the door when John Lesley knocked.

"Is it Norman?" cried the cardinal, hoping for the ruffian "that was of milder mood."

"Nay, I am not Norman," cried John Lesley; "and with me ye must be content."

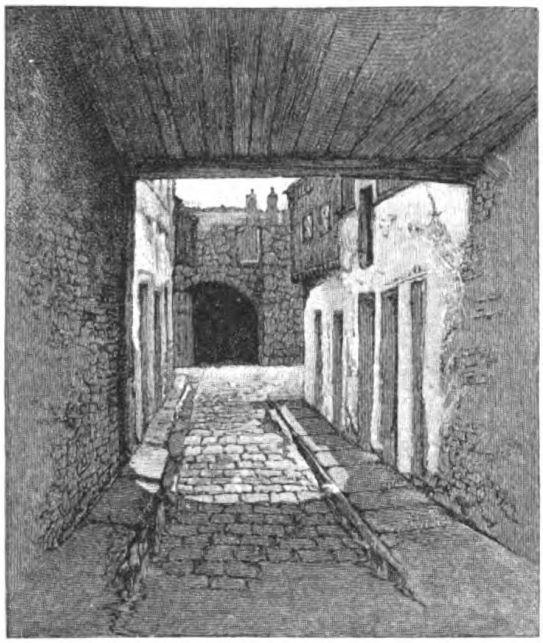
So, with threats of fire raising, they forced the cardinal to open the door, and stabbed him with their dirks, the death-stroke being dealt by Melville, who, says John Knox, "was a man of nature most gentle and most modest." 'Tis the view which is taken of many murderers by their political associates. The naked body was hung over the wall in a sheet, for the satisfaction of the St. Andrews people. Probably, so Lyon thinks, the boys running about at their play in the quadrangle of the Madras College tread on the earth that now covers the enemy of Henry VIII., Cardinal Beaton.

From this moment the history of St. Andrews becomes for a space a series of dissolving views, appearing in flame, and rolling away in smoke. The slayers of Beaton, supported by Henry VIII., held the castle for four months against the Scotch forces. After a truce, the leaguer was renewed in 1547, "with two uncommonly large cannons, nicknamed Crookmow and Deaf Meg." At Easter, 1547, John Knox came into the castle, breaking the proclamation against consorting with the murderers. He was welcomed by certain of the townsfolk, and in the parish kirk preached his first St. Andrews sermon on antichrist; that is (thought John), the Church of Rome. John was very popular as a preacher, till one summer day the watch on the castle tower beheld a long line of galleys, their oars breaking the water into foam as they rounded the Spindle point. These were French vessels, under the Prior of Capua, and they were welcomed by the Loyalists in the town. The crews and soldiers presently commanded the castle by mounting guns on the tower of St. Salvator's College chapel, still a black old strength enough. Thence they did so pepper the murderers and others in the castle that they yielded themselves to the King of France. The gallant Prior of Capua looted the fortress, razed it, and carried off Mr. John Knox to pull at a galley oar. In the history of St. Andrews it is an interesting fact that the French



MADRAS COLLEGE.

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ALLEYWAY.

artillerymen marvelled how the castle garrison had not destroyed the college chapel tower, by which they were commanded. Let us, who still admire the tower, be thankful for their military ignorance.

John Knox's captivity, like the burning of Wishart, was not unavenged. In May of 1559 he was back in Scotland. After a sermon of his in Perth, "the rascal multitude," as he calls them, destroyed the monasteries of St. Johnstown by Tay. He travelled south, fire and ruin following on his tracks. On June 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th Knox held forth in his usual style in the cathedral of St. Andrews. They were the last words of religious exhortation that ever echoed beneath that sacred roof. On June 15th "the rascal multitude" destroyed the cathedral, the priory, the Black Friars, the Gray Friars, the provostry, and the church of St. Rule's. Only the broken piers, the tower of St. Rule's, and a few portions of the wall and windows of the nave, remain out of all that beautiful group of buildings, the glory of mediæval Scotland. Knox boasted that he "had pulled down the nests, and the rooks flew away." The historian of St. Andrews remarks that the fowls which succeeded the rooks were not precisely birds-of-paradise.

In England the rooks—the Catholic clergy—also departed, but we fortunately retain most of their nests, though, on the disestablishment of the Church of England, they, too, may go the way of St. Andrews cathedral. Meanwhile the most ardent Presbyterian cannot look at St. Andrews without regret. But had *we* passed three years in the inferno of the French galleys, perhaps we too might have shared in the destructive frenzy of John Knox.

After the establishment of Christianity, the last oracle that Apollo ever uttered in Delphi ran in such words as these:

> "Say to the king that the beautiful roof hath fallen asunder,
> Phœbus no more hath a home, no more hath a sacred cell,
> And the ominous laurels are broken and wasted, and hushed is the wonder
> Of garrulous water that spake as it leaped from the Pythian well."

The rest was silence. When the cathedral crumbled in ruin, as of old the Delphian fane had fallen, then the history of St. Andrews ceased to be of great interest or moment. We have seen the solemn churches rise, we have seen them fall, and the records of the place, as far as its relics go, are ended—the book is closed. "It came wi' a lass, and it goes wi' a lass," said the dying Scotch king of the fortunes of his house. "It came with a creed, and it went with a creed," we may say about the glory of St. Andrews.

In later St. Andrews history, the most attractive points are the murder of Archbishop Sharp on Magus Moor by Balfour of Burley, and the visit of Dr. Johnson. Both of these events are so familiar, thanks to *Old Mortality* and James Boswell, that I may not write of them at length in my limited space. But it would be unfair wholly to omit the names of distinguished men who wore the scarlet gown. Of these were Archbishop Stuart, who founded St. Leonard's College, and for whom I am "more especially bound to pray," as the Bidding Prayer runs at Oxford. He fell at Flodden. R. I. P.

Then we make our boast of William Dunbar, the poet; of Cardinal Beaton; of John Bellenden, the translator of Boethius; of that good folk-lorist Sir James Inglis, who wrote *The Complaynt of Scot-*

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land (died 1554); of "Sir David Lindsay of the Mount," Lord Lyon king at arms; of John Knox, a hero too, in his own fashion; of the Admirable Crichton; of the famous scholar George Buchanan; of John Napier of Merchiston, who invented logarithms; of Scott of Scotstarvet; of Archbishop Sharp; of John Graham of Claverhouse ("Bonny Dundee"); and, I think, of the great Montrose. Again, we claim "Bloody Mackenzie," who founded the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; Wilkie, who wrote "The Epigoniad" (I have read it; it is not very good); while in recent years we have Principal Forbes; Professor Ferrier, who made metaphysics as interesting as good literature; Principal Tulloch; Principal Shairp; Dean Stanley, some time our rector; Lord Lorne, lately Governor-General of Canada; and Professor Wallace of Oxford—my own contemporaries; and doubtless many good men whose names escape my memory.



THE BATTERY.

Modern St. Andrews has a double character. All winter, from November to May, it is a university town; all summer, from June to October, it is a watering-place, and the resort of golfers. The university, though the oldest, is much the smallest in Scotland. There is more than room enough for all the students in the airy lecture-rooms of the modern college buildings. The university has nothing ancient in its material home except the chapel, with the broken tomb of Archbishop Kennedy, and the strong tower used, as we have seen, in the French siege. The students here, as elsewhere in Scotland, have no common residence, and, at least in my time, they did not dine together in hall, but in their lodgings, or perhaps, on festive occasions, in taverns. There used to be boys of fourteen and belated men of forty in their numbers, but the majority were probably between eighteen and twenty years of age. Now, if one may judge by the foot-ball team, they are perhaps rather younger on the average. Though deprived of the common academic residence in college, the students are a very compact body, well acquainted with each other's prowess in golf and foot-ball, as well as in severer studies. The mere habit of wearing gowns gives them an advantage over undergraduates in large towns like Edinburgh. It is a very healthy and happy life that they lead, when they resist the Scotchman's temptation to overwork himself. There are "bursaries" or scholarships open to competition, but the amount of these exhibitions is very trifling compared with the rich southern foundations. However, the cost of lodgings, and of living in general, is much smaller than at Christ Church or Merton, where there is so much purely decorative expenditure. At St. Andrews few if any of the men hunt; there are no steeple-chases, and for lack of a river and by reason of the dangerousness of the windy and rocky coast, no boat club. Nor are expensive wine parties, with that great waste of preserved fruits which vexed the undergraduate soul of the late Rector of Lincoln, favorite institutions here. There is, indeed, a modest and genial conviviality, for the old debating and literary societies meet weekly, and, at least in my time, they had suppers

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THE GOLF CLUB HOUSE.

at stated intervals, accompanied by songs, speeches, and toddy. When the Lord Rector is being chosen by the undergraduates there is great political and literary activity, meetings, speeches, pamphlets, squibs, and abundance of diversion.

Now, perhaps, or never is the moment to confess that he who now writes was the culprit that stirred one of the literary societies to its depths by an anonymous disquisition on Sir William Wallace. It was not a patriotic view of the Knight of Ellerslie that was taken, and unluckily his representative, Mr. Wallace—now the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford—belonged to another society, and could not take up the gauntlet for his namesake. We had the most tempestuous meetings, and historical controversy nearly took the form of "chunks of old red sandstone"; but, on the whole, the discussion woke the society up, and perhaps did it good. We also had a manuscript weekly magazine in those days, whereof I was the unworthy editor. I fear that it was rather of the nature of a "society journal," and not wholly free from personalities. They were jolly old times. Our cricket club once won a match, and, though athletics had not come to their modern perfection, the runs across country, with much jumping of brooks, live happily in the memory. Probably in these ways things are not much altered, except for the better. The day of Kate Kennedy is yet kept up, a queer festival, when the students go about the town in masquerade, and even enter the lecture-rooms in a festal procession. This diversion is said to be held in honor of a more or less mythical Kate Kennedy of mediæval times; I fancy it is really a survival of the Carnival. No doubt Kate is connected with the famous Bishop Kennedy of the marble tomb; perhaps she was his niece, though other accounts of the relationship are given by tradition. The festival of Kate, unluckily, was not approved of by the late regretted Principal Shairp, yet it seems a harmless old custom, and, like Christmas, "comes but once a year." Among the amusements of the undergraduates, it seems a pity that archery is not kept up. The old generations were great in this sport, and the university treasures the silver arrow, hung with medals of the champion archers. Among the winners are (1623) Archibald, Lord Lorne, first Marquis of Argyle. I fancied that the great Montrose was also a winner, but his name does not appear in Lyon's list. Four Leslies won in four consecutive years. The earliest medal is dated 1618, the latest 1751. Perhaps rifle shooting might be a substitute for archery.

In serious studies the university is most addicted (setting aside the theological schools) to classics, mathematics, and metaphysics. A certain number of students go on to Oxford and Cambridge, where they have not failed to hold their own with their southern competitors. Indeed, with such excellent examples as those of Principal Forbes, Principal Shairp, Principal Tulloch, Professor Sellar (now of Edinburgh), Professor Campbell, Professor Fischer, Professor Veitch (now of Glasgow), and above all the most genial and subtle of metaphysicians, Professor Ferrier, to guide and inspire them,

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the wearers of the scarlet gown have no excuse for not doing themselves justice.

And so farewell, though I am sorry to say it, to the united College of St. Leonard's and St. Salvator, and to St. Leonard's Hall — now desolate — wherein, a quarter of a century ago, we lived, and read, and fenced, and bathed in the Witch's Lake—where witches were swum of old—and boxed, and made merry.

Of wintry and academic St. Andrews enough, nor is much space left for a view of St. Andrews in summer. It is then the home of golf, and no one does or speaks of aught but that sport. The babies in arms carry clubs (this is a fact); the young ladies have a game of their own, and are at it all day. From nine in the morning, or even earlier, till sunset the space in front of the club-house is covered with men starting, or "holing out" at the last hole, or watching others. It is a magnificent game; each round requires more than four miles' walking; the faculties of body and mind (and temper) are strained to the utmost. You hear of nothing but "bunkers," "the two more," "niblicks," "putters," and "bunker irons." Perhaps all this "shop" becomes a little tedious, but that helps to keep non-golfers away from St. Andrews in summer. Nobody wants them there; they are anathema. Nay, so strong is public feeling that even flirtation is more or less under the shade of severe disapproval. When a man is wanted to make up a foursome, and is found strolling with Amaryllis on the sands, he is severely condemned. Men at St. Andrews must play golf, and do nothing but play golf, though they may dance at the balls in April and October. On the links, the wide grassy spaces where the game is played, woman is tabooed. Her presence "puts men off their game." But of that game, delightful as the topic is, it were here too long to speak: another day, with proper illustrations, I may write of golf, and its history and practice.

Let us steal away from the links, and crossing the low hills, reach those vast expanses of smooth sea-beach which gave a certain philosopher a new sense of the infinite. The sky is greenish gray in the east, the long rollers are breaking on the beach; in the wet smooth sands you see all the towers and spires mirrored as in a glass, rose-tinged with reflections from the sunset. It is a silent and solemn place, full of memories, full of longings, changeless from of old, while we, who love the scene, are changing, are lonely, and grown gray. In the east the ashen twilight darkens, the sea mist gathers, the voice of the waves deepens "with the deepening of the night." Come away!

AT HEART.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

WHERE shall we roam, when ways are sere, and gray
The sky looks down, and sounds of revel are
As breezy moans upon a lonely moor;
When music's harmonies bring tears, and all
The faces of our friends grow cold with life
That, like a ghost, appears and vanishes?

Space holds no spot so gentle and so bright
That there we lose the chillness of the mock
That we shall never know our origin,
Nor whither bound, nor grander lore than yet
Heroes of intellect have fought to win,
By inches measuring the universe.

No region seen nor answer heard can bring
Peace and brave pride; but in the soul and heart
Are powers for miracle and healing joy,
Are telescopes more subtle than for stars,
Are answers without words to all our love,
Though not a sign for blasphemy or fears.

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MOTHERS' DARLINGS.—Drawn by George du Maurier.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE literary judgments which are handed down in the neighboring tribunal, the Study, are so sound and thoughtful and humane, so obviously rendered solely in the interest of truth and candor, of good literature and morality, that, although, like all judgments of that character, they sometimes arouse dissent, they never draw into question either the ability or the purpose of the bench. Even in the great case in which Thackeray and Dickens appeared as defendants, although upon certain important points judgment went against them, there is no doubt that the opinion of the court induced a very general reconsideration of the merits, and there was some revising of conclusions believed to be immutably settled. The Easy Chair, of counsel, asked respectfully, indeed, to have certain exceptions noted to the judicial description of the defendant Thackeray as "caricaturist," but with a becoming sense of the weight which must always attach to the decisions of the full bench of the Study upon all such points.

In re Walter Scott, there was some strenuous demur, but whether strictly upon the merits, or from pious or other deference to tradition, did not clearly appear. The general ground, however, seemed to be that where unquestionable genius had produced undeniable effects of the highest value to universal harmless recreation, it must be held to have satisfied the purposes of literary art, and the old case was cited of the birds pecking at the grapes, which was held to establish the fact that the fruit was well painted. The opinion in the famous case of the Jane Austen miniatures is, however, undisputed. That no more exquisite work of the kind has been accomplished, and that all its effects are legitimately produced, is not questioned even by the captious. It is harmoniously acknowledged that the power of a machine is as finely demonstrated in paring an apple as in driving a pile.

The prodigious service of the high court of the Study lies in the fact that its judgments proceed upon clearly conceived fundamental principles. The function of criticism is something else than the expression of a feeling. It is the estimate of works of the imagination by the canons of literary art, which are not arbitrary and whimsical, and the very first and chief of which is holding the mirror up to nature. The genius may be gladly acknowledged and its power felt, but it must not be supposed that consequently its methods are the best, even for its own expression or object. This is a point made in the case of Laurence Sterne at the close of the last century—a case well worthy of study, as it is set forth in the volume of cases of the English Humorists (Thackeray, W. M.).

A novel or story is a work of art, and the primary condition of art is that it shall represent what is, not what is not. It is obvious that unless it conforms to this rule—if it represents what is not—it is at once beyond the pale of intelligent or intelligible judgment. This is but to say that the work must be real. In the celebrated case of William Wordsworth, who alleged a certain "light that never was on sea or land," it was not claimed that he had depicted it, or asserted that it could be depicted, except by means of a skilful use of the light which, it is common knowledge, lies visibly both upon land and sea. Thus realism is of the very substance of legitimate fiction, and Tom Thumb and the *Arabian Nights* cannot be pleaded in bar. Indeed, even the Arabian decisions hold that "in all true poetry there must be palm-trees and running water," and mirages are ruled out of court because they are not real, or admitted only because they represent familiar reality.

The object of the Easy Chair in alluding to the neighboring tribunal, however, is less to speak of the judgments rendered in the Study than to note one which has not been and will not be handed down, but which relates to a case even more important than the larger part of the current cases of which the Study disposes. The default arises from no carelessness or forgetfulness, but from reasons which will be readily comprehended. Upon the calendar of new cases of fiction that of *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, by Howells, W. D., appears at the head, but the decision of the Study, C. J., will be awaited in vain, and the Easy Chair, J., must therefore read the opinion.

The story is entirely a tale of to-day, and of to-day in New York. It is what has been long desired and often attempt-

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ed, but never before achieved, a novel of New York life in the larger sense. In reading a book like Dickens's *Mutual Friend*, with its vivid pictures of certain aspects of London life, or in recalling the many famous stories of which the interest and character and life are all of London, how often the American reader has wondered when will this spell be woven from observation of the life of New York! Is it an essentially unsuggestive city? Was Hawthorne's sigh in the last generation justified, that there is nothing picturesque, nothing to stimulate the creative imagination in America? Or is it rather all latent there, and awaiting only the sympathetic eye and mind and hand to reveal it, as the kindly heat discloses invisible writing?

This question is answered by Mr. Howells's latest story. It shows that New York supplies all the elements and conditions that creative fiction requires, and that their proper romantic effect demands the realism, as it is called, which characterizes his genius. Great and vulgar wealth, the contrasts of social condition, the "push" and advertising instinct, the tender cynicism of refined intelligence, the mingling of Southern, Western, and Eastern traditions and characters in the cosmopolitan Babel, all shot through with individual passion, aspiration, sympathy, affection, with dramatic incident, pathos, humor, and tragedy, the whole web held and woven by a firm, sympathetic, comprehensive master-hand, produce such a piece of realism as holds the mirror up to nature, and at once illustrates and vindicates every principle which the Study has maintained and applied in its judgments of contemporary story.

The taste which is "tired of humdrum commonplace people," which does not "find stupid folks entertaining because they are described in novels," which wishes "to be cheered and recreated by being lifted out of the familiar rut, and introduced to stirring and romantic incident, to the stormy play of passion and sweet emotion, afar from tea parties and Newport flirtations," will find in this tale its desire of passion, romance, and emotional interest gratified, but gratified in the familiar figures and characteristic incidents of New York life. It deals with the springs of that life which is but a part of universal human life. The tender-hearted reader who was weeping yesterday over Scott's *Pirate*, or any other novel that seems to stir the soft source of tears even more delightfully, will find not less pathos and romantic charm here, although there be Lindau for Norna of the Fitful Head, and the drama proceed in the houses and streets that the reader knows. It is a story of real life in the truest sense, a microcosm of America, a tale which, like all works of the imagination, reveals another world beneath itself.

This is the general character of *A Hazard of New Fortunes*. The details of the story the reader would not thank us for disclosing. Its earnestness, force, and humanity are all characteristic of sincere art. It might be alleged that the tale lags a little in getting under way, but the shrewd humor of the dalliance is full compensation. Then how clean it is! how wholesome! how temperate! how true! Like Balzac, here is a student of life; but, unlike Balzac, here is a sweet and open and generous mind, and a picture firm with clear insight and glowing with human sympathy.

A MAN grinding a hand-organ in the street is doubtless a sturdy beggar soliciting alms. A band of men blowing simultaneously into brass instruments, with a brazen pretence of making music, is probably like steam-whistles and church bells and the cries of newspaper extras and of itinerant peddlers of many wares—a noisy nuisance. Yet the old cries of London, although doubtless strident and disturbing, have a certain romantic charm of association and tradition. Like the Tower and Billingsgate and Wapping Old Stairs, they were parts of very London, and London was less London when they ceased.

Were those old cries of the story-book, like the interpreted voices of the church bells,—

> "Kettles and pans,
> Says the bell of St. Ann's;
> Apples and lemons,
> Says the bell of St. Clement's,"—

altogether shameless and exasperating noises? Were they not the same voices that called Whittington to turn again? Was not the deep bay of St. Paul's heard when Nelson, the old sea-dog, died? Could the music of the bells be spared from the story of London more than that of the cries? Is the milkman who announces the arrival of the morning's milk in a "barbaric yawp," like that in which

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Mr. Whitman is supposed to celebrate his own personality, a sturdy beggar? He would certainly resent the imputation. He is a merchant who sells a desirable commodity. Shall he be adjudged a nuisance?

But Signor Raffaello da Perugia, who produces opera airs upon a portable organ, with Don Whiskerando, who mounts with agility to the parlor window to receive the consideration in his feathered cap, is he not also a merchant who sells music to you in selected varieties, the latest popular songs and tunes of the theatre, the waltz of last year's ball-room? Must he be accounted a sturdy beggar because you happen not to be in immediate want of his wares? Or the group of which we were speaking, which arrives at the hour when the master of the house returns from his office, and performs a serenade of welcome as he greets the circle from which he has been absent since breakfast, shall it be denied the pleasure of heightening the pleasure of others? Are not the taxes of these Jem Baggses, these wandering minstrels, the "only rates uninvidious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment"?

Where the intent is so unequivocally kindly, is it not gross and unfeeling to suggest in the modest orchestra a questionable chord, a cracked reed, a cornet out of tune? Why so insistent, so scrupulously exigent? Are you never out of tune, good sir? Your chords, say in the domestic concert, are they always finely harmonious, and your own reed never cracked? Why so eager to cast the first stone? Yonder trombone may have its weaknesses—who of us, pray, is without them? Has tolerance gone out with astrology? "He had his faults," said the Reverend Bland Sudds yesterday in a funeral discourse upon the Honorable Richard Turpin—"he had his faults, yes, for he was human." But if a man may falter, shall we not forgive to a trombone even a half-note? If Turpin may be respectfully lamented with indulgent hope, shall a hesitating horn be doomed to "the all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation"?

When Eugenio was making the grand tour he loitered in Venice and lingered in Naples, wandering to Pæstum, feasting in the orange groves of Sorrento, and penetrating the Blue Grotto at Capri. In Venice the songs of the country, in Naples the barcarolles, made his memory as he came away a thicket of singing-birds. Those ever-renewed snatches and remembered refrains of songs, Venetian and Neapolitan, like a sponge passed over a Giorgione, brought out the mellow richness of Italy, and as he paced Broadway and hummed a tender melody, he walked where Vittoria Colonna had trod, and heard the faint beat of oars upon moonlit Como. One morning, hard at work in his chamber, where only the confused roar of the city was audible, a strain rose high and clear above it all, with a soft, pathetic, penetrating urgency, "So' marinaro di questa marina," and, all else forgotten, he was once more rocking on Italian waters, and the red-capped fisher boys filled the air with song.

He ran down, and into the street, and around the block, and, lo! Signor Raffaello was the fond magician. He was turning the crank of his heavy organ, and Don Whiskerando, feathered cap in hand, was climbing the balcony of the drawing-room windows, and Signor Raffaello was raising his eyes toward the upper windows to see if haply some child or nurse was listening. Eugenio dropped more than a penny into the ready hand of the signore, and was gone before the swarthy magician could make out his benefactor. Eugenio gained his room, and with sympathetic intelligence the signore, playing out the College Hornpipe, once more touched the stop of "So' marinaro," and renewed the happy spell.

It is not fine music, that of the hand-organ and the street bands; it is indeed too oft a cracked and spavined pleasure. Doubtless it is justly classified as one of the street noises, and street noises are probably nuisances to be abated. But strolling in the eastern quarters of the city, beyond the domain of the Academy and the Metropolitan Opera-house and the halls of Steinway and Chickering, have you never seen an eager and ragged little rabble happily watching Don Whiskerando, while their elders are plainly pleased for a moment with that tuneful noise? The fruit is not wholly sound, but it is far from rotten. The music is poor, but the pleasure is unquestionable. Possibly the *Götterdämmerung*, and even Siegfried's *Tod*, would pass these people unmarked, like the wind. They cannot hold those mighty measures. But they are receptive of these little tunes. In

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a life of not much enjoyment this brings them some pleasure. Shall it be stopped altogether? It is the business of these peddlers of tunes to wander. They will move on if you do not want them. But must they also move away from those who do want them?

If there be too much noise in the streets, might not some other form of noise have been first silenced than that of the street musicians? There are the factory whistles and the church bells. For the necessity of the first something may be said. But the heavy clangor of the bells is doubtless more than a discomfort to many, and it is wholly useless, while the music of the organs and the bands is a pleasure. Do the Aldermen, like Homer, sometimes nod? Sometimes, for an inadvertent hour, do the finer instincts of public spirit flag in those civic bosoms? What evil genius, hostile to the enjoyment of the people, persuaded them? Did the city fathers for one ill-starred moment forget their Tacitus, and silence the street music unmindful of those words, so familiar to them in their hours of classic relaxation—*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant?*

In the centennial year which has just ended, the grateful homage paid to Washington was merely just, and it was a happy coincidence that the year should have been marked not only by a new biography of him, but of his great contemporary Dr. Franklin, and by a new edition of Franklin's works. His latest biographer says of him that if we search history we shall hardly find a greater human benefactor, and his peculiar service in moulding the character of the young nation was among the greatest of the benefits he conferred upon his country.

There was no more widely diffused and effective influence upon popular thought and practical habits than the wisdom of Poor Richard, and Æsop did not hit the nail more squarely upon the head than Franklin in an apologue like "The Whistle." It is a tale of perpetual application, as the Easy Chair was reminded the other day. It was on Broadway, and as a self-conscious gentleman passed, the Easy Chair's companion whispered, "Do you know him?" and then mentioned the name of a noted public man, adding, "He has paid pretty dear for his whistle, and he'll always find the higher grapes awfully sour."

Here were Æsop and Franklin unconsciously blended in the remark of the shrewd observer, who found no images so apt for his purpose as those which are most familiar. The remark, as the good old rector of St. Somnus used to say, may be widely and profitably extended. Yonder is a very magnificent house—none finer in the city—full of precious bric-à-brac—"the seat," as we are told, "of a refined and profuse hospitality." But Midas, after all, is not very happy. He has a golden whistle, indeed, but he wears an enormous wig, apparently to cover his —that is to say, he has paid an immense price for his whistle. In your visits to Wall Street to invest your slender savings, you may have heard the impatient remark in your broker's office that money is much too high. Midas thinks so. He has bought it, indeed, but the price makes him wince. The broker means that it is very high for that day. But Midas feels that it is too high always.

The poor fellow has paid for his houses and carriages and collections and villas and "entertainments of fabulous splendor," friendships and general good-will and peace of mind and self-respect. Sentiments, all of them, and he has gained in place of them the most substantial possessions. Yet Captain Jackson, who pared his cheese very near the rind, and whose feasts were mainly from the Barmecide's table, was a much happier man than Midas. The honorable member who passed us, he too has bought a whistle. Does the whistle ever seem to him to be rather dear at the price?

He was a gentleman born, as his nurse always said proudly; he was highly educated, of a liberal nature, of refined tastes and generous aims, instinctively sympathetic with all humane efforts and political progress. His fortune gave him leisure, and he gradually inclined to take an active part in politics. It is a natural and even noble ambition, the desire to serve your country by helping to make wise laws and to maintain public honor and promote honest politics. But how to begin? How to enter the arena? In a word, how to secure the nomination for an office, and then the election? He instantly found himself urging himself not to be theoretical, to take men as they are, to remember that he could not always have everything as he wished, that he must make allowances; he must give and take; he must

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not be a puritan or a pharisee; and he must fight the devil with fire, with the good object, of course, of bringing in the kingdom.

This was only a self-sophistication to conceal what he felt to be the price that he must pay for his whistle. The price was the doing what he despised. He called it to himself by many names. But he knew what it was, and he knew that everybody else knew, for the price was self-degradation. He was forced to eat leeks. But they were nauseously bitter, for they were not only his own words and professions, but they were also his faith, his convictions. He bought his whistle, and he plays a thin and tremulous tune upon it. He bought his whistle, and he has paid for it the regard of old friends, the inspiration of fidelity to his own ideals, the noble example of unselfish devotion to high ends, the generous enthusiasm of intellectual and moral honesty. He has bought his whistle. Is he satisfied with his bargain? Does he think he has paid for it dearly?

What did you say his name was? asked the Easy Chair of his companion.

His name is Legion, was the answer.

There are other prices for such whistles, but they are all fancy prices. Pushing yourself for a whistle, flattering people whom you do not respect, begging cold pieces of patronage, sacrificing your time, your domestic peace, your private duties, to make sure of that wretched whistle, which you can play to little purpose even if you succeed in buying it—all this is a high price. There is an old saying that the office should seek the man, not the man the office. But a dealer in the whistle market now says that if a man does not push for it, nobody will believe he wants it, and if a man will not help himself, why should he expect others to help him? But, on the other hand, if a man's character, ability, public spirit, honest patriotism, and eloquence of speech do not commend him to his neighbors for the public service, why should his zeal in soliciting votes and packing conventions and begging places commend him? These things certainly prove that he wishes office, but they do not show that he is fit for it. Indeed, to the man who is most fit, such things mark the whistle as much too dear.

There was never a more public-spirited citizen than Franklin, and no man ever served his community and the country more variously and beneficently, whether in office or out of office. But Franklin paid no extravagant price for any whistle. He did not push himself, nor solicit the support of his neighbors, nor blow his own trumpet. Poor Richard's wisdom was Benjamin Franklin's common-sense, and no man knew more certainly than he that the first condition of contentment and self-respect is not to pay too dear for your whistle.

Is there any form of enjoyment of which there is such scepticism of the sincerity as of music? You shall sit, let us say, in the Metropolitan Opera-house on a *Götterdämmerung* night, and in the midst of the vast, and to your staggering mind somewhat weltering and formless volume of sound, when a neighbor shall whisper, "How much these people would honestly prefer to hear the 'Beautiful Blue Danube'!" a wicked demon urges you to an answering whisper, "Of course they would." But nobody would be inclined to suggest in the midst of Salvini's storm of Othello's passion that the audience would really prefer to be seeing Jeremy Diddler in the delightful old farce of *Raising the Wind*. If they wished the refreshment of that play, they would not come to see Salvini, and pretend to like him. There is no doubt in your mind that they actually enjoy the tragic spectacle which they behold. Why, then, is it that such lurking suspicion, like black care, sits beside you in the opera-house?

If the taste for the new music be, as this suspicion suggests, largely an affectation, or a fashion which is followed with the same dull acquiescence as all other fashions, it has undeniably an extraordinary power. For there is no doubt that your neighbor who whispers his incredulity would hardly dare to announce that he prefers a pretty waltz to the tremendous orchestral crashes and tempests that reverberate through the theatre. The taste, or the fashion, or the affectation, or what you will, has barred the whole school of music for which your whispering neighbor secretly pines; and even when Thomas, at the request of subscribers, yields, and his orchestra plays Rossini's overture to *William Tell*, there is a little lifting of the brows and patronizing smiling, and a half-shrug of pity for such a childish fancy, and a thanking Heaven that at least we have left *that* behind.

Yet when the *ranz des vaches* echoes

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and re-echoes in the orchestra, not only the Alpine pastures, and the awful peaks of the Oberland, and the far sound of avalanches, and the tinkle of mountain herds, and the whole mighty presence of Switzerland possess your memory, but also the time, years ago, when the new opera was the delight of agitated Europe, gradually settling after the Napoleonic storm. You sink into reverie:—

"How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!"

But, good lack! here are Siegfried and Wotan and the Dragon and the Walkyrie, and where, O disciple of the new music, are you?

After great Pan was dead, and the parting genius had been with sighing sent, do you suppose that there was no looking for the dryads, no longing for the nymphs, no fond search for Daphne and the oreads? A great throng in the boxes is here in the theatre, as it is in church on Sundays, not so much because of real interest as of the fashion. But when you have deducted them from the great audience and the sincere *dévotes* of the new music, there is left a multitude who in place of the visible Siegfried foolishly see the remembered Edgardo, and even Elvino of the rippling tongue, and with them a bevy of youths and maids, who are to-night by some dire magic enchanted into the bald-pated and white-bearded seniors and grandmotherly matrons of the scene. It is one of that multitude who asks about the "Beautiful Blue Danube." Unhappy dreamer, he has outlived his time, and in the dim cathedral demands the joyous gardens of Boccaccio's Fiesole.

It is hard for him to perceive the truth, and to own that musical taste has changed. Perhaps it would be daring to assert that a composer like Wagner satisfies, like a new dictionary or a new bonnet, a long-felt want. But a great genius is seldom born out of time. It makes its time. It is the appearance of genius which divides one time from another, by extending intelligence or quickening invention, by lifting thought with a fresh impulse, or giving to art a newer life. The spirit of the age is a fact as definite as the temperature of the air. It was the time of violets and pansies yesterday, it is the time of chrysanthemums to-day. You think that the parquette and the boxes would secretly prefer to hear the Italian strain of your youth or the Strauss waltz. But if the conductor should suddenly silence his orchestra, and strings and horns should begin to breathe those familiar measures, they would jar upon some mystic sense of fitness, as if these toilets of the hour were transformed into those of Palmo's and Astor Place. There are Washington and Franklin and Jay—noble fathers and patriots—

"But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer."

It is this year of grace, not another and an earlier year, and the house that sits in the *Götterdämmerung* sits as contentedly as that which listened with delight to "Ah, non credea," and with tears to "Bel' alma innamorata."

Editor's Study.

I.

FROM time to time the Study has done its poor endeavors for a more courteous behavior on the part of literary criticism. If it has not taught this so much by practice as by precept, that is the misfortune of much other instruction; but it is not wholly disabling; and in view of Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton's recent essays comparing the *French and English*, the Study has the courage to go even further and commend the spirit of comity in international criticism which his book is such an admirable example of. It was on the point of our pen to write that it was an altogether novel thing in its kind; but we remembered *English Traits* in time, and we remembered Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. Mr. Hamerton's comparison is not so full of insight as the first, for it is no offence to say Mr. Hamerton is not Emerson; and it is not so comprehensive as the last. But it abounds in opinions agreeably reasoned from the uncommon experience of an Englishman who has spent the greater

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part of his life in France; and one cannot read it without a various edification. On such points as education, politics, religion, virtues, custom, society, it will give us Americans, who dutifully derive our ideas of the French from the English, frequent occasion to revise our convictions, and some occasion to disown them. Certain of them we may be ashamed of by its help, and perhaps we shall learn from it to achieve the difficult moral feat of respecting national merits different from our own, or of another complexion. In Mr. Hamerton's picture the typical Frenchman does not appear the cynical, sensual, sanguinary personage we evolve from history and romance; but a character, for the most part, rather anxious about the appearances, especially in women; sober-minded, frugal, domestic; narrow and sceptical as to things out of France, and devoted to the admiration of all things French; conservative, prudent to selfishness; faithful rather than generous; not very hospitable however social; a creature of well-controlled passions and impulses, and of a life as pure as that of most Englishmen.

We have to reproduce Mr. Hamerton's careful picture in the spirit of the daily newspaper reproductions of art; but we believe we are not false to the whole effect. In all respects his study is highly interesting, and it is at no time, apparently, prejudiced or caricatured. The reader may learn from it to know justly a Catholic and Celtic civilization in most of those points where we most misjudge it; and begin to conceive of a political state in which the dominant republicanism is not good form, and which is advancing toward socialism without making any recognizable impression on good society. In a country where there are no legal titles, the most inexorable aristocracy reigns in undisputed supremacy over a world which fortune, talent, office, distinction cannot enter, of their own right, even as subjects.

The matter of the book is all very important; much of it is very new, and the manner of the book is even more extraordinary. It is at no time supercilious, patronizing, or insolent; it generalizes from facts, not prepossessions; it does not accuse from conjecture; it does not heap contempt upon what appears anomalous because it is strange; throughout it is gentlemanly. One begins to fear that Mr. Hamerton is really denationalized, so different is his behavior toward the people of an alien country from that of nearly all other Englishmen.

The chapter on Purity will most surprise Anglo-Saxon readers; but the chapter on Caste is of even more interest, and it is of almost unique value both in temper and in substance, for it describes without caricature, in a democratic commonwealth, and on the verge of the twentieth century, an ideal of life entirely stupid, useless, and satisfied, and quite that which Mark Twain has been portraying in his wonder-story of *A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. Mr. Hamerton's French noble of the year 1890 is the same man essentially as any of that group of knights of the Round Table, who struck Mr. Clemens's delightful hero as white Indians. In his circle, achievement, ability, virtue, would find itself at the same disadvantage, without birth, as in that of Sir Launcelot. When you contemplate him in Mr. Hamerton's clear, passionless page, you feel that after all the Terror was perhaps too brief, and you find yourself sympathizing with all Mr. Clemens's robust approval of the Revolution.

II.

Mr. Clemens, we call him, rather than Mark Twain, because we feel that in this book our arch-humorist imparts more of his personal quality than in anything else he has done. Here he is to the full the humorist, as we know him; but he is very much more, and his strong, indignant, often infuriate hate of injustice, and his love of equality, burn hot through the manifold adventures and experiences of the tale. What he thought about prescriptive right and wrong, we had partly learned in *The Prince and the Pauper*, and in *Huckleberry Finn*, but it is this last book which gives his whole mind. The elastic scheme of the romance allows it to play freely back and forward between the sixth century and the nineteenth century; and often while it is working the reader up to a blasting contempt of monarchy and aristocracy in King Arthur's time, the dates are magically shifted under him, and he is confronted with exactly the same principles in Queen Victoria's time. The delicious satire, the marvellous wit, the wild, free, fantastic humor are the colors of the tapestry, while the texture is a humanity that lives in every fibre. At every mo-

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ment the scene amuses, but it is all the time an object-lesson in democracy. It makes us glad of our republic and our epoch; but it does not flatter us into a fond content with them; there are passages in which we see that the noble of Arthur's day, who battened on the blood and sweat of his bondmen, is one in essence with the capitalist of Mr. Harrison's day who grows rich on the labor of his underpaid wagemen. Our incomparable humorist, whose sarcasm is so pitiless to the greedy and superstitious clerics of Britain, is in fact of the same spirit and intention as those bishops who, true to their office, wrote the other day from New York to all their churches in the land: "It is a fallacy in social economics, as well as in Christian thinking, to look upon the labor of men and women and children as a commercial commodity, to be bought and sold as an inanimate and irresponsible thing.... The heart and soul of a man cannot be bought or hired in any market, and to act as if they were not needed in the doing of the world's vast work is as unchristian as it is unwise."

Mr. Clemens's glimpses of monastic life in Arthur's realm are true enough; and if they are not the whole truth of the matter, one may easily get it in some such book as Mr. Brace's *Gesta Christi*, where the full light of history is thrown upon the transformation of the world, if not the church, under the influence of Christianity. In the mean time, if any one feels that the justice done the churchmen of King Arthur's time is too much of one kind, let him turn to that heart-breaking scene where the brave monk stands with the mother and her babe on the scaffold, and execrates the hideous law which puts her to death for stealing enough to keep her from starving. It is one of many passages in the story where our civilization of to-day sees itself mirrored in the cruel barbarism of the past, the same in principle, and only softened in custom. With shocks of consciousness, one recognizes in such episodes that the laws are still made for the few against the many, and that the preservation of things, not men, is still the ideal of legislation. But we do not wish to leave the reader with the notion that Mr. Clemens's work is otherwise than obliquely serious. Upon the face of it you have a story no more openly didactic than *Don Quixote*, which we found ourselves more than once thinking of, as we read, though always with the sense of the kindlier and truer heart of our time. Never once, we believe, has Mark Twain been funny at the cost of the weak, the unfriended, the helpless; and this is rather more than you can say of Cid Hamet ben Engeli. But the two writers are of the same humorous largeness; and when the Connecticut man rides out at dawn, in a suit of Arthurian armor, and gradually heats up under the mounting sun in what he calls that stove; and a fly gets between the bars of his visor; and he cannot reach his handkerchief in his helmet to wipe the sweat from his streaming face; and at last when he cannot bear it any longer, and dismounts at the side of a brook, and makes the distressed damsel who has been riding behind him take off his helmet, and fill it with water, and pour gallon after gallon down the collar of his wrought-iron cutaway, you have a situation of as huge a grotesqueness as any that Cervantes conceived.

The distressed damsel is the Lady Corisande; he calls her Sandy, and he is troubled in mind at riding about the country with her in that way; for he is not only very doubtful that there is nothing in the castle where she says there are certain princesses imprisoned and persecuted by certain giants, but he feels that it is not quite nice: he is engaged to a young lady in East Hartford, and he finds Sandy a fearful bore at first, though in the end he loves and marries her, finding that he hopelessly antedates the East Hartford young lady by thirteen centuries. How he gets into King Arthur's realm, the author concerns himself as little as any of us do with the mechanism of our dreams. In fact the whole story has the lawless operation of a dream; none of its prodigies are accounted for; they take themselves for granted, and neither explain nor justify themselves. Here he is, that Connecticut man, foreman of one of the shops in Colt's pistol factory, and full to the throat of the invention and the self-satisfaction of the nineteenth century, at the court of the mythic Arthur. He is promptly recognized as a being of extraordinary powers, and becomes the king's right-hand man, with the title of The Boss; but as he has apparently no lineage or blazon, he has no social standing, and the meanest noble has precedence of him, just as would happen in England to-day. The reader may

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faintly fancy the consequences flowing from this situation, which he will find so vividly fancied for him in the book; but they are simply irreportable. The scheme confesses allegiance to nothing; the incidents, the facts follow as they will. The Boss cannot rest from introducing the apparatus of our time, and he tries to impart its spirit, with a thousand most astonishing effects. He starts a daily paper in Camelot; he torpedoes a holy well; he blows up a party of insolent knights with a dynamite bomb; when he and the king disguise themselves as peasants, in order to learn the real life of the people, and are taken and sold for slaves, and then sent to the gallows for the murder of their master, Launcelot arrives to their rescue with five hundred knights on bicycles. It all ends with the Boss's proclamation of the Republic after Arthur's death, and his destruction of the whole chivalry of England by electricity.

We can give no proper notion of the measureless play of an imagination which has a gigantic jollity in its feats, together with the tenderest sympathy. There are incidents in this wonder-book which wring the heart for what has been of cruelty and wrong in the past, and leave it burning with shame and hate for the conditions which are of like effect in the present. It is one of its magical properties that the fantastic fable of Arthur's far-off time is also too often the sad truth of ours; and the magician who makes us feel in it that we have just begun to know his power, teaches equality and fraternity in every phase of his phantasmagory.

He leaves, to be sure, little of the romance of the olden time, but no one is more alive to the simple, mostly tragic poetry of it; and we do not remember any book which imparts so clear a sense of what was truly heroic in it. With all his scorn of kingcraft, and all his ireful contempt of caste, no one yet has been fairer to the nobility of character which they cost so much too much to develop. The mainly ridiculous Arthur of Mr. Clemens has his moments of being as fine and high as the Arthur of Lord Tennyson; and the keener light which shows his knights and ladies in their childlike simplicity and their innocent coarseness throws all their best qualities into relief. This book is in its last effect the most matter-of-fact narrative, for it is always true to human nature, the only truth possible, the only truth essential, to fiction. The humor of the conception and of the performance is simply immense; but more than ever Mr. Clemens's humor seems the sunny break of his intense conviction. We must all recognize him here as first of those who laugh, not merely because his fun is unrivalled, but because there is a force of right feeling and clear thinking in it that never got into fun before, except in *The Bigelow Papers*. Throughout, the text in all its circumstance and meaning is supplemented by the illustrations of an artist who has entered into the wrath and the pathos as well as the fun of the thing, and made them his own.

III.

This kind of humor, the American kind, the kind employed in the service of democracy, of humanity, began with us a long time ago; in fact Franklin may be said to have torn it with the lightning from the skies. Some time, some such critic as Mr. T. S. Perry (if we ever have another such) will study its evolution in the century of our literature and civilization; but no one need deny himself meanwhile the pleasure we feel in Mr. Clemens's book as its highest development. His keen-tempered irony is something that we can well imagine Franklin enjoying, if he is really the Franklin Mr. J. T. Morse divines him in the life he has lately contributed to his series of *American Statesmen*. The book is mainly a study of Franklin's political and diplomatic career; and it is of such an intelligence, temperance, and good sense as to make Mr. Morse's reluctance to add another life of Franklin to those we had already seem the only mistaken thing in it. We cannot call his use of familiar material less than novel, or his progress in the dry and dusty paths to which he tries to confine himself other than charming; though we are always glad when he turns aside to give us a glimpse of the more personal Franklin. To be sure, the official Franklin was personal far beyond most officials; his sagacity and self-knowledge, and most of all, his humor, put the interest of a delightful character into the details of his public acts. Mr. Morse's feeling for this side of the man who was not asked to write the Declaration of Independence because, as Mr. Parton suggests, he would probably have made a joke in it, is so pleasant that we wish he would add to

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his present volume another which should be chiefly devoted to that. We would allow him to keep all the excuses he makes for not doing it if only he would do it, especially the excuses which recognize the worth of Mr. Parton's work. Mr. Morse conceives of Franklin in his modernity with peculiar if not unique success; and judges him with something of the tolerant, friendly patience with which Franklin judges others: perhaps Franklin inspires him to do this; but above all he is cognizant of the pervading humor in much that Franklin said and much that Franklin did.

IV.

A very pretty instance of that humor we have happened upon in a book which we wish to speak of presently for other reasons, and which gives some passages from Franklin's pen about our Indians. They are mostly anecdotes, quoted or told again; but they are all touched with the light of Franklin's wise smile, and they form not so much an image of the red savagery as an ironical reflex of the white civility. We doubt very much whether the school-boys who are to use Harper's Fifth Reader will find anything better in it, either in matter or manner, though the book is suggestive of all that we have been doing in literature since those passages were written.

It was a happy thought, since our school-boys are, or are to be, Americans, to give them a literary text-book which is made up wholly from American writers, the latest as well as the earliest. Some few selections seem to have got in without sufficient warranty; but it would be ungracious to specify them, and not practicable to specify all the rest which are there by right. We meet a good many old friends, and some old enemies, in its pages: Halleck's Marco Bozzaris, Patrick Henry's great speech, Wirt's magniloquent sketch of the Blind Preacher and his sermon, Paulding's John Bull and Brother Jonathan, Willis's Absalom, Drake's American Flag: the names echo against the Study walls from the schoolhouse windows forty years away, with the pathos of young voices long lost in age or death. But for the greater part the pieces are from authors grown classic since these, and from yet others growing classic as fast as they can. We like the evident disposition of the editor to avoid fragmentary selections: literature more than elocution has been regarded; in some cases the selections are five or six pages in length, and give the whole of certain sketches, studies, and essays. It seems to us that the poetry has not been so fortunately chosen as the prose, but it is apparent that there has been a wish to do justice to the whole body of American poetry, and the feet of clay have not been forgotten any more than the members fashioned of more precious stuff.

V.

The holiday season is upon us with its illustrated books, and again we are reminded of the fact that there seems a demand for inferior quality in all of the arts which superior quality cannot supply. Certain sorts of intelligences, which famish upon excellence, pasture with delight upon what is less than excellent. The appetite of youth, indiscriminating and uncultivated, remains the taste through life of a vast multitude of people who never mature æsthetically. These cannot get the good of what is wholly good; they can only get the good of what is partly good; and no doubt it is their need that accounts for the existence of mediocre artists and mediocre works in every kind. In the divine economy there are many romancers for one Tolstoï, many poetasters for one Tennyson, many lifelong apprentices in architecture, sculpture, painting, for one master; for one Mark Twain a thousand newspaper funny men; for one Posnett, with the wide light of his *Comparative Literature*, for one Hamerton, with his conscientious impartiality, so gentle and so dignified, an innumerable cry of small, offensive, critical insects with the whole power of their being pointed to a poisonous sting. This is wisely ordered, for those who are able to enjoy and profit by what is first-rate are few indeed compared with those who are able to enjoy and profit by what is second-rate, third-rate, fourth-rate. No doubt the majority will shift, in the course of ages; but it will be many long winters yet before the rule of holiday publications, say, will be the present exceptional if not singular volume of illustrations which Messrs. Abbey and Parsons call *A Quiet Life*. If that delicate grace of theirs, that quaint and airy humor, that touch which gives character and meaning and beauty and repose to every line, shall find

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a few thousand out of our sixty or seventy millions to prize it aright, it will fare surprisingly well. But there cannot be any question of the success, almost as wide as Christmas itself, which will attend the efforts of secondary, of tertiary art, though these shall make the flesh of the judicious creep, and set their teeth on edge.

In one of his lectures, Mr. William Morris asks his hearer to go through the streets of any city and consider the windows of the shops, how they are heaped with cheap and vulgar and tawdry and foolish gimcracks, which men's lives have been worn out in making, and other men's lives in selling, and yet other men's lives in getting money to waste upon, and which are finally to be cast out of our houses and swept into our dust-bins. He instances the demand for these as one of the cruel sham-needs which the exigencies of competition have created, and he looks forward to the co-operative society of the future for the redemption of art; to the order in which excellence and not commercial success shall be the aim of artistic endeavor. His position is interesting, but we think he hardly takes account of the æsthetic immaturity to which crudity is nutritive. We must allow the children, the old children, as well as the young ones, their pleasure in what is inferior and mediocre. We may say, if we will, that they would better have nothing than what they enjoy; but possibly we should not be right. Before we censure them too strenuously for liking what we know to be not good, we must ask ourselves whether it is not good for them. Toys they must have, and cakes and ale, and ginger hot in the mouth; their weak intelligence, their gross appetites crave them. Some of us like to see life in literature as it is; but far more like to see it in circus dress, with spangled tights, riding three barebacked horses at once, hanging by its instep from trapezes, and suffering massive paving-stones to be burst asunder on its stomach with sledge-hammers. Again we say, as we have always said, that there is no great harm in that: let the little children have their fairies; let the big children have their heroes. When the Study opens its windows and sees the cattle on a thousand hills, how contentedly they munch away at the grass, and how even the poor thistle has its admirer, it is not minded to insist that there shall be nothing but choice and delicate fruits in the world. At such, or like, moments it discerns a use not only for mere fodder in all the arts, but for the criticism which commends it, and cries out over it as if it were a banquet for the gods. It is sadly aware that those honest oxen, those amiable sheep, those worthy donkeys must starve at the tables it would spread for them; and it recognizes the necessity for other purveyors, humbly if reluctantly.

The inferior unquestionably has its place in the realm of art. If there were nothing but masterpieces there would be no masterpieces; and there must be inferior kinds as well as inferior performances in good kinds. There is a chromo appetite in human nature which legitimately demands satisfaction, and which is probably the cultivated form of an appetite still more primitive. The true criticism will not regard it with contempt, but will endeavor patiently to convert it to a taste for better things. But in this educative work criticism must never for an instant lose sight of the fact that a chromo is a chromo, and that all the joy in it of all the ignorant cannot change it into a work of fine art.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of November.—President Harrison, October 19th, appointed Green B. Raum, Commissioner of Pensions.

The proposed prohibition amendment to the Constitution of Connecticut was defeated at a State election October 7th.

Elections for the purpose of establishing State governments and choosing Congressional Representatives were held in each of the four new States October 1st. The following Governors were elected: North Dakota, John Miller (Republican); South Dakota, A. C. Mellette (Republican); Washington, E. P. Ferry (Republican); Montana, James K. Toole (Democrat).

The Legislature of South Dakota, October 17th, elected R. F. Pettigrew and G. C. Moody United States Senators.

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President Harrison proclaimed the following new States: North and South Dakota, November 2d; Montana, November 8th; and Washington, November 11th.

The following Governors were elected on November 5th: Massachusetts, J. Q. A. Brackett (Republican); Iowa, Horace Boies (Democrat); Ohio, James E. Campbell (Democrat); Virginia, P. W. McKinney (Democrat); New Jersey, Leon Abbett (Democrat); Mississippi, J. M. Stone (Democrat).

The Pan-American Congress met in Washington October 2d, chose Hon. J. G. Blaine president, and adjourned until November 18th.

The delegates to the International Marine Conference met in Washington October 16th. Admiral S. R. Franklin, U.S.N., was chosen presiding officer.

The elections for members of the French Chamber of Deputies, held September 22d and October 6th, resulted in the choice of 362 Republicans and 205 Oppositionists.

General Hippolyte was unanimously elected President of Hayti October 17th.

DISASTERS.

September 18th.—Advices from Japan state that 10,000 lives were lost in the August floods.

September 19th.—A portion of the city heights at Quebec, Canada, fell and buried the houses in the street below. About fifty lives lost.

September 30th.—Railroad collision near Naples, Italy. Fifty persons killed and injured.

October 3d.—Mississippi River passenger steamer *Corona* sunk by boiler explosion. Forty-six persons killed.

October 16th.—Explosion in Bentilee colliery at Longton, England, killing fifty men.

October 18th.—News of a storm on the Japan coast, during which a tidal wave swept away several villages, drowning 685 persons.

October 28th.—Report of loss at sea of British ship *Bolan*. Thirty-three persons drowned.

November 1st.—Forty persons killed by the falling of a factory wall in Glasgow, Scotland.

November 11th.—Advices from China of floods along the Yang-tse-Kiang River. Five hundred families reported drowned.

OBITUARY.

September 23d.—In London, William Wilkie Collins, novelist, aged sixty-five years.

September 25th.—In Wimbledon, England, Eliza Cook, author, aged seventy-two years.

October 17th.—In Norristown, Pennsylvania, ex-Governor J. F. Hartranft, aged fifty-eight years.

October 19th.—In Lisbon, Luis, King of Portugal, aged fifty years.

October 22d.—In Paris, Philippe Ricord, surgeon, aged eighty-eight years.

Editor's Drawer.



IN language that is unfortunately understood by the greater portion of the people who speak English, thousands are saying on the 1st of January—in 1890, a far-off date that it is wonderful any one has lived to see—"Let us have a new deal!" It is a natural exclamation, and does not necessarily mean any change of purpose. It always seems to a man that if he could shuffle the cards he could increase his advantages in the game of life, and, to continue the figure which needs so little explanation, it usually appears to him that he could play anybody else's hand better than his own. In all the good resolutions of the new year, then, it happens that perhaps the most sincere is the determination to get a better hand. Many mistake this for repentance and an intention to reform, when generally it is only the desire for a new shuffle of the cards. Let us have a fresh pack and a new deal, and start fair. It seems idle, therefore, for the moralist to indulge in a homily about annual good intentions, and habits that ought to be dropped or acquired, on the 1st of January. He can do little more than comment on the passing show.

It will be admitted that if the world at this date is not socially reformed it is not the fault of the Drawer, and for the reason that it has been not so much a critic as an explainer and encourager. It is in the latter character that it undertakes to defend and justify a national industry that has become very important within the past ten years. A great deal of capital is invested in it, and millions of people are actively employed in it. The varieties of Chew-

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ing Gum that are manufactured would be a matter of surprise to those who have paid no attention to the subject, and who may suppose that the millions of mouths they see engaged in its mastication have a common and vulgar taste. From the fact that it can be obtained at the apothecary's, an impression has got abroad that it is medicinal. This is not true. The medical profession do not use it, and what distinguishes it from drugs—that they also do not use—is the fact that they do not prescribe it. It is neither a narcotic nor a stimulant. It cannot strictly be said to soothe or to excite. The habit of using it differs totally from that of the chewing of tobacco or the dipping of snuff. It might, by a purely mechanical operation, keep a person awake, but no one could go to sleep chewing gum. It is in itself neither tonic nor sedative. It is to be noticed also that the gum habit differs from the tobacco habit in that the aromatic and elastic substance is masticated, while the tobacco never is, and that the mastication leads to nothing except more mastication. The task is one that can never be finished. The amount of energy expended in this process if capitalized or conserved would produce great results. Of course the individual does little, but if the power evolved by the practice in a district school could be utilized, it would suffice to run the kindergarten department. The writer has seen a railway car—say in the West—filled with young women, nearly every one of whose jaws and pretty mouths was engaged in this pleasing occupation; and so much power was generated that it would, if applied, have kept the car in motion if the steam had been shut off—at least it would have furnished the motive for illuminating the car by electricity.

This national industry is the subject of constant detraction, satire, and ridicule by the newspaper press. This is because it is not understood, and it may be because it is mainly a female accomplishment: the few men who chew gum may be supposed to do so by reason of gallantry. There might be no more sympathy with it in the press if the real reason for the practice were understood, but it would be treated more respectfully. Some have said that the practice arises from nervousness—the idle desire to be busy without doing anything—and because it fills up the pauses of vacuity in conversation. But this would not fully account for the practice of it in solitude. Some have regarded it as in obedience to the feminine instinct for the cultivation of patience and self-denial—patience in a fruitless activity, and self-denial in the eternal act of mastication without swallowing. It is no more related to these virtues than it is to the habit of the reflective cow in chewing her cud. The cow would never chew gum. The explanation is a more philosophical one, and relates to a great modern social movement. It is to strengthen and develop and make more masculine the lower jaw. The critic who says that this is needless, that the inclination in women to talk would adequately develop this, misses the point altogether. Even if it could be proved that women are greater chatterers than men, the critic would gain nothing. Women have talked freely since creation, but it remains true that a heavy, strong lower jaw is a distinctively masculine characteristic. It is remarked that if a woman has a strong lower jaw she is like a man. Conversation does not create this difference, nor remove it; for the development of a lower jaw in women constant mechanical exercise of the muscles is needed. Now, a spirit of emancipation, of emulation, is abroad, as it ought to be, for the regeneration of the world. It is sometimes called the coming to the front of woman in every act and occupation that used to belong almost exclusively to man. It is not necessary to say a word to justify this. But it is often accompanied by a misconception, namely, that it is necessary for woman to be like man, not only in habits, but in certain physical characteristics. No woman desires a beard, because a beard means care and trouble, and would detract from feminine beauty, but to have a strong and, in appearance, a resolute underjaw may be considered a desirable note of masculinity, and of masculine power and privilege in the good time coming. Hence the cultivation of it by the chewing of gum is a recognizable and reasonable instinct, and the practice can be defended as neither a whim nor a vain waste of energy and nervous force. In a generation or two it may be laid aside as no longer necessary, or men may be compelled to resort to it to preserve their supremacy. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

"HANDLE WITH CARE."

THOU art so frail a thing, thou New-Year's token
Yclept "ye resolution good," I feel
Ye book wherein I note thee when unbroken
Should bear ye title on ye back "*Fragile*."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A HAMLET STORY.

APROPOS of Mr. Laurence Hutton's remarks upon "A Century of Hamlet," in a recent issue of this Magazine, the Drawer is in receipt of the following interesting item:

Edwin Booth remembers Thomas Ward dying in sight of the audience as the Player King, and being dragged from the mimic stage by the heels, to enter immediately at another wing as Polonius, with a cry of "Lights! lights! lights!" Hamlet, in "a one-night town," swearing that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers, has watched Ophelia through her open grave, packing her trunk in the place beneath, while the Ghost, her husband, waited to strap it up! There are more things in Hamlet's existence behind the scenes than are dreamed of in the philosophy of all his commentators and all his critics.

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A LOGICAL MIND.

EMPLOYED in the erection of a large building in New York last summer was a workman of pronounced Milesian type, much of whose time was spent in leaning on his hod and making droll comments upon everything he saw or heard, while the cry of "mort! mort!" rang out frequently.

"Pat," said the foreman, sternly, "why don't you keep that man going?"

"Aisy, now," answered Pat. "If I kept him going he wouldn't have annything to say, at all, at all. And if he didn't say annything, how would I know that he was there? And if he wasn't there, fwat would he be wanting of morther, sorr?"

TOO SMART FOR THE GENERAL.

MARSHAL ALEXANDER SUVOROFF, the greatest of Russia's modern generals, was something of a humorist in his way, and delighted in playing tricks on his soldiers and asking them puzzling questions. One of his favorite pranks was to wake up the whole camp at daybreak by crowing like a rooster, at which he was wonderfully skilful, and he would often disguise himself as a private soldier and wander through the bivouacs, enjoying the strange adventures that befell him, and the plain-spoken criticisms upon himself which he often heard. History has preserved the curious despatch in which he announced to the Empress Catherine II. the capture of the Turkish fortress of Ismail, and which, instead of being written in the usual form, was couched in two lines of Russian doggerel:

"Slava Bogu! slava vam!
Ismail vzyat; Suvoroff tam."

(Praise to God, and praise to thee,
Ismail's ta'en, and there I be.)

On one or two occasions, however, this reckless joker met with his match. A trooper having brought him a message from the colonel of a dragoon regiment which had just been engaged in a skirmish, Suvoroff asked the man pointedly, "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

The question was a very awkward one to answer, for Colonel Soltikoff was one of the handsomest men in the Russian army, while the old marshal was hideously ugly. But the soldier, not a whit taken aback, replied, coolly, "The difference is that my colonel cannot make me a sergeant, whereas your excellency can do so whenever you like." Thus caught in his own trap, Suvoroff had no choice but to laugh and to give him the required promotion.

At another time the general was prowling at night around the outposts, looking out for a chance of playing one of his usual tricks. According to custom, he was very lightly clad, although it was a bitterly cold night in midwinter; for the old warrior was very proud of his power of enduring cold (which was superior to that of any man in his army), and he never lost a chance of displaying it.

Suddenly he came upon a sentinel, and called out to him: "Hello, brother! how many stars are there in the sky?"

The soldier knew the marshal's voice at once, but, pretending not to recognize him, he replied, "Just wait a bit and I'll count 'em for you," and began deliberately, "one, two, three, four," and so on.

To the sentry, wrapped in his thick frieze coat, this was a good joke enough; but the thinly clad general soon found it much colder than he liked, and when the soldier had got up to one hundred, and was still counting away as if he would never leave off, Suvoroff stopped him short, and having taken his name, made off as fast as his half-frozen feet would carry him. But the next morning the shrewd sentry was made a corporal for having been "too smart for the general."

DAVID KER.

ANOTHER DISPUTE OVER AN INVENTION.

WHEN the northern peninsula of Michigan was a wilderness, all the qualification necessary for a county surveyor to possess was that he should be able to follow an established line and estimate the timber on a government 40.

A dispute arose between two persons as to the proper location of a boundary line of a tract of land in the village of M——e, the termination of which was the shore of Green Bay. The county surveyor not being qualified, a surveyor, Hall by name, residing in an adjoining county, was called in.

When the party had reached the shore of the bay, Hall was not to be found, and in response to an inquiry as to his whereabouts, some one replied, "He's back on the line with the solar compass."

"By-the-way," said the county surveyor, "I used to know old Solar, the inventor of that compass, when he was a boy."

"No," quoth his companion; "you are mistaken. Solar didn't invent the solar compass. Burt invented it, and Solar stole the patent from him."

AN AGREEABLE SETTLEMENT.

MERCHANT (*to colored man Tony*). "Here, say, Tony, how about this? You are not going to make enough to pay both me and the debt you owe to Mr. K——. What are you going to do about it? I'm really getting anxious, you know."

TONY. "Well, I tell you, Mas' Engine. I bin 'volvin' dat question in my min' fur nigh two weeks, an' dis is de way I 'volve it: I'm gwine to pay you, an' gwine sy'pathize wid Mr. K——."

And Mas' Engine, it is hardly necessary to add, agreed that this was an eminently just division of Tony's assets.

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THOUGHT IT, ANYHOW.

LADY. "Do you know this?" (*Plays it.*)
FRIEND. "Oh, indeed yes. Mendelssohn."
LADY. "No. Chopin."
FRIEND. "I thought so."

SAMSON'S COMPLAINT.

MR. AND MRS. DELANCY ROBINSON reside in a cozy flat, or "apartment," as they prefer to call it, in New York city, and are not without pretensions to elegance. The janitor is a colored citizen called Samson—not an inappropriate name, by-the-way, for the guardian of a building, whose strength may be supposed to lie in his locks. Samson is a former Pullman porter, and a most efficient servitor, keeping the halls in immaculate condition, and the brass-work shining like the pillars of the Golden City. But, perhaps on account of his late autocratic position, he expects to be treated with great deference as an individual of large importance. In this view the Robinsons' cook, a sharp-tongued Irish girl, does not share; and every time the coal-scuttles or the groceries go up or down, there is a wordy encounter, in which Samson is invariably worsted. The other morning matters reached a crisis. His wounded dignity could stand it no longer, and he stopped Mr. Robinson on the front stairs to complain. What he wanted to say was that the girl assumed as much authority over him as if she were one of the ladies in the house, but his manner of putting it was, to say the least, infelicitous. He said: "Mr. Robinson, that girl of yours has ordered me round, an' yelled at me down the elevator shaft, an' blowed me, an' jawed me, *until you'd have thought it was Mrs. Robinson herself.*"

QUEEN OF THE CHRISTMAS REVELS.

THE revels cease; the dancers crowd
About a maid whose head is bowed—
Bowed to receive the crown I hold;
It is not made of precious gold,
But woven out of ivy green,
And of them all I crown her queen.
* * * * *
'Tis midnight now, the dancers gone,
Before the fire we stand alone.
The fire-light throws upon the wall
Her perfect shadow, clear and tall.
She is a queen in very right.
I whisper, as we bid good-night,
"I wove the crown which you have graced,
And with the ivy, love, I placed
A tiny spray of mistletoe."....
The shadows in the fire's red glow
Meet for an instant ere they go.

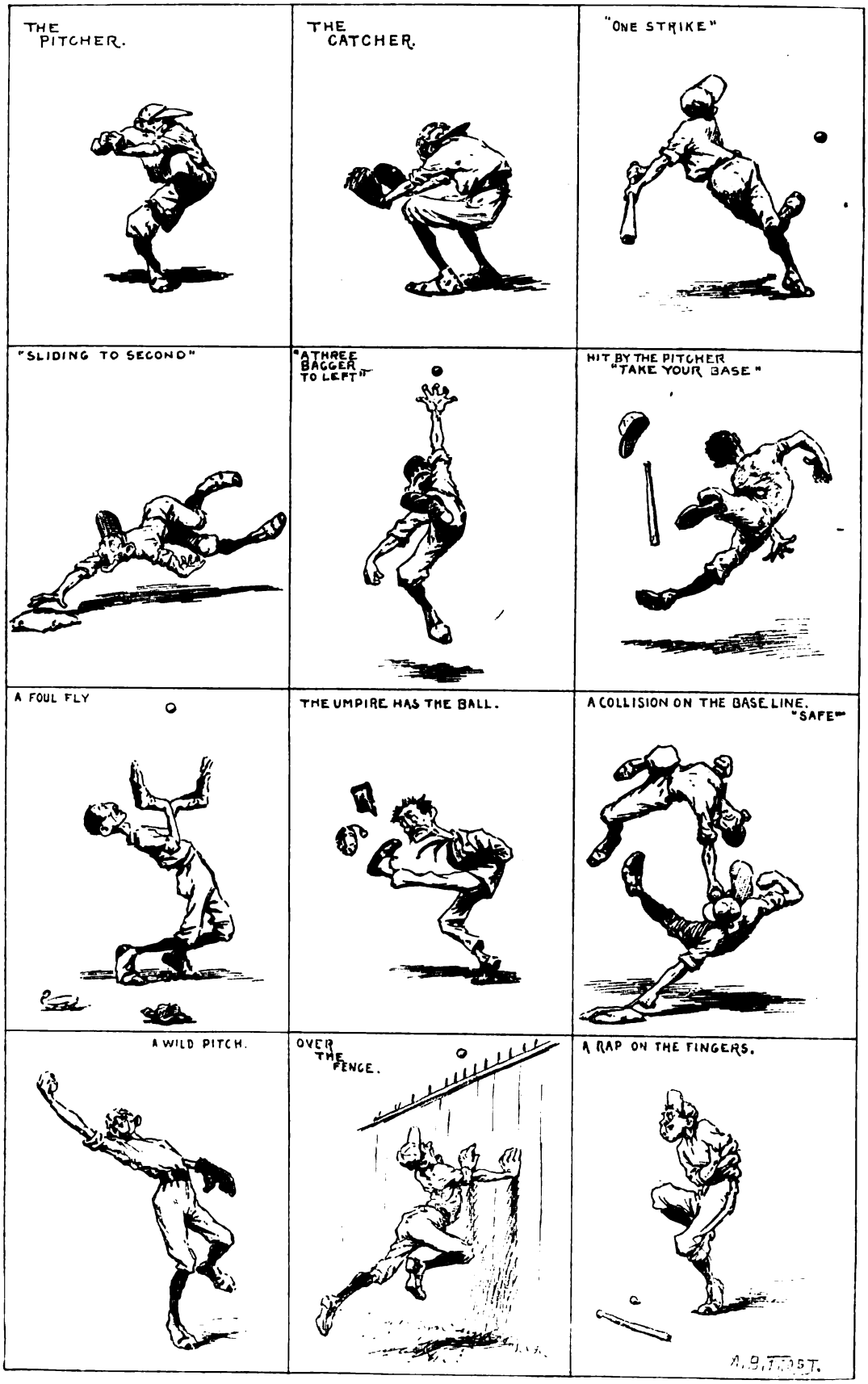
FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

AFTER CHURCH ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE RECTOR. "You seem unusually happy this morning, Miss Alice—the joys of Christmas, I presume?"

MISS ALICE. "Yes, the joys of Christmas. I received twenty more presents than I gave. Isn't that enough to make me feel gay?"

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OUR NATIONAL GAME.

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HARPER'S
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THE STANDING ARMY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY GENERAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.P., ETC.

IN England, from time immemorial, there has been an instinctive dislike and distrust of a standing army. In days gone by it was commonly regarded as a menace to what we believed to be our inherited liberties. When "divine right" carried real power with it, our kings generally understood when it was necessary to give way with a generous grace to all just and strongly expressed popular demands. The strong and wise knew when to concede; the weak, foolish, obstinate, and shallow seldom perceived when the time had arrived for concession. The Tudor sovereigns belonged to the former, the Stuart kings to the latter class. Charles I. strove long and gallantly to coerce his people by means of an army, which, it may be said, was furnished by the landed gentry. Cromwell, one of the very greatest of our rulers, governed the country by means of an army, with a grasp and power which no sovereign since his day could pretend to wield. His standing army of about 80,000 men was, I think, by far the finest in every respect that we know of in modern history. His government was essentially military, and the civil rights of the community were ignored when they clashed in any way with the army exigencies of the moment. In this respect Charles II. would have liked to follow in his footsteps, but he lacked the spirit and courage to make the attempt, nor did he possess the self-abnegation which failure would have entailed. His great dread always was that he might have to begin again those "travels" which were associated in his mind with everything that made life miserable. His brother, James II., less wise, but more obstinate and daring, openly strove to rob the people of their civil and religious liberties by means of the standing army he had collected ostensibly for the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion. He was driven from the throne by William III. and his Dutch troops, backed up by a combination of those who then possessed most power in England, and above all things, helped by the influence which Lord Churchill was able to exert over that very standing army in which James had placed so much reliance. Had the Prince of Orange failed—and I believe he would have failed if Churchill had thrown his conscientious scruples about Protestantism to the winds—James would certainly have ruled despotically without a Parliament by means of a standing army, as Cromwell had done.

All through the reign of William III. the people evinced the greatest jealousy of the troops he kept constantly under arms. The nation was determined he should have only a few battalions to guard his person, and to garrison the scant number of fortified places on the coast we then possessed. Ungenerous as this conduct was toward a prince to whom they owed so much, with the events of the Commonwealth and of James II. so fresh in their recollection, it is little wonder that our forefathers should have had so great a dread of a permanently embodied army. This dread became an inherited prejudice with the English people, and continued to be an article of national belief long after the danger which gave it birth had entirely disappeared.

To this prejudice was added, later on, a strong dislike to an establishment whose members were governed by laws on entirely different lines from those under which the civil community existed. Then, again, the officers were drawn almost exclusively from the sons of peers and the landed gentry—an exclusiveness that did not add to its popularity. The idea of a military caste, separated from the general body of the people, was extremely distasteful to all classes. The debates in Parlia-

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ment, when it was first proposed to build barracks for our soldiers at home, instead of having them billeted upon the public-houses, indicate the prejudice which then existed against the army, and the objections entertained against any measure which tended to widen the gulf already existing between the soldier and the citizen. In fact, until lately, the soldier has never been permanently popular in England, whatever might be the feelings toward him in moments of great national danger. The following doggerel has always been only too true:

"When war is rife and danger nigh,
'God and the soldier' is the people's cry;
When peace is made and all things righted,
God's forgot and the soldier slighted."

It was the creation of the Volunteer force which first gave to the British soldier any good and permanent social position. That force so well represents all classes that its respect for the army on which it was modelled, and by whose members it was drilled and trained, has caused the soldier to be now regarded everywhere with general interest.

It is a curious fact that the objects for which our army exists have never been clearly defined. Its original purpose was the defence of the realm, to which was subsequently added that of aiding the civil power to maintain law and order. In the preamble to the annual "Mutiny Act," which governed the army until the passing of the "Army Act" in 1880, it was stated how the "raising or keeping a standing army at home in time of peace, unless with the consent of Parliament, is against law." It then recorded the decision of Parliament, "that a body of forces should be continued for the safety of the empire and the preservation of the balance of power in Europe." This policy of the "balance of power" had, I may say, been invented by William III., and the reference to it which I have quoted was retained in the preamble to our military code until 1868, when it disappeared forever.

The early history of our oldest regiments would be a history of England between the military but glorious rule of Cromwell and the accession of the house of Hanover. It would be impossible to attempt here even any bare recital of those regiments' names and titles. Two of the infantry and one of the oldest cavalry regiments had their origin in our acquisition of Tangier as part of poor Queen Catharine's dowry. In the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and for many reigns afterward, each infantry regiment consisted of only one battalion of from six to sixteen companies. In peace these companies were often reduced to only fifty men each; but, as a rule, the company was composed of one captain, two lieutenants, two ensigns, three sergeants, three corporals, two or three drummers, and one hundred privates. The captain when on duty carried a pike, the lieutenants partisans, the ensigns half-pikes, and the sergeants halberds. In each company of a hundred men, thirty were armed with pikes fourteen feet long, sixty with match-lock muskets, thirteen with firelocks, and all carried swords besides. Not until 1745 were the swords taken from the private infantry soldier. In 1678 a grenadier company was added to all regiments, each man of which carried a fusil with slings, and a bayonet, a grenade pouch, a hatchet fastened with a girdle, and a cartridge-box.

This use of the grenade by the infantry soldier was continued only to the end of the seventeenth century. The peculiar dress and special arms, etc., of these men are thus referred to in the old and well-known song of the "British Grenadiers."

"Then let us crown a bumper,
And drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches,
Who wear the looped clothes;
We'll give it from our hearts, my boys,
We'll give it with three cheers,
Then huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For the British Grenadiers."

Although grenades soon fell into disuse, the companies concerned continued to retain their name of grenadiers until quite recent years. The men in the Grenadier Company were selected as being the tallest in the battalion, just as those of the Light Company were chosen for being the smartest, best drilled, and best shots in it. The flank companies of each battalion were thus composed of selected men, and during war it was a very common practice to form them into one or more choice battalions. Altogether, this system of flank companies was a bad one, for in order to form two good companies in each battalion, the remaining companies were almost emasculated. It exists no longer, but we perpetuate the name in the very

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CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR.

old regiment now known as the "Grenadier Guards."

The pikemen and musketeers wore round hats with broad brims turned up on one side, not at all unlike the present full-dress hat of the United States army. The grenadiers wore fur caps with high crowns, and crests made of fox tails. Evelyn in his diary mentions seeing this newly raised arm during a visit he paid to the camp at Hounslow in 1678. He says, "They had furr'd caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce, and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools. Their clothing being likewise pybald, yellow and red."

The practice of clothing soldiers, by regiments, in one uniform dress was not introduced by Louis XIV. till 1665, and did not become general in our army for many years afterward. It is, however,

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curious to note, that for the hard marching and many bodily exercises which fall to the soldier's lot on active service, our army was more suitably dressed in the reigns of William III. and of Queen Anne than it has been generally this century. We have lately done something to improve our style of soldier's dress, but no men tied up as ours are in tightly fitting tunics can do a satisfactory day's work during war. We dress our sailors for the work they have to do, but we still cling to a theatrical style of garments for the soldier. There are, however, some difficulties attached to this question of dress in an army raised as ours is, on a system of voluntary enlistment. We must make the soldier's clothing acceptable to the men who have to wear it, and, strange to say, they like very tightly fitting coats and trousers, to swagger about in with their sweethearts. They like those ridiculous forage-caps stuck on the side of their heads, and which are no protection from either sun or rain. I suppose the house-maid "Jill" prefers her soldier "Jack" in this outlandish costume, for in no other way can I understand why the wearers should like such tawdry and uncomfortable finery. The change hoped for generally is that we should have two costumes—one, for active service and field manœuvres, of the color we use in India—it is a light tawny, resembling that of the hare—and fitting very easily everywhere, especially about the throat; the other, scarlet and very smart, and ornamented with braids and buttons as at present, to satisfy the young soldier and his "Mary Anne." In all our recent little wars we have used a special dress made for the occasion, and what we now want is to make that special dress the undress uniform of the army. Is there any one outside a lunatic asylum who would go on a walking tour, or shoot in the backwoods or the prairies, trussed and dressed as the British soldier is? This applies to all ranks, for I confess to a feeling that the dressed-up monkey on a barrel organ bears a strong resemblance to the British general in his meaningless cocked hat and feathers of the last century, and in his very expensive coat, besmeared both before and behind with gold-lace.

From Queen Elizabeth's time to that of William III., each company carried a color, and the company was, in consequence, styled an "ensign." The latter monarch reduced the number of colors to three per regiment—one for the pikemen in the centre, and one for the grenadiers and musketeers on each flank. Each arm had thus its own color in the event of its being separated from the others. In Queen Anne's reign the number of colors was reduced to two, at which it still remains. Modern arms of precision, and the tactics they have rendered necessary, have, however, struck a death-blow at the use of colors in action. The color in the German army has been reduced to a pole, for when the silk part faded away and disappeared in the course of time, it was never renewed. This color staff can be easily carried in action without attracting an enemy's attention, which our large silken colors cannot be. We give each regiment and battalion new colors when the old ones are worn out, and consequently we have been forced in all our recent little wars to leave our colors behind. The general who would condemn any one to carry a large silk color under close musketry fire ought to be tried for murder.

Until the days of Frederick the Great our men always stood on parade with their legs somewhat apart, as all ordinary human beings do when standing still. It was then we introduced the grotesque absurdity of standing with heels close together. A child can push over sideways the tallest soldier when standing in this unnatural and constrained position. Until we go back to the ordinary habits of man as regards his natural movements, we shall never get as much out of the soldier as he is able and willing to give the nation.

When James II. came to the throne our standing army numbered about 20,000. The population of England was then about 5,000,000—that is, one soldier to every 250 people. Now the proportion is 1 to about 183.

It was our wars with France which made us a nation. It would seem that constant pressure from ever-present danger is required to consolidate the foundations on which alone true, sound nationality can be built up. The history of those wars is a proud record for the English-speaking race of all countries. But although our reputation for courage and dogged determination has been high in all ages, I think that our present military

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OFFICER OF THE GUARDS IN THEIR FIRST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN (TANGIER, 1686).

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renown may be said to date no further back than to the victories of Marlborough. For centuries we have plumed ourselves upon the glorious events of Crecy and Agincourt, but his was the privilege to first show Europe that England could not only produce stout soldiers, but also able generals to lead them. William III. was found great fault with because he preferred to employ Dutch to English generals; but the accusation was unfair. With the exception of Marlborough, we had no man then capable of conducting a war. The science of war had not been studied in England, and even its arts were very imperfectly known. In Charles II.'s time we had to send to Holland or to France when we required a general.

Until political faction had undermined Marlborough's reputation he was generally popular, and his popularity rested very much on the fact that he was the first Englishman who had distinguished himself abroad as a general; indeed, the first great English military leader since the regicide Cromwell. Marlborough showed astonished Europe that an English army, led by English officers, could triumph over the veteran armies of France, led by the alert marshals of Louis XIV. It may be said with all truth that the military spirit which characterized our army under Wellington, and which still animates her Majesty's troops, was born at Blenheim.

Military service has never been very popular with the English people. Even in Anne's reign, when Marlborough's victories gave glory and lustre to our arms, recruits were obtained with much difficulty. The jails were often emptied to send the prisoners as soldiers to Spain or Flanders. During Marlborough's glorious decade the press-gang was at work everywhere; all justices of the peace were authorized to use it. Only those who had votes for Parliament were exempt from its dreadful clutches, and the power it gave was often shamefully abused.

We now obtain as many recruits as we require, and they are quite as good as those we used to obtain thirty years ago, or at any period during this century. No one can have a higher opinion of our rank and file than I have. Varied recollections of their daring valor when greatly outnumbered, their uncomplaining endurance, unquestioning obedience, and their devotion to Queen and country, endear them to me with the strongest ties. It is because of my regard and affection for them, as well as on public grounds, that I long to see all bad characters, and those who have no love for their trade, driven from the army. But to enable this to be done, a solid increase to the pay of the private soldier is indispensable. Without such increase we can never hope to compete for the best men in the open labor market. The number of recruits we required annually was very small during peace when men enlisted either for life or twenty-one years. The few who joined a regiment during the year could be easily hidden away in the rear rank until they "filled out" and grew to be men. We cannot do this now, for every corps requires from three to four times as many recruits as formerly, and the consequence is that battalions at home are so drained annually to supply trained soldiers to the foreign battalions of their own regiments as to consist almost entirely of young striplings. In the seventeenth and eighteenth century wars the men forced into the army by the press-gangs were kept as long as the crown had use for them, but those who enlisted voluntarily were engaged for only two or three years, or, still more commonly, for the duration of the war. Men have, very naturally, always had a great repugnance to engaging for long periods, and even with the high bounties we offered during the great war with Napoleon, we could only obtain lads so young and unformed as to be unfit for the fatigues of active service in the field. Whenever in our history we have experienced difficulty in obtaining the number of recruits required, we have invariably made it a practice to reduce the period for which the man was asked to engage. For instance, during the Crimean war we were glad to enlist mere boys—we could not obtain men—for two years. A short-service system is therefore nothing new in our army. How much men prefer short periods of enlistment was proved a few years ago when the numbers in our brigade of Foot Guards fell off very seriously. We could not obtain suitable recruits, so the period of service with the colors was reduced to three years, and with the best results. The brigade filled up to its establishment in a few months. There has been a great deal of a very misleading character said and written about our adoption of a short-

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soft deals, for example, where there should be seasoned oak. The officers must, however, do the best they can with the raw material supplied them by the state; that it is not as good as it should be, and that they are not permitted to keep it longer to season in England, is not their fault. They do their best to let the people know the truth; they cannot do more.

Because our army is so small for the amount of work it has to do all over the world, it should be composed of first-class materials. It should have the best men as soldiers, and the best arms and equipment that money can purchase. There may be two opinions as to what its numbers should be, but there is no one silly enough to say we should be content with boys instead of men; with obsolete guns and rifles in place of the best modern weapons. If the army were governed upon a purely military system, upon common business principles, it would soon be for its numbers the finest in Europe, which it certainly is not at present, and the gain to the nation would be incalculable.

Thanks to the enlightened views on army matters entertained by the late Prince Consort, the army was provided with a rifle musket in 1854. We were thus well ahead of the French, Russians, Turkish, and Sardinian armies in the Crimea. At present we have in use the Martini-Henry rifle, an excellent arm, but now to be replaced by a superior magazine weapon. The new arm is of 0.303-inch calibre, and is believed to be equal to all and superior to most of the magazine arms now being adopted by other European nations.

The armament of our horse and field artillery still leaves much to be desired. If we mobilized now for the defence of the kingdom, the Volunteer field artillery would turn out with guns of three calibres, some loading at the breech, others at the muzzle; the horse and field artillery of the regular army have four entirely different sorts and calibres of guns, some breech, others muzzle loaders. This is and has long been our condition, although we have, and have had for some years, the breech-loading field gun which is reckoned to be the best in Europe.

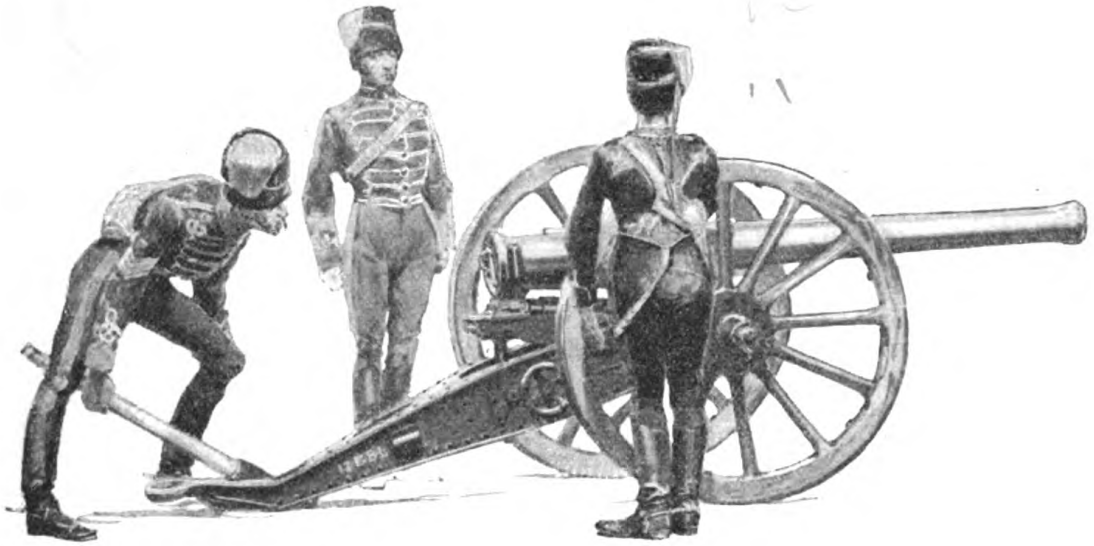
I leave all experienced soldiers to estimate the confusion, possibly ending in disaster, which this medley of breech-loaders and muzzle-loaders of six different calibres would entail had we now to mobilize all our military forces to fight for our national existence.

The command of the army is vested in a general officer. He is controlled in all his actions outside the military training of the troops by the Secretary of State for war. He may point out that the forts for the protection of our ports and arsenals and dock-yards are badly and insufficiently armed, and that the garrisons of our foreign fortresses—without the aid of which our fleets could not in these days of steam keep the seas—are dangerously small. But not only has he no power to correct all this, but his opinions on these subjects of life and death consequence to the empire are not made known to the people. In fact the British nation has no recognized means of ascertaining what its best soldiers and sailors think of the strength and state of the army and navy. It is content to take the opinion of whosoever may be the two civilian ministers whom the accidents and exigencies of party government have for the nonce made responsible for those two great services.

Our system of military administration has been growing more and more civilian in character since the days of Wellington. Then, the Commander-in-Chief had far more power and influence in the decision of military questions than at present. Then, the supply of guns, arms, ammunition, and of all sorts of military materials was in the hands of an officer selected on account of great experience in war. He was styled the Master-General of the Ordnance. He was a member of the government, and often a cabinet minister. He was, in fact, the adviser of the government on all military matters. That office was abolished, and at present all this duty of supply, which requires great technical training and military experience, is relegated to a civilian member of Parliament. Soldiers don't think the arrangement a good one.

Our army has far greater practice in war than that of any other nation. At this moment we may be said to have three little wars on hand, besides having a number of officers engaged in the defence of Suakin, which is besieged by the Arabs. If there were a temple of Janus in England, it would seldom be closed, and never for long. Whilst the armies of other European powers can only gain annually some insight into war with the blank am-

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THE NEW TWELVE-POUNDER BREECH-LOADING FIELD GUN.

munition fired during autumn manœuvres, Queen Victoria's soldiers learn their lesson with ball-cartridge fired in real warfare, and with almost annually recurring regularity. It is the varied experience, and frequent practice in war, provided for our officers by the nature of our wide-extending empire, which makes them what I believe them to be—the best in the world. A far larger proportion of them know the sensation of being under fire than those of any other army. Other things besides this frequent practice of war also contribute to make the English officer what he is. He belongs to the class which has at all times been the backbone of the nation. As an English gentleman, he is by birth what we believe to be the representative of all that is noblest, most manly, brave, and honorable in human nature. His innate love of sport in every form drives him to the remotest corners of the earth. You will find him climbing Alpine mountains, crossing Swiss glaciers, tiger shooting in Bengal, hunting lions in equatorial Africa, or other big game amidst the snows of Thibet. To ride well to hounds is one of his cherished ambitions, and, as a matter of course, he loves cricket, polo, and all manly out-of-door games. All these experiences train him to a self-reliance unknown to the men of other nations. In fact, the British officer is by birth and education the natural leader of the British private, who has the same sport-loving instincts. The officer of to-day is a far better soldier in every way than his predecessors of thirty or forty years ago. In future it is intended only to accept men as officers on probation. The period of this probation is to be three years, and if at the expiration of that period, or at any time within it, the young officer be found wanting in zeal, energy, ability, tact, or character, he will be ruthlessly discharged. The nation cannot afford to pay useless officers, and, above all things, it must not allow them to be intrusted with the lives of gallant soldiers.

There are and long have been two distinct schools of thought in our army. One of pure and simple conservatism, whose articles of faith are based upon the fact that our army under Wellington overthrew, time after time, the finest armies of France. This school flourishes almost exclusively amongst our older officers. The other, the young school, wishes to make the army a profession, and has "progress" for its motto. All that is best in the sentiment and tradition of our old army can be retained, whilst every encouragement is given to new ideas, and the army is ruled and administered upon sound and simple business principles. Our ancestors

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gave up the long-bow when it grew out of date, and we have in this century given up the use of the flint musket, with which so much of our military glory was associated. We now begin to recognize that all our old-fashioned stiff dress and formal drill would be as much out of place on the field of battle of to-day as the cross-bow would have been at Waterloo. We see that it is now necessary to train the army for war instead of, as heretofore, drilling it for parade. We have at last awoke to the conviction that we must cease to train our men for a condition of warfare that we can never see again, for war will not conform its procedure to the picturesque notions we had formed of it from field-days and from the pages of Napier. We must closely study in the history of recent wars what battles now are really like, how they are conducted, how they are lost and won, and train our soldiers for those new conditions.

Armies to be efficient must not stand still, and ours, which is so very small, can least afford to do so.

A PLATONIC AFFAIR.

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

I.

MR. ALFRED TALLCOTT had gone through college because he thought it was a proper thing to do. At the end of two years, during which he had been vainly trying to find a niche for himself in the world, he came to the conclusion that there was something radically wrong in the universe. Whether it was that there were too few niches, or that there were too many college-bred men, he could not quite determine; but in either case the situation was embarrassing. In one of his idle moments, of which he had a great abundance, he took down his diploma, which hung in its frame on the wall, and the original idea occurred to him that it might be worth reading. He soon discovered, after a little puzzling over the construction, that this parchment, officially signed and sealed by good men and true, declared him to be worthy of a variety of honors and dignities. The honors and dignities, however, had appeared to be in no haste to descend upon him. He had in an ambitious moment aspired to the dignity of a newspaper reporter, and had visited some twenty editors in the hope of realizing this ambition. But the editors were, as a rule, so embarrassed with a superfluity of talent seeking employment that they politely begged him to call again—next year. It had been suggested to him by a disgruntled relative that the honors attending a clerkship in a dry-goods store might not be beyond his reach; but with the music of choric odes and Homeric hexameters singing in his brain, how could he condescend to measuring tapes and ribbons? To be sure, this music was becoming very dim of late, and the roar of a rude and prosaic reality was beginning to drown the faint classical echoes. But this same prosaic reality had the advantage of containing a creature who was very dear to Mr. Tallcott, and on that account could not help interesting him. He had made the discovery that a certain young lady named Kate Remington was surpassingly fair; but Kate unfortunately, in spite of her loveliness, had a streak of prose in her, and she demanded in the most sweetly peremptory language his reconciliation with reality. In other words, she refused to marry him, or even to be engaged to him, unless he could make a living. It was this perverseness on Kate's part, in connection with a note from his guardian informing him that his slender patrimony was well-nigh exhausted—it was these two unpleasant circumstances which at last moved him to a desperate resolution. He determined to go West. Kate—the sweet practical Kate—when he cautiously broached the subject to her, had the cruelty to approve of his plan. She even parted from him with heart-rending cheerfulness at the railroad depot, and advised him not to take a sleeping car, because, she said, it was such a pity to sleep away so much money. He attempted to kiss her, because of her "amusing worldliness"; but she objected to any such demonstration, because it looked so engaged.

"And we are not engaged, Hal," she said; "you know we are not."

"I thought we were what you might call provisionally engaged," he said, in smiling dismay.

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"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that if I make a success of life, you will marry me; and if I don't, you will marry some one else. In other words, I am engaged to you, but not you to me."

"Hal," she cried, radiantly, "I *will* kiss you good-by; for that is the cleverest thing I have heard you say yet." And she promptly executed her threat. "You will succeed in the West, Hal. I know you will succeed."

He jumped aboard, and she stood waving her handkerchief to him while the train moved out of the depot.

II.

For two months Tallcott roamed through the Western States, from Ohio to Colorado, presenting letters of introduction, and making himself preternaturally agreeable to preternaturally disagreeable people. He was snubbed and patronized as if he had never known a word of Greek, and he disliked the latter mode of treatment more than the former. He had to listen to long discourses from lumber dealers and railroad kings on the uselessness of his accomplishments and on the lack of practical sense characteristic of scholars. He had, as it were, taken chance by the forelock, hoping to compel it to yield him an advantage; but he felt as if the forelock had come off. Plunged in lugubrious meditation, he sat in a railroad train which was carrying him he scarcely cared whither. He was half inclined to give up the battle and declare himself vanquished. If it had not been for the fear of making this avowal to Kate and meeting her bright mocking eyes, he would, indeed, have turned his back on the West, and shaken its dust from off his shoes, at the risk of shaking off the shoes too; for they were not in a condition to be shaken with safety. But Kate's respect for success and contempt for failure seemed in the depth of his heart quite justifiable; and it was this perception which nerved him to resume the unequal fight.

In order to banish his importunate thoughts, Tallcott put his hand into his valise, and took out the first book he chanced upon. It was an old school-book —a well-thumbed edition of the *Dialogues of Plato*. He opened it and began to read, and smiled at the little trickeries he had practised, of which the book gave ample evidence. He had read a page or two of the "Phaido," when the man in the seat behind him leaned forward, and without any preliminary said:

"Do yer read them things easy?"

Tallcott turned around in astonishment, and saw a middle-aged farmer, dressed in brown jeans and a checked homespun shirt. His soft felt hat, which had once been black, exhibited a fine deposit of what was either dust or flour, and its drooping brim slouched about his ears in a melancholy manner. The man's face, however, was as remarkable as his costume was indifferent. It reminded Tallcott of the features of Seneca; the same eager eyes, with an expression of interest which looked more like pain; the same bushy brows, and the high, strongly curved nose, which would have been aquiline if it had not been for the little knob in the middle, which spoiled its classical intention. His beard, too, which was of a brownish hue and cropped close, emphasized his likeness to the Roman philosopher.

"Ye don't find all them little crotchets and crooks and things sorter confusin'?" he queried, undiscouraged by Tallcott's silence. "Them little tails yere," he added, pointing with a cracked, horny finger at the text—"them is what fetches me."

"Then you know Greek?" the young man remarked, in a tone of frigid interest.

"That's whar ye hev got me," the farmer replied, with a laugh, gazing up into Tallcott's eyes as if he expected him to join him. "I tackled Greek once, twenty years ago now and better; but it was a mighty cantankerous language, and it gave me no end of trouble. Now the dictionary, I maintain, is reason'ble enough, but the grammar, I reckon, was writ by somebody as had the jimjams. It knocked everything topsy-turvy in my upper story, and there is some folks as says I hain't never got right up thar sence."

He laughed once more, straight into Tallcott's face, but seemed not in the least disposed to resent the latter's unresponsiveness.

"Ef ye will loan me yer book," he went on, "I reckon I kin make out the letters yit. Now that thar, that is *ypsilon*, and that is *pe*, and that is *omikron*. That spells *hoopo*, I reckon, and means 'of.'"

His pleased laugh again appealed to the young man for sympathy, and the lat-

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ter's curiosity at last conquered his disinclination to made railroad acquaintances. An Indiana farmer who had taught himself Greek, or even aspired to such heights of knowledge, must be indeed an extraordinary character; and it was, moreover, soothing to Tallcott's wounded pride, after all the rebuffs he had had to endure, to find some one who professed an interest in the accomplishments upon which, in great part, he based his self-respect.

"If you will permit me to ask, what induced you to take up the study of Greek?" he inquired, with some animation.

"Waal, that's rather a s'prisin' story; but ef ye hev a mind to hear it, I don't mind tellin' it ter ye. It was twenty-three years ago, nigh on ter New-Year, we got a new preacher. He had ben ter college, and he was a mighty smart man. But the folks yereabouts didn't never like him, 'cause he didn't preach enough about hell, and the weepin' and wailin' and gnashin' o' teeth. They somehow suspicioned he wasn't quite sound on hell. But they might hev swallowed his keepin' still about the fire and brimstone ef he hadn't taken to boomin' the heathen."

"Booming the heathen?"

"Yes, booming the old chaps as lived afore Christ come to save 'em. Mr. Clapp, he had a notion that Socrates and Plato and all their gang was a mighty good lot o' fellers; and as fer their bein' born afore Christ come to save 'em, why, that was mighty hard on 'em, to be sure; but he couldn't, howsomever, see how the Almighty could make out His case agin 'em, allowin' as they hadn't been axed when they wanted ter be born. Mr. Clapp, he talked ter me sensible like about it, and he brung me his Greek book, and read ter me in English some o' the sayin's of them old fellers. And I will be darned ef it wasn't the sensiblest stuff I ever hearn in my livin' days. So I jest tole Clapp to go ahead and read them very things ter the elders and the folks in church, and ef they thought the Almighty could afford ter damn a man as could write such stuff, allowin' he was born at the wrong time—why, says I, ef they think such things, then they hevn't good sense, that's all, says I."

The speaker here paused impressively, and with his hands on his knees and lips compressed gazed into Tallcott's eyes, as if challenging dissent. To the student, however, these views were not sufficiently novel to invite discussion, and he therefore only nodded approvingly, and requested his companion to continue.

"Now what do ye spect them dad-burned fools did?" the latter went on, slapping his leg in righteous wrath. "They axed Mr. Clapp to resign—that's what they done, sir. They axed him to pack up his duds and scamper. They hedn't no call ter quarrel with the gospel; and the gospel, they said, didn't give no quarter ter the heathen onless he was converted. Then, I tell ye, I got my dander up, and I jest tole 'em they was a set of dad-burned fools; and they said I wasn't no Christian; and so they got together and read me out o' the church. I axed Mr. Clapp ter come and stay with me ontil he got a call ter some other church, and he come and staid with me nigh onter a year. And his wife, too, staid with me: she was a quiet like sorter person, but powerful cantankerous, I suspicioned, when nobody was by. She somehow held on ter the salary, and was powerful down on them heathen philosophers."

The locomotive here gave a long wail, and the farmer started up in surprise and looked out of the window.

"I'll be durned!" he exclaimed, "ef we hain't got to Todd's Junction already, an' I hain't tole ye half the story yit. But look ayere" (a sudden thought lighted up his countenance), "why don't ye come and rest a spell with me, and tomorrer ye kin go on ef ye like? I hev got mighty comfertable quarters, and lots ter eat ye shall hev too. Now come along with yer; ye hain't got no time fur speckerlatin'."

The train was now slackening its speed, and soon came to a stand-still.

"I am greatly obliged," Tallcott stammered, his haughty reserve again possessing him, "but I couldn't possibly accept your hospitality."

"All right, young feller; no offence," the farmer replied, cheerfully. "An' thar is my darter Cynthy come fur her daddy with the wagon. Ef ye ever come to southern Indiany agin, don't ye forgit ter ax fur Gideon Tarbox. No chile in this yere county but kin show ye the way ter Gideon. An' now good-by ter ye."

Mr. Tarbox here grasped Tallcott's hand, and shook it with extreme cordial-

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ity. The young man in the mean while had caught a glimpse of a large sun-bonnet, and a lock of blond hair with a sheen as of burnished gold in it beneath the sun-bonnet; and the more Mr. Tarbox shook his hand, the more his resolution wavered. It may have been the hair, it may have been the slender and not ungraceful figure of the girl in the wagon which stimulated his fancy, but it was beyond dispute that he was suddenly consumed with a whimsical desire to know how the face looked which that pink sun-bonnet concealed.

"Mr. Tarbox," he said, as the latter was about to withdraw his hand, "since you are so very kind, I don't know but I will accept your invitation to spend the night with you."

"All right. Jest step inter the wagon. I hev got some grocery stuffs yere ter carry. Trot ahead, and in a minnit I'll be arter ye."

The coolness of this second invitation jarred a little on Tallcott's sensitive nerves; but he forgot to take into account that the train was already beginning to move, and that there was no time for idle civilities. He managed to seize his valise and to jump off just as the conductor swung himself up on the rear platform of the last car. Gideon was less successful, for in making the leap he sat down in his basket of groceries, and presumably did some damage. But he picked himself up without loss of dignity, took the broken basket under his arm, and made his way with Tallcott to the wagon.

"Cynthy," he began, stationing himself behind the girl and pushing the basket under the seat, "this yere chap is a mighty l'arned feller. I jest axed him ter come an' rest a spell with us afore he goes any further."

Miss Cynthy turned her head, and revealed a face which at first look was perhaps disappointing. The features were her father's, with the exception of the chin, which was stronger, and the eyes, which were of a liquid brown color, and without the eagerness which characterized those of Gideon. There was a light in them, however, as of something wild and untamable, and yet not ungentle. Her dress, which was of blue homespun, exhibited no aspirations toward gentility in the way of flounces and fringes. There was something shy, alert, and sylvan in her appearance—something that reminded Tallcott of a bird ready for flight. As he stood gazing at her, after having returned her timid greeting, he regretted in his heart his foolish whim, and wished himself back again on the train. He had an idea that Cynthia in all probability wished him there too, for her manner indicated a vague fear or discomfort as, at her father's invitation, he took his seat at her side, and endeavored to open a conversation. Gideon, he surmised, was apt to do Quixotic things, and was afterward reproved for them by his daughter. In the present instance, however, he concluded that the daughter was right. Considering her ignorance of his antecedents, nay, even of his name, he had to admit that coolness on her part was the only attitude compatible with self-respect. Nevertheless, as a mere experiment, he would try if he could not obliterate the unfavorable impression. They were now driving along a level dusty highway, the old man sitting on the front seat holding the reins. It was about seven o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun was setting gorgeously behind a dense forest of beech and hickory. Enormous fields of ripening wheat stretched like a waving sea toward the horizon on either side, interrupted here and there by green meadow patches and clumps of dark-leafed trees. Every now and then they met a dozen cows driven by a little barelegged boy with a big straw hat, or a yoke of dull-eyed oxen pursuing their homeward way, attended by a lumbering fellow who smoked a corn-cob pipe. For five or ten minutes they drove along in silence. Gideon, although the opportunity was now afforded him to finish his story, had lost his desire to talk, and Cynthia persisted in maintaining her attitude of chilly reserve. Tallcott, in spite of his determination to be amiable, found every remark which suggested itself to his mind forced and absurd, and was utterly unable to select anything appropriate.

"It is a beautiful country about here," he said at last, leaning forward so as to catch the girl's eye.

"It might be better and it might be worse," was the non-committal reply.

There was another pause, which would have been oppressive but for the creaking of the wheels and the responsive chirping of the katydids.

"The wheat seems to be in good condition," Tallcott observed.

"About twenty bushels to the acre,

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more or less," she answered, with her eyes on the far horizon.

A wide half-grass-grown lane here diverged from the highway, leading up to a large square two-story farm-house, built of red brick. A wildly luxuriant Virginia creeper, enlivened by interspersed trumpet-vines and honeysuckle, held the front piazza in its strong embrace, and sent rank shoots straggling over the walls up to the eaves. The barns and stables, which were also built on a generous scale, had a forlorn and dilapidated look. The front gate hung on one hinge, and the fruit trees in the orchard were overgrown and untrimmed.

"Waal, now, yere we be," said the old man, as the horse stopped in the middle of the barn-yard, "and ye kin bet yer hat on it that ye air mighty welcome."

III.

It rained the next day, and Gideon had ample time to finish his story. But it was obvious that he was under restraint when his daughter was by. The daughter for some reason seemed to keep watch on him. It was only during the time which she devoted to her household duties that he felt at liberty to talk, and it was touching to see the eagerness with which he then pounced upon his guest, keeping all the while an anxious eye upon the door, lest he should be caught discoursing concerning the Greek philosophers.

"Cynthy, she don't take no stock in Socrates and his gang," he said, confidentially, just as Cynthia closed the door. "She is powerful smart, Cynthy is, and powerful sot in her ways. But I kin never be a-studyin' Plato when she is hangin' around. She says Plato has been the ruin of this yere farm."

He laughed heartily at the absurdity of this proposition, and Tallcott, for the sake of politeness, made an effort to join him.

"I want ter tell yer something," Gideon went on, seizing his guest by the arm, and leading him up to a small bookcase which hung on the wall—"I want ter tell yer a awful joke I hev hed on Cynthy." He paused, went to the door, and stood for a moment listening. "No, she ain't thar," he said, chuckling, and stealing on tiptoe back to the bookcase. "It is a fust-rate joke, I tell yer. Ye know Mr. Clapp, the preacher, arter he went away, sent me this yere set of books, jest as a token, I reckon, 'cause I hed stood by him when the rest was down on him."

He pointed to a complete set of Professor Jowett's Plato, handsomely bound, which nearly filled the single shelf. "Ye wouldn't never believe it," he continued, with the same naïve delight, "but this is Plato jest as he would be ef he hed talked English like you and me. I reckon I know most of him by heart by this time; but I tell yer I'd give half the farm, and the critters to boot, ef I could hev the fun over again of readin' them books afresh. Ye know Cynthy, she sorter looks arter me, and when she missed one of them books in the bookcase yere, she jest started right fer the field, and tuk it away from me, an' carried it home. Then I kinder speckerlated around, an' I tell yer I was mighty tickled when I hit upon a way ter git around Cynthy."

He glanced again furtively toward the kitchen door; then took down one of the volumes, all the leaves of which were loose, soiled with finger marks, and worn in the middle and along the edges as if they had been carried for a long time in somebody's pocket. "Stidder takin' the hull book, I cut out a leaf or two and tuk it with me inter the field, and when I come ter the end o' the furrer, I jest sot down fur a minute or two on the plough, and read about Socrates an' his gang, an' the fun they used ter hev in them old times loafin' about in them Greek groves, an' talkin' religeon ter each other with no sorter spite, but as peaceful like as ef they was huskin' corn. I tell ye they hed a mighty comfertable time, them old chaps, an' I hev hankered many an' many a time fur a chance ter be with them. Old Socrates, he says, in his defence before the jury, 'Ef death,' says he, 'is a kind er heavy sleep, then I ain't afeard of it, fur I like sleepin' mighty well, and when I think back, it ain't often I hev ben as comfertable as when I hev ben asleep. But,' says he, 'ef I kin count on bein' awake when I am dead, an' ef I kin hev a chance ter talk with old Homer and Hercules and all the other big chaps as hev died, why, then ye kin bet yer life I ain't afeard o' passin' in my chips.' Now that, I reckon, is mighty sensible talk, an' a heap o' comfort I hev gotten out o' it, sittin' on the plough and speckerlatin' about the things as is ter be when we hev turned up our toes, and don't no more fret

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about pennies and victuals and critters and crops."

He sat long lost in thought, staring at the besmirched page, and smiling absently as some particularly delightful reminiscence was recalled to his mind. Tallcott, in the mean while, took down one volume after the other, and found them all in the same condition—filled with loose, soiled leaves. He had somehow conceived a profound respect for the old man. The avidity with which his starved intellect devoured the first wholesome food that had been offered it seemed quite touching. His Socratic meditations behind the plough, and his ingenious ruse to deceive his daughter's vigilance, formed an interesting complication of character which appealed to the young man's fancy. He determined during his brief sojourn to cultivate Gideon, and, if possible, also to entice the tyrannical Cynthia into a more confidential attitude. She, too, had perhaps her story, and, as he dimly divined, a pathetic one. He began to suspect that her non-committal manner was, perhaps, a shield beneath which she hid a heart full of crushed aspirations. Tallcott was, in fact, in an adventurous mood, and after his experience with Gideon was prepared for startling discoveries. After a long Platonic discussion, he had accepted Gideon's invitation to spend a couple of days at the farm, and he could scarcely during that time fail to make some progress in the favor of a young woman whom, for psychological reasons, he was bent upon exploring.

Cynthia had been busy with household tasks during the entire day, and he had only caught occasional glimpses of her—baking, cooking, or scrubbing with tireless energy. It did not occur to him that it was his presence which imposed these duties upon her; that she was straining every nerve to make the house present a decent appearance before a stranger. She did not even sit down with her father and the guest at meals, and avoided meeting the latter's eyes while she set the table. For all that, he had no scruple in following her when, after the last meal at sundown, he saw her walk across the fields toward the woods. The rain had ceased, and the air was soft and warm. Little shreds of mist were hovering along the edges of the forest; the long shadows lost their distinctness and faded; the shallow pools in the highway caught reflections of deep blue sky with white drifting clouds. A damp, warm odor exhaled from the ground and mingled with the whiffs of stronger aroma that came from the blooming elder at the road-side. Deep in some tangled copse the thrush was warbling, and the scarlet-hooded woodpecker flitted from trunk to trunk sounding his plaintive note. Tallcott, I regret to say, observed only in a vague and general way these familiar phenomena. He had to exert himself to overtake Cynthia, who was walking rapidly. She was evidently intent upon something, for she looked neither to the right nor to the left. When she became aware of his presence behind her, she turned abruptly about and gazed at him with surprised resentment.

"I hope you will pardon me," he said, in response to her look, "if I annoy you. But the fact is I have seen so little of country life, and I was anxious to utilize my time, while I stay here, in making explorations."

"Air ye goin' ter stay long?" she asked, with engaging frankness.

"If you wish to give me to understand that I am not welcome, I will leave tomorrow morning," he answered, gently.

The light in her fawn-like eyes softened.

"I did not say ye wasn't welcome," she said, a little bashfully.

"But I still have an impression that you would rather see me go—the sooner the better."

She looked intently at the ground for a moment as if she were pondering; then she glanced up at him suddenly and said, "Can I trust yer?"

"I think you can."

"Ye won't blab?"

"Do I look like a mischief-maker?"

"I don't know as ye do. But ye air hand in glove with pop; and, as I was a-thinkin', ye might be doin' him good instid o' doin' him harm."

"Do I do your father harm?"

"Oh, now, don't take on so. I reckon ye don't understand. Pop, he sets mighty store by them Greeks, and they have made a heathen of him, and turned him away both from God and man. The neighbors, they think he is cracked, fur he don't never go ter church, and he has said many a time in their hearin' that Socrates knowed a heap more things than Jesus Christ."

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She paused once more and gazed at him steadily, as if to judge how her words impressed him. Then she seated herself on a recumbent trunk, while he remained standing in front of her.

"Pop," she went on, "he is a bit foolish at times, and talks silly stuff, but there ain't no harm in him. He is merciful to all critters—exceptin' himself an' me. He is hard on me, but he don't know it, an' he don't mean ter be. It is jest his way ter be queer, and he can't help it; but it ain't no fun ter be the darter of a queer man, pertiklar when he is a heathen, and when ye can't help keerin' for what the folks say about him."

Her voice broke, and she turned her face away; but he still saw the tears which coursed slowly down over her cheeks. He had a glimpse at last of the tragedy which he had half divined. She suffered because her father's pagan predilections isolated her from the world in which she lived. A deep compassion for her filled his soul. If he could but help her!

"Did it ever occur to you," he said, "that it is not because your father is inferior to his neighbors, but because he is their superior, that they fail to understand him?"

She looked up at him with a quick, incredulous glance. "Ye don't mean that yerself?" she said.

"Indeed I do mean it. Your father, with his tastes and ambitions, could have risen to a high position in the world, if he had had educational advantages in his youth."

"Ye don't say!"

The idea had evidently never occurred to her, and it took her some time to adjust her mind to so novel a point of view.

"He is a mighty pore farmer," she went on, in a tone of remonstrance. "He has two mortgages on the farm, an' he couldn't pay the interest if my brother Paul, as is in a machine shop in Cincinnatter, did not send him half his earnin's, jest to keep him afloat. An' it ain't right fur pop ter do that, makin' the pore boy slave from mornin' till night, an' then eat up his savin's. We air gittin' porer an' porer every year, an' yit pop, he is as cheery an' chipper as if nothin' didn't bother him a bit. He talks about them old Greeks, an' I reckon they was a mighty shiftless lot, fur pop says they loafed most of the time in the woods, an' talked about the soul an' the life ter come. If they was married folks, as I reckon they was, they hadn't no business ter be loafin' in work hours. An' pop loafs jest because Socrates loafed, an' he says them Bible Jews couldn't never hold a candle ter Socrates fur smartness."

The distress in the girl's face, in spite of her uncouth vocabulary, appealed to Tallcott's sympathies. He had a moment ago anticipated a certain pleasure in bringing her to a truer appreciation of her father's character, and in re-establishing cordial relations between them. But he now began to perceive that their trouble lay too deep to be reached by the simple remedies at his disposal.

"Let us take a walk," he said; "I would like to talk more with you."

"I am a-goin' to see Pete Jones, the chicken man," she replied; "an' ef ye'll come along, ye air welcome. I trusted four dozen chickens ter Pete, an' he tuck 'em to Cincinnatter along with his'n, fur to sell. But he hain't paid me up yit, and I ain't goin' ter give him no peace till he does."

"But it is getting late," he objected; "it will be dark before you return."

"I ain't afeard in the dark," she answered, sadly; "it is in the light I am afeard."

IV.

It was after nine o'clock when they returned to the farm; but the moon lighted their homeward way. Down the stately colonnades of beech and hickory and sumach it sent long shimmering shafts of light, which made the intervening gloom look blacker. They walked silently side by side, her face strangely animated, as with some new emotion of mingled pleasure and pain. As they entered the garden they saw through the shutterless window two men, one of whom was seated, while the other was pacing the floor.

"Why, I do declar'," cried the girl, springing up the steps to the piazza, "ef that ain't Paul come back!"

In spite of her vehement impulse she entered the sitting-room sedately, and shook hands with her brother with small show of emotion. Father and son had evidently been engaged in hot discussion, for they looked both flushed and ill at ease. Gideon, however, threw off his constraint readily as Tallcott entered, and seemed delighted to find an excuse for changing the subject of conversation.

"This yere young chap, Paul," he said,

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"is Mester Tallcott, from New York. He is out of a job jest now, and so I axed him ter stay yere fur a couple o' days."

The young man addressed as Paul shook hands with Tallcott rather frigidly, but made no remark. He was of middle height, strongly built, and had a stern, practical face. In his fierce brown eyes, close-shut mouth, and square jaw there were determination and courage, but none of the finer mobility and pathos which illuminated his father's face. After the insight he had just acquired into the affairs of the family, Tallcott could not doubt but that this severe-looking payer of mortgages would view him with the eyes of hostile criticism, and he resolved, in order to save his host from unpleasantness, to betake himself away before another day had passed. Cynthia, apparently, was also apprehensive of some demonstration on her brother's part, for she gazed at him with undisguised anxiety, until he seemed to divine her meaning.

"What is your line of business, Mr. Tallcott?" he asked, a little gruffly. "If you will tell me, perhaps I might find a job for you."

"I am a college graduate," Tallcott answered, flushing to his ears. To be patronized by a young man in a machine shop was a little more than he could endure.

"A college man," echoed the young Tarbox. "That is a mighty poor business, to my thinking. If you had been in the iron business, now, I might have helped you."

"Paul is a mighty forternate 'coon," observed his father, admiringly. "He's scarce turned five-and-twenty, an' now he's got a foreman's place in a big machine shop in New York. He will be a-makin' a smart lot o' money thar, you jest bet yer boots on that; fur Paul ain't the kind er chap ter be a-layin' off on account er laziness or drunks or disserpation."

The latter half of this eulogy was addressed to Tallcott, but uttered chiefly with a view to its conciliatory effect upon its subject. The old man, however, before he had finished, became faintly aware of its awkwardness, and the nervous manner in which he moved his head and his hands while he spoke nearly brought tears to Tallcott's eyes, it seemed so indescribably pathetic.

"I reckon Paul has been a-workin' hard fur his luck, though," Cynthia threw in, rather irrelevantly.

"Harder nor you ever worked since the day you was born, pop," Paul asseverated, with emphasis.

"Waal, waal, Paul, it ain't fur me ter conterdict ye," retorted the old man, humbly, "though I hain't been as back-'ard as ye think, now. I hev done some powerful hard work in my day, afore ye was born, Paul, and Cynthy too."

"It must have been afore I was born," rejoined Paul, facetiously, "for you hain't done much to brag of since."

Cynthia, not because she pitied her father, but out of regard for the visitor, sent her brother another imploring look, and he got up nervously, and beckoning to her, left the room. The girl, though appearing not to notice the gesture, found in another minute an excuse for going to the kitchen. Old Gideon, as soon as he had convinced himself that the door was closed, heaved a sigh of relief, and went straight to his bookcase.

"Them is powerful smart childer I hev got," he remarked, casually, and without a shadow of bitterness; "powerful smart—powerful smart," he repeated, half absently, while he seated himself near the lamp and turned the soiled leaves of his Plato.

Tallcott, who had discovered a forgotten cigar in his breast pocket, vouchsafed no reply, and the old man probably did not expect any. He pulled out, with much deliberation, a pair of big brass-rimmed spectacles, adjusted them carefully upon his nose, and was soon deeply absorbed in the conversations of Socrates.

"Look a-yere," he said, after a while, glancing up with his fine, absent-minded smile; "I don't want ter be hard on the old feller, but I reckon he warn't no jedge of horseflesh. This yere story about the gadfly as stimmerlated the horse, that won't hold water; for the fly is a pesterin', bothersome customer, and she don't never stimmerlate the horse worth a cent, as Socrates says; but she makes him stand still in the furrer, and whisk his tail, and kick up under his belly."

"That was exactly what the city of Athens did, to which he compares the horse," said Tallcott, blowing a ring of smoke toward the ceiling; "and Socrates, the inconvenient gadfly, was kicked into eternity."

"So he was, poor critter—so he was,"

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responded the old man, gravely; "but he was a thunderin' smart-spoken chap, now —a thunderin' smart-spoken chap, that's what he was," he repeated, thrusting his chin forward as if he was determined to stand up for Socrates, whatever his detractors might say.

He was just preparing to enter upon a more extended discussion, when the kitchen door was opened, and the son and daughter entered. Gideon, who was unprepared for this interruption, crammed the leaves he was holding in his hand into his trousers' pockets; but the binding, with its detached contents, fell on the floor, and the other loose leaves flew in all directions. He stood, with a half-sheepish, embarrassed smile, leaning upon the table, but made no effort to gather up his scattered treasures. Then Cynthia, who was the first to take in the situation, stooped to pick up a leaf, and walked rapidly up to the lamp. Another quick movement brought her to the bookcase, where she examined each of the remaining volumes.

"Father," she said, with a calm but menacing face, "ye hev been deceivin' me."

"Waal, Cynthy," her father answered, contritely, "I reckon I hain't been quite on the squar' with ye."

"Ye tuk them leaves afield with yer," she continued, holding up the proof of his guilt against the light.

"Ye hev got me now, Cynthy."

"And ye," Cynthia proceeded, turning reproachfully to Tallcott, "didn't ye promise ter help me? An' now ye air encouragin' him in his heathendom and wickedness."

Tallcott, thus taken by surprise, rose to justify himself, but before he could formulate his excuse, Paul took a stride forward and faced his father.

"Pop," he said, in a voice that was ominously low and quiet, "I want ye to hand me them books."

He stretched out his hand, as if he expected a willing surrender. The old man stood staring helplessly at him, as if he did not comprehend.

"I want them books," repeated the son, more sharply, "and if ye don't give 'em to me, I'll take 'em myself, and ye shan't never see 'em again."

He spoke with his teeth set, and with a face full of dogged determination, which contrasted strangely with the anxious, imploring look of the father. Receiving no reply, he picked up the dilapidated volume on the table, glanced at it contemptuously, and flung it on the floor. The old man, with patient humility, stooped and gathered together the dispersed contents. It was a laborious process, and in his anxiety not to lose one precious fragment, he took no heed of the threat of his son. Page was carefully added to page, the numbers were scrutinized, the creases smoothed out; when at last he arose and straightened his aching back, he found himself alone in the room with Tallcott.

"Whar is them childer—" he began, with a tremulous effort to appear unconcerned; but in the same instant Paul's threat flashed through his brain; he tottered with uplifted hands toward the empty bookcase. With a groan he fell upon the floor, carrying the bookcase with him. Tallcott rushed forward and knelt at his side.

"You should not take it so to heart," he said, feeling the feebleness of his words as he uttered them.

"Oh, it is them childer of mine," moaned the old man. "I hain't never done 'em no harm."

The noise of the fall had brought Paul and Cynthia back, and at the sound of their footsteps the father ceased his complaint.

"Get up wi' ye, pop," the son commanded; "I've got some business with ye, and I have got no time fur foolin'."

Gideon picked himself up obediently, and leaning on Tallcott's arm, shuffled toward the table. The latter, thinking that his presence might be embarrassing, walked toward the door.

"Hold on, I want ye fur a witness," Paul called after him. "Ye have heard so much now, ye had better hear the rest."

"Very well," Tallcott replied, returning to his former seat; "I am at your service."

"I have taken them books away from pop," Paul began, in a tone as if he were addressing a jury, "because they ain't doin' him no good. They air makin' him shiftless and tricky, and he lets the farm go to rack and ruin. If he will look after things like a decent man, and bother no more about them pesky heathen, I'll pay off the eight hundred dollar mortgage inside of a year, and t'other of eleven hundred I reckon he can carry fur a couple of years more, if he'll go into the farm

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in' business again, and give up heathen philosopherin'."

He paused, as if greatly satisfied with himself, when he had finished this speech; and Gideon nodded his head dejectedly at every impressive point, as if to intimate that there was no gainsaying such logic.

"Now I want Mr. Tallcott to draw up a paper," Paul went on, in the same aggressive voice, "an' I am a-goin' to tell him what to write."

Tallcott signified his willingness, and Cynthia, after a prolonged search, brought pen, ink, and paper.

"I, the said Gideon Tarbox," Paul dictated, with a much wrinkled forehead, "do hereby promise—"

"But," Tallcott objected, "he has not been mentioned before."

"Write as I tell you," rejoined the other, peremptorily. "I guess I know what I want to say."

"All right! 'The said Gideon Tarbox—'"

"The said Gideon Tarbox, of the State of Indiana, and the county of ——, do hereby promise that I will swear off all heathendom and philosopherin', and particular the readin' in the furrer of the plough of the books of the aforesaid Plato, so help me God! and be up smart and early in the mornin' to attend to the folks, an' to sell chickens an' vegetables in town, and not to be cheated by nobody in buyin' an' in sellin' things off of the farm. In return for which my aforesaid son, Paul H. Tarbox, do promise to pay off the eight hundred dollar mortgage on the aforesaid farm within one year."

The signatures of the two contracting parties were attached to this curious document, and Tallcott and Cynthia added theirs as witnesses.

All were silent and depressed during the remainder of the evening. Tallcott smoked, Paul paced the floor, and Cynthia betook herself to the kitchen. Gideon sat at the window casting shy and yearning glances at the remaining volume of Plato, which yet lay on the table, and which he hoped was not included in the abjuration. His hopes were, however, rudely shattered when, at the stroke of nine, Paul picked up the book and joined his sister in the kitchen. A few minutes later a strong smell of burning paper spread through the house. Gideon started up with a look of alarm, sniffed the air, and rushed across the floor toward the kitchen. He fumbled a moment for the latch, then tore the door open. A great roaring flame leaped up the chimney, filling both rooms with its ruddy glow. The old man flung up his arms and tumbled backward: he reeled across the floor, sank into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and wept.

V.

Paul, clean-shaven, cool, and decisive, confronted Tallcott the next morning as he stood on his knees packing his gripsack. "If I get ye the district school," he said, with his usual contempt of preliminaries, "would ye care to stay?"

Tallcott was dumfounded. He had counted Paul among his enemies. "I scarcely know," he began, being inclined to resentment rather than to gratitude.

"Then tell me as soon as ye do know," said Paul, turning his back and staring out of the window.

Tallcott's eyes strayed about the room, and caught a glimpse of yellow hair in the crack of the kitchen door. The latch clicked abruptly, and the yellow hair vanished. Why that evidence of feminine curiosity accelerated his heart-beat he was at a loss to know. Nevertheless a vague agitation filled him, which was half apprehension, half expectant elation. Just as at their first meeting at the station, he now had a dim sense that she was in some way intertangled with his fate, and he was drawn to her by a strange kinship which he was unable to define. "I shall be much obliged," he said, addressing Paul's back, and smothering his ill-will. "I am not in a position to reject a friendly offer."

"All right," answered Paul, snatching his hat from the table. "I shall be back by noon."

Cynthia remained invisible for the rest of the morning; while Gideon fussed and fumed and rummaged about in barns and stables, making a great show of activity. He had resigned himself to his fate apparently, and was brimming over with good resolutions.

"Them childer of mine," he said to Tallcott, who found him currying an ancient nag with a toothless and battered curry-comb—"them childer of mine is mighty smart, now; mighty enterprisin'. Ye won't think I am riled, will ye? Law, I ain't riled a bit. I am a rickety old chap, I don't mind tellin' ye that. I am like

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Socrates' nag, as needed the flies to bite him afore he would stir his creaky old j'ints. Mind ye, I don't say as no horse needs them kind o' flies; but I reckon I do; and Paul and Cynthy, they air good enough gadflies for me."

He came out from the stall, and seating himself on an inverted barrel, began a long and vivid discourse on the improvements he meant to make on the farm; with a truly Socratic delight in the mere process of thought and speech, he evolved a brilliant vision of future prosperity. At the stroke of noon, when he heard his son's voice in the yard, he hurried back into the stall, and resumed his aimless scratching of the horse with the decrepit curry-comb. Presently the dinner-bell rang. He gave a hitch to his trousers, where the suspender had once been attached, rubbed his stubbly chin, with a sort of bewildered thoughtfulness, and started in the direction of the kitchen door. Tallcott took the same course, and met Cynthia on the threshold as he was about to enter.

"Paul, he 'lowed as ye hev got it," she said, timidly, and without looking at him.

"Got what?" he queried, with sudden interest.

"The district school."

She tried to get past him, but he seized her gently by the arm. With a look of shy appeal she gazed up into his face, and her cheeks were deluged with color.

"You shall not get away from me," he cried, jocosely, "until you have answered my questions. How much is the salary?"

"Six hundred and fifty."

"And your brother went about and saw the trustees; that was very kind of him. By-the-way, what has become of him? I should like to thank him."

"He is gone to New York."

"To New York! I heard his voice here five minutes ago."

"Yes. He ran acrost a man with a wagon as gave him a lift to the station."

It was a vast relief to him to know that he should escape thanking Paul; as, in all probability, it was a relief to Paul to escape being thanked. There was, after all, a God in Israel, he reasoned, as he sat down to dinner, and made up for the loss of appetite which Paul's oppressive presence had occasioned.

In the afternoon Deacon Todd, one of the school trustees, called, and offered Tallcott board in his family at a mere nominal price. The offer was in every way favorable, and Tallcott had no hesitation in accepting it. It was not until he had completed his arrangements that he noted a troubled look in Cynthia's eyes, as if she would have liked to say something, if she had only known how to say it. Her father, too, opened his mouth repeatedly, with a helpless expression, but shut it again without speaking. At last, when the deacon had his hand on the door-knob, he arose, with an uncertain smile, took a few aimless steps around the table, and ejaculated, cheerily: "I reckon as Cynthy don't want yer ter take the young chap away, deacon. Young chaps ain't plenty around this hyar farm—"

He was about to continue, when the daughter started forward, with blazing cheeks, and grabbed him by the arm. "Oh, pop!" she cried, as if overwhelmed with shame, "ye'll be the death o' me."

The old man looked at her in pathetic bewilderment. "No, darter—no," he muttered, meekly. "I wouldn't harm ye for the world; and didn't ye say, now—"

"No, no, no, I didn't say it," she protested, passionately. "I didn't say nothin'."

"Waal, darter, ye know best," he assented, feebly, dropping his arms at his sides, as if giving up all further attempt at comprehending. Cynthia, who still clung to his arm, was evidently afraid to leave him alone for fear of his making more compromising revelations. Therefore, as soon as Tallcott withdrew his gaze, she dragged him to the door, and pushed him out into the kitchen.

"I reckon ye know, both of ye," she said, turning to the two men, "that my father hain't got good sense. He don't mean no harm," she added, in a voice through which the tears trembled; "but—but—he hain't got good sense."

Her intention had been to impeach his veracity, but she could not bring herself to do this; and she finished by repeating her first charge. Tallcott, who heartily regretted his agreement with the deacon, would have liked to comfort her; but after the old man's blunder, what could he say that would not be wounding in its inferences? That Cynthia had wished him to remain was clear to him; but whether for economic or sentimental reasons he was unable to decide. He had even a suspicion that Paul's sudden zeal for his wel-

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fare was due to a conference with her. With so many surmises staring him in the face, however, he could not behave toward her with his former naturalness; the situation had become too complex for his inexperience. And, as he was unwilling to forfeit her good opinion, he made haste to retreat with the deacon.

VI.

Except in Presidential elections, startling things rarely occur in Indiana. But news is sometimes received there of startling things that occur outside the Hoosier sphere. Thus it came to pass that Kate Remington sent an epistle (not a tender one, for Kate was not addicted to tenderness) to her lover in the West, informing him that she had made the acquaintance of "a young engineer" named Paul Tarbox. And the delightful part of it was that she had made his acquaintance in such a perfectly unconventional manner. He had ejected a man who had shown her some disrespect from a street car; had actually hustled him out as if he were a bag of straw, and projected him headlong into the gutter. It was so coolly and admirably done that Kate could not help complimenting him. Alfred knew she had always had a taste for the heroic. And Mr. Tarbox was the only man she had known who could do a brave thing silently, and with no more ado than if he were pulling off his boots. Swift and decisive action was the one thing which she positively adored, etc., etc. At this point Tallcott tore the letter into a hundred bits, and sent the fragments fluttering, like a flock of butterflies, out over the deacon's garden. He would have liked to recall them in the next moment from the winds that had them in their keeping. It would have been interesting to know just how far the acquaintance had progressed. One little strip of paper—evidently the last lines upon a page—had attached itself to the window-sill. He caught it eagerly, and read: "to be wooed overmasteringly, fearlessly, rapaciously, as if I myself had nothing to do with it. I should—" It was tantalizing. It could scarcely be possible that they had arrived at that point yet. But the fact that Kate was speculating on such scandalous possibilities was in itself suspicious. He seized his hat, under the impression that he was unhappy, and strode away over the fields, in the belief that exercise was good for unhappiness. He would have liked to despair in some picturesque manner, but his inventiveness was limited, and no effective method suggested itself. A mild form of misery, resulting rather from wounded vanity than a broken heart, took possession of him. To think that he, with his classics and his correct behavior, could be in danger of rivalry from a man who wore top-boots, and probably made love with complete disregard of grammar! He pitied himself in one moment, and laughed at himself in the next. It struck him as a brilliant thought, psychologically speaking, that he, with his failures and fastidious indecision, had whetted Kate's appetite for his antithesis—a man of crude energy and top-boots.

There was a splendid and venerable beech wood, intersprinkled with sumach and hickory, which intercepted the view between the Tarbox farm and that of the deacon. It was full of mysterious hollows and primeval stillness. Even the blue-jays—shrill pirates as they are—behaved decorously in the gloom which hovered among the dense leaves, and the squirrels robbed birds' nests with a sense of secrecy and pricks of conscience. It was hither the new-fangled school-master made his way, ruminating over the fragments of Kate's letter. He slackened his speed and fell into an aimless saunter as soon as he felt the privacy of the woods about him. His progress was unexpectedly interrupted by a huge beech trunk, which lay like a fallen giant stretching appealing arms against the sky. He looked up, and to his surprise saw Cynthia. She was seated among the prostrate branches, with her feet drawn up and her hands meditatively clasped about her knees. Her head was bent backward, and she was staring vacantly into the air. The moss had muffled the sound of his approach, but now a crackling twig betrayed him. She glanced up with a wild surprise, leaped to the ground, and broke vehemently through the interlacing branches.

"Hold on there," cried Tallcott, gayly. "You are not afraid of me?"

She paused irresolutely, and gave him a shy look over her shoulder. There was something sweet and sylvan in the attitude which appealed to him. Her blazing cheeks (which seemed a tribute to his masculine importance) made him feel kindly, almost tenderly, to her. She reminded

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him of mythological nymphs that fled before the ardently pursuing god and transformed themselves into botanical specimens.

"Why do you run away from me, Miss Cynthia?" he queried, reproachfully, seizing her hand, and urging her back to her seat upon the fallen trunk. "You are certainly not afraid of me?"

"Yes," she whispered, with averted face, "I am afeard of ye."

"Now I wish you would tell me," he said, with sudden earnestness, "what is there about me that is so formidable?"

"Yer ways is not my ways," she replied, still gazing resolutely at the ground. "I don't feel right ter be talkin' with yer now," she added, rising with embarrassment.

"It was that unhappy remark of your father's," he urged, laying his hand upon her arm, and gazing at her with grave friendliness; "but I assure you it had no effect whatever upon me. You know I am a very lonely mortal, Cynthia, and I should be quite miserable without you. Therefore you must keep company with me. You must promise me not to run away from me any more."

A vague tenderness for her filled his heart. All the straggling tendrils of his being yearned to reattach themselves, and they curled tentatively about her, and began to feel at home. Kate's letter had made havoc in his soul; but here were peace and consolation.

Cynthia was in no haste to answer. Her blood rioted in her veins, and surged in her temples with tumultuous beating. To her his empty words meant more than they were intended to mean, and when she turned her face to him it shone with a soft exultation.

"Ye want ter keep company with me," she said, while all tinges of red chased each other across her cheeks; "an' air ye sure ye bean't a-makin' game of me?"

The radiance of her face took him by surprise. It almost touched him. The innocence of her reply (the full import of which he by no means understood) appealed to him, and he could scarcely refrain from throwing his arms about her and offering her his hand and his heart. That the phrase "to keep company" in rural parlance is equivalent to such an offer he did not for a moment suspect.

It was dusk when they parted. As he looked back he saw her skip along the wood path as if dancing to some airy melody. Remembering her old weary tread, he grew thoughtful, and a burden of responsibility began to weigh upon him. For all that, he met her again the next day and the next. She was always at the fallen beech before him. She panted with pleasure at the sight of him. By some marvellous process she bloomed out into sweetness and beauty and peace with the world. She grew lightsome, with a hushed kind of gayety; then, in sudden fits of consciousness, blushed at her own caprices. These strange lapses into seriousness puzzled him at first, but before long they began to make him uneasy. What had wrought the transformation in her? There is but one god who finds pastime in miracles of this sort; and he, though he is small, is dangerous.

VII.

A year had passed, and the autumn was already far advanced. The maples had donned their scarlet robes, while the sumachs preferred purple. Tallcott had made some pleasant and some unpleasant experiences in his capacity as instructor; but had, on the whole, found the occupation more congenial than he had expected. He was such a thoroughly average mortal, and with such kindly impulses, that it would have been strange if he had not given satisfaction. He was fairly well endowed, fairly moral, and fairly good-looking; and he had, moreover, that plodding kind of industry which within modest limits achieves sure results. Kate had long ceased to write to him, and he had ceased to write to Kate. They had drifted so far apart that not even the post could establish connection between them, for the mails, as is well known, do not extend to the arctic regions. In the mean while time was running its rapid course, and Tallcott was afforded unlimited opportunities for seeing another young lady. Without express vows or declarations he had assumed the attitude of a lover to Cynthia; and it seemed a pleasant thing to both of them to be sailing thus thoughtlessly along with favoring winds and stars. They felt that people were talking about them, though they never heard what was said. They suspected that perhaps Gideon had heard something, for he flushed whenever Cynthia spoke to him, and seemed ill at ease even in Tallcott's pre-

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sence. One day, when he surprised them in a tender attitude, he grew so embarrassed that they could not help feeling sorry for him.

"Don't yer mind me, folks," he said, with anxious and conciliatory cordiality; "I ain't no 'count, noways."

And off he shuffled, murmuring apologies for his inopportune appearance. His daughter had, indeed, had a quickening of conscience of late, and, as life began to wear a pleasanter complexion to her, she had begun to appreciate his loneliness, and to make efforts to approach him. But, strange to say, he seemed to be more afraid of her than ever. Often he started out early in the morning with a team of plough horses and some agricultural implement, and remained away until late in the afternoon. But it was not observable that the fields showed any effects from his activity, nor did the horses show signs of weariness or hunger. If Cynthia had been less passively happy, or so actively economical as formerly, she could not have failed to take note of these phenomena. But she had achieved that blissful state when agriculture, small change, or ruin seem to be of no consequence. She might have continued to drift on in lethargic bliss to this intoxicating music if a letter had not arrived from Paul, which roused her like a bugle call. Paul had patented an invention, it appeared—some ingenious mechanical contrivance—which would bring him an income of from $20,000 to $30,000 a year. As a logical sequence to this he was going to be married; and as he did not wish to have any false pretences about this affair, he meant to take his wife home, and show her exactly "what he was, who he was, and where he started from." Paul omitted to mention the name of the young lady to whom he was engaged, and the only description he vouchsafed of her was that "she was as bright as a dollar." Scarcely had Cynthia adjusted herself to this startling announcement when a telegram arrived saying that Paul *was* married, and would arrive with his wife on the noon train. Paul's actions always came like cannon-shots—abrupt and unprepared. They made you jump even though you knew they were coming. His sister, though she was not a woman of weak nerves, trembled as she contemplated the unavoidable meeting with Paul's wife. She turned to Tallcott as her natural refuge, and begged him to accompany her to the station. It was a Saturday, and Tallcott had no excuse for refusing. He had grown callous to criticism of late, and faced the publicity of his engagement with unprotesting quiescence. As they drove up to the station in the old wagon, people included both in their greetings, as if they naturally belonged together; and while they stood waiting for the train, Cynthia kept in the background, and subordinated herself as if she had been a wife of many years' standing. Presently the train came thundering along with smoke and deafening tumult, and Tallcott, after having shaken hands with Paul in a confused sort of way, found himself confronted with a young lady, who lifted her veil and revealed the face of—Kate Remington. She was delightfully trim, stylish, and unembarrassed. She was radiant, in a well-bred and undemonstrative way, with contentment and prosperity.

"How do you do, Mr. Tallcott," she said. "This is my—oh, I forgot, you know my husband. By-the-way, Paul"—here she turned her charming head and put her hand on her husband's arm—"do you know Mr. Tallcott and I were once as good as engaged? It was in the days when my purse and my pinafores were both getting too short for me. You know Mr. Tallcott aspired for the Presidency of the United States before he discovered his genius for school-teaching. That accounts for my infatuation."

She spoke with a laughing ease which made it impossible to take offence. There was a sort of sovereign, metropolitan air about her which reduced every one to smiling subjection. Even Paul smiled laboriously and stroked his rebellious hair, which looked as if it had recently been disciplined. He appeared supremely satisfied, self-contained, and a trifle challenging.

Cynthia, from the moment she had put her eyes on her sister-in-law, had felt so completely effaced that she forgot that anything was expected of her. She seemed lost in a crowd, and if it had trampled her down, she would scarcely have thought of protesting. It was Paul who first espied her, and catching her by the hand, drew her toward his wife. "This is my sister, Kate," he said; "she is a good girl, and I hope you will be friends."

Kate imprinted a frigid kiss upon Cyn-

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thia's cheek, but had the good taste to respect her reserve and make no hypocritical show of feeling. As they stood there, face to face, Kate, with her brilliant, sagacious stare, regarding the shy and unpretentious Cynthia, a sneaking cowardice threatened for one moment to invade Tallcott's heart; but he quickly recovered himself. He felt as if the cold glare of the world's enlightened criticism had been poured upon the defenceless head of this shrinking woodland creature, and with all the chivalry of his soul he rushed to her rescue. With her sweet clinging affection and her true unspoiled heart, how infinitely higher she stood in the scale of being than this coldly ambitious coquette, who speculated in the holiest relations as she would in railroad shares! Even the quaint practical sense and the pathetic little economies which played so large a part in Cynthia's life endeared her in this moment to him. With an impulsive movement he pulled her hand away from Paul's grasp, and folded it caressingly about his arm.

"In spite of your efforts to escape from me, Mrs. Tarbox," he said, with easy unconcern, "we seem doomed to remain in relationship, for Cynthia here slipped into my heart by the same door which you forgot to close when you departed."

"It was a pity I didn't think to close it," Kate responded, lightly; "it would have been so romantic to have your heart kept, as they keep the chambers where queens die, undisturbed after the royal presence."

Cynthia listened with a sense of bewildered vacuity, in which the touch of Tallcott's hand seemed the only thing secure and tangible. She did not comprehend Kate's *jeu d'esprit*, simply because Kate herself was so absorbing that it seemed of small consequence what she said. She was exultantly aware that Tallcott acknowledged her, and though she had never feared that he would not, the sight of Kate's magnificence had suddenly suggested the awful possibility. She took her place at his side on the back seat of the wagon, while Kate, putting a miraculous boot on the hub of the wheel, swung herself, with Paul's aid, into the front seat.

"How is the old man, Cynthy?" asked Paul, seizing the reins, and whipping up the drooping big-bellied horse.

"I reckon he's afield," Cynthia answered. "He was tremenjious cut up about them heathen books," she added, after a pause; "an' he's aworkin' harder nor he ever worked afore."

"Poor old chap!" exclaimed Paul, with a pleased glance at his wife. "Kate here, she has taken a great fancy to pop—to father, I mean—from what I have told her, and she thinks we was too hard on him, Cynthy."

"I think he is simply delightful," ejaculated Kate, shifting the angle of her parasol. "I am going to make a great pet of him while I am here, just to make up for Paul's and your maltreatment."

"You'll scare him, Kate," said her husband, chuckling at the idea. "He won't know what to make of you."

If Kate had not been too busy keeping watch over Paul's grammar, and nudging him whenever he lapsed from propriety, she would have parried this insinuation with her wonted spirit. But it frequently happened that the sense of his remarks escaped her, because she was too intent upon their sound. "I have prepared a surprise for the old gentleman," she remarked, presently. "I have made Paul buy him a new set of the books which he so wantonly destroyed. I did it half to discipline Paul, because he just prided himself on that piece of gratuitous cruelty. You know you are very headstrong, sir," she added, shaking her parasol in playful threat; "and it is time now that you should recognize your master."

Cynthia gazed with undisguised surprise at this little comedy, while Tallcott was silently congratulating himself on his transfer of allegiance. Paul, however, who saw nothing ominous in it, laughed as he would at the pranks of a kitten. He was satisfied that he had secured the most expensive article in the matrimonial market, and his experience taught him that expense and excellence were usually synonymous.

"I reckon I am rich enough now," he said, answering the question in his sister's eyes, "to afford a father who is a little bit loony. I have paid off the mortgages, and I mean to make a settlement on the old chap for life."

Kate's capricious regard for Gideon had, somehow, made him appear to all a dignified and interesting person; and by common consent they drove on past the house toward the field where they expected to find him. Paul, with an anticipation of

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pleasure which did honor to the suppressed side of his nature, hauled three bulky volumes from the depth of his valise, tied his horse to the fence, and stood for a moment breathing luxuriously the mellow autumn air. The landscape round about was wrapped in sunlit smoke, and the trees lifted toward the skies their naked arms, to which brilliant bits of drapery were still clinging. They gazed about them in all directions, and saw only a dozen irregular furrows in a field of stubble and overgrown weeds. Presently a team of horses were seen peacefully grazing at the edge of the woods, dragging the traces and a half-detached whiffletree behind them.

"I reckon the old man is takin' a snooze," said Paul, with visible disgust at the evidences of neglect about him.

"You mean a siesta?" suggested Kate.

"Very likely," he responded, with honey-moon affability.

"'The thane of Fife had a wife,'" said Kate, dramatically, "who is determined to keep him up to his good resolutions."

"I won't make a fool of myself, Kate," her husband replied, seating himself doggedly on a log of wood; "the old man is no good."

"The old man is much good," Kate persisted; "and he shall have his books."

"Then let Cynthia give them to him; I won't."

He arose, handed the books to Cynthia, and seizing his wife's arm, strolled back toward the house. Tallcott heard them talk with an animation which in the honey-moon seemed a trifle ominous. He heard Kate's shrill, high-keyed voice cut the mellow air like some sharp instrument; but it grew fainter and fainter, until it was lost in the distance. His eyes strayed to Cynthia, who stood leaning against a tree, gazing at him with a face full of hope and unreflecting contentment. A strange peace, a gentle, hopeful assurance of happiness, wrapped his soul and enfolded him like a soft and radiant garment.

"Cynthia," he said, clasping her hand, and drawing her close up to him, "let us go and find your father."

It was wondrously still in the forest. Not a leaf stirred; no acorn fell. The misty silence of the Indian summer filled the earth and the sky. Among the branches of the fallen beech which had witnessed their first happiness they found Gideon sitting. He held a book in his hand, and with his fine absent-minded smile, indicative of much enjoyment, was reading half aloud to himself. They were within a few feet of him before he noticed their approach. With a confused exclamation, he started forward, dropped the book furtively, and strove to disguise the fright which possessed him.

"I was jest a-takin' a stroll, Cynthy," he said, with an air of pitiful bewilderment, and glancing anxiously at the book under his foot; "the hosses, they was badly used up, an' I was jest a-takin' a stroll."

Cynthia made no answer, but walked up to him and put her hand on his shoulder. He was so startled that he tumbled back into his seat among the branches.

"Pop," she cried, kneeling down, a tremulous repentance welling up in her tones, "I hain't been good ter ye, pop. But I won't worry ye no more; I won't be bad ter ye no more."

She hid her face upon his knee and sobbed. He touched her hair, where the golden light shimmered, warily, as if he was afraid to hurt it. Catching sight of the books, which she had flung upon the ground, he could no longer suppress his emotion. He turned hastily and brushed away a tear.

"I hain't been on the squar' with ye, darter," he said, huskily; "I hain't been on the squar'."

"An' I hain't done right ter ye, pop," she murmured, with gentle humility; "but we'll be quits, pop, ef you will."

She blushed with sweet confusion, and held out her hand to Tallcott, who seized it fervidly. The old man, open-mouthed and in unutterable amazement, gazed from the one to the other. He made two or three attempts to speak, but every time his voice failed him.

"Waal, I do declar'," he cried, as the explanation at last dawned upon him, "ef that don't fetch me. I am a-shaken all ter pieces."

He stood resting his hands on his knees, and stared at them in happy bewilderment. "I tell ye, Cynthy," he exclaimed, suddenly, picking up the volume he had hidden, and showing the title, "it was *he* brung the young chap here. It was Plato done it."

"Yes," answered Tallcott, smiling; "it is a Platonic affair."

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BENVENUTO CELLINI.

BY ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, the great worker in metals, and subsequently a famous sculptor, was born in Florence in the year 1500. The Cellinis in the Middle Ages settled in Ravenna, where they were gentlemen of condition and favorably known. Owing to some brawl, a cadet of the family, Cristoforo, took refuge in Florence, where he lived and died, leaving a son Andrea, born in the year 1400. Andrea had four sons. The third, Giovanni, was Benvenuto's father. He married a sweet young girl, Elisabetta Grannaci, a neighbor's daughter.

Giovanni Cellini was a cultivated man and a musical fanatic. As soon as his boy was old enough to learn, he taught him to sing, and to play upon the flute. But Benvenuto hated music, probably because it was too early forced on him. The old gentleman was a musical instrument maker, and his specialty was carving and inlaying ebony with ivory. The dearest wish of his old heart was to see his Benvenuto a great musical composer. But he was so much pressed by poverty that he was fain at last to permit his boy to study goldsmith's work.

Benvenuto gained considerable reputation in this profession at Florence before he was twenty-one years of age. When he established himself in Rome, he attracted the favorable attention of Pope Clement VII., and was pressed by important commissions. Busy as he was in executing orders, he contrived at this time of his life to acquire proficiency in four new branches of his profession: the cutting of seals and gems, the engraving of steel and metals, the art of enamelling on gold, and that of damascening sword blades. "These several branches of a goldsmith's work," he tells us, "are very different from each other, insomuch that the man who excels in one seldom or never attains equal proficiency in any one of the others, whereas I succeeded in being eminent in all."

In the year 1524 a terrible pestilence broke out in Rome. Such epidemics were

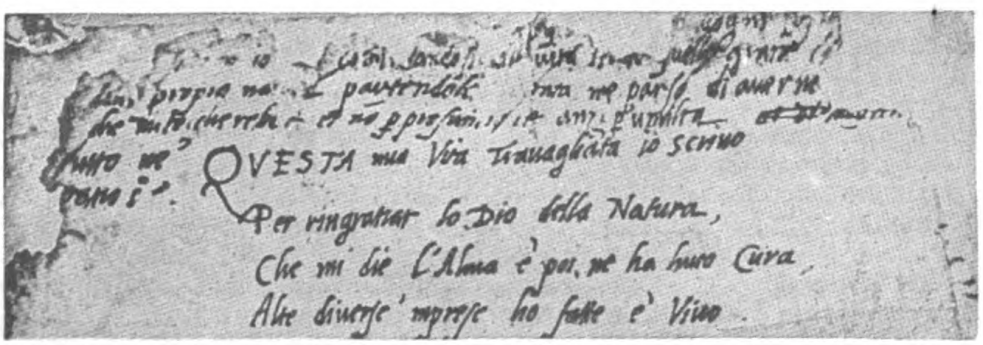
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so difficult to evade that people seem to have remained at home to take their chances, and Benvenuto merely took the precaution of avoiding his acquaintances as much as possible, and living a great deal in the open air. His days were spent in shooting among the ruins of the Campagna, and in studying antiquities on the outskirts of the modern city. While so employed he combined business with precaution by purchasing from the peasants ancient gems, often of great value, which they turned up in the process of cultivating the soil. His traffic in these rarities brought him into familiar intercourse with almost all the Roman cardinals. He tells us about several of these jewels. One was an emerald the size of a bean, carved with the head of a dolphin; another, a topaz, large as a hazel-nut, with a Minerva; there was also a carnelian, particularly praised by Michael Angelo, on which was a Hercules binding Cerberus; also a large bronze medal engraved with a head of Jove. The plague brought him acquainted with a popular physician of the time, who one day asked him to make him several silver vases after some models that he had in his studio. These the sharp doctor subsequently passed off as antiques given him instead of a fee by a great Roman nobleman. Benvenuto had the delight years afterward of having them exhibited to him as rare treasures in the collection of the Duke of Ferrara, and of putting their custodian into a passion by his burst of laughter. "You may laugh as much as you please," said the incensed official, "but let me tell you there has not been a man this thousand years able to make such figures."

Pope Clement ordered from him a clasp or button for the papal cope, which button is still worn by the pope on all occasions of ceremony. A figure of the Almighty Father contains the largest diamond belonging to the papal jewels, and around it are set other stones of great price.

His next preferment was to be employed as designer to the mint, and Clement proclaimed himself his friend, upholding him against all detractors. One of his coins had Pope Clement's head on one side, and on the reverse Christ walking on the troubled waters, holding out his hands to Peter, with *Quare dubitasti?* as its motto.

The pope confided to his care many of the most precious papal jewels, so that his house was full of gold, silver, and precious stones. The pope's jewels were a great charge to the young goldsmith, and they had a very narrow escape in a great rising of the Tiber in 1530. At last the great clasp or button was completed. The pope was delighted with the work, and protested that he wished he could bestow all sorts of wealth and honors on the artist; who replied he would like a little place as mace-bearer at once as an earnest of his Holiness's future favors. He got it; but a short time after, having asked for another semi-ecclesiastical office, worth about eight hundred crowns a year, the pope put him off, saying, "If I made you so rich, you would work no more." Benvenuto instantly replied that "good cats did not mouse through hunger, and that princes, by their munificence to men of genius, were watering plants that would be to their own glory." His plain-speaking, and the temper that he showed on the occasion, were extremely distasteful to the pontiff. He gave away the place at once to a rival, telling him he might thank Benvenuto for having got it, and the breach between the pope and goldsmith was never entirely healed. The work at



FAC-SIMILE OF MS. OF BENVENUTO CELLINI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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that time in hand was a chalice supported by three figures—Faith, Hope, and Charity. On the base were bass-reliefs of the Nativity, the Resurrection, and St. Peter crucified with his head downward. The pope was going to Bologna, and left directions with Cardinal Salviati to hurry the work on. In a week this dignitary and Benvenuto were at daggers drawn, and Benvenuto, on the pope's return, pleaded an affection of the eyes as an excuse for not having done a day's work on the chalice, which he was resolved not to go on with till the gold was furnished him.

His eyes really troubled him, however, and he cured them by a "heroic" use of lignumvitæ, after which he had malarial fever, and then describes himself as coming out "new born."

He made use of his health to engage in endless quarrels. He had made a powerful enemy in Cardinal Salviati, and the pope's three other jewellers, Tobia, Pompeo, and Michaelotto, were always on the watch to do him harm. Through it all we see the pope, bothered, perplexed, and bullied, always pettish and undignified, endeavoring to keep the peace among the goldsmiths of his court, in the same way that he temporized with mighty kings, and favored Charles, Henry, and Francis by turns. At last, in a miff, Benvenuto asked a furlough for his health, meaning to leave his shop in charge of a faithful follower, and set out in search of a lost love named Angelica. The love was not worth the trouble of looking after, as Benvenuto very soon discovered after he found her; but while the passion lasted, the fit was severe. It led him to have recourse to the Black-Art.

One night he repaired to the Colosseum with a priest who practised necromancy and two friends. The priest burned perfumes and drew circles on the ground till the whole amphitheatre was filled with devils. They refused, however, to answer any questions but those put by a youth of tender age. A few nights after, the same party, together with two boys, again assembled in the amphitheatre. The spells were said, the perfumes burned, and Benvenuto received for answer to his question that within a month he should embrace Angelica. The multitude and fierceness of the devils, however, frightened the officiating necromancer, and nearly drove one of the poor lads out of his senses. When morning dawned they all crept homeward, two devils, as the boy said, running before them, leaping and skipping, now on the house-tops, now on the ground.

After this the necromancing priest was very urgent with Benvenuto to go with



MEDAL—CLEMENT VII.

him into the mountains, and there consecrate a magic book, from which they would be able to gain a knowledge of earth's hidden treasures. Benvenuto was not averse to the proposal, but asked time to finish a medal he was at work upon. Before it was completed, however, he got into a street squabble with a creditor, and cut his head open with a stone. The man fell as if dead, and Benvenuto ran to a friend's house, where he began to take measures for his safety. Meantime, Pompeo, one of the envious goldsmiths, chanced to pass the place, and seeing the victim of Benvenuto's violence being carried away, he mistook the injured man for Tobia, another of the pope's jewellers, and rushed to the Vatican with the news that Tobia had been murdered by Cellini. Instantly the pope flew into a rage, and gave orders that Benvenuto should be hung, without trial, on the spot where the murder had been committed.

On hearing of this order, Benvenuto, on a spirited Turkish horse, charged through the City Guard, who held the bridge across the Tiber, and made his way in safety over the Neapolitan frontier. Meantime, a messenger sent by the pope to Tobia's house to inquire further of the affair found that artificer quietly at work, and ignorant of the stir made about him. When this was reported to the pope, he fell into another rage with Pompeo, whom he warned that he had stirred up an adder that would sting him yet, as he de-

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served, and lamenting the loss of Benvenuto Cellini. That personage meantime put up at a road-side inn, a few hours' journey from Naples, and there found his lost Angelica and her mother. He records with great delight that their meeting took place just one month after the incantation in the Colosseum.

In Naples, as elsewhere, Benvenuto's skill won him friends immediately, and the Spanish viceroy, uncle of the Duke of Alva, offered to receive him into his service. In a few days, however, a summons and a safe-conduct came to him from the pope, who placed him under the protection of his nephew, a new Cardinal de' Medici. By this time Benvenuto was disgusted with the vulgarity and greed of his Angelica, and took leave of her, laughing, while she and her mother were drowned in tears.

All now appeared to prosper with Benvenuto. The pope welcomed him, his enemies were silenced, his friends were powerful. He had even the satisfaction of preaching "the poor pope" a sermon on the dangers of hasty passion, in the presence of several noblemen, whereat the pope colored and was greatly confused.

Shortly after, however, Clement died, and on the very day of his decease Benvenuto slew in the street his rival Pompeo. "I did not mean to kill him outright," is his remark on the occasion; "but blows are not always under our command." Benvenuto took refuge with Cardinal Cornaro, brother of the Queen of Cyprus, but the Cardinal de' Medici undertook his protection, and for a few days a lively dispute raged between his patrons. Benvenuto, however, settled it by requesting permission of the Cardinal de' Medici to remain under the roof of Cardinal Cornaro, and a few days after, October 13, 1534, Cardinal Farnese was elected pope, with the title of Paul III.

The new pontiff lost no time in securing Benvenuto's services, granting him a safe-conduct to the palace, and saying to some of his suite who objected to his clemency, "I wish you to understand that men who are masters in their profession, like Benvenuto, need not be too strictly subject to the laws; and I consider he was right, for Pompeo insulted him."

So Benvenuto went on with his work at the mint, and conceived himself to be out of the clutches of the law, though he was by no means confident as to his personal safety. Indeed, he wore a slender coat of mail under his clothes, and finding that a Corsican bravo was hired by Pompeo's family to slay him, he succeeded, by his extreme boldness, in converting the assassin into a friend. But he was not to be left unmolested. Pompeo's daughter had married the favorite of the pope's natural son, Pier Luigi Farnese, and finding that the latter took part with his enemies, he judged he should be safer out of the Eternal City. At Florence Duke Alessandro received him graciously, and employed him in his mint, where he began the portrait of his sovereign. But already there was a conspiracy on foot to assassinate Alessandro and restore the republic. Chief in the plot were Lorenzino, a cadet of the family, and Ottaviano, a connection by marriage. At this time these young men stood high in the duke's favor, however, and Benvenuto lost no time in making enemies of both of them. He seems to have perceived that affairs were by no means settled in Florence, and went back to Rome, though the duke did all in his power to retain him.

On his return he came very near being arrested, on the old charge of murder, by the City Guard; but on the feast of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, a few days after, he walked in procession in a blue silk suit, preceded by an apprentice, also in blue silk, carrying a taper. This was preliminary to receiving a full pardon from the pope, who was entitled on that day to pardon certain criminals. But the pardon was very near being of no service to Cellini. He had been feverish ever since his return home, and in a week he was down with typhoid fever.

His next order from the pope, when he got well, was for a gold crucifix to be presented to Charles V., who, on his way home from Tunis, had been driven on the coast of his Neapolitan kingdom. Benvenuto's model in wax was approved, and an order had been given him to get the gold from the Treasury, when he was told by one of the pope's courtiers that the evening before he and the pope had hit on a much better idea. At this point Benvenuto interrupted him and flew into a passion. "Neither you nor the pope could do better; you may talk courtier talk as much as you please!" The pope laughed on hearing of this outburst, but sent for the artist, and told him that the time for preparation was so short that he had decided on offering an illuminated

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THE SALT-CELLAR OF FRANCIS I.

prayer-book to the emperor, the cover of which was to be of gold, adorned with 6000 crowns' worth of jewels. This Benvenuto set about immediately, but it was not finished when (April 13, 1536) Charles V. made his entry into Rome under triumphal arches. Immediately on his arrival he presented the sovereign pontiff with a valuable diamond, which Paul at once turned over to Benvenuto to be set in a ring. In return for the diamond he desired Benvenuto to carry the half-finished book to the emperor, and on presenting it to add that the pope desired him to accept the workman with the gift. Cellini acquitted himself admirably of his commission to the emperor, who conversed with him half an hour about many things. He acquired great credit among the jewellers in Rome for the manner in which he set the pope's diamond.

In the midst of all this prosperity there came a sudden downfall. Somebody traduced Cellini to his Holiness, and taking quietly such small rewards for his work as he could gather together without stir, he set out on a long journey to France, where he expected to secure a patron in Francis I., who was then adorning his new palace of Fontainebleau.

There were many Italians at the court of Francis I., and one of them presented Benvenuto to the king. Francis was just setting out for Lyons, and he took the artist along with him. Ipolito d'Este, the Cardinal of Ferrara, also took great notice of him. But in Lyons Benvenuto fell sick of fever and ague. He lost all appetite, believed that he should die, and no persuasions would induce him to remain in France.

Returning to Italy, Benvenuto proceeded to Rome, and settled himself in a handsome new shop in the autumn of 1537, hoping that the French king would do him the kindness to forget him. This was by no means the case, however, for Francis sent earnest letters of recall. To be the patron of a great artist was with the mighty monarchs of that day an object of kingly rivalry.

Meantime Benvenuto became involved

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in a quarrel with one of his journeymen. He wanted to avenge himself for the young man's insolence by assaulting him in the street and cutting off one of his arms, but he was persuaded by his friends to attempt no violence, and to content himself with having him thrown into prison. The young man, after he got free, took his innings by seeking out Pier Luigi Farnese, whom he knew to be Cellini's enemy, and telling him his old master was worth 80,000 ducats, most part of his wealth consisting in jewels stolen from Pope Clement during the sack of Rome.

Without loss of time or preliminary investigation, Benvenuto was arrested on the charge. He was taken in the street, upon the very spot where he had killed Pompeo, and was carried into the Castle of St. Angelo. "It was the first time I had ever seen the inside of a prison," he says, "and I was then thirty-seven years old."

The story of his imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo is the most interesting part of Benvenuto's history. We have all a dim notion how dreadful must have been the prisons of the Middle Ages, but few indeed are the voices that have reached our ears from those *oubliettes* or dungeons.

On hearing of the arrest, Pier Luigi Farnese went to the pope, his father, and asked the prisoner's spoils. The pope granted his request, and promised to do all in his power to make the most of the opportunity. Benvenuto, on his examination, was at first treated with consideration; but he soon set his three examiners against him by his ill-timed insolence; and the Governor of Rome was provoked to tell him that he "would take his pride out of him, and make him as tame as a spaniel." Benvenuto wholly denied the charge of stealing any of the pope's jewelry, and accused his accusers of not having even examined the inventories of the regalia. "The only jewel," said he, "which may not be accounted for is a ring which the pope purposely let fall off his finger during the negotiations for the surrender, and when the imperial envoy picked it up, he was requested by the pope to wear it for his love." Making a brief summing of his own services to the pope, he defended himself with more ability than discretion; but he seems to have convinced his judges of his innocence, for they ordered an examination of the jewels, and found them all right, as he had said. His innocence, however, had no great bearing on his captivity, and King Francis did not make matters better by remonstrating with the pope and demanding the prisoner.

The commandant of the castle was a Florentine of the house of Ugolino. He believed his compatriot innocent of the charge on which he was imprisoned, and trusted to his honor. The soldiers of the garrison, as he walked at large through the castle, pitied him, and repeatedly advised him to break his parole; but he stood firm to his word, unwilling to betray the trust reposed in him by the friendly commander.

After some ill treatment Benvenuto became less scrupulous about attempting an evasion, and began to prepare a rope made out of sheets, which he caused his servants to bring him almost every day, under pretence that he was very particular about his bed. He never suffered any of the prison attendants to touch it, and kept it strewn with flowers. The rope he made was hidden in his mattress, out of which he had contrived to remove the straw.

The commandant was subject to periodical fits of insanity, and each year he set up a different whim. One year he had been an oil jar; another he was a frog, and hopped about the castle; the next year he was dead, and his attendants had to humor his fancy by burying him; but this year he became a bat, and as he walked moved his arms and hands as if trying to fly. One of his few amusements was conversing with his agreeable prisoner. On one occasion he questioned him about the art of flying. Benvenuto said that if he ever invented a flying machine he should take the organization of the bat as his model. Instantly this aroused the suspicion of the madman. He cried, "Benvenuto, if you had the opportunity would you fly away?" Benvenuto replied that, with his leave, he would like to fly as far as Prati with waxen wings. Instantly the commandant called up his guard, and ordered him into a close prison. "When I saw," says Benvenuto, "that it was of no use to protest, or to entreat him further, I said, before all present, 'Confine me as close as you can, I will contrive to escape notwithstanding.'"

Accordingly, with a pair of pincers that

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he had picked up in his walks about the castle, he managed to remove all the screws in the iron plating round the lock of his door, and two hours before daylight, one morning in the summer of 1538, he removed the plates from the door of his apartment and got out into the corridor, whence he leaped upon a roof below him. He was in a complete suit of white, with light boots, and in the leg of one of them he had stuck a dagger. It was bright starlight, though there was no moon, so that his dress seems to have been ill chosen. From a projection in the roof he let himself down by his rope, with an earnest prayer for divine assistance. "O Lord God, favor my cause, for Thou knowest I am in the right, and that I strive to help myself." The sentiments of this petition seem a model for all in need of divine assistance.

He reached the ground without accident, and thought himself safe. He did not know that the Commandant Ugolino had lately built two new walls—one to protect his stable and the other his poultry-yard. Over one of these he climbed, tearing his clothes and lacerating his hands, but as he was about to scale the other he was noticed by a sentinel. Perceiving this, he boldly advanced toward the mercenary with his dagger. "Seeing me so determined," he says, "he thought it best to keep out of my way." Another soldier saw him, but did not think it worth while to interfere. So he fastened his



BUST OF COSMO DE' MEDICI.

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second rope to the battlement, and began to let himself down. Either he miscalculated the distance or his arms were weary, for he fell, and his leg was broken. He lay one hour and a half at the foot of the wall, stunned and insensible; then, coming to himself, he bound up his broken limb with a linen rag from his rope, and crawling on all-fours, reached the city gate, with his dagger in his hand. The gate was ill-secured, possibly by connivance, and he got safely through it into the city. Bloody and maimed and torn by some street dogs that attacked him, he was glad, as morning dawned, to see a water-carrier with his ass before him. He called to him, entreating him to pick him up and convey him on his beast to the steps of St. Peter's. He represented that he had been discovered in a love affair, and had broken his leg escaping from a lady's window.

From the steps of St. Peter's, where the peasant left him, he began crawling toward the palace of the widowed duchess of Alessandro de' Medici—Margaret, a natural daughter of Charles V.—now married to the pope's boy nephew Ottavio Farnese, and subsequently Regent of the Netherlands. On his way there, however, he was recognized by one of the gentlemen of Cardinal Cornaro, who rushed into his master's bedchamber, crying out, "Monsignore riverendissimo! here is your jeweller Benvenuto, who has escaped from the castle, crawling on all-fours, and we cannot guess where he may be going." The cardinal at once sent servants to relieve him, and when he had provided for his comfort and safety, set out for the Vatican to see what he could do with the pope and his son.

When Paul III. was a young man he too had made his escape from the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was imprisoned on the charge of forging a papal brief, during the pontificate of Alexander Borgia. He was therefore disposed to admire Benvenuto's bravery, and assured the cardinal it should "be his study to make him amends for his past suffering."

The escape at once became in Rome a nine days' wonder. The commandant was furious, and tried to find out if any of his people had connived at the evasion. Benvenuto gave him a complete narrative of what had taken place, and we hope he spared the soldiers who had caught sight of him. Meantime his enemies were busy at the pope's ear, and the result of their representations was that Paul III. negotiated with Cardinal Cornaro to give up his prisoner in exchange for a bishopric he had asked for one of his friends. In justice to the cardinal it must be said that the pope promised his late prisoner protection and comfortable quarters in the Vatican, in one of the ground-floor apartments opening on the private gardens; to which Benvenuto was accordingly removed.

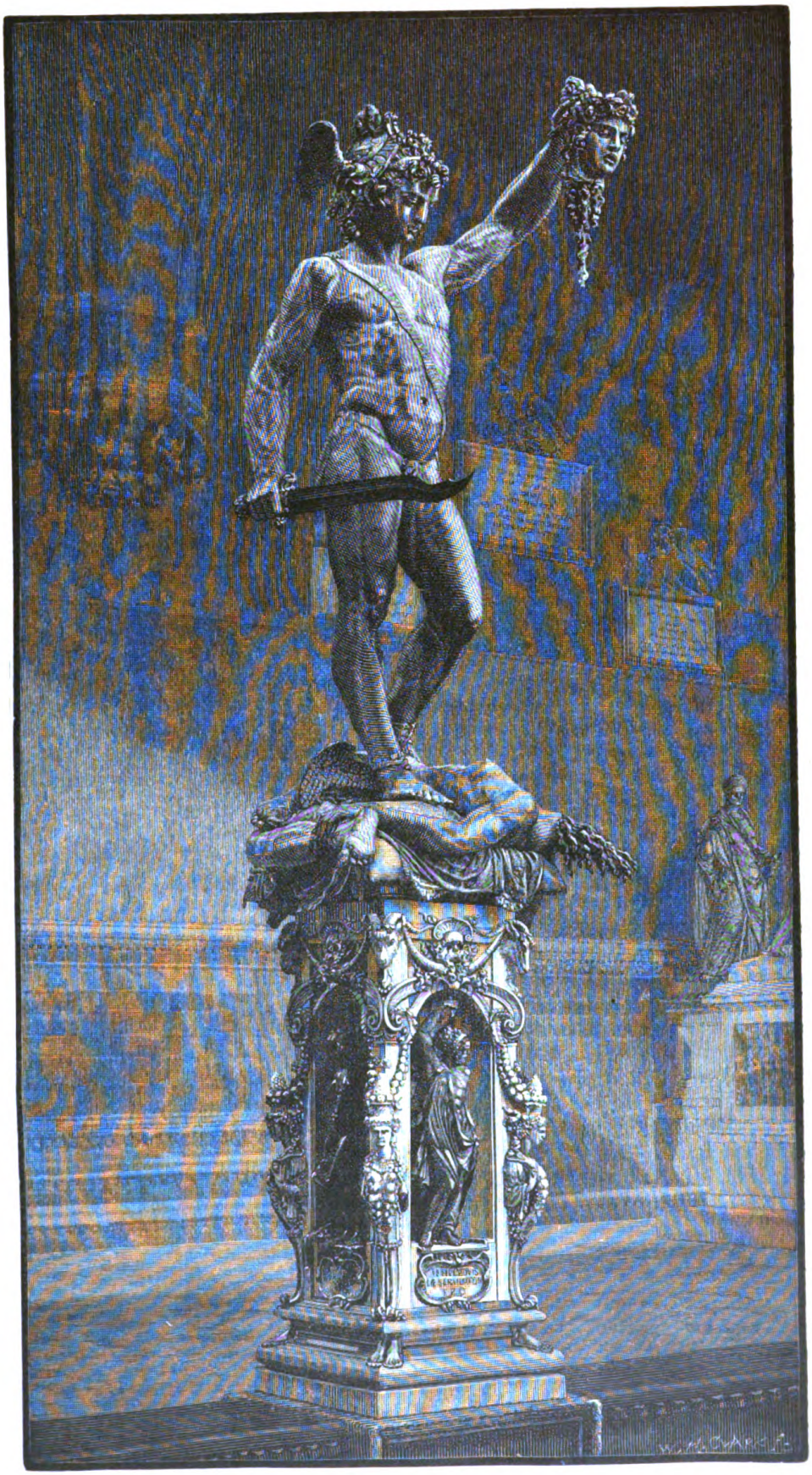
He mistrusted the pope so much, however, that he would not eat a mouthful sent him from his kitchen, and did his best to persuade a young Greek in the papal service to assist him to escape. On Corpus Christi, May 26, 1539, he was awakened by the loud barking of a faithful dog, and found his room was full of the Papal Guards, who had come to seize and carry him to a prison called the Tower of Nona, reserved for condemned criminals. Thence he was carried back to the Castle of St. Angelo.

"Ha!" cried the crazy commandant when he saw him, "so I have got you again."

"True," answered Benvenuto; "but you would not have got me had I not been sold for a bishopric to a faithless pope by a Venetian cardinal."

Immediately the commandant ordered him to be put into a dungeon. As his eyesight grew accustomed to the darkness he was able to read, or draw with brick-dust on the walls, about three hours a day. The rest of his time he spent in meditation, in singing psalms, and in composing poetry. He suffered greatly from the length of his nails. "I could not touch anything without being pricked with them," he says; "neither could I with any comfort put on my clothes." His teeth too rotted in his gums, and grew so loose that he was able to pull out many of them. His leg, however, got well during the three months he remained in this dungeon. When August 1st came, the great Lammas Festival so devoutly celebrated at Rome, Benvenuto remarked to his turnkey that he should spend it more happily than he had ever done before—"alone and at peace with God Almighty." These words being repeated to the commandant, he said, "Go directly and put him into the deepest subterranean dungeon of the castle—that one in which the preacher Fojano was starved to death."

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PERSEUS.—In Piazza del Gran Duca, Florence.

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When the rough guard broke in upon his solitude, he thought they were going to throw him into the sink of Sammalo, a dreadful pit into which prisoners were cast when it was an object to get rid of them, so that to find himself only in the cell of the unfortunate friar whom Pope Clement starved to death for preaching to the Florentines against the Medici was a relief to him. As soon as he was alone he began singing the Penitential Psalms. Two days afterward he was restored to his own dungeon, and wept for joy on seeing the figures he had drawn upon the walls. His earnest prayer to God was that he might once more see a ray of sunshine; and this in a trance was granted him. He also saw a vision of the Saviour on the cross, so gloriously beautiful that the desire to reproduce it by means of art never left him afterward.

On the 2d of October he believed it was announced to him that on his next birthday, November 1, 1539, he would be delivered from his dungeon.

This prophecy fulfilled itself, for by this time the commandant, who was restored to reason, began to pity him, and to make intercession with the pope for his better accommodation. The pope, in a few contemptuous words, permitted him to do what he pleased with his prisoner, and on the afternoon of his birthday he was restored to the room he had first occupied when brought into the castle. Here, in sunshine and society, his visions left him, and his piety, we fear, became more cool. His state of mind, as he has recorded it, would be an interesting study to the moral philosopher. He was unquestionably perfectly sincere in his faith, resignation, and devotion; and yet in his subsequent history we find nothing that would lead us to conclude that he came out of his trials a better man. He committed no more murders, it is true, and he was at no time given to dishonest dealing or to treachery; but as to the rest of the decalogue, he seems to have considered, with Paul III., that a man of his attainments might be excused from too strict an obedience even to divine laws.

Soon after his circumstances were thus ameliorated he discovered an attempt on the part of his enemies to destroy his life by mixing in his food a pounded diamond. An old enemy furnished the diamond—a very small stone—and trusted the pounding of it to an inferior jeweller, who substituted a false one. Benvenuto, when he felt the shining morsels gritting in his teeth, gave himself up as a dead man. After commending himself hastily to God, he proceeded to examine what remained of the powder in his food, and testing it, found it to be harmless crystal.

After this he insisted on having all his food tasted by a turnkey; but a very few days afterward the Cardinal of Ferrara arrived at Rome as an accredited ambassador from Francis I. This dignitary had been Benvenuto's very good friend in France, and was commissioned, if possible, to get him released from prison. We have a singular picture, in the memoirs, of the pope and cardinal hobnobbing together in the Vatican, and of Paul, under the influence of drink, consenting to please the cardinal. The latter was not so drunk as the pope, and had sufficient presence of mind to get Benvenuto out of prison before Pier Luigi should hear of it or the pope have slept his head clear. The pope's order was brought by two of the cardinal's gentlemen at dead of night to the commandant of the prison, and Benvenuto was safe under the cardinal ambassador's protection before the pope repented what he had done.

After his restoration to society, which a contemporary letter-writer says he could hardly believe in himself, Benvenuto set to work with renewed assiduity, engraving a pontifical seal for the Cardinal of Ferrara, and working diligently at the silver cup and basin he had begun for him in Paris several years before. He also designed a beautiful centre piece for a table, which he calls a salt-cellar—Neptune in his chariot, with Amphitrite and sea-monsters—of which the cardinal said that the King of France was alone worthy to be the possessor.

Soon after this he set off for France in the suite of the cardinal, but paused at Ferrara, where the cardinal left him with his brother, saying it would be best to have a clear understanding with King Francis as to his emoluments before he entered his kingdom. Before long, however, orders came that he should set forward. He had already quarrelled with the Duke of Ferrara, and left his dominions saying they produced nothing good but peacocks, which he had been shooting as game.

He went by way of the Mont Cenis,

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and joined the French court at Fontainebleau. Francis received his new servant very kindly, and greatly admired the cup and basin of the Cardinal of Ferrara, which were exhibited to him. Soon after, the court started on a progress, the king taking with him 12,000 horses and about 18,000 men. Very often all these persons were reduced to the necessity of pitching tents and living as gypsies. In vain Benvenuto implored his peripatetic patron for something to do. It is very probable the king was really stinted in gold and silver. At last one day he asked Benvenuto's terms. To have a great artist in his court was an object of ambition to every royal patron, as each great work he completed was supposed to confer lustre on his employer's reign; but it was an object to procure the honor as cheaply as possible. The views of Francis and of the Cardinal of Ferrara fell far short of what the artist considered his services to be worth to a great sovereign. The court was then in Dauphiné. Benvenuto went back to his quarters in great disgust, and the next morning rode off secretly to a wood, resolving thence to set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and to give up all artist work, except one crucifix, in which he wished to commemorate the vision that had appeared to him in prison.

He had not got many miles on his route to the Holy Sepulchre when he was arrested and brought back to the French king. Matters were then accommodated. Francis agreed to give him the same salary (700 crowns a year) that he had given to Leonardo da Vinci, and he was set to work at once on twelve silver figures—at least so he calls them, but they were really of plated bronze—life size (six gods and six goddesses), to be used as candelabra.

When the court returned to Fontainebleau he was assigned apartments in the Tour de Nesle, but his possession of his quarters was disputed by the Provost of Paris, and for some time he and his servants held the place by force of arms.

His life in France was much less varied than his life in Italy. It was made up of hard work, of quarrelling with great personages, of disputes with his own workmen, and of constant difficulties about his salary. Here he began to cast in bronze, and astonished those who professed to be masters of the art by the skill with which he employed new methods.

In 1543 the king gave him French naturalization papers, and made him a present of the Tour de Nesle, the title deeds of which he left at his death to his family.



MEDAL—FRANCIS I.

Prosperity made him more amiable. He made several little things for the Cardinal of Ferrara, and designed a present for the king's mistress. That lady was Madame d'Estampes, who became the royal favorite after the return of Francis from his Spanish captivity. Legates, cardinals, statesmen, and ambassadors bowed before her. Charles V. even condescended to solicit her good offices. She was called the "loveliest of accomplished women, and the most accomplished amongst the lovely." But if priests and princes humbled themselves for her sake, Benvenuto had no idea of submitting to any humiliations at her hands. Early in the days of his residence in the French court he made a handsome vase, and took it to her apartment at St.-Germain-en-Laye, intending to present it to her as a gift. The careless beauty left him waiting for an audience in her antechamber, which he resented so much that he carried off his silver vase, and presented it forthwith to the Cardinal of Lorraine. Thenceforth he was at open feud with the all-powerful lady. Throughout the narrative we see her always accompanying the king, while no mention is made of Eleanora, sister of Charles V., whom Francis had married. In Madame d'Estampes's train and that of her royal lover we catch frequent glimpses of the dauphin and his bride—the beautiful young daughter of the Florentine reigning house—Catherine de' Medici. We also see Coligny and his brother Dandolot in their early days as courtiers; and we judge from the tone of the narrative that Benvenuto pitied the young Florentine dauphiness for the humiliations she had to suffer at the mistress's hands.

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At last the king, being wearied out with the perpetual bickerings between the man he would have delighted to honor and the imperious beauty whom he loved, granted Benvenuto permission to pay a visit to his native country.

Very doubtful as to the wisdom of the step he was taking, Benvenuto stole away from Paris in June, 1545. He had executed some great works in France—his silver Jove and Mars and Vulcan; great bronze gates for the palace at Fontainebleau; statues for one of its fountains; the silver-gilt salt-cellar (now in Vienna), and other very beautiful works of art. About this time some of the most celebrated statues of antiquity were disinterred near Rome, and Francis sent Primaticcio, Benvenuto's rival, to Italy to bring him casts of these glories of art. He returned with bronze copies of the Laocoon, the Ariadne (called then Cleopatra), the Venus of the Vatican, the Apollo Belvedere, and the statue, now in the Vatican, of Hercules. They were exhibited to Francis in company with Benvenuto's great silver statue of Jupiter, which the king, in an ecstasy, declared surpassed them all.

As Benvenuto journeyed farther away from Paris, he became more and more uncertain as to the wisdom of the step he was taking, and began to persuade himself that his only object was to provide for his sister and her six daughters, and that therefore he must be under the protection of Heaven. With this thought he emboldened himself, when, not far from Lyons, he and his company were caught in a great hail-storm. The hail-stones (without rain) came down "as big as lemons," and when, after it was over, they pushed forward, they found trees broken down, cattle and shepherds lying dead, "and were convinced that calling upon God and singing psalms," as they had done during the tempest, had alone preserved them from destruction.

Our traveller a few weeks afterward arrived in Florence. He lost no time in presenting himself to Duke Cosmo, who had been chosen to succeed his murdered kinsman Alessandro de' Medici. Cosmo at once employed him to make a statue of Perseus, in bronze, for the Piazza del Gran Duca, that he was at that time adorning in Florence. Unfortunately Benvenuto, always eager for work in which he might distinguish himself, made no bargain as to payment, but trusted to Duke Cosmo's generosity. In the same piazza were statues by Donatello and Michael Angelo, and he burned with impatience to place a masterpiece of his own at their side. As usual his high aspirations were degraded by disputes with underlings, and repeatedly he regretted having left a more liberal master in France. Once he ran away to Ferrara, and to Venice, where he spent a short time, much caressed by Titian and Sansavino.

On his return he began a quarrel which kept him in hot water for the next fifteen years, and which is told at great length in his autobiography. His enemy was the sculptor Bandinelli, also in the service of Duke Cosmo. Bandinelli seems from time to time to have made overtures of reconciliation to his rival, each one of which provoked some new explosion of his rage. On one occasion the duke took his seat and commanded them to "quarrel it out" before him; but he opened the sluices to such a torrent of abuse and vituperation that he was thankful to part the combatants.

The duke's wife was Eleonora, daughter of the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, and cousin to the Duke of Alva. She was not very popular with the Florentines, on account of her connection with Spain. She was an amiable woman, however, and at first disposed to be very friendly to her husband's great artist. But as his quarrel with Bandinelli went on, she seems to have been disgusted with his malice and violence. Besides which, when she sought his good offices about the purchase of a pearl necklace she had set her heart upon, he betrayed her to her husband.

The Perseus with the Medusa's head was cast very successfully, though anxiety at the last moment threw Benvenuto into a fever, and laid him up in bed. News was there brought to him that his work was spoiling in the furnace for want of proper heat. Ill as he was, he sprang out of bed, cuffing and kicking his boys and women who helped him on with his clothes, and rushed like a madman to his furnace. He was but just in time. The men who stood about it, moved by his wild looks, exclaimed with one voice that no zeal should be lacking on their parts in obeying his orders, and they kept their words so well that by pure dint of energy and activity the casting was most completely and successfully performed. Benvenuto's first act was to fall down on his

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knees, and with his "whole heart return thanks unto God." Then he assembled his workmen and had a feast of joy with them. His illness, which was probably the effect of nervous strain, speedily left him. The statue came out perfect, except part of the foot of Perseus—a mishap which rather pleased Benvenuto, as it

The duke commissioned him to try to induce Michael Angelo to return to Florence. In this he did not succeed, and the duke suspected him of complaining of his service.

In the next act of his life Benvenuto appears as a military engineer, employed by the duke to assist in fortifying Flor-



PLAQUE IN BRONZE.

illustrated a theory he had been trying to impress upon the Duke Cosmo. About this time, 1550, died his old enemy, Paul III. Benvenuto took this opportunity of asking leave from his duke to revisit the Eternal City. He had two objects in view—one to look after some money intrusted to a banker who had failed; the other to visit Michael Angelo, who, having seen a bust he had made some years ago of Bindo Altoviti, had written thus to him:

"*Benvenuto mio*,—I have long known you for the greatest goldsmith in the world, now I perceive you are equally good in sculpture. Know that Messer Bindo Altoviti has just shown me your bust of him in bronze. I have been delighted with it, but I take it ill that he keeps it in so bad a light. If he placed it better, it would show for the admirable work it is."

ence, which was at war with Siena. Indeed, to assist in bridge-building and in fortification seems to have been no uncommon duty for a sculptor. Benvenuto had been so employed by Francis I. when in Paris ten years before.

When peace was restored to Florence, the beautiful statue of Perseus was set up, and was admired by everybody. Even Bandinelli praised it. Perseus has just cut off the head of Medusa, and is holding it aloft in triumph; at his feet lies the headless body, and his right hand grasps his sword as if ready to repeat the blow. "The position," says an English writer, "is admirable, the action animated, the treatment easy and unaffected. The whole is beautifully simple, and so admirably proportioned that, although it is seven feet high, it appears only life size." The duke was charmed with it, but when it came to paying for it, his views and

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those of the artist were found widely different. The matter was submitted to arbitration, and was decided so adversely to Benvenuto that even his enemy the duchess regretted he had not accepted an offer she had made him, and put the matter into her hands. Benvenuto had asked 10,000 ducats, and told the duke—who cried out in a passion "that cities and palaces might be built for that money"—"that his Excellency might find numbers of men capable of building cities and palaces, but perhaps he might not in the whole world be able to find another artist to make him such a Perseus." The award gave him 3500 gold crowns, to be paid in monthly instalments of 100 crowns each. Of this sum, however, twelve years later, one-seventh remained.

This inadequate payment for his masterpiece went so much to the heart of Benvenuto that he says he had almost resolved to make no mention of his "poor unfortunate Perseus" in his autobiography. Even Bandinelli, with a generosity that did him honor, said the statue was worth 16,000 crowns. But, mortified and angered as he was, the artist spirit in him could not resist any chance of distinguishing itself, and he began to covet a certain immense block of marble which had been quarried for a statue of Neptune, and promised to Bandinelli.

To get this promise rescinded and the order given to himself was the desire of his soul. He proposed to the duke that all artists should be invited to compete for it, and when it became evident that the duchess was opposed to breaking faith with Bandinelli, he endeavored to propitiate her by offering her the most cherished work of his life—a crucifix he had been making for his own tomb. It was the figure of our Lord, in whitest marble and life size, hanging upon a cross of black marble. It is probable the design was made after the vision he had seen in his Roman dungeon. The duchess refused the bribe. Benvenuto's model for the Neptune was accepted by the duke, and Bandinelli broke his heart over the disappointment. The duchess, however, assured him on his death-bed that, whatever happened, Benvenuto should never have that block of marble.

About this time he purchased a life-interest in a farm and vineyard twenty miles from Florence, and was poisoned, as he believes, by corrosive sublimate, given him in a salad while dining with those whose interest it was to get rid of him. This may have been, for those were the days when poisoning was one of the fine arts, studied and practised in high places. At any rate, Benvenuto's illness cost him the block of marble he had striven for so unworthily; for he lay ill a year, and the marble became a Neptune under the hand of Ammanati.

When he was able to work again, he was cheered by the encouragement and favor of the eldest son of Duke Cosmo, Don Francesco; and one day the duke and duchess came unexpectedly to his studio to see his marble crucifix, which he had on exhibition. They were delighted with it, and Benvenuto at once begged them to accept it, making a request at the same time that they would enter his inner chamber. There they found the model of the Neptune, which filled the duchess with admiration and surprise. "They talked together a long time," he says, "in praise of my abilities, and seemed, as it were, to ask pardon for their past treatment of me."

Catherine de' Medici about this time invited him to Paris to finish the monument of Henry II., but the duke refused to part with him. He paid him for the crucifix 1500 crowns in gold, and had it set up in the Pitti chapel. In 1575 it was sent as a present by the Grand Duke Francesco to Philip II., and placed in the chapel of the Escurial. Vasari speaks of it as "one of those glorious things whose possession does honor to princes." A copy was made of it, which is commonly shown as the original in the Pitti chapel.

Benvenuto died February 13, 1570, and was buried in the Church of the Annunziata. In his old age he had married a certain Madama Piera, whose family name he does not mention in his will, so it is presumed she was of low condition. He had three children—Liperata, Maddalena, and Andrea Simone. The son and eldest daughter died young. Maria Maddalena married a certain Jacopo Macanti. She died without children, and at her husband's death, in 1662—nearly one hundred years after her birth—all property she had inherited from her father lapsed to the Brotherhood of San Marco. His statues, finished and unfinished, were left by his will to Francesco de' Medici.

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HAPPINESS.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

'TIS not the festal banquet-board,
Where free the vine's red blood is poured;
'Tis not the cup filled to the brim,
With jewels flashing at the rim;
'Tis not the wreath and cluster tied
With all the florist's skill and pride;
'Tis not the viol's ringing tune,
Nor yet the blue sky of mid-June,
The leaf of bay upon the brow,
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor passion's vow,—
With which of fair necessity
Doth Happiness keep company.

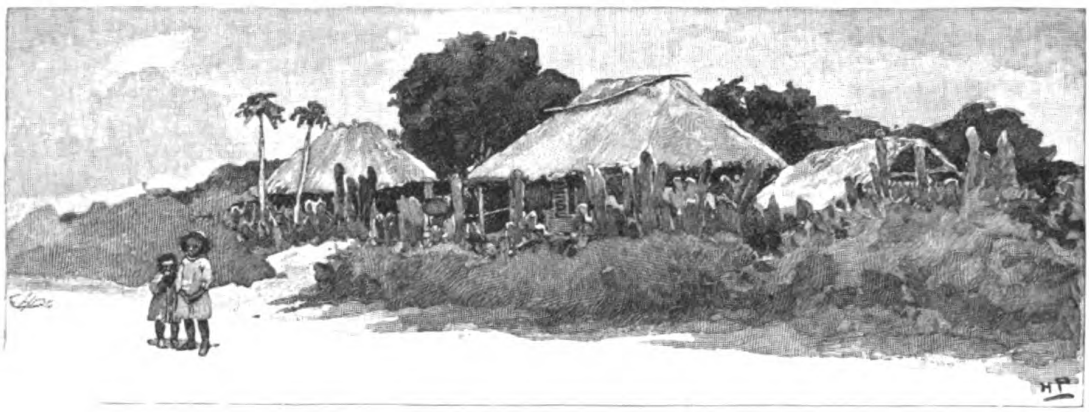
More often 'tis the meagre drop
On the cup's edge; the crumb that falls
Where the full-furnished banquet palls;
The tangled vines that rudely stop
The hurrying feet; November's gray;
The wind-sown flowers along the way;
A low voice and a simple rune
Above the viol's ringing tune;
The loose beads in the open hand
Rather than pearl or diamond strand;—
'Tis these know best her flitting face,
Her fleeting smiles, her wayward grace;
'Tis these she makes her messengers,
That oftenest are her ministers.

She is not found of those who seek;
She doth not answer those who speak;
The places men with selfish care
For her abiding oft prepare,
She knows them not; the bonds they make
To snare her feet, these doth she break,
And fleeing from them, in unknown,
Unlooked-for ways doth find her own.

She is that strange, elusive thing,
The queen of life who knows no king;
Who doth the heart of hope inspire,
Whom all men dream of, all desire;
Whom all men fail to recognize
What time she looks into their eyes,
And yet of whom they sadly say,
"'Twas thus and thus on such a day
She came to us; 'tis thus and thus
Some day she will come back to us."

In her own times, in her own ways,
Unsought she comes, or goes, or stays;
Nor smiles can win, nor tears restrain,
And prayers and sighs she holds in vain.
But anywhere, upon a throne
Or in drear paths, she knows her own.
With whom she listeth so doth she,
Sweet Happiness, keep company.

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JAMAICA, NEW AND OLD.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

Second Paper.

I.

PERHAPS the most active centre of old-time active Jamaican life, and so of English life outside of England itself, was the once famous city of Port Royal. No town in all the West Indies had a more tragic or eventful career. Like a fungous growth it sprang up, almost in a single day, from a foundation of spurious prosperity—the product of cruelty and bloodshed, piracy and murder; in a few seconds it perished in a cataclysm such as the world had hardly seen since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah.

When the fleet of Admiral Penn rounded the jutting point at the end of the long key that separates Kingston Harbor from the open waters of the Caribbean Sea, and so entered the magnificent bay within, he found a few straw-thatched huts and houses gathered together into a little hamlet, known as Cagawaya. Such a hamlet it remained for some years, until of a sudden, at a new and unexpected impulse, it sprang into a fever of life, the like of which was not to be found even in the West Indies.

About the year 1655, when Penn and Venables took the island from the Spaniards, a band of nomadic hunters and cattle stealers, mostly of French blood and known as buccaneers, had centred themselves upon the little island of Tortuga, just off the northwest coast of San Domingo, had begun to crystallize into an organized band of pirates, and to prey upon the Spanish merchant and treasure ships that plied between the West Indies and the mother country. As rot gathers mildew, so this centre of social decomposition soon became the heart of a semi-outlawed society, composed of a riffraff of English, French, and Dutch, who banded themselves together into an anomalous internationality to despoil the common victim—the Spaniard.

It was not long before the buccaneers, under their famous English leaders, Mansvelt and Morgan, discovered what a safe and central harbor was to be found inside the encircling arms of Cagawaya, nor long after they began to use the harbor before the leeches that batten upon vice began to swarm thither.

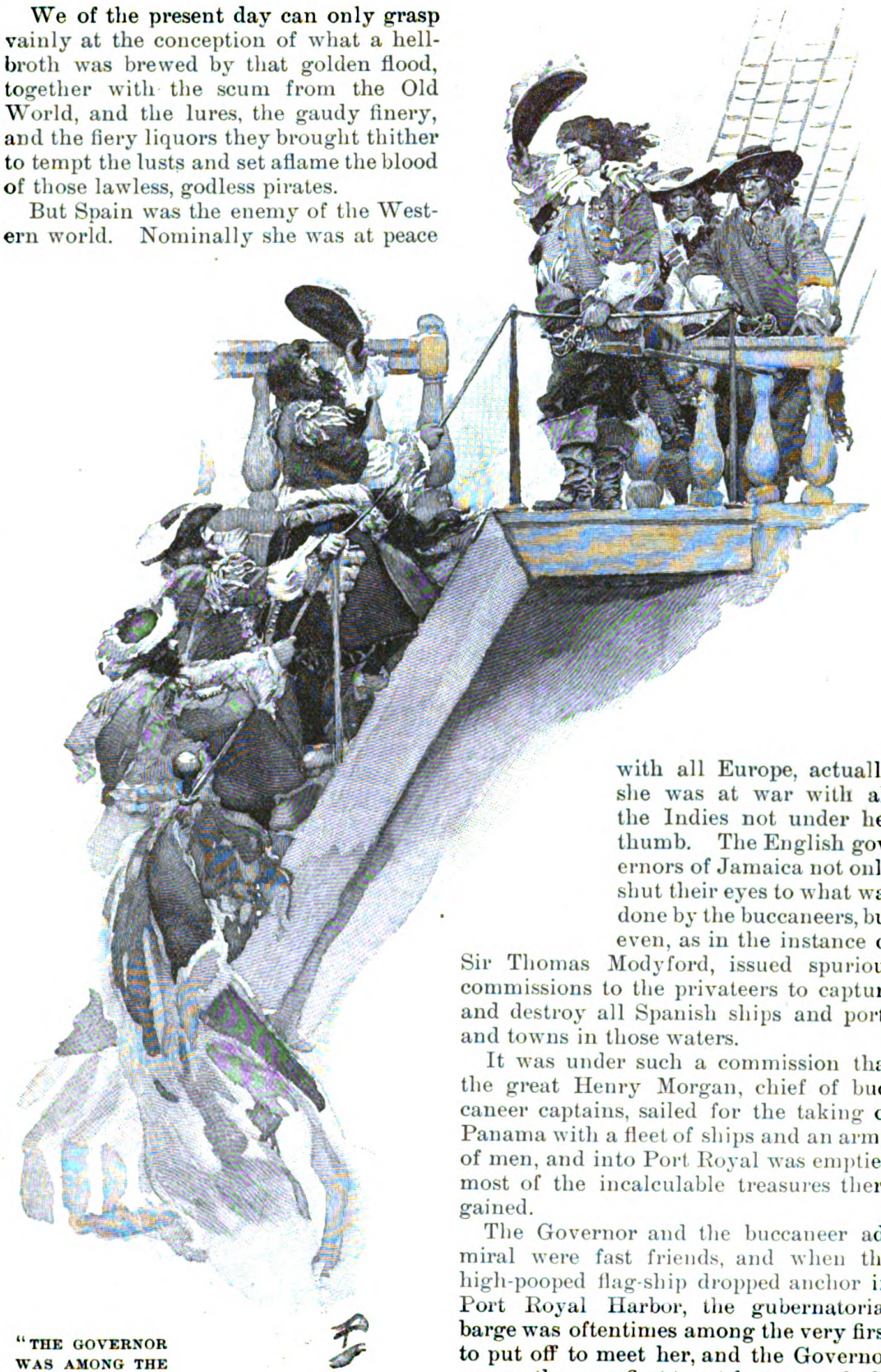
First came Jezebels and gamblers, and then Jews and merchants, all to prey upon, to steal, to trade for and buy, the spoils stripped bloody-handed from the wretched Spaniards.

A town sprang up as if by magic; houses, hells, stores, docks, and churches grew up in a night; and into that hot fever-hole at the end of the sand-spit, where men and women lived madly and died quickly of deadly disease, were poured nine-tenths of the immense treasure taken by those old buccaneers from Porto Bello, Panama, and a score of other sacked and pillaged cities, not to speak of hundreds of treasure-ships captured upon the open sea.

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We of the present day can only grasp vainly at the conception of what a hell-broth was brewed by that golden flood, together with the scum from the Old World, and the lures, the gaudy finery, and the fiery liquors they brought thither to tempt the lusts and set aflame the blood of those lawless, godless pirates.

But Spain was the enemy of the Western world. Nominally she was at peace with all Europe, actually she was at war with all the Indies not under her thumb. The English governors of Jamaica not only shut their eyes to what was done by the buccaneers, but even, as in the instance of Sir Thomas Modyford, issued spurious commissions to the privateers to capture and destroy all Spanish ships and ports and towns in those waters.

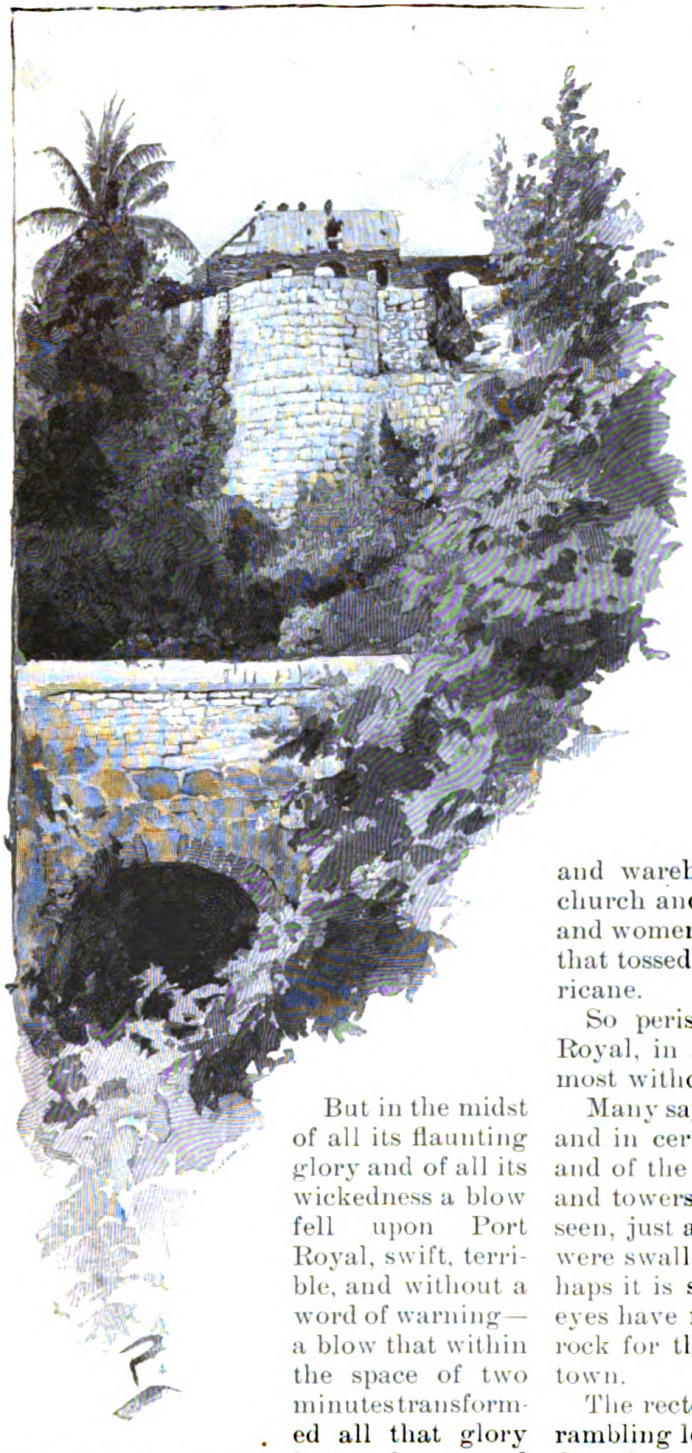


"THE GOVERNOR WAS AMONG THE VERY FIRST TO SET FOOT UPON DECK."

It was under such a commission that the great Henry Morgan, chief of buccaneer captains, sailed for the taking of Panama with a fleet of ships and an army of men, and into Port Royal was emptied most of the incalculable treasures there gained.

The Governor and the buccaneer admiral were fast friends, and when the high-pooped flag-ship dropped anchor in Port Royal Harbor, the gubernatorial barge was oftentimes among the very first to put off to meet her, and the Governor among the very first to set foot upon deck, and to welcome Captain Morgan from his last venture.

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"THE EMBRASURES ARE BLIND AND EMPTY."

But in the midst of all its flaunting glory and of all its wickedness a blow fell upon Port Royal, swift, terrible, and without a word of warning—a blow that within the space of two minutes transformed all that glory into dust and ashes, and all the feverish life into cold oblivion.

The seventh day of June, 1692, was notably clear and pleasant. Suddenly about noon a distant-thunder-like rumble sounded from the mountains—a rumble that caused many to pause and all to tremble in answer, for there were few but knew the sound, and that it was the dreaded earthquake. A pause of stillness succeeded, then again came the rumble, this time increasing to a roar of thunder. The earth trembled and shivered; but again, as it had done the first time, the threat of death passed by, and the trembling and roaring rumbled into silence. Then, almost instantly, the doom fell—a tremendous concussion, a vast upheaval of the solid ground, and in a moment the air was filled with the crash and thunder of falling walls, and shouts and screams of anguish and terror, all presently drowned in the roar of rushing waters. Then through the lurid dust many who looked saw a terrible thing happen. The solid earth yawned into a great irregular fissure, and the terror-struck eyes beheld houses, and wharves, and warehouses crowded with treasure, church and dwelling, and screaming men and women, sink solemnly into the water, that tossed and raged as though in a hurricane.

So perished the greater part of Port Royal, in a few seconds of time, and almost without warning.

Many say that on peculiarly calm days, and in certain conditions of the weather and of the water, the walls and churches and towers of the sunken city may yet be seen, just as they were upon the day they were swallowed by the earthquake. Perhaps it is so, but it may well be that the eyes have mistaken the walls of the coral rock for those of the houses of the lost town.

The rector of the parish wrote a queer, rambling letter, at once droll and terrible, describing, some time after, the whole happening. It is a quaint old sheet, and paints in itself the character of the writer with a certain dull directness.

"After I had been at church reading prayers," says he—"which I did every day since I was rector of this place, to keep up some show of religion—and was gone to a place hard by the church where the merchants meet, and where the president of the

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Council was, who came in my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a wet before dinner, he being a very good friend, I staid with him; upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was all out, this deterred me from going to Captain Ruddles', whither I was invited, whose house, upon the first concussion, sank into the earth and then into the sea, with his wife and family and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there, I had been lost....

"But," continued the honest rector, as though taking breath after the long meandering of his prologue—"but to return to the president and his pipe of tobacco, before that was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said to him, 'Lord, sir, what was that?' He replied, being a very grave man, 'It is an earthquake; be not afraid, it will soon be over.'....

"I made toward Morgan's fort, because, being a wide open place, I thought to be secure from falling houses; but as I was going, I saw the earth open, and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, their large and famous burying-place, called the Palisadoes, was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcasses. The whole harbor, one of the fairest and goodliest, was covered with dead bodies floating up and down. In the opening of the earth, the houses and inhabitants sinking down together, some of them were driven up again by the sea, which arose in those chasms, and wonderfully escaped. Others were swallowed up to the neck; and then the earth shut upon them and squeezed them to death, and in that manner several were left buried with their heads above-ground; only some heads the dogs have eaten: others are covered with dust and earth, by the people which yet remained in the place, to avoid the stench; so that they conjectured that, by the falling of the houses, the opening of the earth, and the inundation of the waters, there are lost fifteen hundred persons of good note, beside two thousand others."

A rather curious corroboration of that portion of the rector's letter in which he speaks of certain victims of the earthquake having been swallowed and then having been disgorged again is to be found in the inscription upon a tomb in Green Bay, upon the bluff shores opposite Port Royal.

Beneath a shield bearing a cock, two stars, and a crescent, with the motto, "*Dieu sur tout*," is the following:

HERE LIES THE BODY

OF

LEWIS GALDY, ESQUIRE,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT PORT ROYAL,

THE 22ND DECEMBER, 1736,

AGED 80 YEARS.

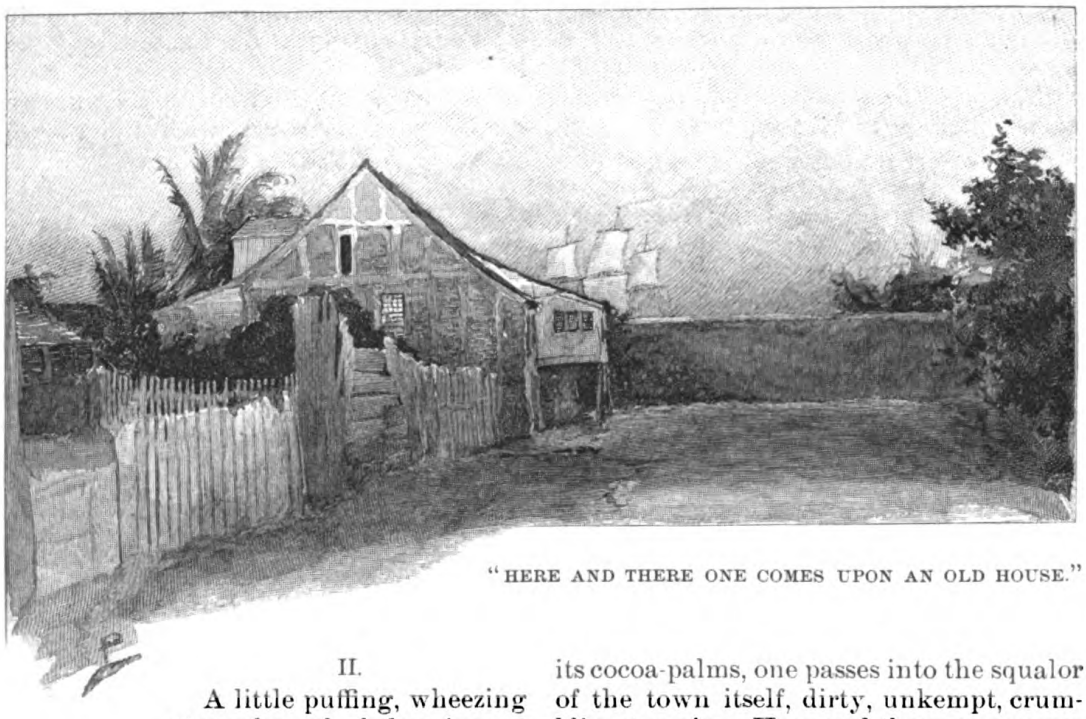
HE WAS BORN AT MONTPELIER IN FRANCE, BUT LEFT THAT COUNTRY FOR HIS RELIGION, AND CAME TO SETTLE IN THIS ISLAND; WHERE HE WAS SWALLOWED UP IN THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN THE YEAR 1692; AND BY THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD WAS BY ANOTHER SHOCK THROWN INTO THE SEA, AND MIRACULOUSLY SAVED BY SWIMMING, UNTIL A BOAT TOOK HIM UP. HE LIVED MANY YEARS IN GREAT REPUTATION, BELOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM, AND MUCH LAMENTED AT HIS DEATH.

For a while after this terrible cataclysm the ruins of Port Royal stood lonely and deserted, but by-and-by, as time passed, the recollection of the death and destruction that had visited it became softened and passed into a memory, and by degrees the town grew toward its former state of wealth and greatness. But its prosperity was one of short duration, for in the year 1703 a fire broke out among the crowded warehouses that had again risen along the newly constructed docks, and in a little while the whole town, with the exception of the royal fort and magazine, was destroyed, this time not a single house escaping. Again it arose phœnix-like from its ashes; but before it was rebuilt a hurricane passed over it, and swept most of the houses and many of the inhabitants into the sea.

With indefatigable perseverance it was a fourth time built up, and now apparently with better fortune, for almost a hundred years of prosperity followed. But the hand of fate lay heavily upon it. In the year 1816 a fire again broke out, which once more destroyed the whole place, including the great naval hospital, which had just been completed at an enormous cost.

From that time Port Royal fell prostrate from its position of a great provincial mercantile centre into that of a third-rate naval station, and the town proper has sunk into a Rip Van Winkle sleep of decrepitude, from which in all likelihood it will never awaken.

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"HERE AND THERE ONE COMES UPON AN OLD HOUSE."

II.

A little puffing, wheezing steam-launch, belonging to the commodore of the station, plies across the bay from the main island to Port Royal, and lands one at the government pier. Within the gateway of the wharf is a great court-yard, in which stand the stark trunks of a dozen cocoa-palms, and upon which faces a long row of bald, bare, government buildings, garishly unpicturesque. A wide porch stretches along the length of the building, and upon it open the offices of the commodore, the secretary, and the various officials of the station. Bare and naked as the place is of anything picturesque, it is not entirely wanting in this and that suggestive of the romance of a by-gone glory. As one lands at the wharf one looks up into the face of a great lumbering wooden figure-head, taken from the bow of one of the old war vessels, and stuck up to front the modern pigmy as he sets foot upon the landing-place. It is a colossal figure of Lord Nelson, as the inscription carved upon the rude wooden pedestal below informs one; and there he sits forever with his high collar, his pigtail, his epaulets, and his blue ribbon. He pays no attention to the human little folk below, but sits gazing out across the harbor and into the heavens above Green Bay with his wooden eyeballs, and smiling a perpetual smile with his wooden lips.

From out the great bare court-yard, with its cocoa-palms, one passes into the squalor of the town itself, dirty, unkempt, crumbling to ruin. Here and there one comes upon an old house that looks as though it might have passed through the fire and hurricane, and have dated back to the days of Queen Anne. One such old-time house stood crouched under the sheltering sea-wall that stretched along the outer shores of the point, and which had, perhaps, sheltered the building from the great hurricane. A crowd of negro boys were playing cricket in an open space just under the walls, with much shouting and excitement, oblivious alike to the glory of the past and the dilapidation of the present, absorbed only in their own doings. There was something infinitely pathetic in the tottering decay around, in the dry and dead husk of former grandeur. Everywhere the finger of Fate has written Ichabod, and the glory has departed from it.

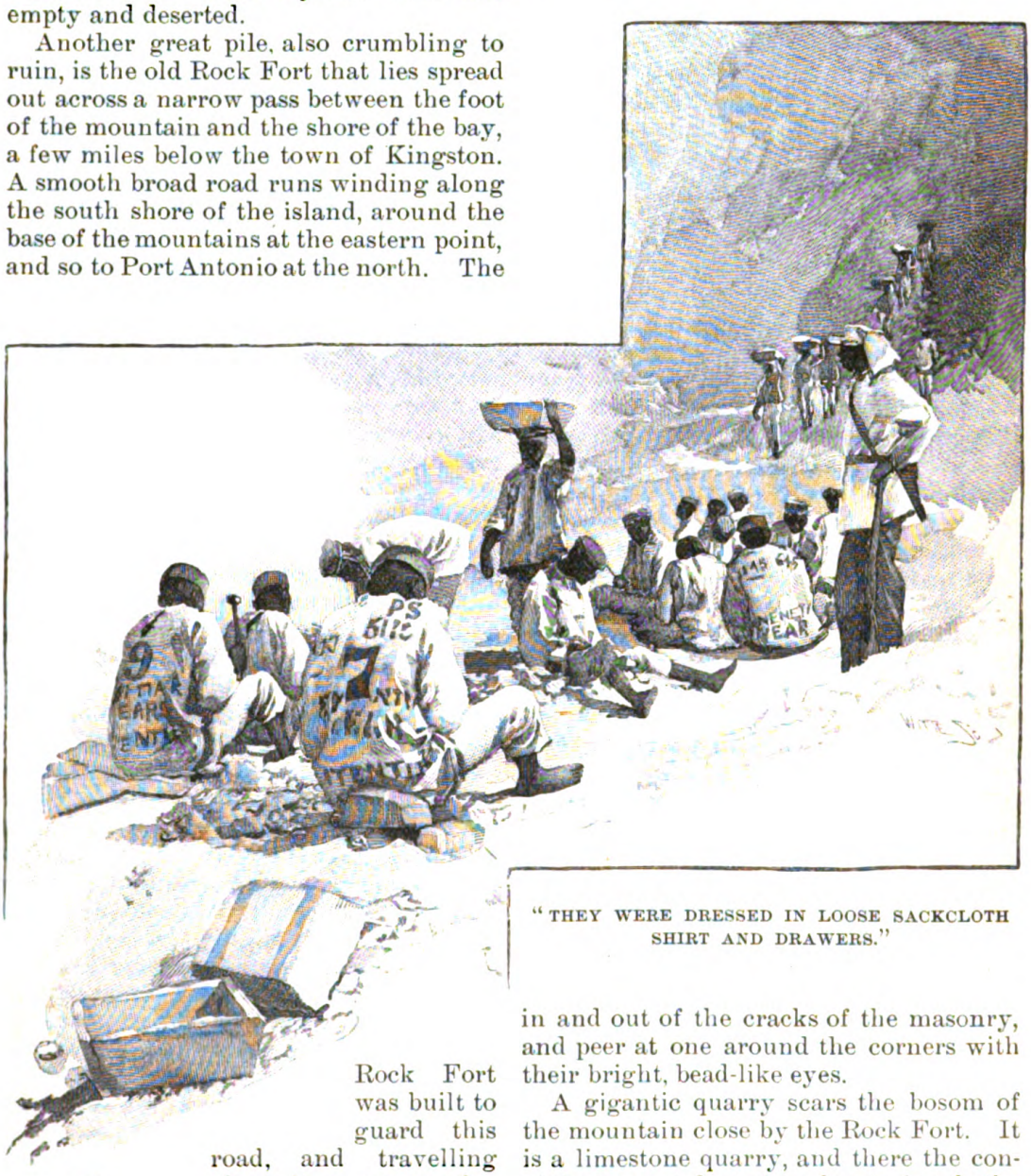
III.

At the tip of Port Royal Point the English government is busily engaged in building a sand fort. It is a costly undertaking, and whether, when completed, it will or will not prove a success seems to be a question. The old fortifications that once guarded the entrance to the harbor have long since been dismantled, and two of them in the bay itself are already falling to pieces in rapid decay. One of them the incoming and outgoing vessels pass as they enter the tortuous channel that winds here and there between the

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jaws of coral reefs. It is old Fort Agusta, and lies spread out like some great crumbling stone skeleton amid the surrounding green of the mangrove bushes, that in places creep up to and over its hoary wall. It must have been a powerful fortress in the days when Rodney's fleets rode at anchor in the harbor beyond. Now it is empty and deserted.

Another great pile, also crumbling to ruin, is the old Rock Fort that lies spread out across a narrow pass between the foot of the mountain and the shore of the bay, a few miles below the town of Kingston. A smooth broad road runs winding along the south shore of the island, around the base of the mountains at the eastern point, and so to Port Antonio at the north. The



"THEY WERE DRESSED IN LOOSE SACKCLOTH SHIRT AND DRAWERS."

Rock Fort was built to guard this road, and travelling along it one passes beneath an angle of the wall, through a great stone archway, and across a narrow bridge. But the days of its protectorship have passed and gone; the embrasures which opened toward the roadway and those which opened upon the harbor are blind and empty, serving as a terrace for vines and a shelter for crowded vegetation. The barracks, which one time woke to life at the drubbing tintinnabulation of the drum, are now the roosting-place of "John Crows" and the haunt of lizards—green and blue and gray—which scuttle in and out of the cracks of the masonry, and peer at one around the corners with their bright, bead-like eyes.

A gigantic quarry scars the bosom of the mountain close by the Rock Fort. It is a limestone quarry, and there the convicts are sent day after day to break the rocks from the mountain, and to crack them into fragments to be used for ship ballast or for burning in the kiln. As we stood looking through a grass-grown embrasure and down upon the bay beyond we saw two or three great black-hulked bateaux come slowly and laboriously crawling around a point of land, propelled

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by long sweeps, and heavily laden with a crowd of strangely dressed negroes. They were the convicts, and were come to work in the quarries. The snub-noses of the boats ran heavily up upon the beach, and the wretched crew landed one by one. They formed in line, and marched in single file across the glaring whiteness, attended by a negro guard armed with cutlasses and revolvers.

They were dressed in loose sackcloth shirt and drawers, and on the back and the breast of the shirt were stamped curious cabalistic letters and figures. The whole party was presently divided into three gangs. One squatted down in the midst of great piles of broken stone, and presently the sharp chip! chip! of hammers broke the stillness of the lonely place. The second marched forward to the bald face of the quarry, where the men set to work dislodging the stones, that fell from the face of the cliff, crashing and rumbling to the ground below. The third gang carried the rocks from the quarrymen to the stone-breakers in great wooden trays, resting upon cushion pads, and balanced upon their heads as they ran in a continuous line from the white cliff to the stone pile, and from the stone pile to the cliff. Back and forth they ran, and back and forth, through the broiling sun, and I wondered at their speed and industry, until I learned that each was given as a day's stint of work to carry four tons of rock from the one place to the other.

The cabalistic letters and figures stamped upon their sackcloth shirts represented in bald and naked outline the history of the nether side of each man's life—the crime he had committed, how long he must serve for the offence, and how much he had already served by way of expiation. They did not seem at all to object to the scrutiny, as I stood behind them and tried to read intelligibly those figures and letters stamped upon their clothes. They did not seem at all to wince under my gaze or to object to it. I could not help fancying how I should squirm should the nether side of my life have been emblazoned upon my back and breast—what sins I had committed, and how much time I had served by way of expiation—for some other idle, rambling sinner to stop, gaze at, and comment upon whilst I was plodding along with my daily occupation, and about my own private business.

As we rolled away, leaning comfortably back upon the cushioned arms of the carriage seat, I could see the poor wretches still coming and going upon the monotonous round with the wooden trays of white rocks balanced upon their heads, and could still hear the ceaseless chip! chip! of the hammers and the crash and crumble of falling rocks. Then we swung round a corner, and the sight and sound were hidden.

Does not Thackeray query, through the wit of Becky Sharp, why all the people who do the wicked things are poor folk?

IV.

Everywhere in English West Indian towns one comes upon the presence of the coolie element. In the midst of the surrounding negro life—chattering, merry, voluble, flat-nosed, thick-lipped, and woolly headed—one sees here and there, in the side eddies of life, the tall, silent, high-featured, straight-haired Hindoo, with turban and breech-cloth, threading his silent way through the noisy crowd, or squatting to rest apart beside some toppling wall, with his staff and bundle near him. No matter how accustomed one becomes to the island and the island ways, the temptation always remains to stop and turn and look after that solitary life, so strangely different from the other life around it.

Once I saw such a turbaned coolie, stony-faced and sad-eyed, striding across the busy market-place, with a rough box-like coffin as long as himself poised upon his head—unheeding any, heeded by none. He seemed the personification of his own race in the West Indies, bearing his solitary load of dead hopes and sorrows through the alien life that bustled about him.

One of the characteristic shortcomings of the negro in the tropics is that he will not work steadily, and it was to supply the lack of such persistent labor upon the great sugar estates that the coolie was first imported from the East into the West Indies.

In a number of places throughout the island settlements of these strange foreign people are to be found, and one morning we set forth to take a peep at a little fragment of Hindostan that lies hidden amongst the thickets and trees of Mona, one of the older sugar estates of the island.

The day was still fresh and new. It was like a morning in midsummer at

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"A STORE STOOD WITH OPEN FRONT TOWARD THE ROAD."

home, and the whirling wheels rolled merrily along the broad white high-road between hedges of flowering trees and shrubs, enveloping all in a cloud of dust —a miniature of those great clouds that rolled in soft and fleecy volumes up the sides of the mountains under the dissolving heat of the sun. All along the way groups of country folk were met travelling to the town with baskets of fruit balanced upon their heads. From one woman was purchased two large custard-apples and about a dozen oranges, fresh pulled and still moist with the dew, for which, if memory serves, the price of a "penny-'a'-penny" was paid.

Everywhere along the road-side quaint low straw-thatched huts with mud walls crouched behind hedges of cactus or hid beneath masses of foliage and flowers. Little naked children ran in and out, and under the palm-leaf-thatched porch of one hut a negro tailor sat sewing at a prosaic sewing-machine.

At one place, where a wattled group of houses clustered together, a store stood with open front toward the road. It would be hard to guess what they sold in that store, but it was sufficient to collect a group of country folk, who stood gossiping and chattering, whilst the donkeys that belonged to them rubbed noses philosophically at the road-side without.

It was all the very essence of Jamaica life, picturesque, shiftless, dirty, aimlessly busy.

Then a sudden by-road turned abruptly from the highway, and ran winding down through the scrub trees of a neglected plantation, and with the high-road all the accustomed life was left behind. It seemed as though a different atmosphere were entered.

By-and-by a cluster of low straw houses was seen through the trees—stray coolie huts that had, as it were, wandered away from the main settlement. In front were two or three bamboo poles standing high in the air, with a red flag fluttering at the tip. Such poles and flags always indicate the presence of coolie life, but why they are planted is a matter of uncertainty. One informant said that they were intended to keep away the evil spirit that was, perhaps, troubling some one with the fever or the colic.

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As we passed quickly beneath the shifting picture of sunlight and shadow, we came of a sudden to a stone water-tank beside the road in an opening of the dense foliage, and there, in a blaze of light, sat an ancient sibyl-like turbaned figure, barearmed and barelegged, clad in scanty white costume. It was the first real glimpse of East Indian life at home, and she looked impressively like some old Hindoo witch. No doubt, as she shook her fist and uttered an unintelligible string of words, she did something else than bless the curiosity that led the strangers to stop and stare at her.

A strange assortment of straw and wattled huts clustered thickly together along an uneven street alive with naked babies, half-naked men, and women in bright colors. The women and the children wore curious silver bangles at the wrists and silver bands at the neck, and some of the younger females wore huge ear-rings, and in some instances a ring or ornament neatly set into the cartilage of the nose.

A tree stood almost in the middle of the village, and upon the ground at the root sat an old man, lean and naked, excepting for a breech-cloth around his waist and a turban upon his head, his hands clasped together and his body swaying



"AN ANCIENT SIBYL-LIKE FIGURE."

backward and forward and from side to side in the earnestness of his prayers. Maybe he was communing with Brahma, who was as close to him here as he was in that far-away Indian home.

A crowd gathered round the carriage, gabbling and chattering in Hindostanee.

Perhaps white visitors were hardly as common among them as in like places here or in other islands, for the children were shy and stood at a little distance, looking on with faces expressive of various emotions, from grinning shyness to frowning curiosity.

One young, rather pretty woman, with a baby set astride of her hip and a triple set of bangles on her arms, spoke excellent English. In answer to a request, she stripped the quaint silver ornaments from her wrists and held them out for a closer inspection. Nearly always travellers bring home a few of these trinkets from the coolie settlements. They are less coarse and garish if they be worn a little, and more interesting if purchased directly from the dusky arm of the wearer.



"AN OLD MAN, LEAN AND NAKED."

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"A CROWD GATHERED AROUND."

V.

Once, in times past, it might almost have been said that Jamaica and sugar were synonyms, so inseparably was the idea attached to the one name suggestive of that attached to the other. Now the one-time magnificence of those old sugar days has disappeared, like many another departed glory, into the yawning grave of the past. Nevertheless, the old sugar king, now dead and gone, has, so to speak, left behind some of his old clothes, and by them we can see what a fine fellow he was in those times.

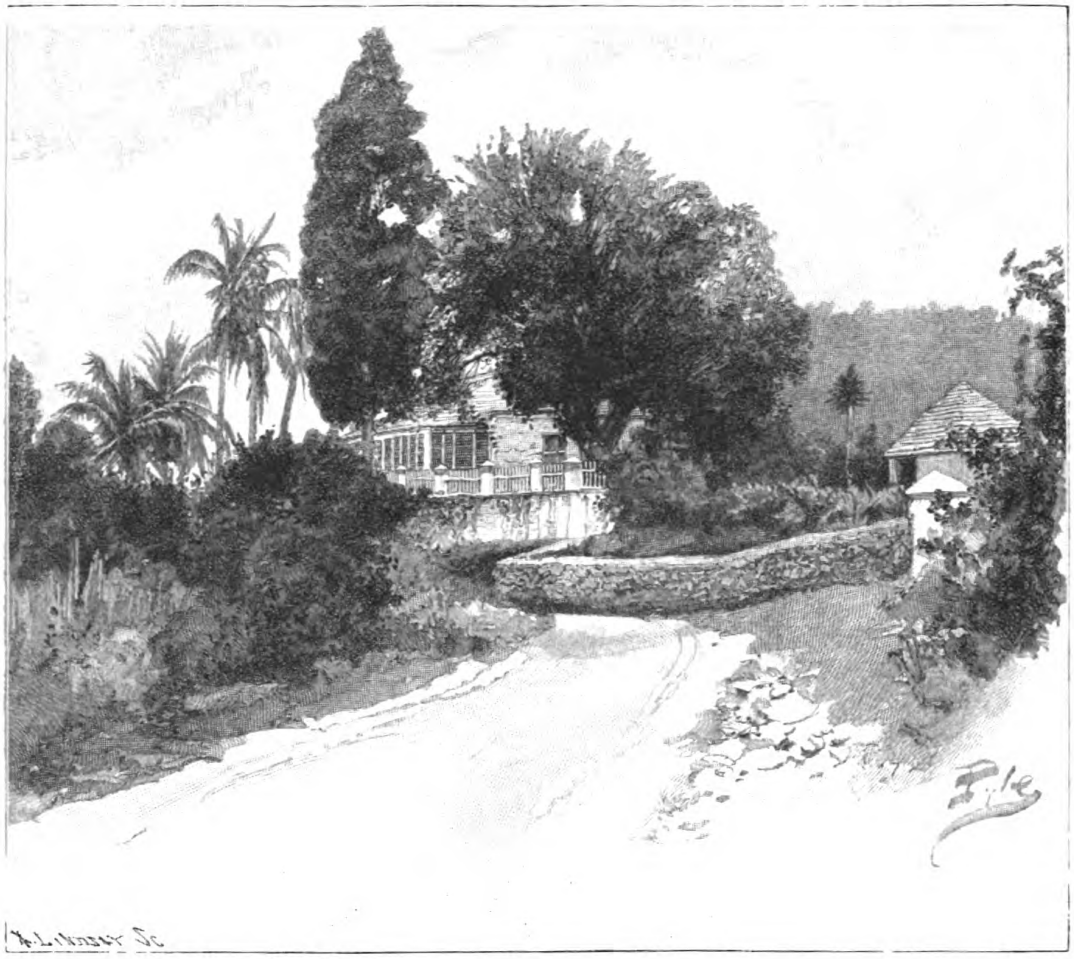
Everywhere throughout the valleys of Liguanea one sees remains of that by-gone time of busy prosperity—solidly built plantation houses standing back from the road-side upon shady terraces or behind the park wall, sometimes showing signs of life, sometimes empty of all things but the ghosts of the past.

One sees the massive stone arches of great aqueducts running across the plains from mountain reservoirs miles away; and oftentimes, following such an aqueduct to its termination, one comes upon the ruins of an old-time sugar-mill enveloped in vines and buried in a green grave of foliage, its massive stone walls toppling out and its roof tumbling in.

At other times one sees signs of that by-gone industry still remaining; one passes through the vivid green of growing cane fields; one finds the long straggling aqueduct still alive with the rushing flood that sets the great laboring mill-wheel a-turning. The hum of life greets the ears, and to the nostrils comes the pungent molasses-like smell of the sugar liquor streaming from the crushing rollers that grind the jointed cane into a tasteless fibre fit only for burning.

One such sugar plantation, still busy with living industry, lies in a fertile valley behind a spur of the long mountains, and within four or five miles of the town of Kingston. A gateway opens upon a wide level yard, at the upper end of which,

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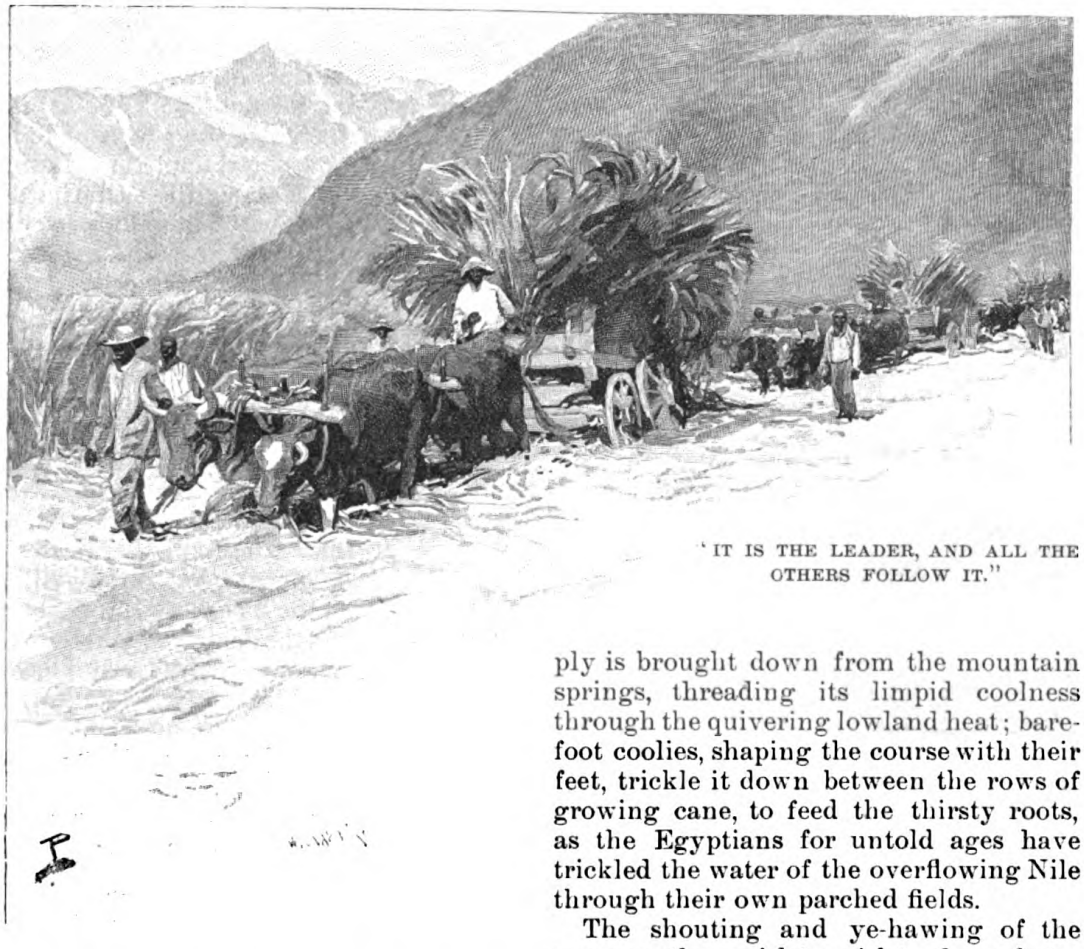
"PLANTATION HOUSES STANDING BACK FROM THE ROAD-SIDE."

and directly fronting the entrance, sits the low white-walled house of the overseer, surrounded by flowering trees overtopped by two tall cocoa-palms. Upon the right-hand side stands the mill. It is a simple structure, little else than a roof perched upon six pillars, and, excepting for the surroundings, not in itself very picturesque. But the great cloudy mountains loom up into a blue background, and the busy coolie laborers, carrying bundles of cane from huge stacks in front to the crushing mill within, give a foreground of color and motion and variety. The machinery within is of the simplest description; a great groaning overshot water-wheel turns a pair of heavy iron rollers, between which a negro boy feeds the cane. The gushing juice runs through a long trough to the boiling-house a few hundred feet away, where it is boiled until it crystallizes into a brown mass of commingled sugar and molasses. The molasses is afterward extracted by machinery, and the honey yellow crystals of sugar left sweet and pure. Everywhere throughout the island the raw sugar is used for sweetening purposes. It is quite dry and granular; not at all like the coarse brown sugar of our markets.

Nowadays the molasses is never exported, but, mixed with the waste of the boiling-house, is allowed to ferment, and is then distilled into the famous Jamaica rum—a liquid fire with which the native negroes sometimes drink themselves mad.

Fuel is almost unattainable in Jamaica, and the dry shreds of the cane as they come from the rollers are carried away to the boiling-house, to be used for that purpose. This part of the labor is deputed to the old men and women; and there below where the rollers discharge the waste they are loaded one by one, and then march away with a great stack of the fibre balanced upon their heads.

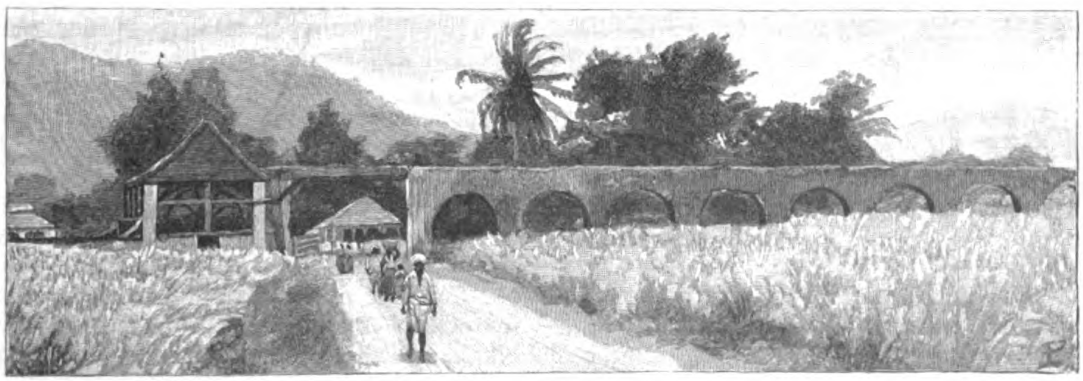
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"IT IS THE LEADER, AND ALL THE OTHERS FOLLOW IT."

The broad waving green of the cane fields stretches away upon all sides, threaded everywhere by the high grassy banks of irrigating canals that carry the water down from the highlands above. Natural streams of water are not plentiful in the plains of Liguanea, and such as are to be found are treacherously apt to wither away into arid beds of rocks in the dry season. So a safe and sure supply is brought down from the mountain springs, threading its limpid coolness through the quivering lowland heat; barefoot coolies, shaping the course with their feet, trickle it down between the rows of growing cane, to feed the thirsty roots, as the Egyptians for untold ages have trickled the water of the overflowing Nile through their own parched fields.

The shouting and ye-hawing of the negroes, the swish! swish! of machetes cutting through the tough stalks, and the rustling of the cane bespeak the presence of a field ripe for cutting, even before one turns the corner. A broad fenceless expanse, spread thickly with the leaves that have been stripped from the stalk, stretches away, bounded by the waving green of the standing cane, and alive with the rustle of negroes and coolies busy about their work. The negroes sing and laugh and



"THE LONG STRAGGLING AQUEDUCT."

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"A TURBANED NEGRO WOMAN SAT WITH HER KNITTING."

chatter; the coolies work steadily in almost sullen silence. Double yokes of great patient oxen stand knee-deep in the leaves, browsing upon the sweet blades, whilst the negroes pile the leafless joints helter-skelter into the carts. One cart carries only cane from which the leaves have not been stripped. It is the leader, and all the others follow it from the field to the mill. We stood and watched, and the labor music sounded to Northern ears like an echo of harvest-time in that far-away Northern land, doubly dear because of the stern coldness that makes a hard wooing needful to win a slow consent.

VI.

It seems strange in this wild tropical land to come across the quaint old English names tacked to negro villages and wildernesses of rank growth. The counties — Cornwall, Middlesex, Surrey; the parishes of Westmoreland, Clarendon, and Portland; districts of St. Dorothy, St. David, and St. Thomas in the Vale; the towns of Falmouth, Chappleton, Bath, and Mandeville. One hardly knows what to look for or what to expect in the actuality of places with such names. Fancy is rather inclined to picture them as settlements, perhaps, of sturdy English yeomen hidden among the upland tangles of rank growths, flowering shrubs, and tree-ferns. Nor is the reality less incongruous than fancy's picture itself.

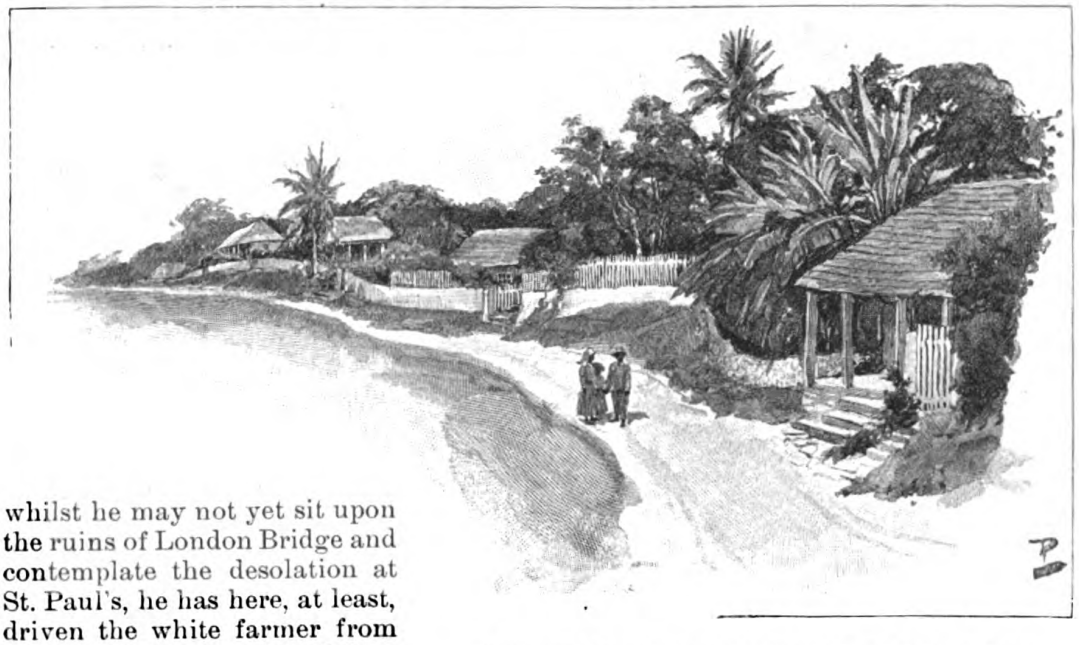
The village of Mandeville, in the parish of Manchester and the county of Middlesex, surrounded by such places as Shirehampton, Somerset, Battersea, and Shooter's Hill, is a fair example of the better class of similar towns.

Once those names held a real meaning to the early pioneer settlers, who bestowed them upon strange tropic wildernesses as a reminder, in sound at least, of that far-away English home left behind, perhaps forever. Now they who gave the names have passed away, and a new life has filled the empty shell that the old life left behind.

The crooked winding road that leads into the village runs beside the stone walls and fences, the gateways, the gardens, and the cozy cottages of what looks at first glance to be almost the copy of an English village. But instead of larkspurs and daffodils behind the walls and fences and within the gateways and gardens, are the blazing flowers of the cactus and the pale blossoms of the orchid. In the place of hazel are fluttering banana leaves; in the place of oak and beech are palm and cotton trees; in the place of the yews are lignumvitæ shrubs, thick set with blue and white flowers.

And as this strange vegetation has crowded into the familiar setting, so a strange life has filled places bearing these old familiar names. Nowhere does one see white faces; all the peasantry are black, and the lords of the soil are brown or dusky at least. It is, as it were, a dim breath of the coming Feejee Islander; for

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"THE CROOKED WINDING ROAD THAT LEADS INTO THE VILLAGE."

whilst he may not yet sit upon the ruins of London Bridge and contemplate the desolation at St. Paul's, he has here, at least, driven the white farmer from Middlesex and the white fisherman from Falmouth, and sits supreme upon Shooter's Hill, lord and master of all.

The winding road, with its stone walls and its gardens and its cottages, rises an abrupt little hill, and terminates in a village green. Upon the green fronts the rectory, a cozy, comfortable, white-walled house, broad built and roomy, sitting back behind a picket-fence, and under the shade of some strange flowering tree.



"HE SAT HIM DOWN BY THE GARDEN GATE."

Near the rectory is the parish church, square-towered and standing back in its yard behind a low white wall. Some boys were playing at cricket upon the village green, and for a moment it seemed all like a piece of old-time English life.

But the afternoon sun burned with a hot angry glare, the cricketers had black faces, and a turbaned negro woman sat under the shade with her knitting, and a pile of gingerbread was displayed upon a tray in front of her.

They are peaceful, quiet, patient people, these black mountain peasants, and quaint and odd characters crop out here and there. One morning an itinerant preacher made his appearance at the cottage where we had taken up our inn. He came groaning and sighing and muttering to himself as though he bore the weight of all the sins of Jamaica upon his shoulders. He was barefoot, and helped himself on his weary way with a long wooden staff, and under his arm he carried a dog-eared Bible.

He bore himself like an ancient prophet, and would have looked like one only for his black face and a rusty stove-pipe hat. He sat him down by the garden gate, and

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"AND THITHER CHILDREN BROUGHT DONKEYS EVERY MORNING."

laid his hat upon the ground beside him, and his Bible upon his knees, and then he began swaying his body from side to side, and groaning most lamentably. "O Lord! O bless the Lord! O ye sinners come and drink at the fountain!" Then, with an upward roll of the eyes that took in the visitors: "Here's the place to get your heavenly money! Here's the place to get your heavenly shillings and sixpences! O Lord! O bless the Lord!" etc., etc. It seemed little less than sacrilege, and I confess to a feeling of timorous hesitation at doing what I did, but there was a certain suggestiveness in the words, "Shilling and sixpence." I gave the prophet a shilling, and a young English traveller gave him another. At the touch of the coins the groans quieted to grunts, the money disappeared with a muffled chink, and the spirit ceased to wrestle. They told us that he was about to preach, but he did not give forth even so much as a text.

So soon as the money was safely in his pocket he took up his staff and covered his head with his rusty high hat. "Well, I must be going," he muttered. "Well, I must be going—weary, weary way." And thereupon took himself off with his bare feet, his staff tapping along beside him. There was something very funny in the abruptness of the departure after he had got his two shillings.

There are few or no springs in the neighborhood of Mandeville, but the rains are plentiful throughout almost the whole year, and great reservoirs are built to catch the downpour. Thence it runs into cisterns, where it is stored for future use.

Every house has its reservoir and tank, and great terraces of concrete catch the supply for public use. Such a public tank stood by the corner of a side street close to the village common, and thither the children brought donkeys every morning with great tin pails slung in the panniers, and thence the pails, filled with water, were carried perhaps miles away to some straw-thatched cottage hidden in the gorges of the hills among banana and plantain trees.

In all the houses one finds the filter and the water jar of porous clay, kept ever cool by the evaporation of moisture that



"IN ALL HOUSES ONE FINDS THE FILTER AND THE WATER JAR."

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bedews its round red belly. They are ever kept carefully locked in a wooden cage, and whoever would have a drink of the precious liquor must come and ask the mistress of the house for the key.

Our lodging-house was one very well known to Jamaican travellers — a quaint, cozy, low-built cottage, sitting back from the road, and perched upon a walled terrace, with a garden of brilliant flowering vines and shrubs upon one side, and a vine-shaded porch in front. It is plain, comfortable, substantial, sweet, and immaculately clean—an attribute rarely appertaining to West Indian lodging-houses.

The bedroom window at the back of the house looked out upon a garden of banana plants, and upon orange-trees full at once of blossoms and of ripe fruit. All the air was filled with the fragrance of the flowers, and the fruit hung like balls of gold among the dark green foliage, ready to be plucked and eaten. The people of Mandeville claim that their oranges are the best in the world; they are certainly making a name for themselves even in our superabundant market of delicious fruit.

The perfection of climate is the glory of this peaceful upland village—a perfection that can hardly be found outside the tropics. And of all the day, not even excepting the dewy freshness of the morning, the softness of the quickly fading twilight and swiftly coming night is the sweetest. Then the orange blossoms make the air heavy with their fragrance, and all the darkness is filled with the pulsing murmur of life that wakens with the coming of the tropic night. The cottage porch overlooks the road and a paddock beyond, where from the midst of a lesser growth a giant cotton-tree looms far above all. As the gathering gloom blended the giant and the pigmy into one, bush and sward became alive with thousands of great fire-beetles, that trailed long sparks of flaming light across the wall and along the roadway, and through all the breathless murmur the croaking "snore" of the great tree-frog sounds from out the thickets, echoing loud and resonant through whispering darkness.



"COFFEE-MILL, SURROUNDED BY FLAT STONE TERRACES."

The railway takes one from Kingston to Porus, fifty miles away, now winding through a mountain gorge thick with impenetrable growths, now rattling across a bridge spanning the mighty bed of some mountain stream, parched and dry at this time of the year, but in the rainy season a roaring torrent a quarter of a mile wide and twenty feet deep. At every station along the way are stacks of crooked logwood roots, filling the hot air that breathes

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"A GREAT SECTION OF BAMBOO TRUNK BALANCED UPON HER HEAD."

of coarse leaves and slender tendrils, of roots and branches, and in the season every tougher plant is a garden of blue and red and white flowers. From a branch, elevated a hundred feet, of one cotton-tree that lifted its crown high into the air beside the road a long delicate tendril hung drooping, and terminated within reach of the hand in a delicate green pitcher flower.

Everywhere in these uplands banyan-trees spread their thick foliage over sloping hill-side and paddock, sheltering a quarter of an acre of ground in the cool green of their shadow.

VII.

But it is those magnificent government roads, smooth and even as a threshing-floor, that run north and south through the mountain fastnesses of the eastern end of the island, and in and out through the stupendous gorges of the Blue Mountains, that lead through perhaps the grandest scenery in all the West Indies.

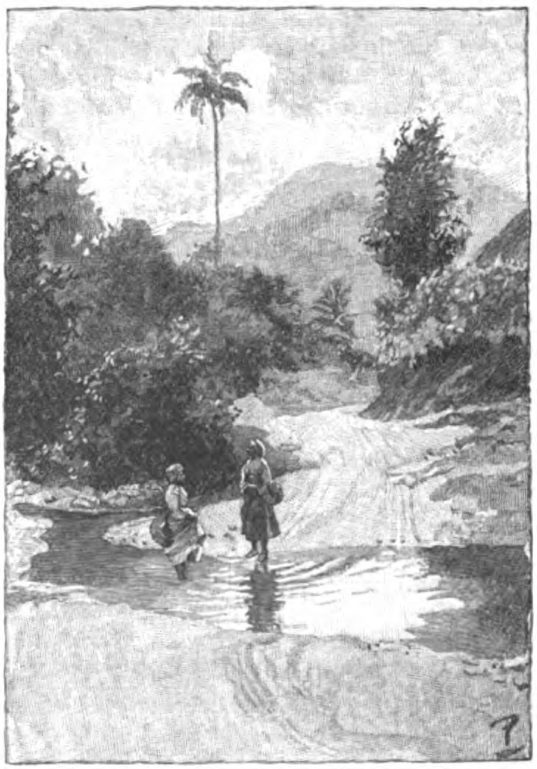
For a distance the highway runs straight and level across the lowlands, under feathery archways of osier-like bamboo thickets rising forty feet over-

through the coach windows with their sweet, pungent odor, and piles of green bananas ready for shipment to Northern markets.

From Porus to Mandeville is a sixteen-mile drive through the mountains. At first, as one follows the level road through the lowlands, one's way leads through blazing hedges of hibiscus and poincetta, that set the way-side ablaze with crimson flowers and crimson leaves.

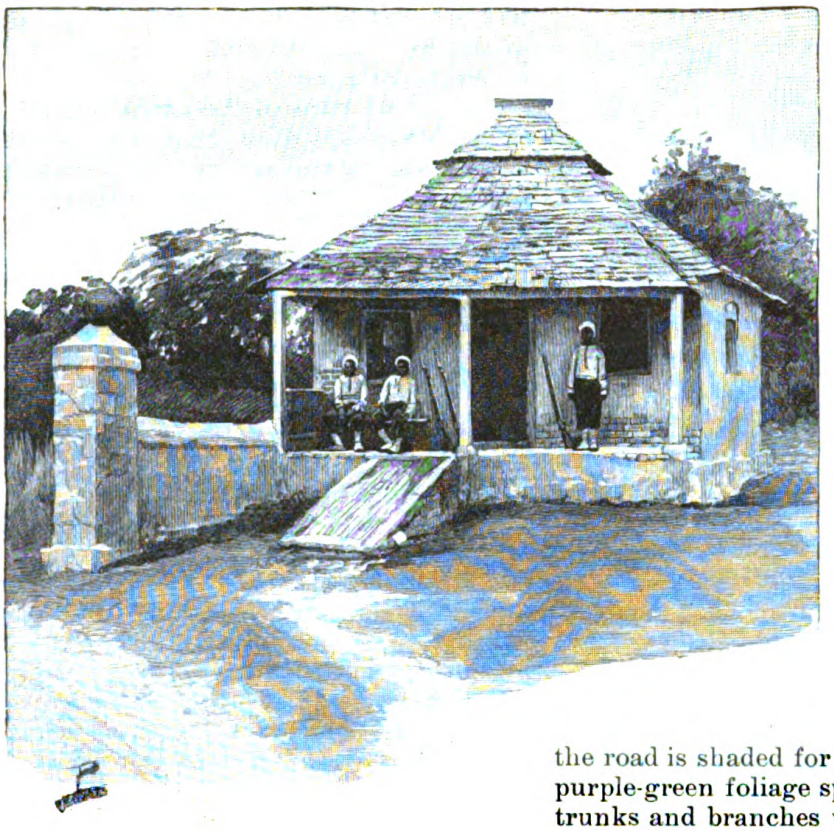
But by-and-by the road begins to rise, and the air to grow thinner and cooler as the sultry lowlands are left behind. One passes thickets of coffee with its fine glossy leaves and crooked knotted branches, and in the midst of the tangle stands the coffee-mill, surrounded by flat stone terraces, where the berry is spread to dry.

Here in the upper heights of the mountains, where cotton-trees rear their gray skeleton-like stems and branches, towering gigantic amidst the lesser growths, and where distant mountains frown from under cloudy brows, one finds one's self in the land of parasite orchids and flowering vines. The limbs of the trees and shrubs are covered thickly with clumps



"TWO NEGRO WOMEN STOOD GOSSIPING AND COOLING THEIR FEET."

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"THE ONLY PICTURESQUE OBJECT IN THE WHOLE HORRID EXPANSE."

head. But by-and-by it begins to slant upward, at first gently and then more and more steeply as the mountains set their rocky faces against it. The character of the vegetation changes, it becomes more tangled, and great fibrous creepers droop festoons of snake-like branches and vivid leaves and trailing tendrils from tree to tree, enveloping the sheer naked cliffs in a curtain of verdure.

In these wilder uplands one comes upon occasional thickets of brownish foliage, in the midst of which hang long red and yellow cucumber-like pods. Within, in a sour-sweet pulp, are rows of round beans about the size of chestnuts. They are the famous cacao nuts, from which the chocolate of commerce is made—the precious freightage of many a Spanish galleon of the old times, the capture of which was reckoned only second by the buccaneers to the taking of a treasure-ship carrying cases of doubloons and pieces of eight. Everywhere one sees the glossy russet beans, spread out in wooden trays in front of the way-side cottages to dry and brown in the oven-heat of the sun.

From one cottage, shaded by broad-leaved banana plants, a pretty smiling mulatto girl brought three of the pods, and offered them with a courtesy and a flashing smile of white teeth.

Another one-time precious freightage comes from the higher peaks of the mountains — pimento — the West Indian pepper spice.

At some places the road is shaded for furlongs with dark purple-green foliage spreading wide from trunks and branches white as silver, and for rods around the air is pungent with its spicy fragrance.

Wherever a mountain stream crosses the roadway one finds cottages of the peasantry collecting more densely into villages.

A little girl came pattering along the road with a great section of bamboo trunk balanced upon her head. It was to be filled with water, and she came from the cottage that we could see at a little distance through the intervening shrubbery. Then we knew that we were near the watercourse, and by-and-by we came to it—a mountain stream, cold as ice and clear as crystal, a welcome sight to hot and thirsty man and beast. Two negro women stood gossiping and cooling their feet in the limpid freshness, and from a way-side school-house the scholars came pouring out and stood in a row along the wattled fence, staring at us.

VIII.

In the outskirts of Kingston, upon the main road, one passes through a gateway into a great bleak open space of some hundred acres, toward the further end of which lay a double row of hideous, uncouth buildings. They are the barracks of the negro regiment. As one bowls

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THE BUGLE-CALL.

along the road and out the gate at the further extremity one passes by a quaint square building, the only picturesque object in the whole horrid expanse. It is the guard-house, and in the shade of the porch are three turbaned soldiers in tight shell jackets and baggy breeches, staring with dull curiosity at the passer-by.

They are a fine-looking body of men, these West Indian soldiers, and with their black faces and the brightness of their uniform lend color and variety to the naked baldness that surrounds them, but I doubt that they make good soldiers, and I have been told that insubordination toward non-commissioned officers is only too apt to prevail.

The island negro is full of legends, stories, and quaint proverbs. It is a pity that they should never have been regularly collected and recorded, for the race of the old time house-slave woman, who held her audience breathless with the wonderful doings of "Anancy" and his wife "Crooky" and a son "Tacooma," is now almost passed away. All of the strange, out-of-the-way phenomena of tropical nature are alive with suggestions of the supernatural and the mysterious to the negro mind.

At various parts of the island are subterranean rivers that here and there make a sudden appearance, to run swiftly for a few miles, and then to disappear again in the bowels of the earth. In places the water appears only in circular sink-holes, always brimming but never overflowing, even in the wet season, or never diminishing, even in the dry. In one of the mountain fastnesses a negro guide pointed out to me such a gloomy pool, with neither inlet nor outlet. To him it was the habitation of some monstrous subaqueous creature named "Croomie." He told me that nobody dared even go near to the margin, for "Croomie," would catch him and pull him under. I could gather nothing from him but the bare facts, for when I pressed him for further detail concerning "Croomie's" character and habits, he evidently took my questions for covert ridicule, and withdrew himself into the shell of noncomprehension.

In their peculiar dialect the negroes possess a fund of quaint saws and proverbs. "Alligator lay eggs, but him no fowl," says one. "Fishermen never say him fish t'ink," says another. Referring to the land-crab, "Little crab-hole spoil big race-horse." Some of these quaint sayings show not only the keen insight of the semi-savage into the characteristics of the voiceless creation, but also a wonderfully sly and cunning knowledge of the weakness of poor human nature.

"Duck and fowl feed togedder, but no roost togedder." "When man dead, grass grow at him door." "Dog run for him character, pig run for him life." "Hungry dog eat cockroach." "Man bit by snake, him run away from lizard." Such are a few of the many score of the like sayings that pass current from mouth to mouth of the merry black island peasantry.

Such are a few fragments of Jamaica past and Jamaica present—the past full of malign vigor and growth, a poisonous luxuriance of glory, and the seeds of decay in its birth; the present inheriting the dead picturesque shell the other left behind, and planting it like a dry and empty gourd, with the wild flower in its own nature.

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THE SONG OF MONTEREY.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

THE charm of the isle of the lotus,
El Monte, the beautiful, keeps;
In all her fairy-land borders
The spirit of bloom never sleeps.
Through fringes of palm and pampas
The lake's blue splendor shines,
And the white magnolia, starlike,
Gleams under the cloudy pines.

Yet may you dream all day
By the flowers and fountain spray;
Not there shall you hear the burden
Of the song of Monterey.

Go forth to the windy headland,
Where the cypress-trees look down
Like giants agèd and stricken,
Yet wearing the green-wood crown.
Mighty the voices that hail you
With the lore of olden time,
In the chant of the marching billows
And strong boughs' answering chime.

But the ocean, waste and gray,
And the trees, though they sing alway,
Know not the grander meaning
Of the song of Monterey.

Where the snowy surf more gently
On a curving inlet falls,
Stands Carmel's lonely mission
In its crumbling garden walls.
Hushed are the bells in the belfry,
And no longer the massive door
Swings back while a dark procession
Kneels on the earthen floor.

Let your heart in stillness pray
With the worshippers passed away:
Oh, hear you not now the prelude
Of the song of Monterey?

For here is the memory holy
Of Serra, the saint of the West,
Who brought to these pathless borders
The cross and the symbols blest;
Here first was the *Gloria* chanted;
The forest and desert heard,
And wherever he passed, new voices
Repeated the sacred word.

Pleasant as brooks in May,
When they burst from winter's sway,
Through clustering homes and vineyards
Grew the song of Monterey.

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Wayworn at last and dying,
  Home to the mission he came;
There his followers thronged at bell-call
  To watch his life's last flame.
Once more was the anthem lifted;
  But hark! his voice alone,
While the singers weep and falter,
  Bears the music to the Throne.

The swell of that parting lay
Is in the sweet air to-day;
That life of sublime devotion
Is the song of Monterey.

Yonder in palace and garden
  May the tide of pleasure roll,
But the years far off shall listen
  To this meek, majestic soul.
Still shall the pines their censers
  Of pungent odors swing,
And the resonant waves of Carmel
  In slow, deep measure sing:

"Peace to the slumbering clay,
And joy in the heavens for aye
To him who awoke for the ages
The song of Monterey!"

THE LAKE DWELLERS.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

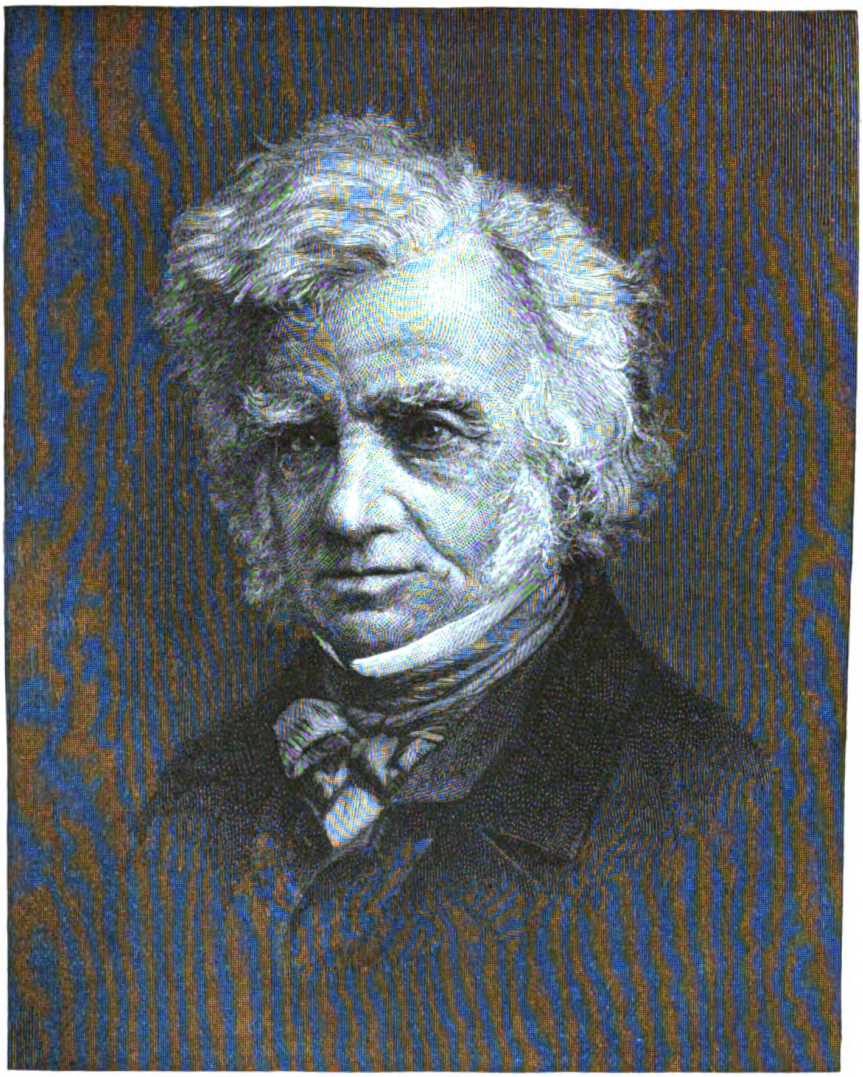
THE recent discovery of tombs of the lake dwellers has awakened a renewed interest in the people of prehistoric Switzerland. Tourists will hardly be content any more to pass through Switzerland without visiting one or more of the museums where the collections made from the excavated lake dwellings are exhibited.

Perhaps the most extensive exhibition of these relics is the one at the "Helm House," in Zürich. There one sees what are in fact the greatest antiquities of the whole world. There are hundreds and thousands of specimens of stone, wood, cloth, weapons and ornaments, of a people whose towns were old a thousand years before gray old excavated Pompeii was ever thought of.

To Professor Ferdinand Keller before all others the world is indebted for a knowledge of what it probably was before the time of history. All the later years of his life were devoted to the investigation of the lake dwellers' villages, and no man was so competent as he to rejuvenate those dead old skulls and relics, lifting a thousand years from the forgotten past into the middle of the nineteenth century.

Keller has translated the hieroglyphics of the dead ages. He has explained how the antiquarians have divided all the prehistoric past into the ages of stone, of bronze, and of iron; how the lake dwellings of Switzerland were first discovered at Meilen, on the lake of Zürich, in 1829, and more fully revealed in 1853–4; and how the world at large shut its eyes, almost, to the great contribution made to history. He has told, too, how the patient, hard-working investigators, of whom he is chief, have uncovered and dug out enough of these buried towns to prove that our "best families" don't need to break off their ancestral line with William the Conqueror, or with any other William. Those of us who think we might be proud of our far-off progenitors may yet be gratified to see

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PROFESSOR FERDINAND KELLER.

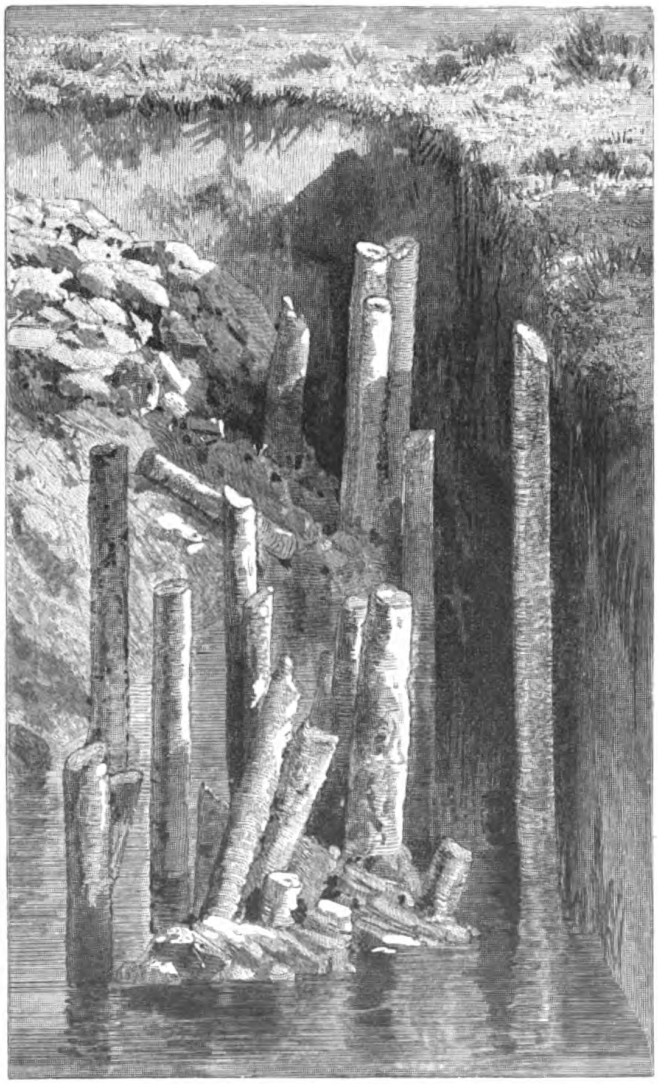
some shrewd Yankee following our line for us clear back to Orgetorix, the youngest offspring of our Celtic grandfathers of the lake dwellers.

If our American tourist will take a little more time, jump on the cars, and ride out to Robenhausen, on the lake of Pfäffikon, he will there witness with his own eyes the turf beds and the lake giving up the secrets of the age of stone. Robenhausen is a town of the stone-age period. It was perhaps twelve hundred feet square, standing on a platform built on a hundred thousand piles driven into the bottom of the shallow lake, about three hundred yards from the shore. Like all the other Swiss lake towns, it was connected with the land by a long bridge, also built on piles. The illustration on next page gives an idea of how a section of this partly excavated village looked when first uncovered. Of course the visitor now will see little except chopped-off piles sticking in the peat, and among them the débris of the villages that have here gone to ruin. Robenhausen had been partly burned down and built up again on the same site, but at intervals of ages, probably, apart; so that the peat bed shows on being opened three sets of piles, one above the other. The only way of judging of the probable age of these lake dwellings is by estimating the centuries required for peat beds to form. Reckoned in this manner, the age of the first town built at the bottom of Robenhausen must be prodigious.

In these lake villages once lived a people as much civilized, possibly, as are the

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Mexicans of to-day. They tilled the soil, they dwelt in houses, they wove fine linen, they had articles of luxury, and traded more or less with other countries. Of them there are no written annals. History stops stock-still with Switzerland only sixty years farther back than the birth of Christ. The nearest reference there is in history to these Swiss lake dwellers is where Cæsar tells how a quarter of a million armed Helvetians, under Divico, burned down their homes and marched into Gaul. Cæsar himself, after great battling, defeated them, and drove them back into their own country. There is now much reason to believe that these Helvetians were the last of the lake dwellers. It is known that most of the lake villages were destroyed by fire, and it is altogether probable that when Cæsar compelled the people to return they established new homes on the shore, instead of rebuilding their lake dwellings, which they had left in search of a sunnier clime and a more grateful soil than were found amid the Alps.

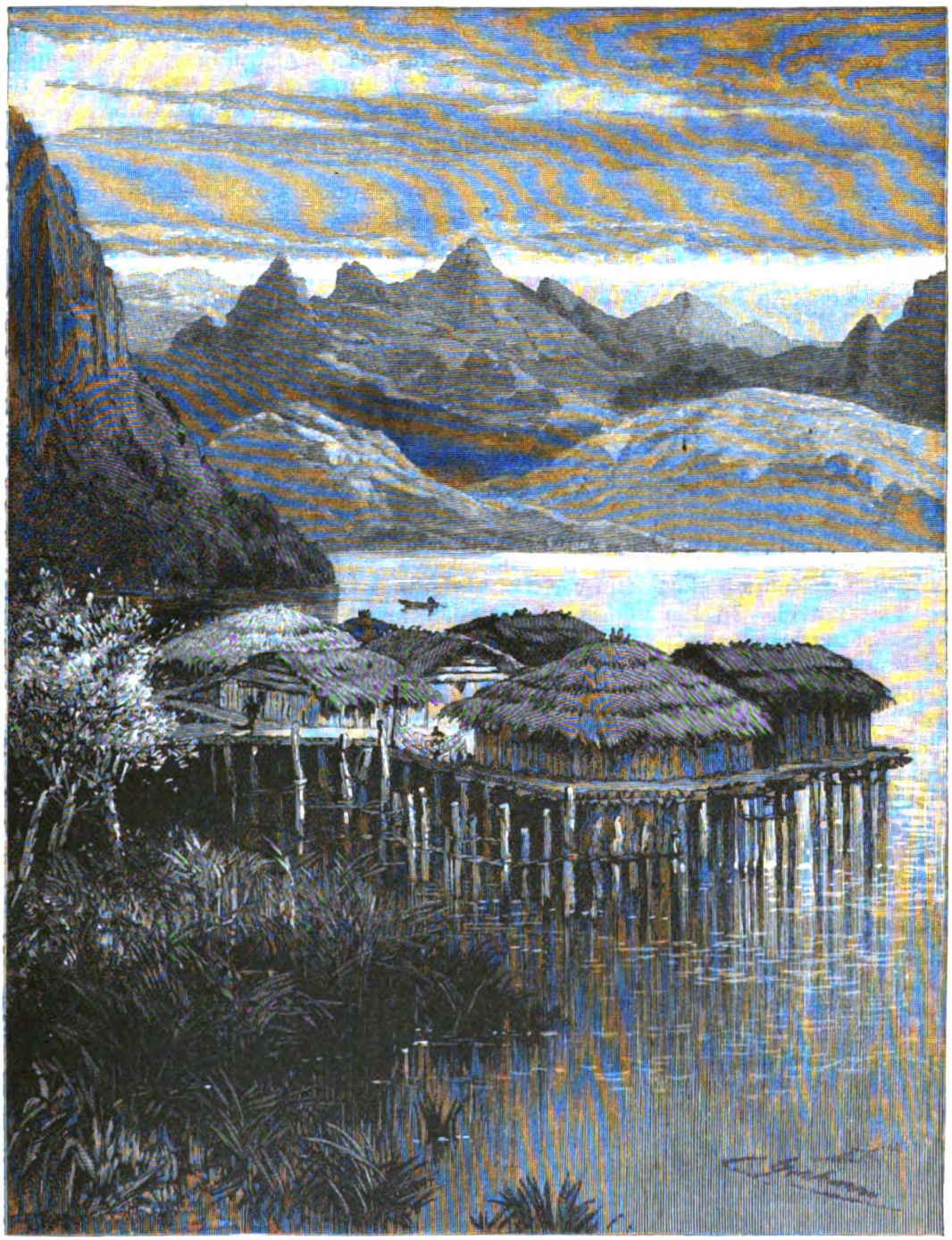


SECTION OF PEAT BED EXCAVATED, SHOWING PILES OF THE LAKE DWELLINGS.

It is now known that these lake villages existed in the protected nooks and shallow bays of all the lakes in Switzerland. Robenhausen is the first and about the only one of the stone period that has been properly excavated. There is now a great deep turf moor where formerly were the waters of the lake. In this turf bed principally lies the buried town. It belonged to a period when metals of all kinds were unknown. At that time arms and axes were all made of polished stone. Knives and saws and lance points were made of flint, and most ornaments for the person were made of bone. The grinding-mill consisted simply of a large stone, slightly hollowed out, upon which the wheat was placed, and rubbed into flour by hand with a smaller stone. Stanley says that just such mills are used in Central Africa to-day. The art of weaving cloth was well understood, and interesting and handsome specimens from the loom appear often. The people dressed in skins, and in clothes woven from flax. They hunted and fished and farmed.

And now as to their towns. Robenhausen is a specimen. Who goes to Robenhausen expecting to see whole houses and streets or anything of that sort suddenly uncovered will be greatly disappointed. It is mostly masses of rotten ruins, earth filled with broken pieces of pottery, parts of piles, hundreds of them still standing, through which the spade easily passes, water, mud, and turf—this

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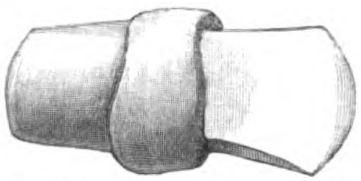


IDEAL VIEW OF A LAKE VILLAGE.

is about all that will be seen. It will be something to him, however, to know that untold thousands of human beings like himself were born, fought the battle of life, and died right where he is standing; and to reflect that thousands of years do not materially change the heart of man, nor affect his destiny. Robenhausen, it is estimated, was built on a platform supported by one hundred thousand piles. These piles were originally about twelve feet long and eighteen inches in circumference. They were mostly of cedar, oak, and beech-wood; had been sharpened, often by fire, and were driven into the bottom of the lake in lines in a perfectly

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regular order. On these piles, at the top, cross timbers were mortised, and on these was built the platform or the base of the lake dwellers' houses. These houses, which were often crowded closely together on the platform, were usually one-story huts, about twenty-two feet wide by twenty-seven feet long, and containing but a

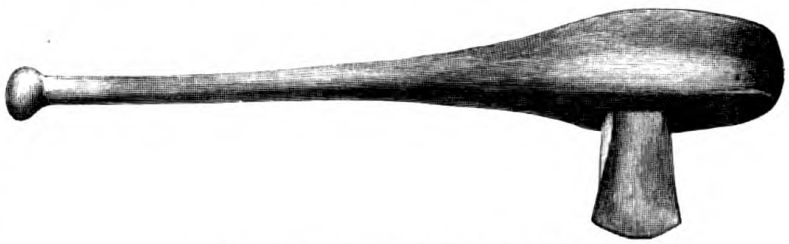


STONE CELT WITH STAG-HORN HANDLE.

single room. They were built with upright poles, matted together with rods and twigs, and were plastered with clay, two or three inches thick, inside and out. The floors also were often plastered over with clay and gravel. In the middle of the room was the hearth, composed of slabs of sandstone. The roofs of the houses were made of straw, bark, or rushes, and in almost every hut the remains of a loom and a hand-mill, or grinding-stone, have been found, showing that the people generally did their own weaving and grinding at home. At Niederwyl, near by, Messikommer, under whose guidance the excavations at Robenhausen were conducted, succeeded in uncovering two of these houses completely, finding them in tolerable preservation. Round huts have also been discovered, but they are not of frequent occurrence. It is now also known that huts were built on the platforms for domestic animals belonging to the villagers, and it is probable that at evening the sheep, goats, and cows—for they possessed all these—were driven from the green pastures on the shore into safe quarters in the town. The great platform on which the village stood was reached by a long bridge, also built by driving piles in the lake. The remains of these bridges are found, showing their exact position and length. Nobody doubts any longer the purpose these people had in building their towns in the water. Security against wild beasts and wilder men could have been the only object in selecting a method of living so inconvenient, and in winter so uncomfortable. As the people of the Middle Ages built castles and walled towns for security against every foe, so the lake dwellers adopted the cheaper and simpler method of placing their homes far out in the water, where at night a simple guard at the bridge was sufficient to protect the whole town.

A certain knowledge of what the lake dwellers were and how they must have lived is obtained from the relics found among the ruins of their towns. Charred wood does not decay, and the partially carbonized cloth and wooden implements and grains, together with the thousands of specimens of stone, bone, bronze, and iron implements excavated from villages of different periods, serve as the alphabet by which we may partly decipher the story of the lake dwellers' lives. As already mentioned, the towns were very frequently burned, and at these conflagrations many objects, having been partially charred, fell into the water as the scaffoldings gave way, sank into the mud of the lake, and by means of this charring have been preserved to the present day.

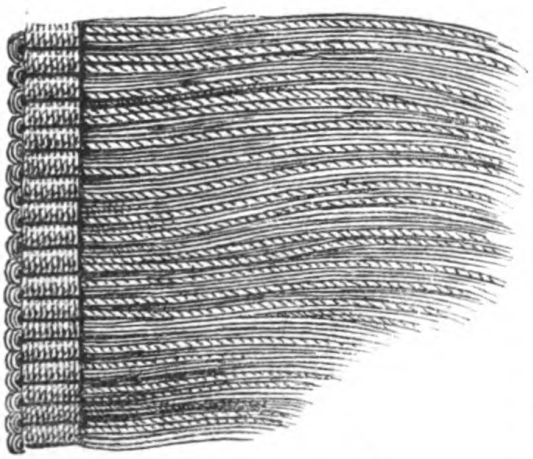
In the course of time the lakes receded, and turf beds covered the spot where villages had stood. It would be wearisome to point out here all or a large fraction even of various relics that have been already excavated. The more characteristic and the more singular, however, cannot be overlooked. The implements most frequently found, whether in the towns of the stone or bronze age, were celts. These celts are a sort of chisel or hatchet made of very hard stone, often, too, of a stone not found in Switzerland, and indeed not in Europe, showing conclusively that the people had trade with the far-off East. They vary in weight and size and form. Usually they are about six inches long,



STONE CELT WITH WOODEN HANDLE.

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and wedge-shaped. They are set in haftings or handles made from the horns of stags, and are almost as sharp as a knife. The labor of making and setting them, without the aid of any metal tool, must have been prodigious. For years the antiquarians have puzzled themselves as to the probable uses of this stone celt. An ordinary backwoodsman, however, would soon conclude that they could be, and likely were, used for almost every purpose, varying with their form, size, and method of hafting. The smaller celt was in fact the hunter's jack-knife and hatchet combined, and served to cut his kindling-wood, to bark trees, skin beasts, to cut



THREAD AND FRINGE.

meat, and to fight bears. The larger ones were sometimes on the ends of lances, and were used in battle.

The rarest stone possessed by these people was the nephrite, a sort of green crystal. It was sufficiently hard to cut glass, and was to the lake dwellers what the diamond is to us. Of this the finer celts were manufactured, and they must have been of exceeding value.

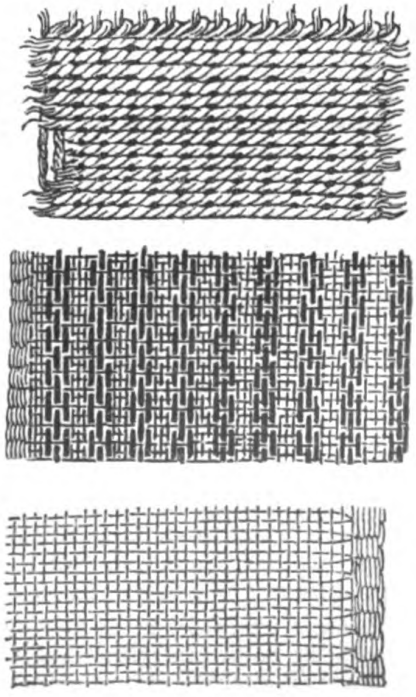
Mineralogists say this nephrite crystal is only found in its raw state in Egypt and China. If true, the early emigrants coming to the lake-dwelling country from Asia must have brought these implements with them, as no signs of their having been manufactured in the Alps have yet been discovered. The specimens of woven cloth, plaiting, and embroidery that have been excavated would do credit to a more modern civilization. The character of the cloth scarcely corresponds with the generally primitive condition of the people of the stone age; yet, as parts of the looms and hundreds of specimens of cloth have been dug out, there can be no doubt that the weaving was their own. It affords proof, too, of what may be done in the way of weaving with the most simple apparatus of the loom kind.



SKEIN OF FLAX CORD.

Dressed leather has also been found in the excavations, as well as a wooden last, showing that the people covered the feet with some sort of a leather shoe or sandal. Among the more interesting specimens from the stone age found at Robenhausen were long bows made of the yew-wood. The writer has seen one of these bows excavated that measured over five feet in length. It was a perfectly well preserved specimen, with every indication of having been used.

Crescents are another curiosity of the lake dwellings. They are sometimes of stone or clay, and again of wood. In shape they are half moons, and vary in length from six to twenty inches. They have flattened bases, and a few stand on four feet. Until lately they have been



CLOTH.

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considered religious symbols, as it is known that the moon was an object of adoration among Eastern nations in remote antiquity. Recent investigations, however, have led to the belief that these half moons were simply head-rests for the ladies of that early period. The immense hair-pins of every shape and length that have been excavated prove that the hair-dressing must have been of the most elaborate character, and of such a nature, too, as to make it unnecessary to repeat the operation more than once a week. Of course a woman could not sleep with half a dozen long bone or iron rods sticking out from her head in all directions, nor would the pins and hair remain in position unless the head were supported by some sort of a rest holding it up from the bed or ground. Head-rests



CRESCENT.

of half-moon shape are common in Africa even to-day, and are in some tribes used by both men and women. If our lake dwellers really worshipped the moon, as Cæsar intimates that their descendants did, there is no reason why they should not have made their head-rests or bolsters in a shape to symbolize that orb, thus having the practical and the devotional combined.

Vessels made of pottery, innumerable in number, and of all sorts of queer shapes, have been found both in the stone and bronze age villages, and what is strange about it is that the potter's wheel was unknown. All these varied utensils in clay were formed by hand, though many of them are very perfect in form. The objects in wood that have been found are comparatively few, and are simple and rude in shape. Art must have been exercised almost exclusively on the harder substances, as bone and stone and clay. There was little effort at ornamentation in anything previous to the bronze age, although the clay wares do here and there have lines and dots in a certain regularity, and the little clay balls used in spinning were often pretty in design. The lines and dots on the pottery are so simple and so regular it is scarcely possible to believe them inscriptions, or efforts at writing of any kind. There are no beasts or birds or signs pictured on the clay—simply lines and dots. And yet they are not, after all, more simple than the dots and lines used to represent thought in modern telegraphing. Who knows but that it is possible that some genius will some day read these little dots on the pottery, and repeat to us the story of the lake dwellers?

The bronze-age villages found in the Swiss lakes, though centuries younger, are as interesting as those of the stone age. They were found in deeper water usually than those of the stone age, and had as a rule been built on heaps of stone instead of on wooden piles. One of these stone heaps or islands is found in the little lake of Bienne. It is called Nidau-Steinberg, and is about three and a half acres in extent. Appearances indicate that the stones were all collected from the neighboring hills and boated out to the spot, as the lake bottom is only mud and clay. At present this little stone island lies eight feet below water; but the lake is known to have been lower in ancient times, so that it is probable that when first placed the stones reached above the surface. The relics dug out of the lake about this island prove it to have been one of the first habitations of civilized man. It was one of the early stone-period villages that lasted all through the stone and bronze ages and into the age of iron. All these bronze-age villages that have been discovered show by the better character of the implements made that the inhabitants of that period had advanced in civilization. They were more practical in form, novel in appearance, and often beautiful. Besides, they were all made of bronze, instead of stone or bone. The bronze of the lake dwellers consisted of nine parts of copper and one part of tin. Remains of bronze foundries have been unearthed and small quantities of the raw metal. The smith's art seems not to have been understood at all, as the implements, whether for war, the chase, or the household, are all found to have been cast, and not hammered. Knives, lances, swords, axes, sickles, spears,

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SPECIMENS OF POTTERY.

needles, and a hundred other implements of every shape, and often of elaborate workmanship, have been unearthed, and are now on exhibition in the Swiss museums. The ornamentation on all these varied articles is far in advance of that of the stone age; still there are no beasts, or birds, or human faces, or letters, or characters. The people were still without a knowledge of writing, so far as known. The ladies' jewelry of the period has also been excavated, and exhibited for the admiration of their sisters of a later day. Perhaps the men wore jewelry too; at all events, novel and beautiful things for the ornamentation of the person have been found. They consist of many kinds of ear-rings, bracelets, hair ornaments, brooches, chains, arm bands, etc. The large broad arm bands were showy ornaments that even the ladies of to-day would wear with pleasure. They are open at one side, as shown in the figure; were of graceful form, and prettily chased. Fine specimens of these are to be seen at the Helm House at Zürich. The large round-headed hair needles or pins are also handsome, and are often found set with bright red stones, that must have produced a charming effect when worn in groups or in a half-circle over the back of the head. Pretty necklaces of amber, and ear-rings with pendants made of colored flint, are also discovered, showing curious design and clever workmanship. Some handsome bracelets have been found, with the bone of the arm still in them. Many of these bracelets, it is believed, were put on

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BRACELET.

the arms when the wearers were children, and were left there until they were grown up, as the openings were too small to have admitted the hand of a grown person.

In a sheltered little bay of the lake of Neufchâtel is the lake village of Marin. Marin is considered the best specimen known of a lake town of the iron age. It too, like Nidau-Steinberg, had been built on an artificial island of stones, among which the piles are driven, instead of into the clay bottom of the lake. There is no remarkable difference between the objects found at this town of the iron age, and those of the ages of stone or bronze, except that almost everything discovered here was made of iron. All the weapons of war and the implements of agriculture that the people of the stone and bronze ages possessed are here produced in iron. There is some advance in design, and more specimens of complicated workmanship. Pictures of beasts are found for the first time, but still not a word nor a letter nor a sign that can be read. The people of the early iron age were still without a knowledge of writing.

The most remarkable objects found in this village of the iron age are the wonderful wrought-iron swords. Not less than fifty iron swords, with bronze scabbards, have been excavated. Both blade and scabbard of these swords are handsomely ornamented. The patterns differ from all others, wherever found. They are unlike the swords of the stone or bronze age period, and still more unlike those of the early Romans. On a few of them a peculiar mark or brand has been discovered, but nothing sufficient to tell at what period or by whom these swords were made and used.



BRONZE ARM BAND.



IRON SWORD WITH PICTURES OF BEASTS.

The pretty little village of Auvernier lies on the lake of Neufchâtel, and not far from the town of the same name; and here it was that some workmen recently discovered tombs of the ancient lake dwellers. The dead were neither thrown into the lake nor burned, but were buried, something in the fashion of other people, on dry land and in tombs close to their lake villages. This tomb at Auvernier was found about six feet underground, in a hard gravel and clay of the lake shore. It was built of heavy slabs of granite set on edge, and covered with slabs of the same character. There was no stone in the bottom of the vault—simply gravel. The tomb was nearly six feet deep, a little over three and a half feet wide, and only five feet three inches in length. There were twenty skeletons in it—and how so many bodies could have been buried in so small a place is a mystery. The shortness of the tomb must have made it necessary, unless the people were dwarfs, to double the bodies together, or else

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stand them on their feet. One of the slabs composing this old tomb was of Mont Blanc granite, and although a foot thick, fell to pieces on being uncovered. There was also an entrance to this sepulchre, built of rock slabs similar to the tomb itself. The relics found with these bodies consist of a necklace of boars' tusks, beads of bears' and wolves' teeth, a celt or hatchet of serpentine, and two or three bronze rings, pins, and beads. This was probably the burial-place of one of the first families of the lake dwellers, for certainly not every one could bring great granite slabs from far-off Mont Blanc to build a tomb with. The antiquarians place the building of this dead-house at the close of the stone age, when bronze was just beginning to be known as an article of luxury. Recently still other tombs of the lake dwellers have been discovered at Montreux and elsewhere, but, aside from the methods of burial, they throw no new light on the life and times of their occupants. The only safe conclusion to arrive at is that nearly the whole of Switzerland, for centuries and centuries, and at a time of which history takes no account, was settled by a numerous, industrious, and partly civilized people, who for their own protection adopted the practice of building their homes in the waters of the lakes. This sort of life lasted almost to the time of Julius Cæsar, when it was gradually given up, the people of the Alps changing their abodes from the water to the dry land on the advance of Roman civilization.

THE TRYST.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

OUT of the darks and deeps of space,
Where worlds in awful shadow swim,
I came to meet the ancient sun,
Obeying all my bond with him.

Wrapped in the glimmer of my scarf,
My wefts of silver brede and lace,
Woven of stars and winds, I pressed,
And felt his glory on my face.

When, lo, along my hurrying way
A shining jewel he had lost,
Or, sooth, another sphere, a star
That into being he had tost,

A ball of swirling fire, fierce waves
Of molten jewels leaping fast
And shattering crests of flame and jets
Of kindling spume, I saw and passed.

Æons of ages, and again
On my parabolas I swept
Where, lapped in opalescent films,
The fire-ball rolled and, dreaming, slept.

And yet new ages, and I saw
In green of vasty forest shade
That sphere enfolded, and in seas
Where nameless monsters plunged and played.

Once more from darks and deeps of space
To meet my mighty love I sprung:
Lo, the blue sky, the fleecy cloud;
Mooned with soft light the planet swung.

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And there were temples on the heights,
  And homes beneath the fruited trees,
And never had I seen before
  Beings so beautiful as these.

They blushed, they smiled, they laughed, they loved;—
  Fain would I pause before I pass.
What songs they sang! But then what tears
  They wept! And there were graves, alas!

Born of that whorl of fire-mist, now
  A little less than gods, they sought
In vain the secret of the stars,
  The mystery of their own thought.

Away, away! Tremendous whiles
  Shall lapse; but one day, seamed and charred,
I find this soft and gleaming world
  A shrunken ball, a lifeless shard.

And when at last, perchance, I come,
  The elemental force withdrawn
Of light, of heat, of motion, life,
  In that place Nothingness shall yawn.

Away! My master and my lord,
  Still drawn by thy almighty will,
Though worlds be born in purple depths,
  Though worlds shall fail, I seek thee still.

What shudder sways me? ah, what chill
  Shakes all my splendor as I flee?
Can loss like that be ours? Oh, love,
  Can that fate fall on such as we?

YOUMA.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

Part II.

IX.

A STRANGE coast is that on which the valley of Anse-Marine opens,—a coast of fantastic capes and rocks with sinister appellations, in which the Devil is sometimes mentioned. Black iron ore forms the high cliffs; but countless creepers tapestry them, and lianas everywhere dangle down to meet the shore fringe of *patate-bò-lanmè*,—the vivid green sea-vine,—crawling over a sand black as powdered jet. (Its thick leaves when broken show a sap white as milk; and it bears a beautiful carmine cup-shaped flower.) The waves are very long, very heavy;—they crumble over with a crash that deafens, and ghostly uptossings of foam as of waving hands. The sea is never quiet there: north and south the *falaises* perpetually loom through a haze of tepid spray,—rising like smoke to the sun....There is a creole legend that it was not so in other years;—that a priest, mocked by fishermen, shook his black robe against the sea, and cursed it with the curse of eternal unrest....And the fishing-boats and the spread nets rotted on the beach, while men vainly waited for the sea to calm....The foam line never vanishes through the year: it only broadens or narrows, as the surf becomes, under the pressure of the trade-winds, more or less dangerous. Sometimes it whitens far up the river mouths,

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leaps to the summit of the cliffs, and shakes all the land,—though there is scarcely a breeze, and not one cloud in the sky. At such a time you will see that far out, even to the horizon, the flood is blue as lapis lazuli, and smooth as a mirror: the thunder and the foaming do not extend beyond the coast. That is a *raz-de-marée*, —a *raz-de-marée du fond:* the sea swinging from the depths,—rocking from the bottom. This spectacle may endure two, three, four days; and then cease mysteriously as it began.

For the *travailleur* of the eastern plantations, the only barrier between slavery and freedom was this wild sea. There were but few boats on the coast;—north of La Trinité, there were few points from which a boat could be safely launched. But at Anse-Marine there was one such place,—a sort of natural cove in a promontory projecting into deep water from the southern end of the valley-opening,—curving so as to give a lee side. It was thence the *gommier* was launched to the sound of the drum; and a little boat was also kept there in a shed,—the master's private boat,—seldom used....This Gabriel knew how to handle well.

....Before the hour appointed Youma took Mayotte to the beach: the great heat of the day was spent, the strong wind was almost cool, and the cliffs were throwing shadow. A visit to this shore was a delight for the child. There were no pretty little shells like those thrown up by the tide at the Grosse Roche of Saint Pierre, and the surf was too strong to permit of her wading, as she would have wished to do. But it was a joy to see it tumbling and flashing; and the black sand was full of funny yellow hairy-legged crabs, and little sea-roaches—*ravett-lanmè*—which had spades in their tails, to dig holes with; —and sometimes one might meet a baby turtle, just out of the egg, making its way to the water....

The children came soon after,—black and yellow, brown and red,—all in charge of Tanga's daughters, Zoune and Gambi, to see the *gommier* go out. The little ones were not allowed to venture fairly into the water for fear of accidents; but they could gambol on the skirts of the surf to their hearts' content. They screamed and leaped all together whenever a big wave would chase up the sand, whirling and hissing about their little bare feet....

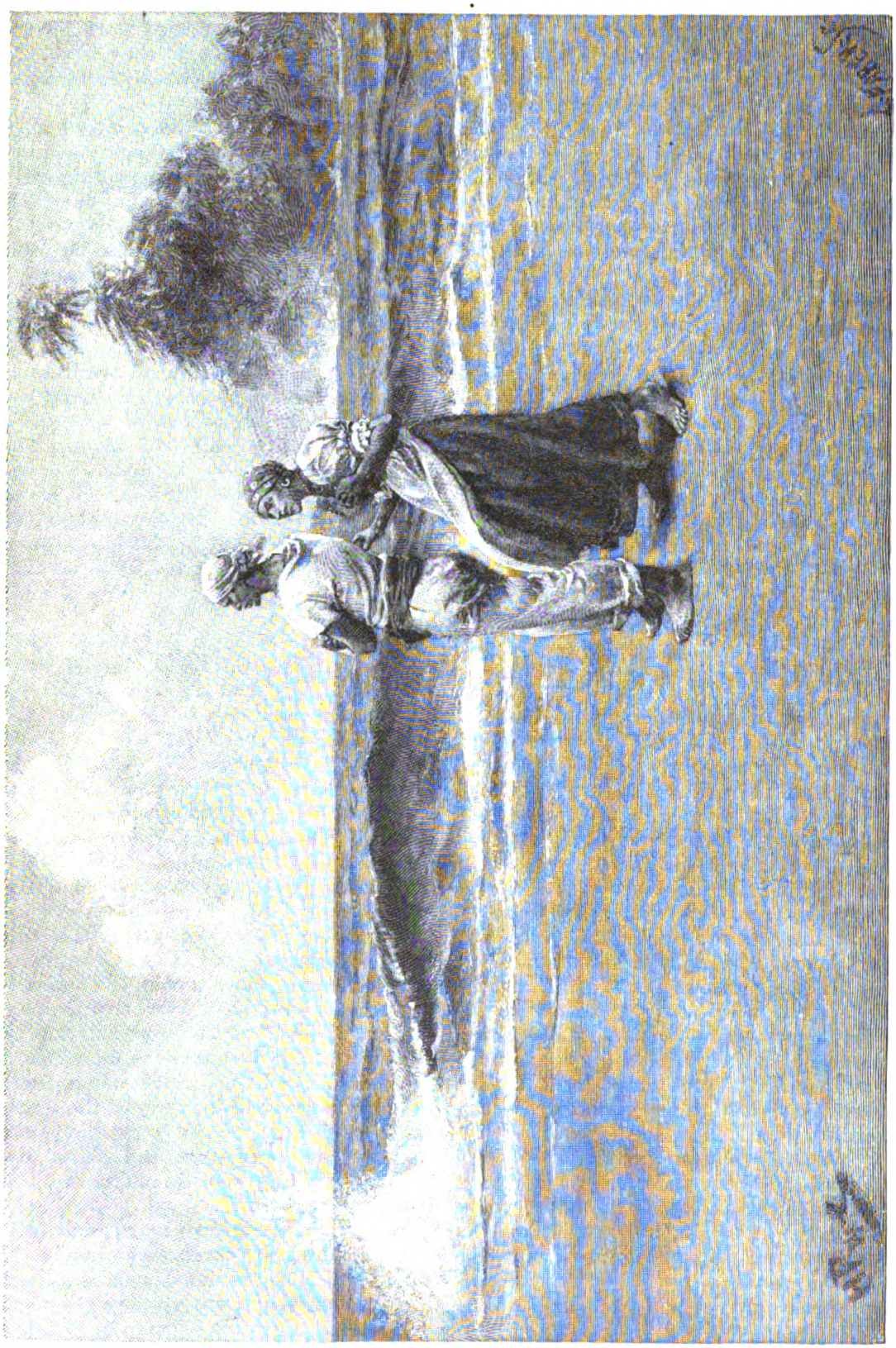
Then the wagons appeared, moving along the cliff road, with their loads of rum and sugar: it was hard work for the mules, strong and fat as they were.... Youma heard Gabriel's voice urging them on,—helping the drivers.

Then a slim brown boy, naked as a bronze, appeared on horseback,—coming down to the beach at a gallop, riding without a saddle. It was the overseer's little groom, going to give M. de Comislles's horse a bath in the surf. The boy was little more than a child, and the animal,—a black Porto Rico stallion,—very spirited; but the two knew each other....As the surf reached the horse's knees, the lad leaped down, and began to wash him. Then an immense breaker bursting, whelmed both almost out of sight in a quivering woolly sheet of foam. The horse seemed to like it, never moved: there was no fear for the boy,—he could swim like a *couliou*. He played about the horse, patted him, hugged his neck, threw water on him: when a heavy breaker came he would cling to the stallion's mane....

"*Yo kallé! yo kallé!*"—cried the children at last, as a drum roll vibrated from the launching-place: the freight had been stowed, the crew were in their places, the *tambouyé* on his perch. It was the signal to let go—"*lagué toutt*";—and all eyes turned to see the *gommier* rush into the water, and everybody shouted as she reached it safely, pitched, steadied again with the first plunge of the paddles, and started on her journey, to the merry measure of *Madame lézhabitant*. The children stopped their play to watch;—and from the cliffs sounded a clapping of hands, and women's laughter, and jocose screams of *adié*,—as the long craft shot away to the open, —till the chant of the crew was lost in the voice of the surf, and the faces ceased to be distinguishable. Even then, for a minute or two the tapping of the drum could be heard; but the *gommier* soon rounded the long point, and passed out of sight, making south....The event of the day was over.

Tanga's daughters gathered their little flock, and left the beach;—the boy in the surf leaped to the horse's back, turned him, and off they went up the valley at a gallop,—shining like a group in metal,—to dry themselves in wind and sun;—the lookers-on disappeared from the cliffs;—and the empty wagons turned back rum-

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"'AND YOU WOULD NOT GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TELL YOU,'—SHE REPEATED, PLEADINGLY,—TOUCHING HIS ARM."

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bling to the plantation.... Youma still lingered, to Mayotte's great satisfaction. The child had found a cocoa-nut—empty, shrunken, and blackened by long pitching about in the waves. She amused herself by rolling it into the surf, and seeing it cast out again—always at some distance from where it had been thrown in;—and this so much diverted her that she did not notice Gabriel hastening toward them.... But Youma advanced to meet him.

—"*Doudoux-moin*," he said, breathing quickly with the hurry of his coming, as he took her hand in both his own,—"listen well to what I am going to tell you. ....The *gommier* has gone;—there will be no boat to pursue us: we can go to-night if you will be brave....To-morrow we can be free,—to-morrow morning, *doudoux!*"

—"Ah! Gabriel...." she began. But he would not hear her: he spoke on so earnestly, so rapidly, that she could not interrupt him, telling her his hopes, his plans. He had a little money,—knew what he was going to do. They would buy a little place in the country,—(it was a beautiful country there, and everything was cheap, and there were no serpents!) —he could build a little house himself,—plant a fruit garden....The master's boat was ready for their escape;—wind and sea were in their favor;—there would be no moon till after midnight;—there was nothing to fear....And with the coming sunrise they would be free....

He spoke of his love for her,—of the life they might live together,—of liberty as he imagined it,—of their children who would be free,—with naïve power of persuasion, and with a fulness that revealed how earnestly and long he had nourished his dream,—vividly imaging his thought by those strange creole words which, like tropic lizards, change color with position. Not until he had said all that was in his heart, could Youma answer him, with the tears running down her cheeks:—

—"Oh! Gabriel! I cannot go!—do not tell me any more; I cannot go!"....

Then she stopped,—struck dumb by the sudden change in his face....As he dropped her hand, there was an expression in his eyes she had never seen before. But he did not fix them upon her: he turned, and folded his arms, and stared at the sea.

—"Doudoux," she went on,—"you would not let me speak....I did as you told me;—I thought it all over,—over and over again. And the more I thought about it, the more I felt it could not be.... And you would not give me a chance to tell you,"—she repeated, pleadingly,—touching his arm,—trying to draw his look again.

But he did not answer,—stood rigid and grim as the black rock behind him, —looking always to the horizon, where the place of his hope had been,—free Dominica, with its snakeless valleys,—all viewless now, veiled by the vapors of evening.

—"Gabriel," she persisted, caressingly, —"listen, doudoux."....

—"Ah! you will not come?" he said at last,—"you will not come?".... There was almost a menace in his voice, as he turned the wrath of his eyes upon her.

—"I cannot go, doudoux," she repeated, with gentle force. "Listen to me.... you know I love you?"....

—"*Pa pàlé ça!—pa lapeine!*" he answered, bitterly....."I offer you all that I have;—it is not enough for you....I give you the chance to be free with me, and you tell me you prefer to remain a slave."....

—"Oh, Gabriel!" she sobbed,—"can you reproach me like that? You know in your heart whether I love you."....

—"Then you are afraid,—afraid of the sea?"

—"It is not that."....

—"*Ouill, mafi!*—I thought you brave!"

—"Gabriel," she cried, almost fiercely, "I am not afraid of anything except of doing wrong,—I am afraid of the Bon-Dié only."....

—"*Qui Bon-Dié ça?*" he scoffed,—"the Bon-Dié of the békés?—the Bon-Dié of Maum-Peyronnette?"

—"You shall not talk that kind of talk to me, Gabriel!" she exclaimed, with eyes blazing,—"it brings bad luck!"....

He looked at her in surprise at the sudden change in her manner, as, for the first time, her will rose to match his own.

—"*Ça ka pòté malhè, ou tenne?*" she repeated, meeting his gaze and mastering it. He turned sullenly to the sea again, and let her speak,—listening restively to her passionate explanation....."Afraid? —how little he knew her heart!....But she had forgotten, because of him, what it was wicked to forget. She had done wrong even to think of going with him,

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—forsaking the godmother who had brought her up from an infant,—deserting the mistress who had cared for her like a daughter,—abandoning the child confided to her care, the child of Madame Desrivières, the child who loved her so much, who would suffer so much to lose her,—might even die; for she knew of a little one who had died for grief at having lost her *da*. . . .No: it would be cruel,—it would be wicked, to leave her in such a way.". . . .

—"And you leave me for a child, Youma,—a child not your own?" cried Gabriel. "You talk as if you were the only nurse in the world: there are plenty of *das*.". . . .

—"Not like me," said Youma,—"not at least for her. I have been mother to her since her own mother died. . . .But it is not the child only, Gabriel;—it is what I owe to those who loved and trusted me all these years.". . . .And the old sweetness came back into her voice, while she asked:—"Doudoux, could you think me true, and see me thankless and false to those who have been good to me all my life?". . . .

—"Good to you!" he burst out, with sudden bitterness. "Do you think them good because they do not happen to be bad? How good to you? Because they dress you beautifully,—give you a *belle jupe*, a calendered *madras*, a *collier-choux*, and put gold upon you that folks may cry:—'See how madame. . . .see how monsieur is generous to a slave!' Give them?—no!—lend them only,—put them upon you for a showing: they are not yours! You can own nothing; you are a slave; you are naked as a worm before the law! You have no right to anything,—no, not even to what I gave you;—you have no right to become the wife of the man you choose;—you would have no right, if a mother, to care for your own child,—though you give half your life, all your youth, to nursing children of békés. . . . .No, Youma, you were not brought up like your mistress's daughter. Why were you never taught what white ladies know?—why were you never shown how to read and write?—why are you kept a slave? . . . .Good to you? It was to their interest, my girl!—it repays them to-day,—since it keeps you with them,—when you could be free with me."

—"No, no, doudoux," protested the girl,—"you are not just! You do not know my godmother; you do not know what she has been for me;—you could never make me believe she has not been generous and kind! . . . . Do you think, Gabriel, that people can be good only for a motive?—do you think M. Desrivières has not been kind to you?". . . . .

—"There are no good *békés*, Youma;—there are masters who are better masters than others: there is no good master.". . . .

—"Oh, Gabriel!—and M. Desrivières?"

—"Do you believe slavery is a good thing,—a right thing, Youma?". . . .

She could not answer him directly. . . . The ethical question of slavery had first been brought to her mind in a vague way by her recent disappointment;—previously the subject would have seemed to her one of those into which it was not quite proper to inquire doubtingly.

—"I think it is wicked to be cruel to slaves," she replied. . . . "But since the good God arranged it so that there should be slaves and masters, doudoux. . . ."

—"*Ou trop sott!—ou trop enfant!*"—he cried out, and held his peace; feeling that it were vain to argue with her,—that what he called her folly and her childishness separated them far more than the will of a mistress. Her idea of duty to her godmother, of duty to the child, appeared to be mingled in some way with her idea of religion,—to which the least light allusion would provoke her anger. He could comprehend it only as a sort of mental weakness created by béké teaching. To his own thinking, slavery was a kind of trickery,—the duping of blacks by whites; and it was simply because they could not dupe him, that they had given him a position entailing no physical labor, and in which he could feel himself more free than others. He did not feel grateful therefor: it seemed to him that no possible kindnesses, no imaginable indulgences on the part of a master could deserve the voluntary sacrifice of a chance for liberty by the slave. Though really possessing a rude intelligence above his comrades, Gabriel shared certain savage traits of his race,—traits that three hundred years of colonial servitude could hardly modify: among others, the secret hate of all constraint,—reasonable or unreasonable. Still the creole *bitaco* prefers hungry liberty to any comfort obtainable by hired labor;—his refusal to work for wages necessitated the importation of coolies, yet he can do the work of three;

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—he is capable of prodigious physical effort; he will carry on his head twenty miles to town a load of vegetables of his own weight, or twenty-four bread-fruits; he will cutlass his way through forest to the summit of peaks to find particular herbs and cabbage-palm for the market; he will do anything extraordinary to avoid being under orders,—martyrize his body by Herculean efforts to escape control.... This spirit in Gabriel had been temporarily softened by the profits and petty dignity of his position, —by the ambition of being one day able to settle on his own land in some wild place, and live independent of everybody; —but not the least of the reasons which made him valuable at Anse-Marine was his confidence of being able to escape when he pleased. And judging Youma by himself, the very motive she had urged for her refusal seemed to him the one of all others he could not reason with her against, because he coupled it with his own ideas of the supernatural,—likened it to certain superstitions of which he knew the extraordinary power. Through her kind-heartedness, the *békés* had been able to impose upon her mind;—and tenderness of heart, except to him and for him alone, he deemed childish and foolish.... "*C'est bon khè crabe qui lacause y pa ni tête*," says the negro proverb.—(It is because of the crab's good heart that he lacks a head.)

Nevertheless he had a heart,—though a rough one;—and it was moved by the sight of Youma's silent tears which his anger and his reproaches had caused. He loved her well in his hard way; and all his tenacity of will set itself against the losing of her. She had denied his wish; and he knew her strong of resolve as himself,—yet with time he might find another way to make her his own. Something would depend on herself,—on such influence as she might have with her mistress; but he relied more upon the likelihood of a social change. Hopeless as he had pictured the future for Youma, he was far from believing it hopeless. Echoes of the words and work of philanthropists had reached him; he knew how and why the English slaves had received their freedom;—he knew also something of which he could not speak, even in a whisper, to Youma.... From plantation to plantation there had passed a secret message,—framed in African speech for the ears of those chosen to know and fearless to do;—already, even within the remotest valleys of the colony, hearts had been strangely stirred by the blowing of the great wind of emancipation....

—"Doudoux-moin!" he suddenly entreated, in a tone of tenderness such as she had never heard him use,—"*pa pleiré conm ça, chè,—non!*" And she felt him drawing her close in a contrite caress.... "It was not with you, little heart, that I was angry!—listen: there are things you do not know, child; but I believe you—you are doing what you think is right.... *Pa pleiré,—non!—ti bigioule moin!*.... Listen: since you will not come, I will not go;—I will stay here at Anse-Marine. ....*Pa pleiré,—doudoux!*"....

A little while she sobbed in his embrace without replying; then she murmured:—

—"I shall be more happy, doudoux, to know that you do not go.... But it is not a time to be angry, dear, when we must say good-by for always."....

—"Ah! my little wasp! will you let them choose another husband for you, when they have you back in Saint Pierre?" he asked, with a smile of confidence.

—"Gabriel!" she cried, passionately, —"they can never do that!.... If they will not let me have you, *doudoux*, I will remain forever as I am.... No!—they cannot do that!"

—"*Bon, ti khè-moin!*—then it is not good-by for always.... Wait!"....

She looked up, wondering... But in the same moment, Mayotte, tired of playing with her cocoa-nut, and seeing Gabriel, ran to them screaming, "Gabou!—Gabou!"—and clung delightedly to the commandeur's knee.

—"No!—go and play a little while longer," said Youma. "Gabou is too tired to be pulled about."

—"Are you, Gabou?" asked Mayotte, straining her little head back to look up to his face. And without waiting for his answer, she went on to tell him:—"Oh! Gabou! we are going back to town with *papoute!*"

—"He knows that," said Youma; "go and play."....

—"But, da, I am tired!" she answered, discontentedly, still clinging to Gabriel's knee, expecting him to toss her up in his arms.... "*Pouend moin!*" she coaxed,—"take me up!—take me up!"

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—"*Pauv piti, màgré ça!*" exclaimed Gabriel, lifting her to the level of his great bronze face,—"you do not care one bit that you are going to leave Gabou and all your dear friends at Anse-Marine,—*piess, piess, piti mechante!*—you do not love Gabou!"....

—"Yes, I do!" she cooed, patting his dark cheeks,—"I do love you, Gabou!"....

—"*Allé!—ti souyè!*—you love Gabou to play with you: that is all! And Gabou has no time to play with you now;—Gabou must go and see what everybody is doing, before it is time to sound the *cònelambi*.... *Bo!—Adié, cocotte.*"....

He placed her in her nurse's arms, and kissed Youma also,—but on the forehead only, as he had seen M. Desrivières do.... because of the child...."*Adié, ti khè!*"

—"*Pou toujou?*" she murmured, almost inaudibly, vainly struggling with the emotion which stifled her voice,—"for always?"

—"*Ah! non, chè!*" he answered, smiling to give her hope...."*Mône pa k'encontré;—moune k'encontré toujou.*"

(Only the mornes never meet;—folk always meet again.)

X.

....Would she ever see him again? she asked herself unceasingly through all her wakefulness of that night,—her last save one at Anse-Marine. But always came the self-answer of tears.... She heard the number of the hour at which she might have fled with him to freedom,—and hour after hour tingled out by the little bronze salon timepiece through its vaulted glass. She closed her eyes,—and still, as through their shut lids, saw the images of the evening: the figure of Gabriel, and Mayotte playing with her cocoa-nut, and the velvet shadowing of the black cliffs on the black sand, and a white sheeting and leaping of surf,—silent like breakings of cloud. They went and came,—distorted and vanished and returned again with startling vividness, as if they would never fade utterly away. Only in the first hours of the morning there began for her that still soft darkness which is rest from thought.

But again a little while, and her mind wakened to the fancy of a voice calling her name,—faintly, as from a great distance,—a voice remembered as in a dream one holds remembrance of dreams gone before.

Then she became aware of a face,—the face of a beautiful brown woman looking at her with black soft eyes,—smiling under the yellow folds of a *madras* turban,—and lighted by a light that came from nowhere,—that was only a memory of some long dead morning. And through the dimness round about it a soft blue radiance grew,—the ghost of a day; and she knew the face and murmured to it:—"*Doudoux-manman.*"....

....They two were walking somewhere she had been long ago,—somewhere among mornes: she felt the guiding of her mother's hand as when a child.

And before them as they went, something purple and vague and vast rose and spread,—the enormous spectre of the sea, rounding to the sky. And in the pearliness over its filmy verge there loomed again the vision of the English island, with long shreddings of luminous cloud across its violet peaks.... Slowly it brightened and slowly changed its color as she gazed; and all the peaks flushed crimson to their tips,—like a budding of wondrous roses from sea to sun....

And Douceline, softly speaking, as to an infant, said:—

—"*Travail Bon-Dié toutt joli, anh?*"
—(Is it not all-pretty, the work of the good God?)

—"Oh! my little-jewel-mamma,—*ti-bijou-manman!*—oh! my little-heart-mamma,—*ti-khè-manman!*....I must not go!"....

....But Douceline was no longer with her,—and the shining shadow of the island had also passed away,—and she heard the voice of Mayotte crying....somewhere behind trees.

And she hastened there, and found her, under some huge growth that spread out coiling roots far and wide: one could not discern what tree it was for the streaming weight of lianas upon it. The child had plucked a sombre leaf, and was afraid,—something so strange had trickled upon her fingers.

—"It is only the blood-liana," said Youma: "they dye with it."....

—"But it is warm," said the child,—still full of fear....Then both became afraid because of a heavy pulsing sound, dull as the last flappings of a cannon echo among the mornes. The earth shook with it. And the light began to fail,—dimmed into a red gloom, as when the sun dies.

—"It is the tree!" gasped Mayotte,—"the heart of the tree!"

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But they could not go: a weird numbness weighed their feet to the ground.

And suddenly the roots of the tree bestirred with frightful life, and reached out writhing to wrap about them;—and the black gloom of branches above them became a monstrous swarming;—and the ends of the roots and the ends of the limbs had eyes....

....And through the ever-deepening darkness came the voice of Gabriel, crying,—

—"*It is a zombi!—I cannot cut it!*"...

XI.

....The season of heavy humid heat and torrential rains,—the long *hivernage*,—had passed with its storms;—and the season of northeast winds, when the heights grow cool;—and the season of dryness, when the peaks throw off their wrappings of cloud. It was the *renouveau*, the most delicious period of the year,—that magical spring-time of the tropics, when the land suddenly steeps itself in iridescent vapor, and all distances become jewel-tinted, while nature renews her saps after the bleaching and withering of the dry months, and rekindles all her colors. The forests covered themselves at once with fruit and flowers; the shrivelled lianas revived their luminous green, put forth new million tendrils, and over the heights of the *grands bois* poured down cataracts of blue, white, pink, and yellow blossom. The palmistes and the angelins appeared to grow suddenly taller as they shook off their dead plumes;—an aureate haze hung over the valleys of ripe cane;—and mountain roads began to turn green almost to their middle under the immense invasion of new-born grasses, herbs, and little bushes....Mosses and lichens sprouted everywhere upon surfaces of stone or timber unprotected by paint;—grasses shot up through the jointing of basaltic pavements; and, simultaneously, tough bright plants burst into life from all the crevices of walls and roofs, attacking even the solid masonry of fortifications, compelling man to protect his work. An infinite variety: ferns and capillaria and vines that sink their tendrils into the hardest rock;—the *thé-miraille*, and the *mousse-miraille;* the *pourpier* and the wild guava; the *fleuri-Noël*, the Devil's tobacco (*tabac-diabe*), and the *lakhératt;*—even little trees, that must be removed at once for the safety of dwellings,—such as the young *fromager* or silk-cotton,—rose from wall tops and roofs,—branching from the points of gables,—rooting upon ridges and cornices....The enormous cone of Pelée, which through the weeks of north winds had outlined the cusps of its cratered head against the blue light, once more drew down the clouds about it, and changed the tawny tone of its wrinkled slopes to lush green. Soft thunders rolled among the hills; tepid dashes of rain refreshed the earth at intervals;—the air grew sweet with balsamic scents;—the color of the sky itself deepened....

But though the land might put forth all its bewitchment, the hearts of the colonists were heavy. For the first time in many years the magnificent crop was being gathered with difficulty: there were mills silent for the want of arms to feed them. For the first time in many years the slave might refuse to obey, and the master fear to punish. The Republic had been proclaimed; and the promise of emancipation had aroused in the simple minds of the negroes a ferment of fantastic ideas,—free gift of plantations,—free donations of wealth,—perpetual repose unearned,—paradise life for all. They had seen the common result of freedom accorded for services exceptional;—they were familiar with the life of the free classes;—but such evidence had small value for them: the liberty given by the *béké* resembled in nothing that peculiar quality of liberty to be accorded by the Republic!....

They had dangerous advisers, unfortunately, to nourish such imaginings: men of color who foresaw in the coming social transformation larger political opportunities. The situation had totally changed since the time when slaves and freedmen fought alike on the side of the planters against Rochambeau and republicanism, against the *bourgeoisie* and the *patriotes*. The English capture of the island had justified that distrust of the first Revolution shown by the *hommes de couleur*, and had preserved the old régime for another half-century. But during that half-century the free class of color had obtained all the privileges previously refused it by prejudice or by caution; and the interests of the *gens de couleur* had ceased to be inseparably identified with those of the whites. They had won all that was

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possible to win by the coalition; and they now knew the institution of slavery doomed beyond hope, not by the mere fiat of a convention, but by the opinion of the nineteenth century. And the promise of universal suffrage had been given. There were scarcely twelve thousand whites;—there were one hundred and fifty thousand blacks and half-breeds....

....Yet there was nothing in the aspect or attitude of the slave population which could fully have explained to a stranger the alarm of the whites. The subject race had not only been physically refined by those extraordinary influences of climate and environment which produce the phenomena of creolization; but the more pleasing characteristics of the original savage nature,—its emotional artlessness, its joyousness, its kindliness, its quickness to sympathy, its capacity to find pleasure in trifles,—had been cultivated and intensified by slavery. The very speech of the population,—the curious patois shaped in the mould of a forgotten African tongue, and liquefied with fulness of long vowel sounds, caressed the ear like the cooing of pigeons....Even to-day the stranger may find in the gentler traits of this exotic humanity an indescribable charm,—despite all those changes of character wrought by the vastly increased difficulties of life under the new conditions. Only the creole knows by experience the darker possibilities of the same semi-savage nature: its sudden capacities of cruelty,—its blind exaltations of rage,—its stampede-furies of destruction.

....Before the official announcement of political events reached the colony, the negroes,—through some unknown system of communication swifter than government vessels,—knew their prospects, knew what was being done for them, felt themselves free. A prompt solution of the slavery question was more than desirable;—delay was becoming dangerous. There were as yet no hostile manifestations;—but the slave owners,—knowing the history of those sudden uprisings which revealed an unsuspected power of organization and a marvellous art of secrecy,—felt the air full of menace, and generally adopted a policy of caution and forbearance. But in a class accustomed to command there will always be found men whose anger makes light of prudence, and whose resolve challenges all consequences. Such a one among the planters of 1848 dared to assert his rights even on the eve of emancipation;—chastised with his own hand the slave who refused to work, and sent him to the city prison to await the judgment of a law that might at any moment become obsolete....

His rashness precipitated the storm. The *travailleurs* began to leave the plantations, and to mass in armed bands upon the heights overlooking Saint Pierre. The populace of the city rose in riot, burst into the cutlass stores and seized the weapons,—surrounded the jail and demanded the release of the prisoner...."*Si ou pa lagué y, ké ouè!—nou ké fai toutt nègue-'bitation descenne!*" That terrible menace first revealed the secret understanding between the slaves of the port and the blacks of the plantation;—the officers of the law recoiled before the threat, and turned their prisoner loose.

But the long-suppressed passion of the subject class was not appeased: the mob continued to parade the streets, uttering cries never heard before,—*Mort aux blancs!—À bas les békés!*"....feeling secured from military interference by the recognized cowardice of a republican governor. Evening found the riot still unquelled,—the whites imprisoned in their residences, or fleeing for refuge to the ships in the harbor. And those dwelling on the hills, keeping watch, heard all through the night the rallying *ouklé* of negroes striding by, armed with cutlasses and bamboo pikes and bottles filled with sand. Twenty-four hours later, the whole slave population of the island was in revolt; and the towns were threatened with a general descent of the *travailleurs*....

XII.

Another day found the situation still more sinister. All business was suspended; every store and warehouse closed; even the markets remained empty; the bakeries had been pillaged, and provisions had become almost unobtainable. A rumor was abroad that emancipation had been voted,—that the news was being concealed,—that the official proclamation of freedom could only be enforced by an appeal to arms....

Prior to the outbreak there had been a fierce heat of political excitement, created by the republican election. The white slave-holders had voted for a freedman faithful to their interests; the men of color had used their freshly acquired

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privileges to secure representation in the person of a noted French abolitionist. Pictures of him had been distributed by thousands, together with republican cockades and tiny tricolored flags: the people kissed the pictures with tears of enthusiasm and shouts of "*Vive papa!*"—the colored children waved the little flags and cried: "*Vive la République!*" — some were so young they could only cry, "*Vive la 'Ipipi!*" And the complete victory of the *hommes de couleur* only intensified the exaltation....But after the affair of the jail, the children ceased to appear in the streets with their little flags; and there was no longer a distribution of cockades, but a distribution of cutlasses—new cutlasses, for they had to be sharpened, and the grindstones were busy.

....It became more and more perilous for the whites to show themselves in the streets. They watched for chances to get to the ships, under the protection of their own slaves or of loyal freedmen, having influence with the populace, knowing every dark face in it. But after mid-day such faithful servants began to find their devotion unavailing: strange negroes were mingling with the rioters,—savage-looking men, whom the city domestics had never seen before, and who replied to the assurance "*C'est yon bon béké*" (this is a *good* white) only by abuse or violence. Armed bands incessantly paraded, — beating drums, — chanting, — shouting "*À bas les békés!*"—watching for a fugitive to challenge with the phrase, —"*Eh! citoyen .... citoyenne .... arrête! Je te parle!*" — affecting French speech for the pleasure of the insulting *tutoiement*. They peered for white faces at windows, cursed them, clamored: "*Mi! ansouè-à ké debrayé ou!*"—gesturing with knives as if opening fish. Some great aggressive movement seemed to be preparing; and the *travailleurs* were always massing upon the heights. The whites who could not flee, feeling their lives in danger,—tried to prepare for defence: in some houses the women and girls made ball-cartridges. Slaves betrayed these preparations; and a rumor circulated that the *békés* were secretly organizing to attack the mob....The time was long past when the whites could suppress a riot, and hang men of color to the mango-trees of the *Batterie d'Esnotz;* but what they had done in other days was remembered against them....

It was in the Quarter of the Fort,—the most ancient part of the city, situated on an eminence, and isolated by the Rivière Roxelane,—that the white creoles found themselves least safe from attack. It was especially difficult for them to reach the ships: the bridges and all approaches to the shore being crowded with armed negroes. The greater number of the houses were small, and could offer little protection if besieged;—and many persons preferred to leave their own homes and seek asylum in the few large dwellings of the district. Among such were the Desrivières family, who found refuge with their relatives the De Kersaints. The De Kersaint residence was unusually roomy,—not more than two full stories high, but long, broad, and built with the solidity of a stronghold. It stood at the verge of the old quarter, in a steeply sloping street, descending westward so as to leave a great half-disk of sea visible above the roofs, and ascending eastward to join a country road leading to the interior. The windows of the rear overlooked vast cane fields, extending far up the flanks of the Montagne Pelée, whose clouded crest towered fifteen miles away.

There were more than thirty persons assembled for safety at the De Kersaints' —mostly wives and daughters of relatives; and there was serious alarm among these. In the forenoon the servants had deserted the house,—one of them, a negress, irritated by some reproach, had left with the threat: "*Ausouè ou ké ouè—attenne!*" (Wait! you will see to-night!) M. de Kersaint, an old gentleman of seventy, who, seconded by his son, had made the fugitives as comfortable as was possible, strove to calm their fears. He believed the night would bring nothing worse than a great increase of noise and menace: he did not think the leaders of the city populace intended more than intimidation. There might be a general descent of the plantation hands,—that would be a graver danger; but there were five hundred troops in the neighboring barracks. No criminal violence had yet occurred in the quarter: it was reported that a gentleman had been killed in the other end of the city,—but there were so many wild reports!

....As a fact, the whites of the Fort,—mostly deserted by their slaves and domestics,—knew little of what was going on even in their immediate vicinity.

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Things that for two hundred years had been done in darkness and secrecy were now being done openly in the light. An occult power had suddenly assumed unquestioned sway,—the power of the African sorcerer.

Under the tamarinds of the Place du Fort, a *quimboiseur* plied his ghastly calling,—selling amulets, selling fetiches, selling magical ointments made of the grease of serpents. Before him stood an open cask filled with tafia mingled with gunpowder and thickened with bodies of crushed wasps. About him crowded the black men of the port,—the half-nude *gabarriers*, wont to wield oars twenty-five feet long;—the Herculean *nègue-gouôs-bois*, brutalized by the labor of paddling their massive and awkward craft;—tough *canotiers*, whose skins of bronze scarcely bead in the hottest summer sun;—the crews of the *yôles* and the *sabas* and the *gommiers;*—the men of the cooperies, and the cask rollers, and the stowers;—and the fishers of *tonne*,—and the fishers of sharks. "*Ça qui lè?*" shouted the quimboiseur, serving out the venom in cups of tin,—"*Ça qui lè vini bouè y?*.... Who will drink it, the Soul of a Man?—the Spirit of Combat?—the Essence of Falling to Rise?—the Heart-Mover?—the Hell-Breaker?".... And they clamored for it, swallowed it—the wasps and the gunpowder and the alcohol,—drinking themselves into madness.

....Sunset yellowed the sky,—filled the horizon with flare of gold;—the sea changed its blue to lilac;—the mornes brightened their vivid green to a tone so luminous that they seemed turning phosphorescent. Rapidly the glow crimsoned,—shadows purpled; and night spread swiftly from the east,—black-violet and full of stars.

Even as the last vermilion light began to fade, there sounded from the Place of the Fort a long, weird, hollow call, that echoed sobbingly through all the hills like an enormous moan. Then another,—from the mouillage;—another,—from the river-mouth;—and others, interblending, from the *pirogues* and the *gabarres* and the *sabas* of the harbor: the blowing of a hundred lambi-shells,—the negroes of the city calling to their brethren of the hills....So still, the fishers of sharks, from the black coast of Prêcheur, call the *travailleurs* of the heights to descend and divide the flesh....

And other moaning signals responded faintly,—from the valley of the Roxelane and the terraces of Perrinelle,—from the Morne d'Orange and the Morne Mirail and the Morne Labelle: the *travailleurs* were coming!....And from the market-place, where by lantern-light the sorcerer still gave out his *léssence-brisé-lenfè*, and his amulets and grease of serpents, began to reverberate ominously the heavy pattering of a *tamtam*.

Barricaded within their homes, the whites of the lower city could hear the tumult of the gathering....Masters and slaves alike were haunted by a dream of blood and fire,—the memory of Hayti.

XIII.

....At the De Kersaints' all the apartments of the upper floor had been given up to the fugitives, except one front room where the men remained on watch: many of the women and young girls preferred to sit up with them rather than seek repose. Down-stairs all the windows and doors had been securely closed; and it was decided to extinguish all lights during the passing of a mob. Then was converse on the events of the preceding day, the late election, prospects of emancipation, the history of former uprisings,—some of which the older men remembered well,—and on the character of negroes. This topic brought out a series of anecdotes,—some sinister, but mostly droll. A planter in the little assembly related a story about one of his own slaves who had saved enough money to buy a cow. At the first announcement of the political change in France he took the cow out of the field and tied it to the porch of his master's house. "*Pouki ou marré vache lanmaison?*" (Why do you tie the cow to the house?) asked the planter...."*Moin ka marré vache lanmaison, maître, pace yo ka proclamé la repiblique—pisse you fois repiblique-à proclamé, zaffai ta yon c'est ta toutt*" (Master, I tie the cow to the house because they proclaim the republic,—for once that the republic is proclaimed, the belongings of one are the belongings of everybody)....In spite of the general anxiety, this narrative provoked laughter. Then, the conversation taking another turn, M. Desrivières told the story of Youma and the serpent,—there being many present who had not heard of the incident before. The young *capresse*, who sat with Mayotte on her

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knees, arose with the child, and left the apartment before M. Desrivières had ended his recital. A few minutes later he followed her into the adjoining room, called her away from the little one, and said to her, in an undertone which could not reach the child's ears:—

—"Youma, my daughter, the street is very quiet now; and I think it will be better for you to leave the child with my mother, and pass the night with our colored neighbors....I can open the door for you."

—"Why, master?"....She had never asked him why before.

—"*Mafi*," he answered, with a caress in his eyes, "I cannot ask you to stay with us to-night. There is danger for all of us," he added, sinking his voice to a whisper: "we may be attacked."....

—"That is why I wish to stay, master." ....This time she spoke aloud and firmly.

—"Oh! papa!" cried Mayotte, coming between them,—"do not send her anywhere!—I want her to tell me stories!"

—"Little egotist!" said M. Desrivières, stooping to kiss her,—"and if Youma wishes to go?"....

—"You do not,—do you, *da?*" asked the child in surprise. She imagined herself at a sort of evening pleasure party.

—"I will stay to tell you stories," said Youma....M. Desrivières pressed her hand, and left her with the child.

....As M. Desrivières announced, the street had become very quiet. It was one of the most retired: during the day there had been no gatherings in it;—some bands of negroes had passed from time to time shouting "*À bas les békés!*"—but since nightfall the disorderly element had disappeared. White citizens ventured to open their windows and look abroad. They heard the blowing of the lambi-shells without guessing its meaning,—imagined some fresh excitement in the direction of the harbor. Nevertheless, all became more anxious. The rushing of the water along the steep gutters,—the mountain water purifying every street,—seemed to sound unusually loud.

—"It always makes a great noise in this street," said M. de Kersaint,—"there is so much incline."

—"I think we are all more or less nervous to-night," said another gentleman.

But Youma, suddenly returning alone to the room where the men conversed, pointed to the windows, and exclaimed:—

—"It is not the water!"

The ears of the half-breed have a singular keenness to sounds....All talk ceased: the men held their breath to listen.

XIV.

A heavy murmur, as of far surf, filled the street,—slowly loudened,—became a dull unbroken roar. From the heights it seemed to approach, and with it a glow, as of conflagration....At once in every house the lights were extinguished, the windows closed, the doors secured;—the street became desolate as a cemetery. But from behind the slatted shutters of upper rooms all could watch the brightening of the light, hear the coming of the roar....

—"*Yo ka vini!*" cried Youma.

And into the high street suddenly burst a storm of clamorings, a blaze of torch fires,—as a dense mass of black men in canvas trousers, hundreds naked to the waist, came moving at a run: the downpour of the *travailleurs*. Under the shock of their bare feet the dwellings trembled:—through all the walls a vibration passed, as of a faint earthquake....If they would only go by!

Hundreds had already passed; and still the rushing vision seemed without end, the cascading of great straw hats interminable;—and over the torrent of it the steel of pikes and plantation forks and brandished cutlasses flickered in the dancing of torch fires. But there came an unexpected halt,—a struggling and shouldering, a stifling pressure,—a half-lull in the tempest of shouting; while the street filled with a sinister odor of alcohol,—a stench of *tafia*. Evidently the mob was drunk, and being so, doubly dangerous. ....Some one had given an order, which nobody could fully hear;—a stentorian voice repeated it, as the tumult subsided: "*Là!—làmênm!—caïe béké!*" All the black faces turned to the dwelling of the De Kersaints; and all the black throats roared again. Unfortunately the imposing front of the building,—the only two-story edifice in a street of cottages,—had signalled out its proprietors as rich *békés*. To be a *béké*, a white, and to be rich,—was, in the belief of the simple *travailleur* at least, to be an aristocrat, an enemy of emancipation, most likely a slave-holder. ...."*Fouillé là!*" the same immense voice pealed—(Search there!);—and the whole house shook to a furious knocking at the main entrance, of which the massive

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double doors were secured by an iron bar, as well as by lock and key. "*Ouvé!—ouvé ba nou!*" (Open for us!) shouted the crowd.

M. de Kersaint unfastened a shutter of one of the upper front rooms, and looked down upon the mob. It was an appalling mob;—there were nightmare faces in it. Most of the visages were unfamiliar; but some he could recognize—faces of the port: many of the roughest city class had joined the *travailleurs* before their descent. There were women also in the mob,—gesticulating, screaming: some were plantation negresses; others were not,—and these were the worst....

—"*Ça oulé, méfi?*" asked M. de Kersaint.

The first time they could not hear him for the uproar; but it soon calmed at the sight of the white-haired *béké* at the window: everybody wanted to listen. M. de Kersaint was not seriously alarmed;—he did not believe the crowd could dare more than a brutal manifestation,—what in the patois is termed a *voum*. He repeated in creole:—

—"What do you want, my sons?".... It was thus the *béké* addressed the slave;—in his lips the word *monfi* had an almost patriarchal meaning of affection and protection: its use survives even in these republican years.... But as uttered in that moment by M. de Kersaint, it fell upon the political passion of the mob like oil on fire.

—"*Ou sé pè-nou, anh?*"—laughed a mocker: "Are you our father?....There are no more 'my sons': there are only citizens,—*anni cittoyen!*"

—"*Y trop souyé!—y trop malin!*" screamed a woman's voice. "He wants to flatter us, the old *béké!*—he is too sly!"

—"*Cittoyens, pouloss,*" responded M. de Kersaint. "Why do you want to break into my house? Have I ever done harm to any of you?"

—"You have arms in the house!" answered the same menacing voice that had first directed the attention of the populace to the dwelling. It rang from the chest of a very tall negro, who seemed to be the leader of the riot: he wore only a straw hat and cotton trousers, and carried a cutlass. All at once M. de Kersaint remembered having seen him before,—working on the plantation of Fond-Laillet, as *commandeur*.

—"Sylvain, my son," answered M. de Kersaint, "we have no arms here. But we have women and children here. We have nothing to do with your wrongs."

—"*Ouvé ba nou!*"

—"None of you have any right to enter my house."

—"*Ouvé ba nou!*"

—"You have no right."....

—"Ah! we will take the right," shouted the leader; and a general roar went up,—thousands of excited voices reiterating the demand, "*Ouvé ba nou!*"

The white head withdrew from the window, and a young face appeared at it,—dark, handsome, and resolute;—the head of the younger De Kersaint.

—"*Tas de charognes!*" shouted the young man,—"yes, we have arms; and we know how to use them! The first one of you who enters this house, I shall make his black brains leap!"

He had a single loaded pistol: there was not another weapon in the building. He counted on the cowardice of the mob. But the negroes knew, or thought they knew the truth: the old *béké* had not lied to them;—they were not afraid.

—"*Bon! nou ké ouè!*" menaced the leader. "*Ennou!*" he cried, turning to the crowd, "*crazé caïe-là!*" Almost in the same instant, a stone shot by some powerful hand whirred by the head of the younger De Kersaint, and crashed into the furniture of the apartment. Vainly the shutters were bolted: a second missile dashed them open again;—a third shivered those of the next window. Stone followed stone. There were several persons severely injured;—a lady was stricken senseless;—a gentleman's shoulder fractured. And the cry of the crowd was for more stones—"*Ba nou ouôches!—ba ouôches!*"—because the central pavement before the house was a rough cement, affording scanty material for missiles. But the lower cross-street was paved with rounded rocks from the river-bed;—a line of negresses formed from the point of attack to the corner at the cry of "*Fai lachaîne!*"—and the disjointed pavement was passed up along the line by apronfuls. There was perfect order in this system of supplying projectiles: the black women had been trained for generations to "make the chain" when transporting stone from the torrents to the site of a building, or the place of a protection wall.

Then the stone shower became terrific,

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—pulverizing furniture, bursting partitions, shattering chamber doors.... How the creole negro can fling a stone may be comprehended only by those who have seen him, on mountain roads, bring down fruit from trees growing at inaccessible heights.... All the shutters of the upper front rooms had already ceased to exist; —the inmates had sought refuge in the rear apartments. But the shutters of the windows of the ground-floor, being very heavy, solid, and partly protected with iron, continued to resist; and the doors of the great archway defied the brawny pressure of all the shoulders pushed against them....

—"*Méné pié-bois içi!—pié-bois!—pié-bois!*" cried the men, straining to burst the doors, under cover of the bombardment; and the cry passed up the street toward the mountain slope.... From within the house it was no longer possible to observe what the mob were doing;—the windows were unapproachable. But such a shout suddenly made itself heard from the street that it was evident something new had occurred.... "Ah! the soldiers!" joyfully exclaimed Madame de Kersaint.

She was mistaken. The fresh excitement had been caused by the appearance of the *pié-bois*,—a weighty log carried by a crew of twenty men,—all crying "*Ba lai!—ba lai!*" Then those pushing at the doors fell back to give the battering-ram full play.

The men chanted as they swung it.... "*Soh-soh!—yaïe-yah! Rhâlé fò!*" And all the house shook to the enormous blow.

—"*Soh-soh!—yaïe-yah! Rhâlé fò!*" Bolts and locks burst;—the framework itself loosened in a showering of mortar; —the broad iron bar within still held, but it had bent like a bow, and the doors had yielded fully five inches....

—"*Soh-soh!—yaïe-yah! Rhâlé fò!*" A clang of broken metal; an explosion of splintered timber,—and the doors were down. The archway rang out the clap of their fall like a cannon-shot; the log-bearers dropped their log;—a brute roar of exultation acclaimed the feat.... Within, all was black.

There was a moment's hesitation;—the darkness and the voidness intimidated. "*Pòté flambeau vini!*" shouted the chief to the torch-bearers, reaching for a light .... "*ba moin! ba moin!*" He snatched one, and leaped forward, brandishing his weapon in the other hand. But precisely as he passed the threshold, a stunning report pealed through the archway; and the tall negro staggered, dropping torch and cutlass,—flung up both naked arms, reeled half round, and fell on his back, dead. The younger De Kersaint had kept his word.

The negroes at the entrance would have turned back in panic; but the pressure from behind, the rush of blind fury, was resistless; and the van of the populace was hurled into the archway,—struggling, howling, striking, stumbling over the corpse and the broken doors,—and with such an impetus that many fell.... The younger De Kersaint had not thought of retreat, even when the gentlemen who had descended with him, finding resistance hopeless, were remounting to the upper rooms: he still stood at the foot of the stairs with his empty pistol,—believing himself able to hold back the invasion, to terrorize by moral force. But terror may become a blind rage, even in the slave,—when made desperate by the necessity of confronting a pistol muzzle; and the blacks flung themselves on the young man with the very fury of fear. He had time only to dash his useless weapon in the face of the foremost, as a bayonet fastened to a pole passed through his body: then he sank without one cry under such a mad slashing of cutlasses that strikers wounded each other in their frenzy.... Simultaneously a double-barrelled gun, loaded with ball, was fired from the entrance at those reascending the stairway,—both barrels together,—and M. Desrivières fell. He expired almost instantly, before his comrades could drag him into a room, of which the doors were at once barricaded with all the heavy furniture available;—the entire charge had entered his back, shattering the spine....

.... Then, after the momentary panic, came the reaction of hate, the mob thirst of vengeance;—traditional hate of the white intensified by the passions of the hour; vengeance for the fear inspired, for the killing of their leader, for all fancied or remembered wrongs. But the apartments of the ground-floor were empty: the *békés* had retreated to the upper rooms, whither it might be dangerous to pursue them;—perhaps they had arms in reserve for the last extremity. It was at all events certain they could not escape. The windows of the rear were high, and

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looked down upon a plantation road skirting cane fields, where armed blacks were on the watch; and the side walls were solid masonry without a single opening. Neither was escape possible by way of the roof,—elevated fully twenty feet above the tiles of adjoining cottages;—the *békés* were helpless!.... But no one now offered to lead the assault. There were only clamorings,—hideous threats,—utterances that seemed the conception of cannibals in delirium.... Meanwhile the body of the dead leader, raised upon a broken door for a litter, was being paraded through the streets by torch-light: armed men ran beside the corpse, pointing to the pink brain oozing from the wound, and crying:—"*Mi!—yo k'assassiné nou! yo ka tchoué fouè nou!*.... The excitement became maniacal; but one voice,—a woman's, the voice of the wife of dead Sylvain, shrieked clearly through it all:—

—"*Metté difé, zautt!—brilé toutt béké!*"....

And the mob caught up the cry,—stormed it through the street. "*Difé!—metté difé!*"....But what if the *békés* should make a desperate rush upon the incendiaries?...."*Oté lescalié!*" some one suggested, and settled all hesitations. There were arms enough to tear down any stairway in five minutes: it took less time for the rioters to obey the suggestion. They pulled away the stairs;—they smashed the wreck into kindling-wood, piled it on the tiles of the hallway, and fired it with torches. The balustrade was of mahogany, but the steps were *bois du nord*,—yellow pine, resinous and light.... "*Ka pleine gomme!—ka brilé bien!*".... Simultaneously the furniture of the lower rooms was demolished;—everything they contained was heaped upon the fire,—combustible or incombustible: portraits, curtains, *verrines*, bronzes, mats, mirrors, hangings...."*Sacré tonnè, nou ké brilé toutt!—Ké ouè!*"....There were sounds of affright overhead,—of feet wildly running,—of furniture being dragged away from doors;—there were shrieks.... "*Ouaill!*—not so brave now, the cursed *békés!*" Then faces appeared through the smoke, looking down,—a gray-haired lady, striving to be heard, to speak to some heart;—a young mother dumbly pointing to her infant. Two black arms reached up toward her in savage mockery, and a negress hoarsely screamed: "*Ba moin li!—moin sé vlopé enlai y conm chatrou!*"—miming the cuttle-fish devouring its prey! A burst of obscene laughter followed the infamous jest....But the heat and smoke became unendurable;—the incendiaries retreated,—mostly to the street,—a few to the cane fields in the rear, to watch for any possible attempts at escape. There was no more stone-throwing: the flingers were weary; and the mob was content to watch the progress of its vengeance. The shrieks could still be heard: they were answered by gibes and curses.

....The archway reddened,—lighted,—began to glow like a furnace, forcing by its heat a general falling back from the entrance....And soon the crackling within became a low roar, like the sound of a torrent;—all the *rez-de-chaussée* was seized by the flame. It put long yellow tongues through the windows;—they serpentined about the stone-work, licked the key-stones and the wall above them,—striving to climb;—began to devour the framework of the shutters....And, at intervals, from street to street, sounded the sinister melancholy blowing of the great sea-shells.

....Over all the roofs of the city the voice of an immense bell began to peal,—rapidly, continuously: the *bourdon* of the cathedral was tolling the tocsin. One after another the bells of the lesser churches joined in the alarm. But, for the first time, the pumps remained in their station-houses;—the black firemen ignored the summons! And still the soldiers,—though muttering mutiny,—were rigidly confined to their barracks by superior order. Yet the governor* knew the city was at the mercy of a negro mob,—knew the white population in peril of massacre. The order seemed incredible to those who read it with their eyes;—it remains one of the stupefying facts of French colonial history,—one of the many, not of the few, which appear to justify the white creole's undying hate of republicanism.

....Fanned by a south breeze, the flames assailed the rear more rapidly than the front rooms of the besieged dwelling,—destroying communication between them by devouring the lobbies connected with the wrecked end of the stairway. And, through the outpouring of smoke, men began to drop or leap from back windows,—abandoning the women and children,—goaded by the swift menace of

* Rostoland, maréchal de camp, gouverneur provisoire.

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the hideous death of fire. On the side of the street there could have been no hope;—on that of the fields there were fewer enemies: there was one desperate chance. Of those who took it, the first two were killed almost as soon as they touched the ground;—the third, a French stranger, although frightfully wounded, was able to run for his life nearly two hundred yards before being overtaken and despatched. But two others could profit by the incident;—gaining the high canes, they fled at a crouching run between the stems,—doubling,—twisting,—and were quickly lost to view.... "*Béké lacampagne mênm!*"—cried the disappointed pursuers:—"*yo ka fenne kanne!*" Only a country creole could have known the trick, successfully practised by maroon negroes—*fenne kanne* (splitting the cane) ....Darkness and the terror of serpents aided their flight....

Some chivalrous men,—M. de Kersaint was of these,—refused that desperate chance; remained to give the consolation of their presence to the helpless women,—mothers and wives, and young girls delicately bred, into the perfumed quiet of whose existence no shadow of fear had ever fallen before....There were still nearly thirty souls within the flaming house; and the soldiers were still confined to their barracks!

The smoke being blown to the north, the view of the burning dwelling continued almost unobscured on the street side;—but as yet, since the stone-throwing began, no one had appeared at the front windows....The rabble watched and wondered: it seemed as if all communication between the front and rear of the besieged house had already been cut off,—and the last scene of the tragedy would remain hidden from them—a brutal disappointment. The first frenzy had exhausted itself: there remained only that revolting apathy which in savage natures follows the perpetration of a monstrous act;—the tempest of outcries subsided to a low tide roar of excited converse....

—"They are women and children who scream like that."

—"Malediction! they are *békés*—let them all roast together!"

—"*Ouill papa!*—they burned enough of us when they had the power to do it."

—"Yes! they burned poor negresses for sorcery. The priest who confessed them said they were innocent."

—"*Ah! c'est taille-Toto ça!*—that was in the old times!"

—"Old times!....We don't forget. These are the new times, *monfi!*"

—"*C'est jusse!*....We are fighting for our liberty now."....

—"Houlo!"....A new roar went up:—there was an apparition at one of the windows.

—"*Mi! yon négresse!*"

—"It is the *da!—Jesis-Maïa!*"

—"*Pé!—pé zautt!*"

—"Pé!"....The word ran from mouth to mouth;—almost a hush followed its passage through the crowd, a hush of malignant expectation;—then Youma's powerful contralto rang out with the distinctness of a bugle-call.

—"*Eh! tas de capons!*" she cried, fearlessly,—"cowards afraid to face men! Do you believe you will win your liberty by burning women and children?....Who were the mothers of you?"....

—"We are burning *békés*," screamed a negress in response: "they kill us; we kill them. *C'est jusse!*"....

—"You lie!" cried Youma. "The békés never murdered women and children."

—"They did!" vociferated a mulatto in the mob, better dressed than his fellows;—"they did! In seventeen hundred and twenty-one! In seventeen hundred and twenty-five!"....

—"*Aïe, macaque!*" mocked Youma. "So you burn negresses now for imitation! What have the negresses done to you, ape?"

—"They are with the békés."....

—"You were with the békés yesterday, the day before yesterday, and always,—every one of you. The békés gave you to eat,—the békés gave you to drink,—the békés cared for you when you were sick....The békés gave *you* freedom, O you traitor mulatto!—gave you a name, *saloprie!*—gave you the clothes you wear, ingrate! *You!*—you are not fighting for your liberty, liar!—the békés gave it to you long ago for your black mother's sake!....*Fai doctè, milatt!*—I know you!....coward without a family, without a race!—*fai filosofe*, O you renegade, who would see a negress burn because a negress was your mother!—*Allé!—bâtà-béké!*"....

Then Youma could not make herself heard: a fresh outburst of vociferation drowned her voice. But her reproaches had struck home in at least one direction:

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she had touched and stirred the smouldering contempt, the secret jealous hate of the black for the man of color; and the mulatto's discomfiture was hailed by yells of ironical laughter. In the same moment there was a violent pushing and swaying;—some one was forcing his way to the front through all the pressure,—rapidly, furiously,—smiting with his elbows, battering with his shoulders: a giant *capre*.... He freed himself, and sprang into the clear space before the flaming building,—making his cutlass flicker about his head,—and shouted:—

—"*Nou pa ka brilé négresse!*"....

The mulatto put to scorn advanced and would have spoken;—ere he could utter a word, the *travailleur*, with a sudden backward blow of his unarmed hand, struck him to the ground.

—"*A moin! méfouè!*" thundered the tall new-comer;—"Stand by me, brothers!—we do not burn negresses!"

And Youma knew it was Gabriel who stood there alone,—colossal, menacing, magnificent,—daring the hell about him for her sake....

—"*Ni raison! ni raison!*" responded numbers...."*Non! nou pa ka brilé négresse!*.... *Châché léchelle!*" Gabriel had forced sympathy,—wrung some sentiment of compassion from those wild-beast hearts...."*Pòté léchelle vini!—içi yon léchelle!*" was clamored through the crowd...."a ladder!—a ladder!"

Five minutes,—and a ladder touched the window. Gabriel himself ascended it,—reached the summit,—put out his iron hand. Even as he did so, Youma, stooping to the sill, lifted Mayotte from behind it.

She was stupid with terror;—she did not know him.

—"Can you save her?" asked Youma, holding up the little fair-haired girl.

Gabriel could only shake his head;—the street sent up so frightful a cry....

—"*Non!—non!—non!—non!—pa lè yche-béké!—janmain yche-béké!*"....

—"Then you cannot save me!" cried Youma, clasping the child to her bosom,—"*janmain! janmain, mon ami!*"....

—"Youma, in the name of God...."

—"In the name of God you ask me to be a coward!... Are you vile, Gabriel?—are you base?.... Save myself and leave the child to burn?.... Go!"....

—"Leave the *béké's yche!*—leave it!—leave it, girl!" shouted a hundred voices.

—"*Moin!*" cried Youma, retreating beyond the reach of Gabriel's hand,—"*moin!* .... Never shall I leave it,—never! I shall go to God with it."....

—"Burn with it, then!" howled the negroes...."down with that ladder! down with it, down with it!" Gabriel had barely time to save himself, when the ladder was dragged away. All the first fury of the riot seemed to have been rekindled by the sight of the child;—again broke forth the tempest of maledictions.

But it calmed: there was another reaction.... Gabriel had men to strive with him. They forced the ladder once more into position;—they formed a desperate guard about it with their cutlasses;—they called to Youma to descend....She only waved her hand in disdain: she knew she could not save the child....

And the fierce heat below began to force back the guard at the foot of the ladder. ....Then Gabriel uttered a curse of despair. Touched by a spirt of flame, the ladder itself had ignited,—and was burning furiously.

Youma remained at the window. There was now neither hate nor fear in her fine face: it was calm as in the night when Gabriel had seen her stand unmoved with her foot on the neck of the serpent.

Then a sudden light flared up behind her, and brightened. Against it her tall figure appeared, as in the Chapel of the Anchorage Gabriel had seen, against a background of gold, the figure of *Notre Dame de Bon Port*....Still her smooth features expressed no emotion. Her eyes were bent upon the blond head hiding against her breast;—her lips moved;—she was speaking to the child....Little Mayotte looked up one moment into the dark and beautiful bending face,—and joined her slender hands, as if to pray.

But with a piteous cry, she clung to Youma's bosom again. For the thick walls quivered as walls quiver when a hurricane blows;—and there were shrieks, —frantic, heart-sickening, from the rear, —and a noise of ruining, as of smothered thunder. Youma drew off her foulard of yellow silk, and wrapped it about the head of the child: then began to caress her with calm tenderness,—murmuring to her,—swaying her softly in her arms,—all placidly, as though lulling her to sleep. Never to Gabriel's watching eyes had Youma seemed so beautiful.

Another minute—and he saw her no more. The figure and the light vanished

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together, as beams and floor and roof all quaked down at once into darkness.... Only the skeleton of stone remained,—black-smoking to the stars.

And stillness came,—a stillness broken only by the hissing and crepitation of the stifled fire, the booming of the tocsin, the far blowing of the great sea-shells. The victims had ceased to shriek;—the murderers stood appalled by the ghastliness of their consummated crime.

Then, from below, the flames wrestled out again,—crimsoning the smoke whirls, the naked masonry, the wreck of timbers. They wriggled upward, lengthening, lapping together,—lifted themselves erect,—grew taller, fiercer,—twined into one huge fluid spire of tongues that flapped and shivered high into the night....

The yellowing light swelled,—expanded from promontory to promontory,—palpitated over the harbor,—climbed the broken slopes of the great volcano leagues through the gloom. The wooded mornes towered about the city in weird illumination,—seeming loftier than by day,—blanching and shadowing alternately with the soaring and sinking of fire;—and at each huge pulsing of the glow, the white cross of their central summit stood revealed, with the strange passion of its black Christ.

....And the same hour, from the other side of the world,—a ship was running before the sun, bearing the republican gift of liberty and promise of universal suffrage to the slaves of Martinique.

TALKS WITH EDISON.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE object of the present paper is to record a number of interesting remarks, together with sundry reminiscences, imparted to me by Thomas A. Edison, in conversations held with him during a period of considerable intimacy. It seemed to me that they ought to be preserved; and, after some persuasion—for Mr. Edison resolutely objects to even the appearance of talking about himself in public—I obtained his permission to publish these notes. For the comments I alone am responsible.

In the casual, friendly association with him which a good fortune has awarded me, my chief pleasure, next to the company of one so surcharged as he with what the Norwegians call *Livsglade*, or "the joy of life," has been that of watching his methods, and learning from his own lips some of those things which tend to give one at least a more vivid perception of *how an inventor invents*.

Edison is always absolutely himself. He does not present to one's observation a mixture of superficial manners and concealed inner man. His outward characteristics, therefore, are significant and worth noting. He has, in a degree which is literally startling, the power of self-concentration. With him no time is wasted on formalities and conventions, and not an instant is lost in passing from one mood or subject to another. The transition, moreover, is made with the whole momentum of his mind. As I have hinted, he is capable of great jollity and a most charming companionableness. Yet, although he may at one instant be wholly absorbed in a merry chat with friends, laughing at their drolleries and cracking jokes of his own, in the very next instant he will be as completely buried in some abstruse scientific problem as if the conversation had never taken place and the friends had never existed. Neither the friends nor the talk have been ignored, however. It is not indifference which has rendered possible the swift transfer of attention; for his memory, even of trivial details, is extraordinary in its precision and tenacity.

The ease and rapidity with which he adjusts himself first to one subject and then to another are due to ready and absolute control of his mental forces. This explains, in part, his ability to carry in his mind all the minutiæ of numerous and diverse problems simultaneously, and to do an immense amount of intellectual labor and mechanical manipulation without breaking down. He does everything with the least amount of friction. He never stands in his own light nor deprives others of theirs. He is a centre of illumination, and his mind moves with the celerity and certainty of an electric current in the opening and closing of a

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circuit. The directness and unaffected simplicity of his mental operations are extended and applied to his bearing, his speech, dress, and manner of life. Owning now a luxurious home at Llewellyn Park, in Orange, New Jersey, he permits no social engagements to interrupt his main occupation; and he never seems happier than when work in his vast, well-appointed laboratory has kept him up all night, and his breakfast is brought to him there, to be eaten from a bench littered with parts of machines.

All-night labor is somewhat exceptional with him of late, but years ago it was the rule. At that time my brother, Francis Lathrop, went out to see the old establishment at Menlo Park, to make a portrait of Edison for a popular magazine. To relieve the strain of intent study and constant experiment, the inventor had just bought an organ; and, with the same energy that marks all his proceedings, he taught himself to play on it. He would rush out from his private laboratory into the main shop in the middle of the night, hammer out one or two tunes on the organ with almost ferocious vigor, sit awhile for the artist to draw his portrait—talking gayly on as he did so—and then, with only an instant's warning, plunge abruptly back into his room. The work which he had in hand was the perfecting of his electric light. Incidentally, wishing to learn what were the earth's resources in the line of platinum, he sent for every obtainable book likely to bear upon that point, and kept the volumes piled around or strewn upon the floor near the scene of his immediate occupations, many of them lying open at the page where he had last been reading in them. One of his recreations was to fling himself down among these tomes and pore over them in the pursuit of that special inquiry; after which he would go back refreshed to the manual part of his task. The mention of this one little circumstance may help to show how he succeeds in combining the different branches of his labor—practical investigation and research by means of books. He uses one as a relief from the other, to give himself recreation and dispel fatigue.

"Do you want to see *my* novel?" Edison asked me one day at his house, after I had presented him with some of my published works in the line of fiction.

On my saying "Yes," he at once brought out from a desk a short but very thick blank book, made of common, soft paper; turning the pages of which, he showed me a number of rough sketches accompanied by pencilled notes in writing. The sketches represented plans or general outlines of mechanical contrivances in great variety. Each one had a page to itself, and the date when it was scribbled down was recorded in every case. Nearly every day in the month was represented by some addition to the medley of entries, some of which he explained to me.

"These ideas are occurring to me all the time," he said. "Some of them are for new inventions, others are proposed improvements in existing machines—both other people's and my own machines. I just jot them down here whenever they strike me, day or night, and keep them with the hope of getting leisure to develop them."

The curious little manuscript volume, in its particular way, answered precisely to the character and use of a story-writer's note-book. He was right in calling it his "novel," for it was full of the keenest imagination. In this habit of systematically registering his ideas, and holding fast to the first suggestions while brooding over their many possibilities, we get at least one clew to Edison's method as an inventor.

In Edison's great working library, containing thousands of books, I have often noticed and examined a large and copious volume, consisting of printed Patent-office Reports, which describe only his own inventions. These are much more numerous than the public generally suspects. Referring to the number and bulk of these inventions, he said to me, "My stock telegraph instrument alone is protected by forty different patents, and I have forty-six patents covering my system of automatic telegraphy." Many other patents are described in other reports, and Mr. Edison has at times briefly indicated to me a variety of projects still in hand, no rumor of which ever seems to reach the world. Among them I recall a scheme about three years ago for improving submarine telegraphy by obtaining a higher rate of speed, or a better regulated rate, in transmission of the current through cables under the sea, so that

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the movements of a flame reflected in a mirror—by which cable messages are now read—might be made more precise and more easily understood. At present these flame reflections are somewhat difficult and uncertain, and the eyesight of an operator who has to receive messages by means of them is worn out in a few years. I have heard nothing more about this improvement lately; but it is like many of Edison's other ideas, which drop out of sight and apparently out of mind for a long time, and then suddenly crop out on the surface again fully developed.

Those of his inventions which are the best known represent only a portion of his productivity, although any two or three of them would be considered a sufficient title to eminence, if they had been brought out by any one claiming simply an average position in the ranks of the higher order of inventors. Among these best-known inventions more than a dozen may be mentioned here off-hand; yet out of this list perhaps no more than two or three are really familiar to the public. The list embraces the automatic repeating telegraph, the stock printer, quadruplex telegraphy, the phonoplex, the electric light, the motograph, the improved tasimeter, the mimeograph and the electric pen, the ore-milling process, the electric engine, the railway telegraph, and the phonograph. But, immense though the results are, involved in these, they bear about the same proportion to the total of Edison's active conceptions as the published works of a thoughtful novelist do to the array of his imagined but unpublished novels, which life does not give him time to complete.

But I must pass on to the narration of some particulars concerning the early part of his career, derived from Edison himself and his father, which will be of special interest.

When he was twelve years old he said to his mother one day, abruptly: "Ma, I'm a bushel of wheat! I weigh eighty pounds." This little remark, slight as it is, shows at least the early development of a tendency to measure things relatively in a scientific way. The very next day he entered upon his career as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway, his home being then in Port Huron.

He had none of the conventional advantages in education or a favorable start in life; he never had more than two months of regular schooling; but his mother had been remarkably successful as a school-teacher, and he had the benefit of excellent private training and influence from her. On his father's side he was descended from an excellent stock of millers, who immigrated from Holland to this country in 1730. It is interesting to note here that the family of another famous American inventor, Ericsson, also came from Holland, as did that of Ross and Thomas Winans, distinguished for railroad inventions and early locomotive building in this country. Edison's father is still living in full vigor, and although eighty-four years old, generally walks about ten miles a day. From him, no doubt, Thomas A. Edison has inherited much of that wonderful physical endurance which has enabled him to undergo prodigious bodily and mental labor and fatigue without breaking down. It seems probable, also, that some of his ancestral blood was Irish; for he shows a vividness of imagination, a sense of humor, an elasticity and an abundance of high spirits, which are fairly Celtic in their brilliant vivacity.

Before he was ten years of age he had read several standard works of history and literature, and at twelve he was wrestling with Newton's *Principia*, when he took his place as train-boy. But, not satisfied with the meagre profits of selling papers on the cars, he wrote, set up in type, printed, and published a small newspaper of his own—the *Grand Trunk Herald*—which had a genuine if not extensive circulation among the employés of the road. Robert Stephenson, the famous engineer, ordered a special edition of it for his own use, and the young editor sold altogether a few hundred copies a week, at three cents each.

"My news," Edison said to me, speaking of this period, "was so purely local that outside the cars and the shops I don't suppose it interested a solitary human being. But I was very proud of my bantling, and looked upon myself as a simon-pure newspaper man. My items used to run about like this: 'John Robinson, baggage-master at James's Creek Station, fell off the platform yesterday and hurt his leg. The boys are sorry for John.' Or it might be: 'No. 3 Burlington engine has gone into the shed for repairs.' The type I used was given to me

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by Wilbur F. Storey, proprietor of the Detroit *Free Press*, who, in a certain way, was the founder of my fortunes."

Mr. Storey's precise relation to Edison's rise in the world seemed a little remote, when I learned the circumstances. But the account of the way in which the lad's thoughts were turned to telegraphy, and so into the channel which they have since followed, to his own great gain and the world's benefit, is interesting.

"At the beginning of the civil war," said Mr. Edison, continuing this subject, "I was slaving late and early at selling papers; but, to tell the truth, I was not making a fortune. I worked on so small a margin that I had to be mighty careful not to overload myself with papers that I couldn't sell. On the other hand, I could not afford to carry so few that I should find myself sold out long before the end of the trip. To enable myself to hit the happy mean, I formed a plan which turned out admirably. I made a friend of one of the compositors in the *Free Press* office, and persuaded him to show me every day a 'galley proof' of the most important news article. From a study of its head lines I soon learned to gauge the value of the day's news and its selling capacity, so that I could form a tolerably correct estimate of the number of papers I should need. As a rule, I could dispose of about 200; but if there was any special news from the seat of war, the sale ran up to 300 or over. Well, one day my compositor brought me a proof slip of which nearly the whole was taken up with a gigantic display head. It was the first report of the battle of Pittsburg Landing—afterward called Shiloh, you know—and it gave the number of killed and wounded as 60,000 men.

"I grasped the situation at once. Here was a chance for enormous sales, if only the people along the line could know what had happened. If only they could see the proof slip I was then reading! Suddenly an idea occurred to me. I rushed off to the telegraph operator, and gravely made a proposition to him, which he received just as gravely. He, on his part, was to wire to each of the principal stations on our route, asking the station-master to chalk up on the black bulletin-board—used for announcing the times of arrival and departure of trains—the news of the great battle, with its accompanying slaughter. This he was to do at once; while I agreed, in return, to supply him 'free, gratis, for nothing,' a *Harper's Weekly*, a *Harper's Monthly*, and a daily evening paper during the next six months from that date.

"This bargain struck, I began to bethink me how I was to get enough papers to make the grand *coup* I intended. I had very little cash, and, I feared, still less credit. I went to the superintendent of the delivery department, and proffered a modest request for one thousand copies of the *Free Press* on trust. But I was not much surprised when my request was curtly and gruffly refused. In those days, though, I was a pretty cheeky boy, and I felt desperate, for I saw a small fortune in prospect if my telegraph operator had kept his word—a point on which I was still a trifle doubtful. Nerving myself for a great stroke, I marched upstairs into the office of Wilbur F. Storey himself, and asked to see him. A few minutes later I was shown in to him. I told him who I was, and that I wanted *fifteen hundred* copies of the paper on credit. The tall, thin, dark-eyed, ascetic-looking man stared at me for a moment, and then scratched a few words on a slip of paper. 'Take that down-stairs,' said he, 'and you will get what you want.' And so I did. Then I felt happier than I have ever felt since.

"I took my fifteen hundred papers, got three boys to help me fold them, and mounted the train, all agog to find out whether the telegraph operator had kept his word. At the town where our first stop was made I usually sold two papers. As the train swung into that station I looked ahead, and thought there must be a riot going on. A big crowd filled the platform, and as the train drew up I began to realize that they wanted my papers. Before we left I had sold a hundred or two at five cents apiece. At the next station the place was fairly black with people. I raised the ante, and sold three hundred papers at *ten* cents each. So it went on until Port Huron was reached. Then I transferred my remaining stock to the wagon which always waited for me there, hired a small boy to sit on the pile of papers in the back of the wagon, so as to discount any pilfering, and sold out every paper I had at a quarter of a dollar or more per copy. I remember I passed a church full of wor-

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shippers, and stopped to yell out my news. In ten seconds there was not a soul left in meeting. All of them, including the parson, were clustered around me, bidding against each other for copies of the precious paper.

"You can understand why it struck me then that the telegraph must be about the best thing going, for it was the telegraphic notices on the bulletin boards that had done the trick. I determined at once to become a telegraph operator. But if it hadn't been for Wilbur F. Storey I should never have fully appreciated the wonders of electrical science."

We may fairly abate a little from this liberal acknowledgment, while rendering due honor to Mr. Storey for his wise kindness to the boy. For before the date of the incident just recorded, Edison had begun his practical scientific studies; and in the same "caboose" car where he set up his *Grand Trunk Herald*, he had established a small makeshift chemical laboratory, which was the scene of his first experiments. His publishing and newspaper-selling enterprise now throve to such an extent that he had to employ four boy assistants, and he was able to turn into the exchequer of his parents about five hundred dollars a year. Telegraphy was then in its childhood; operators were few, and good wages could be earned by means of much less proficiency than is now demanded. Still Edison had so little leisure at his disposal for learning his new trade that it took him several years to acquire the expertness which made him one of the "knights of the key," as manipulators of the Morse alphabet delighted to call themselves. But after he became an operator and secured his first engagement at Indianapolis, he was not slow to develop the inventive faculty, as will appear from what follows.

"I worked a 'plug circuit' in the daytime at Indianapolis," he has told me, "and got a small salary for doing it. But at night, with another operator named Parmley, I used to receive newspaper reports just for the practice. The regular operator was a man named Williams; and, as he was given to copious libations, he was glad enough to sleep off the effects, while we did his work for him as well as we could. I would sit down for ten minutes, and 'take' as much as I could from the instrument, carrying the rest in my memory. Then, while I wrote out, Parmley would serve his turn at 'taking'; and so on. This worked well until they put a new man on at the Cincinnati end. He was one of the quickest despatchers in the business, and we soon found it was hopeless for us to try to keep up with him. Then it was that I worked out my first invention, and necessity was certainly the mother of it.

"I got two old Morse registers, and arranged them in such a way that by running a strip of paper through them, the dots and dashes were recorded on it by the first instrument as fast as they were delivered from the Cincinnati end, and were transmitted to us through the other instrument at any desired rate of speed or slowness. They would come in on one instrument at the rate of forty words a minute, and we would grind them out of the other at the rate of twenty-five. Then weren't we proud! Our copy used to be so clean and beautiful that we hung it up on exhibition; and our manager used to come and gaze at it silently, with a puzzled expression. Then he would depart, shaking his head in a troubled sort of way. He could not understand it; neither could any of the other operators; for we used to drag off my impromptu automatic recorder and hide it when our toil was over. But the crash came when there was a big night's work—a Presidential vote, I think it was—and copy kept pouring in at the top rate of speed, until we fell an hour and a half or two hours behind. The newspapers sent in frantic complaints, an investigation was made, and our little scheme was discovered. We couldn't use it any more."

"It was that same rude automatic recorder," Edison once explained to me, "that indirectly—yet *not* by accident, but by *logical deduction*—led me long afterward to invent the phonograph. I'll tell you how this came about. After thinking over the matter a great deal, I came to the point where, in 1877, I had worked out satisfactorily an instrument which would not only record telegrams by indenting a strip of paper with dots and dashes of the Morse code, but would also repeat a message any number of times at any rate of speed required. I was then experimenting with the telephone also, and my mind was filled with theories of

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sound vibrations and their transmission by diaphragms. Naturally enough, the idea occurred to me: If the indentations on paper could be made to give forth again the click of the instrument, why could not the vibrations of a diaphragm be recorded and similarly reproduced? I rigged up an instrument hastily, and pulled a strip of paper through it, at the same time shouting, 'Halloo!' Then the paper was pulled through again, my friend Batchelor and I listening breathlessly. We heard a distinct sound, which a strong imagination might have translated into the original 'Halloo!' That was enough to lead me to a further experiment. But Batchelor was sceptical, and bet me a barrel of apples that I couldn't make the thing go. I made a drawing of a model, and took it to Mr. Kruesi, at that time engaged on piece-work for me, but now assistant general manager of our machine shop at Schenectady. I marked it $4, and told him it was a talking machine. He grinned, thinking it a joke; but set to work, and soon had the model ready. I arranged some tin-foil on it, and spoke into the machine. Kruesi looked on, and was still grinning. But when I arranged the machine for transmission, and we both heard a distinct sound from it, he nearly fell down in his fright. I was a little scared myself, I must admit. I won that barrel of apples from Batchelor, though, and was mighty glad to get it."

This account of the circumstances attending the first practical experiment on the phonograph is now published for the first time.

Since the phonograph has been perfected and actually prepared for daily use in business, people have discovered various references to the possibility of such an invention which preceded the invention itself. One of the most interesting, to which public attention has not yet been called, is a remark made by Ralph Waldo Emerson, in writing to a friend many years ago, about the then recent daguerreotype. "We make the sun paint our portraits now," Emerson wrote; "by-and-by we shall *organize the echoes* as we now organize the shadows." Similarly, Lieutenant Maury, the distinguished student of storms and winds, who was the precursor of our present Weather Bureau, was prompted by Daguerre's discovery to suggest in a letter in 1844: "What a pity it is that M. Daguerre, instead of photography, had not invented a process of writing by merely speaking through a trumpet at a piece of paper! Instead of saying, I wrote you a letter last Monday, the phrase would have been, I *spoke you a ream.*" Maury's and Emerson's letters have been published only within a year or two, and therefore could not possibly have been seen by Edison when he began his experiments twelve years ago.

But it appears also that Jean Ingelow, the poetess, in a fairy tale issued some fifteen years since, described an imaginary contrivance which she called the "acoustigraph," designed to record and reproduce music. Away back in 1855, in an obscure book called *Helionde, or Adventures in the Sun*, there was printed another allusion to a supposed invention of the same sort to this effect: "Alutedon here informed me that authors had no occasion to employ manual labor in their publications, for they had only to repeat their ideas aloud, and the vibrations of the air, differing according to the words used, set in motion a very delicate machinery, which stamped indelibly the language expressed. Copies could afterward be taken in any number." Still earlier, in 1839, Tom Hood, in his *Comic Annual*, propounded the following query: "In this century of inventions, when a self-acting drawing-paper has been discovered for copying visible objects, who knows but that some future Niepce, or Daguerre, or Herschel, or Fox Talbot, may find out some sort of Boswellish writing-paper to repeat whatever it hears?" Nevertheless Edison had not seen any of these allusions, which were at best merely fanciful foreshadowings of his invention, and by no means practical hints for it. They indicate only how the mind of the race tends in a particular direction at a particular time, and vaguely foresees something that a great inventor subsequently presents as an accomplished fact.

My reference to the phonograph at this point has been designed simply to show how ideas germinate and expand in Edison's mind, sometimes requiring years for their development. It is useful to observe that this latest and perhaps greatest of his inventions grew directly, although slowly, out of the earliest and rudest of his mechanical contrivances, which was meant to serve a temporary and immedi-

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ately practical purpose. We shall see still more clearly how consistent, how orderly and consecutive, his progress has been when we go back a little, and note that the same rough automatic recorder which finally led to the phonograph was also the source of Edison's first finished and practical invention, viz., the automatic repeating telegraph. This was devised by him when he was employed as an operator at Memphis.

"At that time a message sent from New Orleans to New York had to be taken at Memphis, retelegraphed to Louisville, taken down again by the operator there, and telegraphed to another centre, and so on till it reached New York. Time was lost, and the chance of error was increased." In these words Mr. Edison began his reference to the automatic repeating telegraph. "I was the first man to connect New Orleans and New York directly. It was just after the war that I did this. I perfected my repeater, which was put on at Memphis, and worked without a hitch. The manager of the office there, one Johnson, had a relative who was also busy on the same problem, but I got in ahead of him, and received complimentary notices of my invention from the local papers. This made Johnson mad, and he sent for me next day. 'You have been making a disturbance in the operating-room,' said he, 'and you are discharged.' 'But—' I began, conscious of innocence; and there he interrupted me. 'Don't argue,' he said; 'just take your money and get out.' That was all. He wouldn't even give me transportation home. I managed, with another operator who was in the same boat, to get a pass as far as Decatur, but from there we had to walk to Nashville, a hundred and fifty miles, with only a dollar or two in the world. Then we got another pass to Louisville, where we arrived clad in linen dusters in the middle of a snow-storm. I shall never forget the sensation we made in that city walking through the snow in our airy apparel."

By this time, however, he had become, according to all accounts, one of the most expert operators in the country; but during the hours when he was not at the key, his inventive faculty was turned to good account. His mind was full of schemes for achieving duplex and quadruplex telegraphy and other projects. Even during his sleep, he has informed me, his brain continued to devise the most intricate machines, all trace of which vanished as soon as he woke. This tendency to dream of inventions has clung to him all along through later years. It is not improbable that some of his plans may in this way have been partly matured, unknown to himself, by "unconscious cerebration" during sleep. But he certainly does not knowingly rely upon any such aid, for he constantly pursues these ideas in the most wide-awake manner.

I once asked Mr. Edison what the invention was with which he distinctly entered on the career of an inventor.

"Well," said he, in reply, "my first appearance at the Patent Office was with an ingenious contrivance which I called the electrical vote recorder. I had been struck with the enormous waste of time in Congress and in State legislatures by the taking of votes on any motion. Something over half an hour was then required to count the 'ayes' and 'noes.' So I made a machine somewhat on the plan of the hotel annunciator that was invented long afterward, only mine was a great deal more complex. In front of each member of the House were two buttons, one for 'aye,' and one for 'no.' By the side of the Speaker's desk was erected a square frame, in the upper part of which were two dials, also corresponding to the two classes of vote. Below these dials were spaces in which numbers appeared. When the vote was called for, each member pressed one or the other of the buttons in front of him, and the number of 'ayes' and 'noes' that had been cast at once appeared automatically on the record board. All the Speaker had to do was to glance at the dial and announce the result. This contrivance would save several hours of public time every day in the session, and I thought my fortune was made. I interested a moneyed man in the thing, and we went together to Washington. We got hold of the right man to get the machine adopted, and I enthusiastically set forth its merits to him. Just imagine my feelings when, in a horrified tone, he exclaimed: 'Young man, that won't do at all! That is just what we do *not* want. Your invention would destroy the only hope the minority have of influencing legislation. It would deliver them over, bound hand and foot, to the majority. The present system gives

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them a weapon which is invaluable, and as the ruling majority always knows that it may some day become a minority, they will be as much averse to any change as their opponents.' I saw the force of his remarks, and was about as much crushed as it was possible to be at my age.

"That was about 1868, when I was twenty-one. The vote recorder got no further than the Patent Office. But, at any rate, it had brought me to the point of giving up practical telegraphy and making invention my business."

Somewhere in the period of the vote recorder, and while employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company at Boston, Edison also invented a dial instrument for the use of those who wished to have private wires in house or office, without the trouble of learning telegraphy; and a private wire printer besides. The stock printer was his first success. It superseded Calahan's, which did good work for several years, but was crude. Calahan used three wires, and Edison only one; and Edison's various devices in his old stock printer have formed the basis of all later variations on that sort of instrument. From that time onward the lines of his career were plainly laid out before him, and one success followed another; but not without the aid of tremendously hard work.

Edison has often been spoken of as a discoverer; and in one sense he may appear to have discovered things by reaching out into the realm of what to other persons was the unknown. But he himself dislikes the term as applied to himself. "Discovery is not invention," he once said to me, "and I dislike to see the two words confounded. A discovery is more or less in the nature of an accident. A man walks along the road, say from the laboratory here to Orange station, intending to catch the train. On the way his foot kicks against something, and looking down to see what he has hit, he sees a gold bracelet imbedded in the dust. He has discovered that, certainly not invented it. He did not set out to find a bracelet, yet the value of it is just as great to him at the moment as if, after long years of study, he had invented a machine for making gold bracelets out of common road-metal.

"Goodyear *discovered* the way to make hard rubber. He was at work experimenting with India-rubber, and quite by chance he hit upon a process which hardened it—the last result in the world that he wished or expected to attain. Bell's telephone was a discovery too, not an invention. He was engaged with the possibilities of sending sound waves over a telegraph wire, and filed an invention by which this could be done. Then, by accident, it was discovered that articulate speech could be sent over the wire—and there was the telephone. But Bell did not set out to make an instrument by which talk could be transmitted, and therefore I say he discovered instead of inventing the telephone. In a discovery there must be an element of the accidental, and an important one too; while an invention is purely deductive. An abstract idea or a natural law, I maintain, may be *invented;* for, in my opinion, Newton invented but did not discover the theory of gravitation. He had been at work on the problem for years, and had no doubt invented theory after theory to which he found it impossible to fit his facts. Then he constructed the theory to which all facts corresponded, and thus invented it by deductive reasoning. Of course the old story of the apple dropping from a tree, and Newton's jumping up with a species of 'Eureka,' I reject absolutely.

"It is too much the fashion to attribute all inventions to accident, and a great deal of nonsense is talked on that score.

"In my own case but few, and those the least important, of my inventions owed anything to accident. Most of them have been hammered out after long and patient labor, and are the result of countless experiments, all directed toward attaining some well-defined object. All mechanical improvements may safely be said to be inventions and not discoveries. The sewing-machine was an invention. So were the steam-engine and the typewriter. Speaking of this latter, did I ever tell you that I made the first twelve typewriters, at my old factory in Railroad Avenue, Newark? This was in 1869 or 1870; and I myself had worked at a machine of similar character, but never found time to develop it fully."

A case in point, illustrating this assertion concerning the deliberative and foreseeing nature of invention, came up, some time afterward, in a chat with Mr. Edison

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about the telephone and its present level of perfection. As is no doubt well known, Mr. Edison added to the original Bell telephone one thing that it needed to make it thoroughly practicable. Bell and his associates invented and patented a receiver which answered its purpose exceedingly well, but it was left for Edison to invent and patent the carbon transmitter. He sold the right to it in this country to the Western Union, and it will be remembered that the war between the two companies was amicably settled. "In England," Edison added, after recalling these facts, "we had fun. You see, neither the Bell people nor we could work satisfactorily without injuring the other. They infringed on my transmitter, and we infringed on their receiver; and there we were, cutting each other's throats. Well, of course this could not go on forever, and consolidation had to come, although a second fight over the terms of this consolidation was bound to come.

"In a measure, they had the whip-hand of us; so I was not surprised to receive one day from our representative in England a telegram the gist of which was that the Bell people wanted more than their fair share of the receipts in case of consolidation, and that our agent was at his wits' end what to do. I cabled back at once, somewhat to this effect: 'Do not accept terms of consolidation. I will invent new receiver, and send it over.' Then I set to work.

"I had found out some time before that electricity altered, in some mysterious way, the coefficients of friction in moving bodies, and I determined to turn this fact to account. In three weeks I had a receiver finished which worked even better than the Bell, and in less than no time afterward we had got six hundred of them made. With those we started off a body of men on a quick steamer; and an instructor went along, who during the voyage taught the men how to manipulate the new receivers, and how to make them if more should be required. The new receivers, immediately on their arrival in England, were attached to the instruments in all our stations; and this brought our opponents around. We consolidated on equal terms shortly afterward."

The swiftness and certainty with which Edison thought out this new receiver—which he called the motograph—and made it an accomplished fact, furnish a striking example of the preconceiving and methodical manner in which he goes to work at an invention, and show how different the process is from the accidental "find" of a discoverer.

The motograph alone, rapidly though it was conceived and carried out, is ingenious enough to have constituted the chief work of a less prolific inventor. A revolving cylinder of compressed chalk is pressed upon by a carbon point. A current of electricity passing through this causes the carbon point to press more or less heavily upon the cylinder, according as the current is strengthened or weakened or rendered intermittent. This varying action is communicated to the current by the vibrations of the diaphragm, and by the principle of "give and take," which is the foundation of so many electrical inventions; another diaphragm, at any required distance, vibrates in sympathy with that affected by the sound waves. This, of course, is a mere outline of the machine, which consists of many delicate and ingenious attachments, and needed a surprising amount of careful thinking out in the short space of time given to perfecting them. It was never largely used in England, as its introduction would have compelled the alteration of the thousands of instruments rented out before the consolidation of the Edison telephone with the Bell. This circumstance accounts for its being comparatively little known, and may excuse my brief description of it for the benefit of the general reader.

It may be said here, also, that Mr. Edison once remarked to me that many extremely useful improvements on the telephone are in the possession of those controlling the invention, and are safely locked up from the world because of the great extra expense which would attend their application to existing instruments.

Not long ago I asked Mr. Edison which of his inventions had caused him the greatest amount of study, and required the most elaborate experiments.

He replied, promptly: "The electric light. For, although I was never myself discouraged, or inclined to be hopeless of success, I cannot say the same for all of my associates. And yet, through all those years of experimenting and research, I never once made a discovery. All my

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work was deductive, and the results I achieved were those of invention pure and simple. I would construct a theory and work on its lines until I found it was untenable. Then it would be discarded at once, and another theory evolved. This was the only possible way for me to work out the problem, for the conditions under which the incandescent electric light exists are peculiar and unsatisfactory for close investigation. Just consider this: we have an almost infinitesimal filament heated to a degree which it is difficult for us to comprehend, and it is in a vacuum, under conditions of which we are wholly ignorant. You cannot use your eyes to help you in the investigation, and you really know nothing of what is going on in that tiny bulb. I speak without exaggeration when I say that I have constructed *three thousand* different theories in connection with the electric light, each one of them reasonable and apparently likely to be true. Yet only in two cases did my experiments prove the truth of my theory. My chief difficulty, as perhaps you know, was in constructing the carbon filament, the incandescence of which is the source of the light. Every quarter of the globe was ransacked by my agents, and all sorts of the queerest of materials were used, until finally the shred of bamboo now utilized by us was settled upon. Even now," Mr. Edison continued, "I am still at work nearly every day on the lamp, and quite lately I have devised a method of supplying sufficient current to fifteen lamps with one horse-power. Formerly ten lamps per horse-power was the extreme limit."

It will be seen from these memoranda that in addition to his native endowment of a genius for science and mechanics, Edison brings to bear vast patience in logical deduction, careful calculation, unlimited experiment, a ceaseless industry, and a persistence which refuses to be discouraged. Moreover, his mind is open to every suggestion or idea, no matter how fanciful it may seem to others. He never lets go of an idea until he has tested all its possibilities. The moment he has invented one thing, he apparently casts about to see what else it may lead to. And he carries all these things about in his mind, considering, studying, and trying them for years, until those that are practicable are developed, one after another, from the first hasty sketch in his "novel" note-book into the completed creation.

In boyhood he was a diligent and omnivorous reader, and to some extent he keeps up this habit. He has not confined himself, however, to scientific works; and often, when some book entirely literary in character is mentioned, he will surprise the listener by speaking of it with evident familiarity. As for the scientific works, he has collected a large library of them, and does not affect disdain for their accumulations of knowledge. "Yet, somehow," he says, "I don't seem to find what I want in books." I once asked him, also, how he made his calculations. The answer was: "I don't know exactly; but I can't do them on paper. I have to be moving around." That he does them efficiently, however, is shown by the results. I have also in mind at this moment the incident of a well-known physicist of my acquaintance, a man of high scientific rank and rare mathematical attainments, who had done an immense amount of figuring on some point which he mentioned to Edison, without being able to reach a satisfactory conclusion. Edison at once, though having only a few minutes for consideration, gave him the result and convinced him of its accuracy, much to his surprise and admiration.

But in addition to being extremely practical in his thoughts and processes, Edison has a rich imagination of a creating sort, and moods of ideal dreaming in his particular line. One day at dinner he suddenly spoke, as if out of a deep revery, saying what a great thing it would be if a man could have all the component atoms of himself under complete control, detachable and adjustable at will. "For instance," he explained, "then I could say to one particular atom in me—call it atom No. 4320—'Go and be part of a rose for a while.' All the atoms could be sent off to become parts of different minerals, plants, and other substances. Then, if by just pressing a little push button they could be called together again, they would bring back their experiences while they were parts of those different substances, and I should have the benefit of the knowledge."

Of course this was only a passing fancy, an imaginative way of expressing the

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constant desire which exists in the inventor's mind for a more intimate knowledge of the nature of things concerning which he has already learned so much. This desire is gratified to the farthest practicable extent by the great store of all sorts of materials—animal, vegetable, and mineral—collected in his laboratory, where he experiments upon and combines their various properties as a composer plays upon the instruments of his orchestra. Indeed, in this large imaginative aspect of his mind Edison distinctly reminds me of men having creative musical or poetic or artistic genius. The mingled abstraction and fire in their faces and eyes are noticeable in his, at times when he emerges from some private room in the laboratory where he has been engaged in deep inventive work.

The above remark about the atoms, too, recalls a statement which he once made to me regarding his conception of matter. "I do not believe," he said, "that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence. Look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements, forming the most diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence? Atoms in harmonious and useful relation assume beautiful or interesting shapes and colors, or give forth a pleasant perfume, as if expressing their satisfaction. In sickness, death, decomposition, or filth, the disagreement of the component atoms immediately makes itself felt by bad odors. Gathered together in certain forms, the atoms constitute animals of the lower orders. Finally they combine in man, who represents the total intelligence of all the atoms."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?" I asked.

"From some power greater than ourselves."

"Do you believe, then, in an intelligent Creator, a personal God?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Edison. "The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

Surely it is a circumstance calculated to excite reflection, and to cause a good deal of satisfaction, that this keen and penetrating mind, so vigorously representing the practical side of American intelligence—the mind of a remarkable exponent of applied science, and of a brilliant and prolific inventor who has spent his life in dealing with the material part of the world—should so confidently arrive at belief in God through a study of those media that often obscure the perception of spiritual things.

THE SUN CUP.

BY A. LAMPMAN.

THE earth is the cup of the sun,
That he filleth at morning with wine,
With the strong warm wine of his might,
From the vintage of gold and of light—
Fills it, and makes it divine.

And at night, when his journey is done,
At the gate of his radiant hall
He setteth his lips to the brim,
With a long last look of his eye,
And tilts it, and draineth it dry—
Drains till he leaveth it all
Hollow and empty and dim.

And then, as he passes to sleep,
Still full of the feats that he did
Long ago in Olympian wars,
He closes it down with the sweep
Of its slow-turning luminous lid,
Its cover of darkness and stars,
Wrought once by Hephæstus of old
With violet and vastness and gold.

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THE TWENTY-NINTH OF FEBRUARY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE Governor of the State and his secretary had just finished their lunch in one of the private parlors of the hotel. The Governor lighted his cigar and leaned back in his chair as the secretary went to the door and admitted an old man who had been patrolling the corridor impatiently.

"The Governor will see you now, Mr. Baxter," said the secretary.

The old man, tall, thin, and impetuous, strode past the secretary without a word of thanks, and came straight to where the Governor was sitting.

"At last!" he cried—"at last I've got a chance to talk to you face to face. If you only knew how I have longed for this, you would have let me in before."

"Take a seat, Mr. Baxter," said the Governor, kindly.

"Thank you, but I'd rather stand," replied the old man. "In fact, I'd rather walk. I don't seem to be able to sit nor to stand when I get a-talkin' about the boy. You know why I wanted to see you, I suppose?" he inquired, suddenly, fixing the Governor with a penetrating stare.

"You wish to urge your son's pardon, I take it," the Governor answered; "and I am ready to listen to you. I have all the papers here," and he indicated a bundle of documents at his elbow. "I have just been reading them."

"But the men who wrote those papers didn't know my boy as I know him, and they can't tell you about him as I can tell you. He's in jail, and he's been there nearly three years, and he's twenty-four years old to-day—for to-day's his birthday—but he's only a boy for all that. He isn't a man yet, to be judged as a man, and to take a man's punishment. I can't tell you that he didn't shoot the fellow, for he did; but he did it in his anger, and he was sorely tempted; and what's more, he did it in self-defence. Oh, I know that wasn't brought out on the trial, but just you read this," and he tore open his coat and pulled out a package of papers; selecting one of them, he thrust it into the Governor's hands. "That's from the man who sold Bowles a pistol and a knife on the 28th of February, the day before the fight. Then you read this too," and he picked out a second letter, and gave that to the Governor with the same impatient and imperious gesture. "That's from one of Bowles's friends, the fellow who was with him just before the shot was fired. He kept quiet at the trial, and said as little as he could. He knew that I was sick abed, and so he held his peace. But I've been at him ever since I got about again, and now I've pinned him down. And there's the result; the truth must prevail in the end always. There, in that letter, he says that Bowles had that pistol on his person on the morning of the 29th; and that if it wasn't found on the body, it was because Bowles dropped it as he fell. The pistol was picked up that night under a plank in the sidewalk. It was this same friend of Bowles's who found it then, and he said nothing—the cur! Even at the trial he said nothing! But I knew he had something to say, and at last I made him speak. He's telling the truth now, and the whole truth. Read the letter and see if it isn't. He hated my boy, and he said he wanted to see him swing; but I made him write that letter. And if that isn't enough, I'll put him on the stand, and I'll make him swear to every word of it."

The Governor adjusted his glasses, and began to read the letters thus forcibly placed in his hands.

In his eagerness to be heard, the old man could not brook even this delay, and as the Governor laid down the first letter, he broke forth again: "To-day's his birthday, the first he's had since the shooting, the first that he's ever spent away from me. He was born on the 29th of February, and he has a birthday only once in four years; and it was just four years ago to-day that he got into this scrape, and fired the shot that caused us all this trouble. He was twenty years old that morning, for he was born in 1864; that was the year when General Grant was getting ready to smash Jeff Davis and the rebels; that's why we called him Grant—out of gratitude for the saving of the country. Sometimes I think it's a pity he hadn't been born twenty years before, so that he could have died at Cold Harbor like a man, without ever having seen the inside of a jail. But it was to be, I suppose. Our lives are laid out for us, I suppose. Maybe a boy born on the 29th of February is

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different from other boys; I don't know. He was loved more than most boys; I know that well enough. I was raised on Cape Cod, and my father never gave me a caress; though I guess he loved me, too, in his way. But I moved out to Lake Erie when I was married, and out by the edge of the lake we waited, my wife and I, for a man-child to be born to us. And we waited a score of years and more; and when Grant came at last, he was our only child. Both his sisters had died in their cradles. So he was the son of our old age. Maybe we spoiled him. Surely we spared the rod. Why, we loved him too much ever to say a hard word to him. In the main he was a good boy, too—wild at times, and skittish—but always loving and easily led. His mother had only to look, and he'd jump to serve her. So we let him do as he pleased, and most generally he pleased us. Perhaps I gave him too much rope; I've often thought so, now I see how near he came to hanging himself. But he was a good boy, and devoted to his mother always. And she loved him—oh! how she loved him!—more than she loved her husband, I know, fond as she was of me."

Here the old man paused in his vehement speech, and turned away abruptly.

"Is Mrs. Baxter with you here in the city?" the Governor asked, gently.

"Here—in the city?" cried the old man, facing about sharply. "She's at home—in the cemetery! That's where she is. She drooped as soon as ever he was arrested, but she bore up till the trial was over, hoping that he might get off somehow, not believing that her boy could be found guilty. But when he was sent off to Auburn to serve fifteen years for manslaughter, why, then there wasn't anything left for her to live for any longer, with all the joy of her life locked up in a stone cell. So she took to her bed, and she died. She faded away; she had lost her interest in life, and so she gave up. Now the boy's all I have, and I want you to give him back to me. That's what I've come down here for. That's what I've been pursuing you for these six months. The boy is all I have. I want to see him back at the old home on the lake before I die—and I can't live much longer, I guess. I'm seventy now, and for all I look hale and hearty, there's something the matter with my heart, the doctors say, and I may go out any time, like a candle in a gale of wind. Well, give me back the boy, and I'm ready to die. Let me see him at home once more, a free man, and I'll carry the good news to the old woman whenever the call comes, and gladly."

He paused for a moment, and his impassioned speech had lost a little of its fierce fire.

The Governor took up the second letter and began to read it. The movement of the Governor's hand as he raised the paper aroused the old man again.

"If the District Attorney had done his duty by the people of the State it wouldn't have been left for me to wring the truth out of that coward whose letter you are reading. Sometimes I half think this cur was at the bottom of the whole thing. It was he who introduced Grant to the woman. You know that the wedding was to have taken place that very night—the night of the shooting? Yes, it all came out on the trial. Grant only had one birthday in four years, as I've been telling you, and so he persuaded the girl to set it as the wedding day too. And he was just twenty—a mere boy. It was no wonder they took advantage of him. If you've read the report you can see how she deceived him. Even the District Attorney admitted that, bitter as he was against the boy. Ah! if I could only have been in court at the trial! If I had only been in town the day when the boy discovered the truth, he wouldn't have shot that villain, for I'd have done it myself."

"Then who would have come to me to ask for your pardon?" inquired the Governor, smiling kindly. "I have read these letters, but they contain nothing that is new to me, and—"

"Nothing new?" interrupted the old man, violently. "That letter shows that Grant fired in self-defence, since the fellow had a pistol in his hand. Isn't that something new?"

"Not to me, for the District Attorney—against whom you seem to have a prejudice, Mr. Baxter—had already informed me of this."

"If you've been listening to him, I suppose there isn't much hope of my getting what I'm after," the old man returned, hotly; "for no man ever spoke more unfairly against another than that man did against my boy."

"You do him injustice," the Governor

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said, firmly. "He did his duty at the trial in pressing for sentence, and he has done his duty now in laying before me this newly discovered evidence. He has even gone farther; he has urged me to accede to your request for your son's pardon."

"The District Attorney?" cried the old man in surprise.

"Yes," the Governor replied.

"Then his conscience has pricked him at last."

"And it is chiefly in consequence of his recommendation that I have decided to pardon your son."

"I don't care on whose urging it is, so long as it's done," the old man rejoined. "When can the boy come out?" he asked, eagerly.

"I will let you bear the pardon to him," said the Governor, and he unfolded one of the papers which lay on the table by his side and signed it. "Here it is."

The old man seized the paper with a convulsive clutch. His knees trembled as his eyes read the pardon swiftly.

The door of the parlor opened, and the secretary returned.

The old man grasped his hat. "Do you know when the next train leaves for Auburn?" he inquired, hastily.

"There's one at four o'clock, I think," the secretary answered.

"I shall be in time," said the old man; and then, the pardon in his twitching fingers, he left the parlor without another word. He passed quickly through the corridors of the hotel, down the stairs, and out into the street. When he reached the pavement he stood still for a moment and bared his head, quite unconscious of the rain-storm which had broken but a minute before.

A small boy came running to him across the street, crying, "Evening papers—four o'clock *Gazette!*"

Seemingly the old man did not hear him.

"Terrible loss of life!" the newsboy shrilled out, as he moved away. "Riot at Auburn! Attempted escape of the prisoners!"

Then a clutch of iron was fastened on the newsboy's arm, and the old man towered above him, asking hoarsely: "What's that you say? A loss of life in the prison at Auburn? Give me the paper!"

He seized it. On the first page was a despatch from Auburn stating that there had been a rising of the convicts at the State-prison, which the wardens had been able to repress after it had gained headway. The prisoners had yielded and gone back to their cells only after the wardens had fired on them, wounding half a dozen and killing the ringleader, who had fought desperately. He was a young man from one of the lake villages, sentenced to fifteen years for manslaughter; his name was Grant Baxter.

As the old man read this, the paper slipped from his fingers, and he fell on the sidewalk dead, still tightly grasping the pardon.

A PRAYER.

BY B. R. BULKELEY.

FORGIVE me, Lord, that my poor thought of Thee
Such likeness of myself doth always bring
To mingle with my sweetest offering,
And mar my worship with idolatry;
Forgive me that I am not ever free
To speak my soul's full utterance and spring
Straight to Thy heart, and there to humbly sing
My needs before Thy love's infinity.
Forgive me that my selfish wishes find
A god of their own shaping, and repeat
Their old familiar story, ever blind
To my one need—to make my gift complete—
To take my heart, my soul, my strength and mind,
And lay me as I am beside Thy feet.

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A MAJESTIC LITERARY FOSSIL.

BY MARK TWAIN.

IF I were required to guess off-hand, and without collusion with higher minds, what is the bottom cause of the amazing material and intellectual advancement of the last fifty years, I should guess that it was the modern-born and previously non-existent disposition on the part of men to believe that a new idea can have value. With the long roll of the mighty names of history present in our minds, we are not privileged to doubt that for the past twenty or thirty centuries every conspicuous civilization in the world has produced intellects able to invent and create the things which make our day a wonder; perhaps we may be justified in inferring, then, that the reason they did not do it was that the public reverence for old ideas and hostility to new ones always stood in their way, and was a wall they could not break down nor climb over. The prevailing tone of old books regarding new ideas is one of suspicion and uneasiness at times, and at other times contempt. By contrast, our day is indifferent to old ideas, and even considers that their age makes their value questionable, but jumps at a new idea with enthusiasm and high hope—a hope which is high because it has not been accustomed to being disappointed. I make no guess as to just when this disposition was born to us, but it certainly is ours, was not possessed by any century before us, is our peculiar mark and badge, and is doubtless the bottom reason why we are a race of lightning-shod Mercuries, and proud of it—instead of being, like our ancestors, a race of plodding crabs, and proud of that.

So recent is this change from a three or four thousand year twilight to the flash and glare of open day that I have walked in both, and yet am not old. Nothing is to-day as it was when I was an urchin; but when I was an urchin, nothing was much different from what it had always been in this world. Take a single detail, for example—medicine. Galen could have come into my sick-room at any time during my first seven years—I mean any day when it wasn't fishing weather, and there wasn't any choice but school or sickness—and he could have sat down there and stood my doctor's watch without asking a question. He would have smelt around among the wilderness of cups and bottles and phials on the table and the shelves, and missed not a stench that used to glad him two thousand years before, nor discovered one that was of a later date. He would have examined me, and run across only one disappointment—I was already salivated; I would have him there; for I was always salivated, calomel was so cheap. He would get out his lancet then; but I would have him again; our family doctor didn't allow blood to accumulate in the system. However, he could take dipper and ladle, and freight me up with old familiar doses that had come down from Adam to his time and mine; and he could go out with a wheelbarrow and gather weeds and offal, and build some more, while those others were getting in their work. And if our reverend doctor came and found him there, he would be dumb with awe, and would get down and worship him. Whereas if Galen should appear among us to-day, he could not stand anybody's watch; he would inspire no awe; he would be told he was a back number, and it would surprise him to see that that fact counted against him, instead of in his favor. He wouldn't know our medicines; he wouldn't know our practice; and the first time he tried to introduce his own, we would hang him.

This introduction brings me to my literary relic. It is a *Dictionary of Medicine*, by Dr. James, of London, assisted by Mr. Boswell's Doctor Samuel Johnson, and is a hundred and fifty years old, it having been published at the time of the rebellion of '45. If it had been sent against the Pretender's troops there probably wouldn't have been a survivor. In 1861 this deadly book was still working the cemeteries—down in Virginia. For three generations and a half it had been going quietly along, enriching the earth with its slain. Up to its last free day it was trusted and believed in, and its devastating advice taken, as was shown by notes inserted between its leaves. But our troops captured it and brought it home, and it has been out of business since. These remarks from its preface are in the true spirit of the olden time, sodden with worship of the old, disdain of the new:

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If we inquire into the Improvements which have been made by the Moderns, we shall be forced to confess that we have so little Reason to value ourselves beyond the Antients, or to be tempted to contemn them, that we cannot give stronger or more convincing Proofs of our own Ignorance, as well as our Pride.

Among all the systematical Writers, I think there are very few who refuse the Preference to *Hieron. Fabricius ab Aquapendente*, as a Person of unquestion'd Learning and Judgment; and yet is he not asham'd to let his Readers know that *Celsus* among the Latins, *Paulus Aegineta* among the Greeks, and *Albucasis* among the Arabians, whom I am unwilling to place among the Moderns, tho' he liv'd but six hundred Years since, are the Triumvirate to whom he principally stands indebted, for the Assistance he had receiv'd from them in composing his excellent Book.

[In a previous paragraph are puffs of Galen, Hippocrates, and other débris of the Old Silurian Period of Medicine.] How many Operations are there now in Use which were unknown to the Antients?

That is true. The surest way for a nation's scientific men to prove that they were proud and ignorant was to claim to have found out something fresh in the course of a thousand years or so. Evidently the peoples of this book's day regarded themselves as children, and their remote ancestors as the only grown-up people that had existed. Consider the contrast: without offence, without overegotism, our own scientific men may and do regard themselves as grown people and their grandfathers as children. The change here presented is probably the most sweeping that has ever come over mankind in the history of the race. It is the utter reversal, in a couple of generations, of an attitude which had been maintained without challenge or interruption from the earliest antiquity. It amounts to creating man over again on a new plan; he was a canal-boat before, he is an ocean greyhound to-day. The change from reptile to bird was not more tremendous, and it took longer.

It is curious. If you read between the lines what this author says about Brer Albucasis, you detect that in venturing to compliment him he has to whistle a little to keep his courage up, because Albucasis "liv'd but six hundred Years since," and therefore came so uncomfortably near being a "modern" that one couldn't respect him without risk.

Phlebotomy, Venesection—terms to signify bleeding—are not often heard in our day, because we have ceased to believe that the best way to make a bank or a body healthy is to squander its capital; but in our author's time the physician went around with a hatful of lancets on his person all the time, and took a hack at every patient whom he found still alive. He robbed his man of pounds and pounds of blood at a single operation. The details of this sort in this book make terrific reading. Apparently even the healthy did not escape, but were bled twelve times a year, on a particular day of the month, and exhaustively purged besides. Here is a specimen of the vigorous old-time practice; it occurs in our author's adoring biography of a Doctor Aretæus, a licensed assassin of Homer's time, or thereabouts:

In a Quinsey he used Venesection, and allow'd the Blood to flow till the Patient was ready to faint away.

There is no harm in trying to cure a headache—in our day. You can't do it, but you get more or less entertainment out of trying, and that is something; besides, you live to tell about it, and that is more. A century or so ago you could have had the first of these features in rich variety, but you might fail of the other once—and once would do. I quote:

As Dissections of Persons who have died of severe Head-achs, which have been related by Authors, are too numerous to be inserted in this Place, we shall here abridge some of the most curious and important Observations relating to this Subject, collected by the celebrated *Bonetus*.

The celebrated Bonetus's "Observation No 1" seems to me a sufficient sample, all by itself, of what people used to have to stand any time between the creation of the world and the birth of your father and mine when they had the disastrous luck to get a "Head-ach":

A certain Merchant, about forty Years of Age, of a Melancholic Habit, and deeply involved in the Cares of the World, was, during the Dog-days, seiz'd with a violent pain of his Head, which some time after oblig'd him to keep his Bed.

I, being call'd, order'd Venesection in the Arms, the Application of Leeches to the Vessels of his Nostrils, Forehead, and Temples, as also to those behind his Ears; I likewise prescrib'd the Application of Cupping-glasses, with Scarification, to his Back: But, notwithstanding these Precautions, he dy'd. If any Surgeon, skill'd in Arteriotomy, had been present, I should have also order'd that Operation.

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I looked for "Arteriotomy" in this same Dictionary, and found this definition, "The opening of an Artery with a View of taking away Blood." Here was a person who was being bled in the arms, forehead, nostrils, back, temples, and behind the ears, yet the celebrated Bonetus was not satisfied, but wanted to open an artery, "with a View" to inserting a pump, probably. "Notwithstanding these Precautions"—he dy'd. No art of speech could more quaintly convey this butcher's innocent surprise. Now that we know what the celebrated Bonetus did when he wanted to relieve a Head-ach, it is no trouble to infer that if he wanted to comfort a man that had the Stomach-ach he disembowelled him.

I have given one "Observation"—a single Head-ach case; but the celebrated Bonetus follows it with eleven more. Without enlarging upon the matter, I merely note this coincidence—they all "dy'd." Not one of these people got well; yet this obtuse hyena sets down every little gory detail of the several assassinations as complacently as if he imagined he was doing a useful and meritorious work in perpetuating the methods of his crimes. "Observations," indeed! They are confessions.

According to this book, "the Ashes of an Ass's hoof mix'd with Woman's milk cures chilblains." Length of time required not stated. Another item: "The constant Use of Milk is bad for the Teeth, and causes them to rot, and loosens the Gums." Yet in our day babies use it constantly without hurtful results. This author thinks you ought to wash out your mouth with wine before venturing to drink milk. Presently, when we come to notice what fiendish decoctions those people introduced into their stomachs by way of medicine, we shall wonder that they could have been afraid of milk.

It appears that they had false teeth in those days. They were made of ivory sometimes, sometimes of bone, and were thrust into the natural sockets, and lashed to each other and to the neighboring teeth with wires or with silk threads. They were not to eat with, nor to laugh with, because they dropped out when not in repose. You could smile with them, but you had to practise first, or you would overdo it. They were not for business, but just decoration. They filled the bill according to their lights.

This author says "the Flesh of Swine nourishes above all other eatables." In another place he mentions a number of things, and says "these are very easy to be digested; so is Pork." This is probably a lie. But he is pretty handy in that line; and when he hasn't anything of the sort in stock himself he gives some other expert an opening. For instance, under the head of "Attractives" he introduces Paracelsus, who tells of a nameless "Specific"—quantity of it not set down—which is able to draw a hundred pounds of flesh to itself—distance not stated—and then proceeds, "It happen'd in our own Days that an Attractive of this Kind drew a certain Man's Lungs up into his Mouth, by which he had the Misfortune to be suffocated." This is more than doubtful. In the first place, his Mouth couldn't accommodate his Lungs—in fact, his Hat couldn't; secondly, his Heart being more eligibly Situated, it would have got the Start of his Lungs, and being a lighter Body, it would have Sail'd in ahead and Occupied the Premises; thirdly, you will Take Notice a Man with his Heart in his Mouth hasn't any Room left for his Lungs—he has got all he can Attend to; and finally, the Man must have had the Attractive in his Hat, and when he saw what was going to Happen he would have Remov'd it and Sat Down on it. Indeed he would; and then how could it Choke him to Death? I don't believe the thing ever happened at all.

Paracelsus adds this effort: "I myself saw a Plaister which attracted as much Water as was sufficient to fill a Cistern; and by these very Attractives Branches may be torn from Trees; and, which is still more surprising, a Cow may be carried up into the Air." Paracelsus is dead now; he was always straining himself that way.

They liked a touch of mystery along with their medicine in the olden time; and the medicine-man of that day, like the medicine-man of our Indian tribes, did what he could to meet the requirement:

Arcanum. A Kind of Remedy whose Manner of Preparation, or singular Efficacy, is industriously concealed, in order to enhance its Value. By the Chymists it is generally defined a thing secret, incorporeal and immortal, which cannot be Known by Man, unless by Experience; for it is the Virtue of every thing,

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which operates a thousand times more than the thing itself.

To me the butt end of this explanation is not altogether clear. A little of what they knew about natural history in the early times is exposed here and there in the *Dictionary*.

The Spider. It is more common than welcome in Houses. Both the Spider and its Web are used in Medicine: The Spider is said to avert the Paroxysms of Fevers, if it be apply'd to the Pulse of the Wrist, or the Temples; but it is peculiarly recommended against a Quartan, being enclosed in the Shell of a Hazle-nut.

Among approved Remedies, I find that the distill'd Water of Black Spiders is an excellent Cure for Wounds, and that this was one of the choice Secrets of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Spider which some call the Catcher, or Wolf, being beaten into a Plaister, then sew'd up in Linen, and apply'd to the Forehead or Temples, prevents the Returns of a Tertian.

There is another Kind of Spider, which spins a white, fine, and thick Web. One of this Sort, wrapp'd in Leather, and hung about the Arm, will avert the Fit of a Quartan. Boil'd in Oil of Roses, and instilled into the Ears, it eases Pains in those Parts. *Dioscorides, Lib.* 2, *Cap.* 68.

Thus we find that Spiders have in all Ages been celebrated for their febrifuge Virtues; and it is worthy of Remark, that a Spider is usually given to Monkeys, and is esteem'd a sovereign Remedy for the Disorders those Animals are principally subject to.

Then follows a long account of how a dying woman, who had suffered nine hours a day with an ague during eight weeks, and who had been bled dry some dozens of times meantime without apparent benefit, was at last forced to swallow several wads of "Spiders-web," whereupon she straightway mended, and promptly got well. So the sage is full of enthusiasm over the spider-webs, and mentions only in the most casual way the discontinuance of the daily bleedings, plainly never suspecting that this had anything to do with the cure.

As concerning the venomous Nature of Spiders, *Scaliger* takes notice of a certain Species of them (which he had forgotten), whose Poison was of so great Force as to affect one *Vincentinus* thro' the Sole of his Shoe, by only treading on it.

The sage takes that in without a strain, but the following case was a trifle too bulky for him, as his comment reveals:

In Gascony, observes *Scaliger*, there is a very small Spider, which, running over a Looking-glass, will crack the same by the Force of her Poison. (*A mere Fable.*)

But he finds no fault with the following facts:

Remarkable is the Enmity recorded between this Creature and the Serpent, as also the Toad: Of the former it is reported, That, lying (as he thinks securely) under the Shadow of some Tree, the Spider lets herself down by her Thread, and, striking her Proboscis or Sting into the Head, with that Force and Efficacy, injecting likewise her venomous Juice, that, wringing himself about, he immediately grows giddy, and quickly after dies.

When the Toad is bit or stung in Fight with this Creature, the Lizard, Adder, or other that is poisonous, she finds relief from Plantain, to which she resorts. In her Combat with the Toad, the Spider useth the same Stratagem as with the Serpent, hanging by her own Thread from the Bough of some Tree, and striking her Sting into her Enemy's Head, upon which the other, enraged, swells up, and sometimes bursts.

To this Effect is the Relation of *Erasmus*, which he saith he had from one of the Spectators, of a Person lying along upon the Floor of his Chamber, in the Summer-time, to sleep in a supine Posture, when a Toad, creeping out of some green Rushes, brought just before in, to adorn the Chimney, gets upon his Face, and with his Feet sits across his Lips. To force off the Toad, says the Historian, would have been accounted sudden Death to the Sleeper; and to leave her there, very cruel and dangerous; so that upon Consultation it was concluded to find out a Spider, which, together with her Web, and the Window she was fasten'd to, was brought carefully, and so contrived as to be held perpendicularly to the Man's Face; which was no sooner done, but the Spider, discovering his Enemy, let himself down, and struck in his Dart, afterwards betaking himself up again to his Web; the Toad swell'd, but as yet kept his Station: The second Wound is given quickly after by the Spider, upon which he swells yet more, but remain'd alive still.—The Spider, coming down again by his Thread, gives the third Blow; and the Toad, taking off his Feet from over the Man's Mouth, fell off dead.

To which the sage appends this grave remark, "And so much for the historical Part." Then he passes on to a consideration of "the Effects and Cure of the Poison."

One of the most interesting things about this tragedy is the double sex of the Toad, and also of the Spider.

Now the sage quotes from one Turner:

I remember, when a very young Practitioner, being sent for to a certain Woman, whose Custom was usually, when she went to the

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Cellar by Candle-light, to go also a Spider-hunting, setting Fire to their Webs, and burning them with the Flame of the Candle still as she pursued them. It happen'd at length, after this Whimsy had been follow'd a long time, one of them sold his Life much dearer than those Hundreds she had destroy'd; for, lighting upon the melting Tallow of her Candle, near the Flame, and his legs being entangled therein, so that he could not extricate himself, the Flame or Heat coming on, he was made a Sacrifice to his cruel Persecutor, who delighting her Eyes with the Spectacle, still waiting for the Flame to take hold of him, he presently burst with a great Crack, and threw his Liquor, some into her Eyes, but mostly upon her Lips; by means of which, flinging away her Candle, she cry'd out for Help, as fansying herself kill'd already with the Poison. However in the Night her Lips swell'd up excessively, and one of her Eyes was much inflam'd; also her Tongue and Gums were somewhat affected; and, whether from the Nausea excited by the Thoughts of the Liquor getting into her Mouth, or from the poisonous Impressions communicated by the nervous *Fibrillæ* of those Parts to those of the Ventricle, a continual Vomiting attended: To take off which, when I was call'd, I order'd a Glass of mull'd Sack, with a Scruple of Salt of Wormwood, and some hours after a Theriacal Bolus, which she flung up again. I embrocated the Lips with the Oil of Scorpions mix'd with the Oil of Roses; and, in Consideration of the Ophthalmy, tho' I was not certain but the Heat of the Liquor, rais'd by the Flame of the Candle before the Body of the Creature burst, might, as well as the Venom, excite the Disturbance, (altho' Mr. *Boyle's* Case of a Person blinded by this Liquor dropping from the living Spider, makes the latter sufficient;) yet observing the great Tumefaction of the Lips, together with the other Symptoms not likely to arise from simple Heat, I was inclin'd to believe a real Poison in the Case; and therefore not daring to let her Blood in the Arm [If a man's throat were cut in those old days, the doctor would come and bleed the other end of him], I did, however, with good Success, set Leeches to her Temples, which took off much of the Inflammation; and her Pain was likewise abated, by instilling into her Eyes a thin Mucilage of the Seeds of Quinces and white Poppies extracted with Rose-water; yet the Swelling on the Lips increased; upon which, in the Night, she wore a Cataplasm prepared by boiling the Leaves of Scordium, Rue, and Elder-flowers, and afterwards thicken'd with the Meal of Vetches. In the mean time, her Vomiting having left her, she had given her, between whiles, a little Draught of distill'd Water of Carduus Benedictus and Scordium, with some of the Theriaca dissolved; and upon going off of the Symptoms, an old Woman came luckily in, who, with Assurance suitable to those People, (whose Ignorance and Poverty is their Safety and Protection,) took off the Dressings, promising to cure her in two Days time, altho' she made it as many Weeks, yet had the Reputation of the Cure; applying only Plantain Leaves bruis'd and mixed with Cobwebs, dropping the Juice into her Eye, and giving some Spoonfuls of the same inwardly, two or three times a day.

So ends the wonderful affair. Whereupon the sage gives Mr. Turner the following shot—strengthening it with italics—and passes calmly on:

"I must remark upon this History, that the Plantain, as a Cooler, was much more likely to cure this Disorder than warmer Applications and Medicines."

How strange that narrative sounds today, and how grotesque, when one reflects that it was a grave contribution to medical "science" by an old and reputable physician! Here was all this to-do—two weeks of it—over a woman who had scorched her eye and her lips with candle grease. The poor wench is as elaborately dosed, bled, embrocated, and otherwise harried and bedeviled, as if there had been really something the matter with her; and when a sensible old woman comes along at last, and treats the trivial case in a sensible way, the educated ignoramus rails at her ignorance, serenely unconscious of his own. It is pretty suggestive of the former snail pace of medical progress that the spider retained his terrors during three thousand years, and only lost them within the last thirty or forty.

Observe what imagination can do. "This same young Woman" used to be so affected by the strong (imaginary) smell which emanated from the burning spiders that "the Objects about her seem'd to turn round; she grew faint also with cold Sweats, and sometimes a light Vomiting." There could have been Beer in that cellar as well as Spiders.

Here are some more of the effects of imagination: "*Sennertus* takes Notice of the Signs of the Bite or Sting of this Insect to be a Stupor or Numbness upon the Part, with a sense of Cold, Horror, or Swelling of the Abdomen, Paleness of the Face, involuntary Tears, Trembling, Contractions, a (****), Convulsions, cold Sweats; but these latter chiefly when the Poison has been received inwardly," whereas the modern physician holds that a few spiders taken inwardly, by a bird or a man, will do neither party any harm.

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The above "Signs" are not restricted to spider bites—often they merely indicate fright. I have seen a person with a hornet in his pantaloons exhibit them all.

As to the Cure, not slighting the usual Alexipharmics taken internally, the Place bitten must be immediately washed with Salt Water, or a Sponge dipped in hot Vinegar, or fomented with a Decoction of Mallows, Origanum, and Mother of Thyme; after which a Cataplasm must be laid on of the Leaves of Bay, Rue, Leeks, and the Meal of Barley, boiled with Vinegar, or of Garlick and Onions, contused with Goat's Dung and fat Figs. Mean time the Patient should eat Garlick and drink Wine freely.

As for me, I should prefer the spider bite. Let us close this review with a sample or two of the earthquakes which the old-time doctor used to introduce into his patient when he could find room. Under this head we have "Alexander's Golden Antidote," which is good for—well, pretty much everything. It is probably the old original first patent-medicine. It is built as follows:

Take of Afarabocca, Henbane, Carpobalsamum, each two Drams and a half; of Cloves, Opium, Myrrh, Cyperus, each two Drams; of Opobalsamum, Indian Leaf, Cinamon, Zedoary, Ginger, Coftus, Coral, Cassia, Euphorbium, Gum Tragacanth, Frankincense, Styrax Calamita, Celtic, Nard, Spignel, Hartwort, Mustard, Saxifrage, Dill, Anise, each one Dram; of Xylaloes, Rheum Ponticum, Alipta Moschata, Castor, Spikenard, Galangals, Opoponax, Anacardium, Mastich, Brimstone, Peony, Eringo, Pulp of Dates, red and white Hermodactyls, Roses, Thyme, Acorns, Penyroyal, Gentian, the Bark of the Root of Mandrake, Germander, Valerian, Bishops Weed, Bay-Berries, long and white Pepper, Xylobalsamum, Carnabadium, Macedonian, Parsley-seeds, Lovage, the Seeds of Rue, and Sinon, of each a Dram and a half; of pure Gold, pure Silver, Pearls not perforated, the Blatta Byzantina, the Bone of the Stag's Heart, of each the Quantity of fourteen Grains of Wheat; of Sapphire, Emerald, and Jasper Stones, each one Dram; of Hasle-nut, two Drams; of Pellitory of Spain, Shavings of Ivory, Calamus Odoratus, each the Quantity of twenty-nine Grains of Wheat; of Honey or Sugar a sufficient Quantity.

Serve with a shovel. No; one might expect such an injunction after such formidable preparation; but it is not so. The dose recommended is "the Quantity of an Hasle-nut." Only that; it is because there is so much jewelry in it, no doubt.

Aqua Limacum. Take a great Peck of Garden-snails, and wash them in a great deal of Beer, and make your Chimney very clean, and set a Bushel of Charcoal on Fire; and when they are thoroughly kindled, make a Hole in the Middle of the Fire, and put the Snails in, and scatter more Fire amongst them, and let them roast till they make a Noise; then take them out, and, with a Knife and coarse Cloth, pick and wipe away all the green Froth: Then break them, Shells and all, in a Stone Mortar. Take also a Quart of Earth-worms, and scour them with Salt, divers times over. Then take two Handfuls of Angelica and lay them in the Bottom of the Still; next lay two Handfuls of Celandine; next a Quart of Rosemary-flowers; then two Handfuls of Bears-foot and Agrimony; then Fenugreek; then Turmerick; of each one Ounce: Red Dock-root, Bark of Barberry-trees, Wood-sorrel, Betony, of each two Handfuls.—Then lay the Snails and Worms on the Top of the Herbs; and then two Handfuls of Goose-dung, and two Handfuls of Sheep-dung. Then put in three Gallons of Strong Ale, and place the Pot where you mean to set Fire under it: Let it stand all Night, or longer; in the Morning put in three Ounces of Cloves well beaten, and a small Quantity of Saffron, dry'd to Powder; then six Ounces of Shavings of Hartshorn, which must be uppermost. Fix on the Head and Refrigeratory, and distil according to Art.

There. The book does not say whether this is all one dose, or whether you have a right to split it and take a second chance at it, in case you live. Also, the book does not seem to specify what ailment it was for; but it is of no consequence, for of course that would come out on the inquest.

Upon looking further, I find that this formidable nostrum is "good for raising Flatulencies in the Stomach"—meaning *from* the stomach, no doubt. So it would appear that when our progenitors chanced to swallow a sigh, they emptied a sewer down their throats to expel it. It is like dislodging skippers from cheese with artillery.

When you reflect that your own father had to take such medicines as the above, and that you would be taking them to-day yourself but for the introduction of homœopathy, which forced the old-school doctor to stir around and learn something of a rational nature about his business, you may honestly feel grateful that homœopathy survived the attempts of the allopathists to destroy it, even though you may never employ any physician but an allopathist while you live.

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THE SHIP THAT SAILED.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

WHITE sail upon the ocean's verge,
Just crimsoned by the setting sun,
Thou hast thy port beyond the surge,
Thy happy homeward course to run,
And wingèd hope, with heart of fire,
To gain the bliss of thy desire.

I watch thee till the sombre sky
Has darkly veiled the lucent plain;
My thoughts, like homeless spirits, fly
Behind thee o'er the glimmering main.
Thy prow will kiss a golden strand,
But they can never come to land.

And if they could, the fanes are black
Where once I bent the reverent knee;
No shrine would send an answer back,
No sacred altar blaze for me,
No holy bell, with silver toll,
Declare the ransom of my soul.

'Tis equal darkness, here or there;
For nothing that this world can give
Could now the ravaged past repair,
Or win the precious dead to live!
Life's crumbling ashes quench its flame,
And every place is now the same.

II.

Thou idol of my constant heart,
Thou child of perfect love and light,
That sudden from my side didst part
And vanish on the sea of night,
Through whatsoever tempests blow
My weary soul with thine would go!

Say, if thy spirit yet have speech,
What port lies hid within the pall,
What shore death's gloomy billows reach,
Or if they reach no shore at all!
One word—one little word—to tell
That thou art safe and all is well!

The anchors of my earthly fate,
As they were cast so must they cling;
And naught is now to do but wait
The sweet release that time will bring,
When all these mortal fetters break
For one last voyage that I must make.

Say that across the shuddering dark—
And whisper that the hour is near—
Thy hand will guide my shattered bark,
Till Mercy's radiant coasts appear;
That I shall clasp thee to my breast,
And know once more the name of rest.

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NIGHTS AND DAYS WITH DE QUINCEY.

BY JAMES HOGG.

FOR many years I have been urged by those who knew my opportunities to give some reminiscences of De Quincey. Surprise, in fact, has been expressed that I have kept silence so long.

During my coeditorship of the *Instructor*, when De Quincey became a contributor to its pages, the subsequent editorship of *Titan*, and all those interesting years in which De Quincey was occupied with the collection and revision of his works, I was closely beside him, and no one except his own daughters saw so much of him.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I have often been asked, both orally and by letter, whether I could give anxious admirers some idea of De Quincey's most remarkable facial characteristic, and wherein lay the peculiar charm of his manner, which common report has certainly not exaggerated.

This is an extremely difficult question to answer. I may say, however, that no one who has sat for hours close beside him, as I have so often done, could fail to be struck by the strange depth of the eye. It seemed fathomless. I have never observed this in so high a degree in any other person. Then there was the gentle, refined, fastidious manner, chording so well with the beautifully chiselled features. Lastly, there was the soft, rhythmic utterance, as if the procession of words had long been duly marshalled—all fit for duty. However fantastic the thought that was being expressed, the exquisite cadence lent a singular charm to the most grotesque idea.

De Quincey was a keen, omnivorous reader of the newspapers, and often dwelt upon reports of scenes, pathetic or brutal, which moved his pity or indignation. As he commented on such things the slight frame would quiver and the melodious voice would vibrate with a richer and more organ-like swell, often inexpressibly touching.

When in good "form" De Quincey had a recurring vein of exquisite jocularity; he was fond of a sort of refined "rigmarole."

I could generally foretell when he was about to indulge in this pastime. He would give himself a sharp pinch in the arm, as if he were an organist pulling out some stop. Things political in the newspaper, absurd police cases, whimsical wills, and such like material, he would polish off in this bantering fashion.

De Quincey once suffered weeks of perfect agony as the result of his unfailing politeness. We are told that "the lofty Essex doffed his bonnet to the meanest apple-woman at her stall." In this same spirit De Quincey was always thoughtfully, studiously polite and kindly to every one ministering in the slightest degree to his wants. Miss Stark, the rather shy, unmarried sister of his widowed landlady at Lothian Street, had never been able quite to throw off, even when she had arrived at mature years, an excessive nervousness of manner. She was greatly devoted to De Quincey, studying, to the best of her ability, all his little whims; whilst he on his part did all in his power to mitigate the almost painful anxieties of his attendant. This led to the catastrophe.

Having rung the bell during his solitary dinner, he had in a dreamy mood been quite oblivious of the act, and inattentive to a gentle tap at the door. He had just taken up a morsel of potato when he observed the wistful face of Miss Stark in the doorway. She had feared some sudden indisposition. Startled at his own forgetfulness, unwilling alike to replace the food on his plate or keep his anxious attendant any longer waiting for orders, he bolted the potato. "Like the Spartan boy, I swallowed it," he told me afterward.

The consequences were exceedingly painful. The potato was extremely hot, and the whole passage to the stomach was severely scalded. So acute was the pain that for weeks he dreaded the act of swallowing either food or drink. I was very apprehensive of some serious result, such as ulceration, and begged him to allow me to obtain medical advice. But no, this he would not permit. With a smile he again and again referred to "the Spartan boy," bore the brunt of his extreme politeness with the most exemplary patience, and gradually threw off the ill effects.

An amusing specimen of the interest

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De Quincey took in small people generally I once witnessed in these same lodgings. A handy little girl, niece, I believe, to the landlady, was accustomed to officiate in aid of Miss Stark, as it was observed that De Quincey liked the child. They called her Ellen at the place, but De Quincey discovered that she had been christened Helen. One evening as she brought in tea in the twilight, De Quincey, who sat dreaming in the glow of the fire, suddenly opened his eyes, and thus solemnly addressed the little maid:

"My dear child, let no one on earth defraud you of your noble name. You bear one of the grandest names that woman can bear. You are not Ellen, but Helen. Think of your ancestress of Troy, and never allow any human being to call you other than Helen." With a strong aspiration of the final "H" the oracle ceased.

The poor child nearly dropped her cups and saucers as she opened her eyes wide and stared fixedly during this strange admonition. Although tolerably well accustomed to Mr. De Quincey's ways, no doubt she went out and reported that the old gentleman had at last "gane clean daft."

Of all the subjects which exercised a permanent fascination over De Quincey, I would place first in order Thuggism in India and the Cagots of Spain and France. The Thugs gave rise to endless speculation. There was a good series once on the subject in one of the leading magazines (*Blackwood's*, I think) which afforded him material for ever-recurring study. The far-reaching power of this mysterious brotherhood, the swiftness and certainty of its operations, the strange gradations of official rank, and the curious disguises adopted—all these exercised an influence on his mind which seemed never to wane. Every authentic detail he examined with the closest attention.

In like manner the Cagots—the lepers of Spain and France—excited his deep pity. Many times he would draw word pictures to me of the sad, touching scenes which must have been witnessed by half-scared worshippers—the wistful, wasting figures preparing to enter church by the Cagots' door, of which specimens are still to be found in the Pyrenean churches.

Interwoven with these two subjects there arose sometimes, on the spur of the moment, wailing passages of almost unearthly beauty and pathos, unsurpassed by anything in the *Suspiria*, and never reduced to writing by either of us. I can only now remember the weird power of these strange glimpses of his inner life, as the melodious voice of my companion seemed to lift me, by some magic, far away from the dimly lit room to behold scenes which no Dante has ever described.

If only I had taken notes of some of these things when memory was green! Need I say that I regret such lost opportunities? Sometimes in the night-watches stray, fleeting memories drift across me, but I feel unable to catch the whole.

However large the table might be at which De Quincey sat when at work, he invariably wrote at the very extremity of one corner if a square one, or as far as possible from the centre if of other shape. The remainder would be piled with manuscripts, newspapers, and books in admirable disorder. I suppose, like many literary men with their "papers," he had some secret arrangement in the way he put some of these things down. Any sudden attempt to move them in the least seemed to impart a little nervous shock to the owner.

At Lothian Street Miss Stark had to be very careful, when the time approached for a meal, to obtain special permission as to what she might touch out of the queerly assorted heap.

De Quincey would gaze with a sort of anxious, affectionate, almost parental look upon these treasures, sometimes merging into a smile if I ventured on a bantering remark about these valuables. This would be followed by a grave reminder that in order not to delay the press, it was *absolutely* necessary (here a variety of amusing contingencies would be started) that any slip, or note, or matter not yet forwarded to the printer, should be perfectly within reach of his hand at a single moment's notice. Perchance, if by any misfortune or error he had to commence a laborious search for such "missing link," the effort might be too great for his strength, and in the consequent reaction the manuscript or proof in hand might be irretrievably injured.

However solemnly this might be delivered, he would almost invariably look up with just the faintest smile and twinkle of the eye, as much as to say, "Do you really believe it all?" or, "Will it be all the same a hundred years hence?"

Another most grotesque thing was the

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famous *brush*, often carried about in his pocket. This was a most important part of the literary equipment, nearly as much so as the pen, ink, and paper. It was an instrument about ten inches long all told, the fine bristles about two inches in length, and with a short handle. In some respects it seemed to fulfil the office of a fan with a lady. In pauses of conversation he would solace himself by taking a page of manuscript from the table and carefully brushing it, holding the paper first one way, and then the other. After a thorough scrubbing in perhaps three positions, the leaf was carefully replaced beside others, with an air of satisfaction and an evident increase of serenity.

This process was generally gone through with every separate leaf of manuscript which he might happen to give me for the press. One by one they were taken up, put through the positions, and one by one committed to my hands, with a grave upward glance to see how I was getting on.

I used to be very patient, for it was all very amusing. He did not mind a bit my evident desire to have a sport about the practice.

Sometimes a page bearing a special smudge, or one showing an unusual amount of interlineation, seemed to require particular treatment. After it had received extra polish, and still remained in his grasp, the brush upraised for another flourish, I would suggest, "That one will do now." When this happened, he always gave in gently and in the most gracious manner, with a single final touch.

KANT AND HIS GARTER MACHINE.

During the progress of his works through the press, when the author was at Mavis Bush Cottage, I had to be a frequent visitor, either with proof-sheets, or on some matter connected with the enterprise.

After dining with the family, or going over press matters with De Quincey alone, he would often insist on walking with me from Lasswade to Edinburgh—a distance of some six miles. As we did not start, perhaps, until nearly 11 P.M., and walked at a slow, swinging pace, it would often be nearly 1 o'clock A.M. before we reached the Newington toll-bar, which was our general point of separation. De Quincey would then walk back alone. At first I felt anxious, fearing some danger might arise from these solitary rambles—perhaps a passing weakness which might make him succumb to cold, with no one at hand to assist. But when I found how greatly he enjoyed such excursions, and, moreover, was in the habit of taking them alone, I ceased to demur.

I may say that I had one faculty—I was a good listener. In these long, slow, swinging walks, sometimes by moonlight, sometimes by starlight, sometimes stumbling against each other in the blank darkness, I heard "all things in heaven and earth" passed in review.

One thing which often came up in these rambles was Kant and his apparatus in lieu of garters.

De Quincey, as is well known, was the first real English exponent of the Kantean philosophy, and he was well up in all the personal peculiarities of this singular being.

Kant, amongst other studies in the art of taking care of himself, avoided ordinary garters. He permitted no ligature to be placed on any part of his body, fearing to hinder in the slightest degree the circulation of the blood.

He found it necessary at the same time to keep up his stockings. Accordingly he had loops attached to them, and outside each hip he wore a contrivance which may be called a box windlass (as I understood it). These affairs somewhat resembled an angler's reel with a spring, which secured the line at any given point.

Behold Kant then expounding his philosophy to a select circle of disciples. Like the famous counsel who could not state his argument without twisting a bit of twine, Kant worked the windlasses as he talked. The idea of this grotesque practice so tickled De Quincey that he often dwelt on the odd sight which it must have been to observe the master "paying out the slack," or making "all taut," by aid of this curious machinery.

I remember nothing which afforded De Quincey such frequent and intense amusement. The darker the night, I observed, the more surely did Kant and his garter machine come above-board as we swung along.

After some quizzical remarks on German metaphysics generally, off went the quiet, melodious voice, with its clear, resonant *timbre*, into some queer byway of

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scholarship. There would be a flash of some long-forgotten spark of wit, some curious passage would be quoted, which the retentive memory had treasured for half a century, and Kant and his garters would be forgotten until next time.

OUR LANTERN.

This article, to which my father alludes in his "Reminiscences" (Page's *Life*), was an amusing apparatus.

Near Mavis Bush there was a streamlet, some feeder or offshoot of the Esk. It lay on the route to Edinburgh, at a rather twistical sort of corner, the ground at that part being of an up and down character. On dark nights, with no glimmer of moon or star, it was easy enough for a pedestrian with all his wits about him to wander into this water and get an unpleasant wetting. This had happened to De Quincey on several occasions on his late peregrinations, and after much cogitation a "bull's-eye" was procured. But this proved an irksome and faithless friend.

On the journeys when De Quincey accompanied me to Newington toll-bar, we did not use it whilst together, joint wisdom being supposed equal to piloting us safely round the dangerous point. The lantern was the reserve force for the homeward journey. It was lit as we parted at the toll-house, and off De Quincey marched.

I could spy the beam of light, like some far-off glowworm, as I looked backward on the long straight road. But that vile lantern *always* went out just as the traveller approached the trying spot. After being carried for miles, it proved totally useless at "the supreme moment," as De Quincey put it. I suggested a larger reservoir, a little more oil, etc., as a ready solution. No; he had got tired of such a worrying companion, and preferred to face the difficulty aided only by that natural instinct of which we are all supposed to possess some share, savage or civilized.

DE QUINCEY ON OPIUM.

As may be supposed, during those memorable years I listened to innumerable disquisitions on the power of the drug—its pleasures and its pains. It seemed to be a mental relief to retrace in the hearing of a quiet, patient listener the far back steps, from the first moment of indulgence on to that later moment which gave rise to the sad exclamation, "Thrice I rose and thrice I fell!"

He was never tired of declaring to me the opinion noted in the collected works, that the medical faculty would wake up at last to a sense of the beneficent power of opium in cases of incipient consumption, before the physical derangement has gone too far to be arrested. He dwelt continually on its sovereign power for maintaining insensible perspiration, so invaluable when premonitory symptoms give warning of phthisical danger.

During the rigor of the bitter Scotch winters I suffered a good deal in the chest. The keen, cutting east wind of Edinburgh exposed me to frequent and severe attacks of catarrh, so that for weeks I would be in a state of chronic misery from this cause. De Quincey pitied me much, and as he took his own dose, liquid or solid, often told me that my enemy could be attacked and the discomfort speedily alleviated by some small doses.

I had, however, an invincible dread of the potent drug, and never once tasted it. Seeing my feeling in the matter, he ceased to offer any advice on the subject. I had to fight it out on the orthodox gruel principle. One distinguished old Edinburgh practitioner, whom my father consulted for my benefit, curtly and gruffly said, "Take his dinner off him!" I looked on that man as a despot ever afterward. I took the "grand cure" which so many Scotchmen find efficacious. I migrated southward, and left Edinburgh for London.

THE UNEDUCATED BUG.

One very droll thing rises to my memory, which, I think, is too good to be lost. Over-sensitive people, like the spinster who desired to have the "legs" of a table called "limbs," are invited to skip this paragraph and imagine a blank space.

There is a certain unpleasant insect known to the British householder called —*a bug*. Once De Quincey spied one in his room, and it filled him with unspeakable alarm—so he said.

I was called upon once, twice, thrice, perhaps oftener, to consider seriously with him the terrible possibilities of the danger with which he was thus suddenly confronted. "The Vision of Sudden Death" in *The Mail-Coach*, or living in a Swiss village about to be buried by an avalanche—these and such like things

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were mere trifles, ordinary accidents of life, when compared with the new and awful calamity which threatened.

"Suppose," he said, "that this wretched insect has a companion, and that this companion, relative or otherwise, should, unknown to me, force its way to the canopy of my bed. And suppose that I may be asleep, and in an unguarded moment—a moment of dreams—I should suddenly open my mouth ever so little (which, by-the-way, is quite against my usual practice), and suppose that this poor foolish bug, whose education has most probably been grossly neglected by its parents, should at that instant of time be right overhead, and in a careless moment relax its hold and—*tumble!* Oh, horror, can you imagine anything more revolting?"

This charming, impassioned picture, so powerfully drawn by the hand of a master, at first nearly sent me into a fit with laughter. I believe this was part of the effect which was intended to be produced, for he seemed to enjoy the merriment, recalling me quickly, however, to the gravity of the case.

"Well," I said, "the thing of course is possible, and when I go home I shall get out De Moivre *On Chances*, and work out the problem for you. Given one bug only, the chances are enormously in your favor. Of course if there should be a procession of bugs out on their travels, like so many Canterbury pilgrims, I admit at once that the case would be very different indeed. It might become serious. However, let us hope that this fellow you saw was what the Germans call 'a wandering bird,' an adventurous traveller, perhaps. Or perhaps he may have been a pariah, an outcast from his fellows, and as such entitled to your profoundest sympathy and protection. Don't you think that is possible?"

He admitted that I had calmed his fears, and possibly things might not turn out so badly as at first sight appeared probable. For a few weeks we had an occasional debate on this interesting subject. It soon branched into a higher department—Buffon on the dreams of animals, or the nature and amount of education which the inferior animals (insects, birds, etc., everything in creation, in fact) bestow upon their offspring. It was a wide and fruitful topic for discussion which was thus started by the advent of the solitary and unwelcome traveller.

WHAT WOULD THE BAKER SAY?

When De Quincey was most depressed, there was one talisman I held by which, skilfully used, I could nearly always "lift" him. This was "The Baker" in the famous essay on *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts.*

We had somehow gradually established a queer sort of freemasonry about this character. It is difficult to define it. Perhaps I may put it that we had elected to consider him a handy man at a pinch—a man quite free from shilly-shally—always decided in his views, and with a certain ready activity in asserting them.

When the fits of depression came on, and in cold weather they were often long and severe (De Quincey sometimes said to me that he had never been thoroughly warm all his life), I watched my chance.

When I saw that things were at the worst, when some peculiarly moody, morbid observation showed the mental tension and physical misery, I used to remark, rather suddenly and shortly, "*What would the Baker say?*"

The effect was perfectly magical. The drooping head was raised, the pallid face slowly wreathed into a half-amused smile, which seemed to convey: "Well, that is a good idea. We have not yet considered what can be said and what can be done from that point of view." It seemed to act as a mental tonic. After a short pause he would start some subject—something often which I saw he expected would make me disputatious. Gradually he warmed to it, and as I kept "the ball rolling" by a few brisk rejoinders, or some fresh "feelers" which were not difficult to find, away he went.

The original subject soon became two; by-and-by it branched and became half a dozen. The torpor and depression seemed to disappear as the active, awakened brain found expression through the tongue, and in two or three hours I would leave him quite a new man. He would afterward most gratefully acknowledge the benefit which had accrued in this fashion. On the next interview I would generally remark, "The Baker did you good the other evening." This received a cheerful assent, either in words or by a meaning smile. I never used the charm except when we were quite alone. A third person, I think, would have spoilt it.

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PASSION FOR THE VIOLIN.

Whilst De Quincey, as his writings show, was profoundly impressed by the majesty and blare of the organ, his favorite instrument was the violin. Hundreds of times I must have heard him dwell with impassioned force upon the *capacity* of the violin as a musical instrument.

"There is an *infinity* about the violin," was his favorite expression on the subject.

On many occasions he delighted me with his recollections of famous performers who were only a name to me.

Mingled with the old London operatic memories, which always seemed to afford him such intense pleasure, there appeared to stand out clearer than all else the recollection of the chief pieces played by every great violinist whom he had heard.

This passion for the violin led him on one occasion, and one only, so far as I can remember, to break through the rule he had laid down in these latter years of avoiding all public entertainments. Remenyi, the famous Hungarian violinist, came to Edinburgh to perform at the Theatre Royal. I had observed the announcement in the newspapers, but thought nothing of it, having previously heard the master in London. De Quincey observed to me one evening:

"Remenyi is coming. Did you ever hear him?"

"Yes," I replied. "I think he is the greatest performer on the instrument I have ever heard."

Next day he again brought up the subject, so I hazarded the remark,

"Would you like to hear him?"

"*Very much indeed*," he answered, "if I could only go quietly, and without being troubled to see people."

"Oh yes," I said; "we shall get a quiet box, and you need not be bothered seeing anybody."

"If you *would* have the goodness I should be *so much obliged to you*," was the grateful response.

I secured a box of which one side was well screened from the house, permitting at the same time a full view of the performer as he stood on the stage.

I never saw De Quincey exhibit such evidence of rapturous enjoyment as he did that evening. He lay back for a long time in the dark corner, as if in a trance. I took care not to disturb him either by speech or movement.

When the programme was far through and there was a short interval, a momentary curiosity to see the audience caused him to change chairs with me. In a few minutes, however, observing a row of glasses levelled at him (from the "press" box, I think), he beat a hasty retreat, and did not again venture to stir from the quiet corner in which I had at first installed him.

For weeks that performance was a source of ever-recurring pleasure. The exquisite nervous organization seemed to *feed* upon the recollection of the glorious sounds, and I was gratified by numerous critical comparisons with by-gone masters of his favorite instrument.

DE QUINCEY AS A PRACTICAL MAN.

During my editorship of *Titan*, to which he was a frequent contributor, De Quincey often astonished me by his shrewdness in the affairs of every-day life, and his keen sense of what would be popular in magazine management. That a man who was generally regarded at that time as a mere "dreamer of dreams" should see so clearly the practical chances of a given course, was a surprise. It may be puzzling also to many who have read Charles Knight's dashing account of the rather shiftless habits of De Quincey at an earlier day.

On any mere *literary* question there would, of course, have been no ground for anything but respect as to his judgment. But I here speak distinctly of the *business* aspect of matters. When he chose to take the trouble, he saw "farther into a millstone" than most people gave him credit for.

One piece of sound advice he frequently gave me (would that I had taken it oftener!); it is embodied somewhere in his works: "Don't fire over the heads of this generation. That won't suit your purpose."

He was often my counsellor, particularly as regards articles which would run into a series. His ripe experience and sound judgment were often invaluable to me in such cases.

THE CARLYLES.

Many, many times De Quincey referred, with the most touching, almost tearful, earnestness, to Mrs. Carlyle and her kindly care of him during that severe illness which he had some time about the period when the *Confessions* appeared. Mrs.

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Carlyle had nursed him, if I remember rightly, at their own home, and he ever afterward retained the most profound feeling of gratitude for her motherly kindness, combined with the highest possible opinion of her character and intellectual power. More than once, while dwelling upon her qualities of heart and head, he exclaimed, "She was, indeed, the most angelic woman I ever met upon this —God's earth!"

Some little time before the fourteenth volume of the books came out (the close of my father's series), I was about to transfer myself to London. De Quincey said: "If ever you meet Carlyle, will you tell him from me—" and he charged me with a solemn and moving message. I dare only say that it referred to Mrs. Carlyle.

Years passed before I delivered what then had become a message from the grave.

At intervals I had some correspondence of a cordial character with Carlyle. This originated when I had begun to assume the active editorship of the *Instructor* in order to assist my father. A series of "Celebrities" had been planned for the magazine, giving biographical and critical sketches, accompanied by steel engravings, which were executed by the late Frank Croll.

For this series I desired a portrait and sketch of Carlyle. I communicated with him on the subject, and asked whether he would sit for a photographic portrait. In a serio-comical reply he growled about portraits generally, and expressed a great disgust at sitting to anybody, winding up, however, by saying that he would do so if I wished. Accordingly I arranged a sitting at Mr. Mayall's, and a daguerreotype was taken which satisfied Carlyle.

At a later date, after I had founded *London Society*, I conceived the idea of a certain series of articles, and laid the plan before Carlyle, with an offer which he was pleased to say was "an abundantly liberal one." But although he liked the notion of my series, he explained to me how the work he had in hand precluded him from making the attempt, as he felt his strength already taxed.

Time passed on. I had often thought of calling on my correspondent, but the pressure of my work had always thrown something in the way.

At length one forenoon in April, 1876, whilst making arrangements for a visit to Germany, I was passing down the Embankment, and suddenly paused, conscience-stricken. The thought struck me: "There is that message from De Quincey never delivered. If I do not make haste, I may never have the chance." I wheeled round, and made my way to Cheyne Row.

After sending in my name, I learned that Carlyle was at home. He sent down a message to let me know that he was dressing, and that if I could wait a little he would be glad to see me. By-and-by he appeared, apparently very nervous and feeble.

At first I let the conversation drift hither and thither, but gradually bent it to De Quincey and their old working days. By this time Carlyle had become animated, and seemed to gain nervous power. I then told him I had a message to him from an old friend now no more. I gave De Quincey's words as faithfully as I could.

As I spoke, Carlyle started, quivered, and the tears sprang to his eyes. It was some little time before the tremor ceased. Slowly, sadly, tenderly he murmured little ejaculatory recollections of those old days, and after the first thrill of emotion, it seemed to do him good.

We sat long, as he questioned me concerning De Quincey's latter years, when I had been so much with him. He seemed much pleased to learn about the signal success of the collected works.

By-and-by the card was brought in of a German professor from Breslau, who had previously forwarded an introduction from Ranke, the historian.

I rose to go, but Carlyle pressed me to stay, so we were joined by the professor, a lively, genial German, evidently well steeped in Carlyle's works.

The German had "battle on the brain." He was full of the great Frederick's engagements. There was one battle the strategy of which he was specially anxious to discuss with Carlyle. On the subject coming up, Carlyle pulled himself well together (considering the lassitude I had so lately observed), and proceeded to illustrate the matter with surprising vigor. He asked the professor whether he had ever seen Arthur's Seat (the hill so called) at Edinburgh. The professor had. So it was worked in as a help in

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considering the German battle-ground, which both appeared to know well.

After the professor's departure we had more talk. Arthur's Seat had called up old Edinburgh days to us both—Carlyle's residence at Comely Bank, etc. I amused him by telling that when a boy I had often gone with some companions to the hill-top about sunrise on May-day to gather May dew. I suggested that we should require to be fairly well paid to undertake such a job now. To which he responded (hands crossed on his staff as he sat beside me, with his feet on the fender), with the deep "Ay, ay," which I found was his favorite rejoinder.

These Edinburgh reminiscences recalled another "mutual friend" and his own early days.

The late Rev. George Johnston, D.D., of Edinburgh, was a distinguished minister of the United Presbyterian Church. His first charge was at Ecclefechan, where he became acquainted with Carlyle and his father, the latter being, if I mistake not, a member of his congregation. When I left Edinburgh this old friend said to me, "When you come across Carlyle, don't forget to tell him that George Johnston, of Ecclefechan, desires to be kindly remembered." I did so, and this seemed to carry Carlyle back to the old Dumfries days,* concerning which he made some musing observations.

I was able to tell him how wildly enthusiastic a number of my fellow-students became when I was at college at Edinburgh concerning *Sartor Resartus* and *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*. The combination of Herr Teufelsdröckh and Toad-in-the-Hole seemed to tickle him.

There was some talk about the age of Ranke, which differed from Carlyle's, I think, by one year or so. This led me to mention that I was about to start for Leipzig, in order to spend a week at the great Easter Fair, which annually brings together so many publishers and booksellers from all parts of Europe. Again Carlyle responded: "Ay, ay. We're a wandering people; but it's good to go and see one's fellow-creatures."

This hit at "wandering people" was an allusion to our being brother Scotsmen.

I remember well the parting scene. Carlyle drew himself up to his full height and planted himself firmly on his feet as I prepared to leave. I said: "Now, my wife has never seen you. Some day perhaps, when we are near this, you will allow me to bring her to have a few minutes' chat with you?"

"Ay, ay," said Carlyle. "I am little able now, as you see, to meet people; but"—and he smiled—"if she cares to see the old monster, why, come."

With a sort of presentiment, as we cordially shook hands, he said, "Farewell!" We never met again.

DE QUINCEY'S FEELING CONCERNING THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

I cannot more truly or effectively state the exact feeling of De Quincey concerning these two famous men than by telling the following story. It will dispose, once for all, of a loose, speculative writing which I have seen on the subject from the pens of those who had no opportunity of arriving at exact knowledge.

When Thackeray came to Edinburgh to lecture (I think it was the series on "The Four Georges"), he expected to meet De Quincey, and looked forward to the event with great pleasure.

Mr. John Ritchie, the proprietor of *The Scotsman* (which may be called *The Times* of Scotland), was well acquainted with the De Quincey family, so also was Mr. Findlay, his nephew, the present proprietor.

An invitation was sent to De Quincey, hoping he would join a dinner party at which the author of *Vanity Fair* was to be present, also some Edinburgh celebrities. To this a very courteous reply was received, declining in terms of studied politeness. I believe indisposition was the reason alleged, and that truly, for I remember De Quincey was not very well at the moment. Thackeray was greatly disappointed. He had counted on meeting the weird author of the *Confessions*.

* Dr. Johnston told me a characteristic anecdote of the elder Carlyle—his dogged determination, or obstinacy, whichever it may be called. He was once suffering from a serious illness which confined him to bed. He was a very troublesome patient both to his medical attendant and those who were nursing him. He constantly desired to get up, although warned that he would injure himself, perhaps seriously, by any such attempt. Nothing, however, would pacify him. One day he said, grimly, "I'll gar mysel' dae't" (I will force myself to do it). So, before he could be stopped, he flung himself out of bed and fell flat on the floor. After being picked up he managed to stagger a few steps about the room, and then allowed himself to be put to bed, and was rather more manageable afterward.

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Mr. Ritchie made another kindly attempt to bring the two together. A second dinner party was put in motion, and Mr. Findlay called personally to urge De Quincey to favor them with his company. Whether he received some contingent promise in the matter, I forget.

It happened that on the very evening fixed for this second dinner party, of which I was then ignorant, I met De Quincey by appointment at Lothian Street, with a bunch of proof-sheets which we were to examine together.

I suppose we had gone on some two hours at work and talk when De Quincey fell into one of those dreamy pauses, with closed eyelids, which I never disturbed, knowing that he would soon tell me what had crossed his brain. By-and-by he looked up, and said: "Well, I suppose about this time they may, perhaps, be expecting me again at George Square."

I guessed the case in a moment. "What!" I said, "is there another dinner party, and are you going to disappoint them again?"

"Well, you see," he replied, rather apologetically, as if desirous to debate the case with me, "I have not been quite well, as you know; and then my dress suit is not here; it is lying at home" (Mavis Bush Cottage).

I thought it quite a pity that Thackeray and De Quincey should fail to meet, so I did my best to induce him to go. "Come," I said, "what nonsense talking about dress suits! You know very well they would be glad to have you in the jacket." By this I meant the huge warm flannel affair, built with a very high collar, according to his own design, which constituted his favorite working costume, and in which he was then sitting. "But," I proceeded, more seriously, "your ordinary walking dress is here, and George Square is very near. There is a cab-stand outside. If you will only dress in that" (pointing to a coat which lay on a chair), "I will drive you round in a twinkling. You are quite in time yet. Let the proofs wait."

For a moment I thought that he wavered, moved by my earnestness. But the eyelids closed again, and another dream pause followed. I waited patiently, and by-and-by he said: "No; much as it troubles me to see people, if it had been Dickens, now, I might have gone—I would have gone; but not Thackeray. There is a benignity in everything that Dickens has done."

This was said with that quiet resolution which showed me he had made up his mind. So I abandoned the attempt, and we resumed our task at the proof-sheets. This lasted until about midnight, and as all the household had gone to bed, De Quincey came with a candle to assist me in gaining footing on the staircase leading from the flat.

As I began to descend I could not resist having a Parthian shot about the party. "Now," I said, "if you had only done as you ought, you would have had dinner by this time, and been digesting it over a good talk with Thackeray."

He gave a little shrug, and made a droll little "*moue*," which seemed to convey, "Well, you're quite right; I know I am a very naughty boy."

I leave the incident without comment. The memorable words struck me forcibly, and remain imprinted most distinctly on my memory.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

Professor Wilson was one of the few whose society De Quincey enjoyed. Sometimes, when below par, he rather shrank from encountering the exuberant spirits of the leonine Kit North. However, he always spoke of him with a certain affectionate regard.

I have already referred in the notes on Carlyle to the series of biographical sketches carried on in the *Instructor*. My father and myself were anxious to have Professor Wilson included. De Quincey kindly promised to write the sketch, but for a long time the portrait was a difficulty.

Messrs. Ross and Thomson were the leading photographers in Edinburgh at that time, and again and again they held themselves in readiness to take the renowned Christopher. He always professed willingness, but the difficulty was to catch him, and then Ross and Thomson doubted whether they could get him to keep quiet long enough.

At last one fine day Frank Croll, who was to be the engraver, with a couple of "mutual friends," captured the professor, and landed him safely in Ross and Thomson's studio. By a little management they got him to keep steady, with his hand on his staff, for a short time, securing an admirable portrait. He was told so.

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"Well, we'll see. Get one ready to-morrow, and when lecture is over I shall have a look at myself."

As good as his word, he came flying in next day to our office, which was nearly opposite the university.

"Where's that thing you've been taking of me?" he exclaimed to me.

I showed him the photograph, which he held out at arm's-length.

"Ah, that's the fellow, is it! I shouldn't like to meet him on a dark night! *And what's more, I shouldn't like to buy a horse of him!*"

With this humorous criticism of his effigy, he laughed and departed, the staff swirling and the big shirt collar flapping.

This reminds me that pedestrians often thought it prudent to give him rather a "wide berth" as he crossed the North Bridge to his daily lecture. The whirl of the staff as he strode on, ejaculating portions of the coming discourse, might have sometimes been more than awkward.

One winter De Quincey was very poorly indeed, and opium, which generally brought relief in cold weather, failed to alleviate his unpleasant symptoms. A constant gnawing sensation was felt in the region of the stomach. I have no doubt this was a real sensation, induced by the long-continued use of the drug. At the same time remembering Dr. Copeland's remarkable article on the power of the mind in bringing on symptoms of disease, it is quite probable that the intensity of the suffering was increased by a remembrance of the dreadful passage in the original preface to the *Confessions*, wherein he mentions that "Mr. Addington, an Under-Secretary of State and brother to the first Lord Sidmouth, described to me the sensations which first drove him to the use of opium in the very same words as the Dean of Carlisle, viz., 'that he felt as though rats were gnawing at the coats of his stomach.'"

De Quincey at length conjured up the idea that some living creature occupied the stomach, and on waking up at intervals, proceeded to gnaw the coats of it. He was in a very morbid mental condition, and the physical weakness was considerable.

We did all that we could to get him out of this sombre notion, which really preyed upon his mind, and for hours at a time paralyzed all exertion.

One day, while in this state, De Quincey called upon Professor Wilson, who soon observed that he was in a very prostrate condition. De Quincey commenced with plaintive eloquence to tell him all about the doings of this horrid creature in his stomach; that he was being consumed by inches; was a doomed man, and so forth.

Christopher diagnosed the case at a glance. With great solemnity he said: "De Quincey, I am really surprised and shocked. You are generally the most considerate of mortals, but this is a case of downright cruelty to animals. You say he gnaws you. Why shouldn't he? Feed him, man, feed him, and he won't bother you. The poor fellow is hungry. Come, let us give him some hare soup at once." He rang the bell, ordered the soup, and compelled De Quincey to swallow it.

The professor's prescription was a capital tonic. The whole scene gave the poor patient a wholesome fillip. He began to regain his better health, the unpleasant symptoms gradually died away, and we heard no more of the stomach.

HAWTHORNE'S VISIT.

Numerous pilgrims from America, when on the European tour, called at Mavis Bush Cottage. This being at no great distance from the classic spots of Hawthornden and Roslin Chapel (with its famous 'prentice's pillar), enabled them to kill three or four birds with one stone.

De Quincey appreciated highly the interest in himself and his works which was evidenced by these calls. At the same time they were a source of serious pain to him. He was most carefully supported in every way by the graceful, thoughtful hospitality which his daughters exercised toward all these enthusiastic visitors, but the strain of being called on to appear before strangers at moments when he was either in need of physical repose or desired perfect quiet in order to elaborate some literary effort — all this was often very trying to him.

Another evil attendant on this strain, on which he often comically commented to me, was that he had no son at home who could drink wine with guests. Ladies, of course, he remarked, could not be expected to be proficients in this accomplishment, and as for himself, when he made the attempt he was almost sure to be ill afterward.

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Many, however, were the visits which gave him peculiar pleasure, and none more so, I think, than that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. I forget the year in which Hawthorne was appointed to the consulate at Liverpool—then, I believe, one of the richest gifts in the hands of the President. When the author of *The Scarlet Letter* reached Liverpool, he, so to speak, flung in his traps, announced himself to the staff, and looked over the office. But before settling down to work, he started on a visit to De Quincey.

The two men appear to have had much in common, for De Quincey on many occasions expressed to me the great pleasure he had derived from the acquaintance thus commenced. If I mistake not, it was one of the few cases in which he did reply personally in subsequent correspondence. This was a thing which he carefully shirked in general, leaving it to his daughters to excuse his indifferent health, and inability to undertake the labor involved in letter-writing.

CLARE MARKET.

Amongst the passages in which De Quincey has been supposed to be playfully "throwing the hatchet," "romancing," or whatever you may call a stretch of imagination concerning slender elements of fact, that which bears on Clare Market and his proffered assistance to poor people in their marketing is often supposed to be one. I firmly believe that it is a simple record of fact.

On many occasions he dilated to me on his mode of life and the incidents which befell him while residing at No. 4 York Street, Covent Garden, where he wrote the *Confessions*.* He told me of his solitary walks at night, his studies of the working poor in and around Drury Lane and St. Giles's, and his close knowledge of the concentrated misery of these quarters of London.

What these places were then I learned from the sombre Rembrandtesque pictures which he drew of the life he had so closely studied. What it is still, after daylight has been driven into so many "rookeries," many of us know.

Clare Market was one of his favorite hunting-grounds. Sometimes, also, I think, but not so frequently, the region of the New Cut, at Lambeth.

His Saturday evening pilgrimages to Clare Market were frequent. He was a keen observer of human nature in the buying and selling which went on in that London hive, watching the investment of part of the hard-won wages on a Sunday dinner, that oasis in the life of the working-man. His especial commiseration was excited by the poor, fragile, worn-down wives, often with a child in their arms and several at their feet. To such as these he would now and then, if he thought it would be useful, offer a kindly suggestion concerning a morsel of meat or a supply of vegetables to be purchased. Such suggestions he assured me were generally received by the feeble, hesitating, ignorant women with grateful thanks. They readily divined the good intention, the perfectly disinterested action, of their singular but gentlemanly adviser.

FAMILY RESEMBLANCES.

On one of my visits to the Houses of Parliament, whilst passing through one of the corridors, I was startled by the features of a sculptured figure quite unknown to me. The thought flashed, how strikingly that face resembles Miss Florence De Quincey! (afterward Mrs. Baird Smith). She was always remarkable for her pale, statuesque beauty. On reading the inscription, I found that the figure was actually that of her ancestor, Saher de Quincey, Earl of Winchester.

When I returned to Edinburgh I reported to De Quincey this singular resemblance of the effigy of the old earl to his daughter, over a gap of some five centuries.

This led to a critical estimate of Saher de Quincey, and the part he played in the history of his time, which I remember was summed up in the pithy remark, "*A very turbulent personage indeed he was!*"

Thereafter I had a charming disquisition on "Family Resemblances" (or "Heredity"), which would have delighted Captain Galton, illustrated by humorous examples, ancient and modern. This same Saher (or Seyer) de Quincey is to be remembered in connection with that capital versified performance by "Delta," in *Blackwood*, entitled, "De Quincey's Revenge," in three "Fyttes." It appeared about forty years ago.

* The late Mr. H. G. Bohn showed me this room, which formed part of his warehouse. It is still included in the premises of his successor, Mr. George Bell, the publisher.

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ANTICLIMAX.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

I WALKED a city street, and suddenly
I saw a tiny lad. The winter wind
Howled fitfully, and all the air above
The clear-cut outline of the buildings tall
Seemed full of knives that cut against the face:
An awful night among the unhoused poor!
The boy was tattered; both his hands were thrust
For show of warmth within his pocket-holes,
Where pockets had not been for many a day.
One trouser-leg was long enough to hide
The naked flesh, but one, in mockery
A world too short, tho' he was monstrous small,
Left bare and red his knee—a cruel thing!
Then swelled my selfish heart with tenderness
And pity for the waif: to think of one
So young, so seeming helpless, homeless too,
Breasting the night, ashiver with the cold!
Gaining a little, soon I passed him by,
My fingers reaching for a silver coin
To make him happier, if only for
An hour, when—I marvelled as I heard—
His mouth was puckered up in cheery wise,
And in the very teeth of fortune's frown
He whistled loud a scrap of some gay tune!
And I must know that all my ready tears
Fell on a mood more merry than mine own.

THE NEW YORK BANKS.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

EIGHTY-FOUR chartered banks were in active business within the city of New York on the 1st of January, 1889. Of these, forty-five were national and thirty-nine State institutions.

The associated banks' statement of December 15, 1888, gives $60,762,700 as their aggregate capital, $51,586,000 as their surplus, $385,988,200 as the amount of their loans, $79,122,500 as the quantity of specie on hand, $31,195,500 as that of the legal tender notes, $402,583,100 as the sum of their deposits, and $4,950,300 as that of their circulation. Add to the joint capital of the associated the $3,550,000 belonging to the non-associated State banks, and include the $600,000 of the unassociated national institutions, and the whole is $64,912,700, which, with the surplus of $51,586,000, is equal to the grand total of $116,498,700—more than $36,000,000 in excess of the entire banking capital of the United States in 1816, when John C. Calhoun said that "the question whether banks are favorable to public liberty and prosperity was one purely speculative." The *Bankers' Almanac and Register* for January, 1889, states that there were then in the United States 3157 national, 2348 State, 4210 private, and 609 savings banks proper—10,324 banks in all. But this return does not include brokers who are also bankers. On the 4th of October, 1888, 3140 national banks possessed resources amounting to $2,815,751,341 07. Of these institutions there were in the State, exclusive of the city of New York, 276, with a total capital, consisting of the forementioned items, of $184,083,000. Within the city of New York were 46, with a gross capital, similarly constituted, of $537,082,466 51. The "art and

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mystery" proper to each and all is that of receiving deposits of money or its representatives, on which interest may or may not be allowed; discounting and negotiating promissory notes, drafts, bills of exchange, and other evidences of debt; buying and selling exchange, coin, and bullion; transmitting money from one place to another; loaning money on personal security, issuing and circulating its own notes, collecting notes or drafts, and formulating by-laws, not inconsistent with the National Bank Act, for the guidance of all parties interested. Disposable means consist of capital paid by shareholders, money deposited by customers, and notes that are or may be circulated. Expenses are compounded of salaries, interest allowed to depositing banks, taxes, rent, or rental value on property owned and occupied, repairs, office expenditure, and interest on general deposits, if allowed. Net profits are made up of the excess over expenses of discount, exchange, interest, and commissions. What is true in these particulars of national is also true of State banks, and to some extent of all similar organizations.

This business may be conducted by one or more individuals under the laws applicable thereto. Capitalists may organize either under State or United States laws. If under the latter, each organization forms a national banking association. All are governed by the same principles, subject to the same inspection, use the same blanks in making returns to the Treasury Department in Washington, and are liable to the same penalties for the violation of any rule. National power is supreme, and may be directly appealed to for the redress of injuries. Every note issued is receivable by any bank for debt due, and is redeemable by the national government in coin if the local bank should fail. It is practically good as gold for business purposes at any place within the United States. To the Rev. Dr. John McVickar, Professor of Political Economy in Columbia College, New York, and author of *Hints relating to Banking*, 1827, is due the credit of devising this most efficient of all fiscal systems.

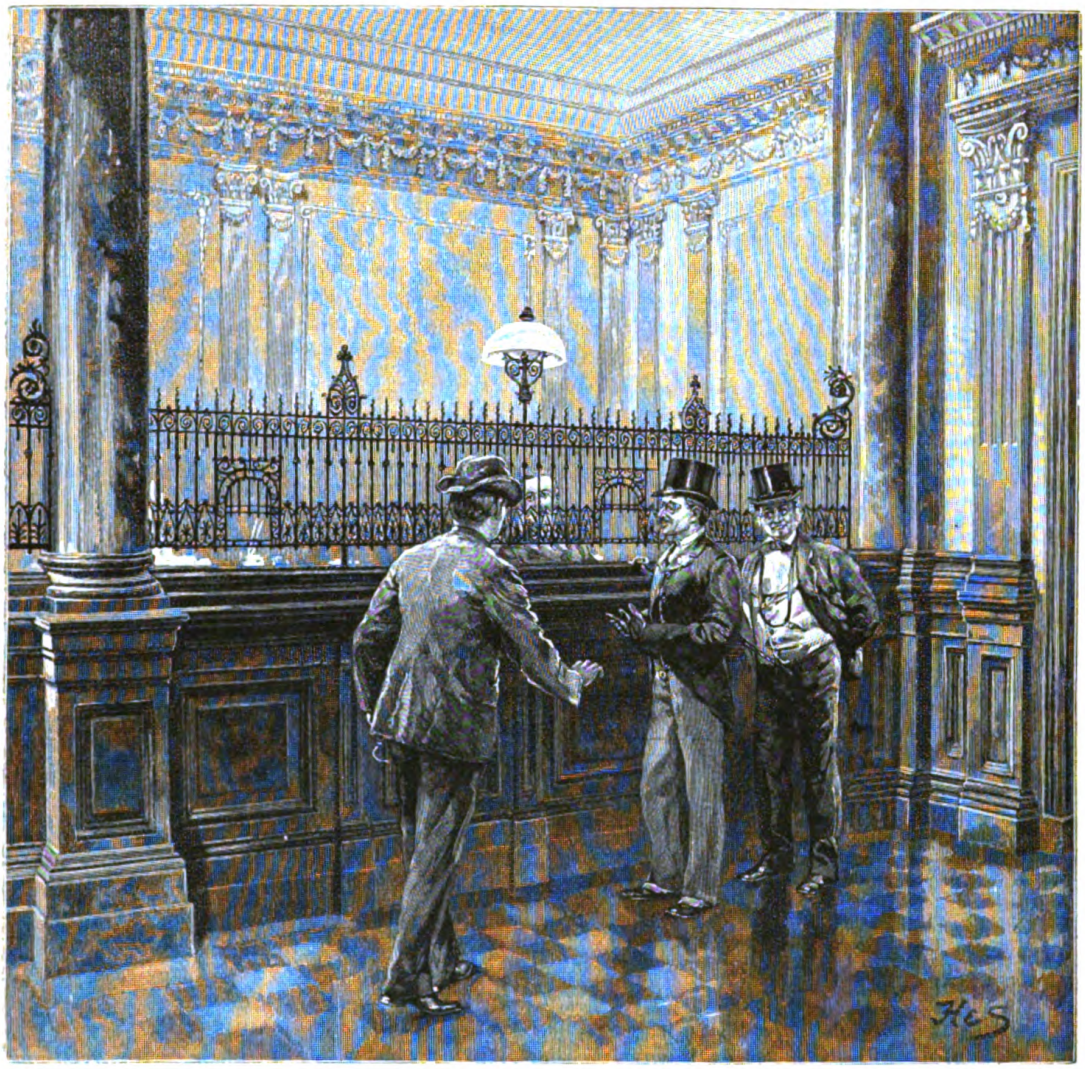
Every national bank is chartered for a period of twenty years, must be formed by five or more persons, who in an "organization certificate" specify the name assumed by the association, its place of business, amount of capital stock divided into shares of $100 each, names and residences of shareholders, and the number of shares held by each, and also declare that the certificate is made to avail themselves of the advantages of the National Bank Act. Within the city of New York the capital of the several associations ranges between the two extremes of $200,000 and $5,000,000; without the city, a smaller sum—not less than $50,000—suffices, according to local circumstances.

Emissions of bank-notes in proportion to capital are limited only by the amount of United States registered bonds deposited with the government as security.

Notes of different denominations are printed on plates engraved in the best style, and are furnished by the Comptroller of the Currency. The president or vice-president and cashier then sign them. When issued they circulate as money, being received at par everywhere in payment of all pecuniary demands, except for import duties, interest on the public debt, and redemption of legal tenders. A sum equal to five per cent. of its circulation is deposited by every bank in the Treasury of the United States, and is counted as part of its legal reserve. By means of this fund all worn, defaced, mutilated, and other notes unfit for circulation are redeemed and afterward destroyed. "It would almost seem," the superintendent of the mutilated money department in the United States Sub-Treasury, Wall Street, New York, is reported to have said, "as if all the mutilated currency [legal tender notes] of the country came through this Sub-Treasury. We never receive less than about $150.000 worth in a day, and often the amount exceeds $200,000." The condemned notes are arranged in bundles, packed solidly in a large covered basket, and sent to Washington for destruction by the process of maceration.

National banks cannot loan on security of their own stock, save to prevent loss on debt previously contracted, nor pledge their own currency for money to pay in their capital stock. One-tenth of their net earnings, before the declaration of a dividend, must go to the surplus, until that is equal to 20 per cent. of its capital stock. Individual or corporate debts to each bank are limited to 10 per cent. of its paid up capital. Reporting, under oath of president or cashier and over signature of at least three directors, to the Comptroller of the Currency and duly examined by government officers, the na-

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IDENTIFYING A FORGED CHECK.

tional banks are also obliged to make sworn reports of dividends and amounts of net earnings. Capital and deposits of all banks, bankers, and national banking associations were exempted from taxation by act of Congress, March 3, 1881, excepting one per cent. on the circulation of the last, and 10 per cent. on that of State banks. Taxation of national bank shares at market value is, however, permissible by the National Bank Act, provided it be not at a higher rate than is assessed upon other moneyed capital in the hands of individual citizens of each State. In New York this authority is exercised. Relief from it was sought by the civic national banks, but denied by the State courts, whose decision was affirmed on appeal by the Supreme Court of the United States. To guard against abuses of the speculative spirit, the certification of checks by national banks was prohibited by the law of July 12, 1882, unless the drawer had on deposit at the same time money equal to the amount of each check.

Of the 106 State banks, with an aggregate capital of $23,360,700, doing business under the laws of the State on September 30, 1887, thirty-three, with a capital of $14,817,200, were located in the city of New York. Many of these were in being before the enactment of the national banking law, declined reorganization under its terms, and were obliged to retire their circulation. The Mechanics' Bank of Brooklyn is the only one in the commonwealth now circulating notes, and that only to the extent of $5500. Should any other banking

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institution decide to follow its example more or less largely, the currency may be had, under prescribed conditions, of the Superintendent of the Banking Department. Neither State nor national bank is permitted to establish branches. No authority from the State is necessary to enable a bank to reorganize itself as a national banking association, that being a simple transition, not a new creation. *Per contra*, provision is made for the simple and easy conversion of a national institution into a State bank. The internal mechanism of both classes is substantially the same. Variations are conditioned by circumstances. State banks are held by some financiers to enjoy advantages unshared by national ones. They may certify checks in excess of amounts standing at the time to the credit of drawers. Some national banks in New York city were so severely disciplined by the Comptroller of the Currency for doing this that they reorganized as State banks in order to continue the objectionable practice without legal hinderance.

In 1851 a law was enacted by the New York Legislature creating the office of Superintendent of the Banking Department, with salary of $5000 and bond of $50,000, and vesting the incumbent with the general supervision of the banks, banking associations, and individual bankers operating under State laws. All report quarterly to him, and when issuing circulating notes deposit securities with him for their redemption. Whenever he deems it proper, any bank of discount and deposit is subjected to examination by himself or deputy. Individual bankers, partners, clerks, agents, and any inhabitant of the county in which the investigation proceeds may be questioned under oath, and obliged to testify relevantly. If the capital be impaired, it is the Superintendent's duty to see that it is made good. These examinations are of incalculable value in detecting specific faults of management, such as are involved in defalcations of employés, misuse of assets by officers, and unduly hazardous risks in loaning money. A critical condition of affairs is occasionally discovered in time to prevent failure. Naturally enough, such supervision is unwelcome to the dishonest and incompetent. In these instances the contest between an examiner and a bank officer—on one side for revelation and on the other for concealment—is singularly like that between safe-makers and burglars. But the examiner is in the ascendant. His familiarity with the methods of criminals and instinctive perception of probable wrong impart penetrative power against which it is altogether unlikely that the most cunning can continuously guard. Responsibility of shareholders in case of failure is limited by the capital stock.

The quarterly reports, verified on oath of president, cashier, or individual banker, are published in newspapers, and must cover loans, discounts, what is due from banks, directors of the institution, and brokers, value of real estate, specie, cash items, stocks, and promissory notes, bills of solvent banks, bills of suspended banks, loss and expense account, capital, circulation, and profits; also what each owes to banks, other corporations, and individuals, State Treasury, Commissioners of Canal Fund, depositors on demand, and other creditors, and whatever else the Superintendent may legally and *pro bono publico* wish to ascertain.

The appointment of Superintendent of the Banking Department is by the Governor and Senate, and is for the term of three years. Willis S. Paine—who with William Dowd, president of the Bank of North America, in 1882 effected a revision of the financial statutes of the State—author of *Banking Laws of the State of New York*, an invaluable repertory of thoroughly digested information on all legislation and judicial decision connected with State or national banking, and now passing through a third and revised edition, held this office from April 27, 1883, until his resignation in September, 1889.

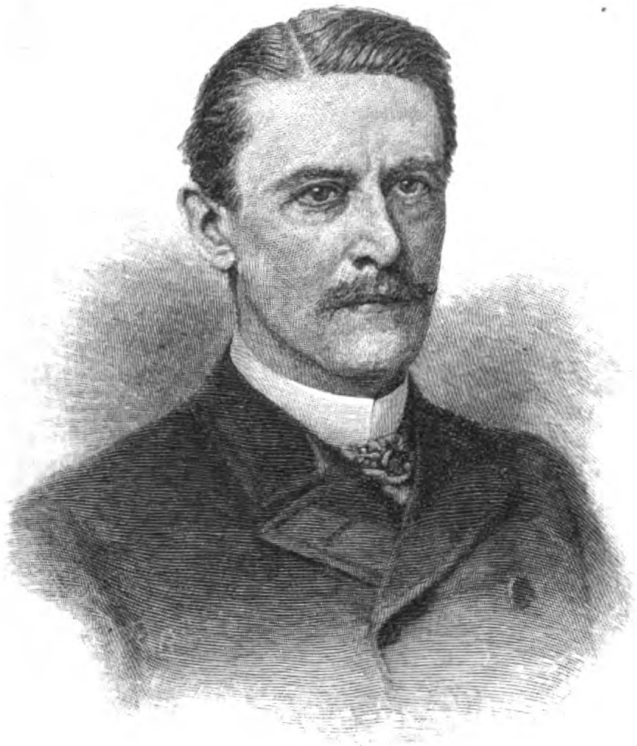
The number of private bankers, not including brokers, in the United States, given in the *Bankers' Almanac and Register* for 1884, was 3387; for the year 1888 it was 4210. They are found in all the States and Territories. Some have flourished long, and are held to be very sound and worthy of the highest credit. Of the fifty private bankers doing business under corporate titles in this State none are located in the city of New York. There is a multitude of private bankers, in number above two hundred, of whom such houses as those of Brown, Brothers, and Co., Drexel, Morgan, and Co., Morton, Bliss, and Co., Kidder, Peabody, and Co., August Belmont and Co., are of standing and influence universally acknowledged. But

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A VIEW OF WALL STREET.

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WILLIS S. PAINE.

not being incorporated, they do not come under official supervision.

Original subscribers to the capital stock, who have been leaders in the creation of a bank, are likely to be its first directors. Subsequently directors are elected by the stockholders. They represent capital, labor, and commerce in the locality, and maintain harmonious business relations with all institutions of similar character, and with the public generally. Compensation for active duty, as a rule, is not pecuniary, but is rather in the incidental distinction of office. Directors in the larger fiscal organizations do, however, receive from $5 to $10 for each session. Even that sum tends to assure faithful and diligent attendance. Formerly indefinite claim for loans by directors is now restricted by State law to one-third and by national statute to 10 per cent. of the capital to any one person or corporation.

The president of each bank is its chief executive officer, presides at meetings of the directors, and in the intervals between them is virtually clothed with the authority of his superiors. There may or may not be a vice-president to discharge his duties in case of absence. "Everybody's business is nobody's business" is a proverb not applicable to a wisely conducted New York bank. In legal relations the president is *the bank*, holds title to its real estate, is plaintiff or defendant in suits at law, assignee of property held as security for debt, signs certificates of stock and all notes paid out as money, and frequently verifies reports. Usually a large stockholder, his honor is trusted without requisition of bond or surety. Salary is ample: twenty thousand dollars is not considered too much by the larger establishments for the yearly services of a diligent, capable, spirited head.

Condition of funds and prospective resources govern the sagacious grant of loans by the chief executive. Quality of the latter, rather than quantity, moves him thereto. One of the most recent and calamitous of national bank failures in New York originated in defiance of this rule. Over-certification, false entries in the books, and loaning without security followed, and ended in ruin and bitter sorrow. The Bank of England, with capital and surplus of over $90,000,000, intrusts the loaning of it to the governor alone. Loans, whether to national or State banks, corporations, or individuals, are justly graduated by antecedent and present deposits; and if in the shape of bank-notes that will not present themselves for redemption for some time, or of credits to account that will not soon be exhausted, are manifestly more profitable than those that involve complete transfer. Quick returns afford most of incidental advantage; therefore "call" loans are often preferred.

Discounts are generally made to persons known personally or by reputation to the president or some of the directors. Their signatures and those of their endorsers, if worthy of the precaution, are preserved in a book set apart for that purpose. The true banker is a chirographic expert, and marvellously adept in the detection of forgery.

Every morning on arrival at his office the president finds on his table a sum-

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THE DIRECTORS' ROOM.

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mary, prepared the evening before,* showing the precise amount of institutional funds, where they are situated, and of what they are composed, also an aggregate of the various liabilities. By this chart he decides whether to lend or to call in his loans, and to what extent. Lists in detail of prospective resources assist decision. Clearing-house balances, which may be on the debtor or creditor side to any amount up to several millions, reported about 10.30 A.M., are also very influential on his action. The bearings of the bank statement he is expected by the directors to explain. He scrutinizes the whole field of commerce, and studies the causes of financial tides; watches the course of exchanges at the Clearing-house, the currents of trade, and the shipments of coin; compares the exports and imports of successive years, and then balances the probabilities of the speculative unknown before him. With the character of subordinates he is more or less familiar. He is obliged to trust them. If prodigal or needy, it is natural to suspect them. Overdrafts he never permits, and he coerces payments when first due. Speculation in articles whose price is above the cost of production he refuses to uphold, and rejects a policy of discount that ends in making the debtor master of the creditor. His voice is usually conclusive in the appointment of subordinate agents, and even of the notary and attorneys. Economical in unproductive outlay, familiar with the legal qualities of proffered securities, and guiding action by his own judgment rather than by the recommendations of others, he chooses, if compelled to choose, the reputation of upright moroseness in preference to that of imbecile amiability.

In directors' meeting and discounting all are theoretically expected to act for the benefit of the bank.

Thorough and impartial revision of the loans made by the president, and examination of the paper he has accepted since the last meeting, is one principal item of the regular business. Resources and liabilities, character of depositors and borrowers, also undergo critical scrutiny. The daily statement exhibiting available resources and also liabilities is indispensable to judicious decision. The ticklers, showing in detail debts receivable in the future, those past due, and also the overdrafts, require explanation by the president.

Discounting notes is one of the most important banking functions, in which directors are influential. Producers must borrow money on the faith of property sold in order to persistence in production. Endorsed by them, time notes of the parties who bought their products are offered for discount. The property represented by these notes must eventually pay all the loans predicated upon it; but if not, the deficiency must be met by the guarantors or endorsers. "The safest loans are on mercantile paper," is a trite maxim with bankers.

The test of bank soundness is the speed with which it can liquidate all claims, and return its capital to the stockholders.

Objectionable loans, ordinarily made in greedy pursuit of high rates of interest on personal security, and on accommodation paper without collaterals, for the purchase or improvement of real estate, whether productive or speculative, to provide quick capital for corporations or individuals, are often the cause of anxiety and trouble, and not infrequently of financial ruin. Loans at illegitimate rates on railroad securities have also been fruitful causes of embarrassment and failure. Capital has been immobilized, or fixed, faster than its floating volume would warrant. Monetary straitness and commercial calamity have been the inevitable results.

* Report of the condition of the —— National Bank of the City of New York, at New York, in the State of New York, at the close of business, February 26, 1889:

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	$18,245,974 21
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	17 08
U. S. bonds to secure circulation	200,000 00
U. S. bonds to secure deposits	200,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	161,563 52
Due from other national banks	1,402,590 82
Due from State banks and bankers	59,973 28
Real estate	600,000 00
Checks and other cash items	48,707 29
Exchanges for Clearing-house	6,206,043 14
Bills of other banks	10,000 00
Nickels and cents	46 45
Specie	3,877,608 00
Legal tender notes	699,581 00
U. S. certificates of deposit for legal tenders	850,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	9,000 00
Total	$32,571,104 74

LIABILITIES.

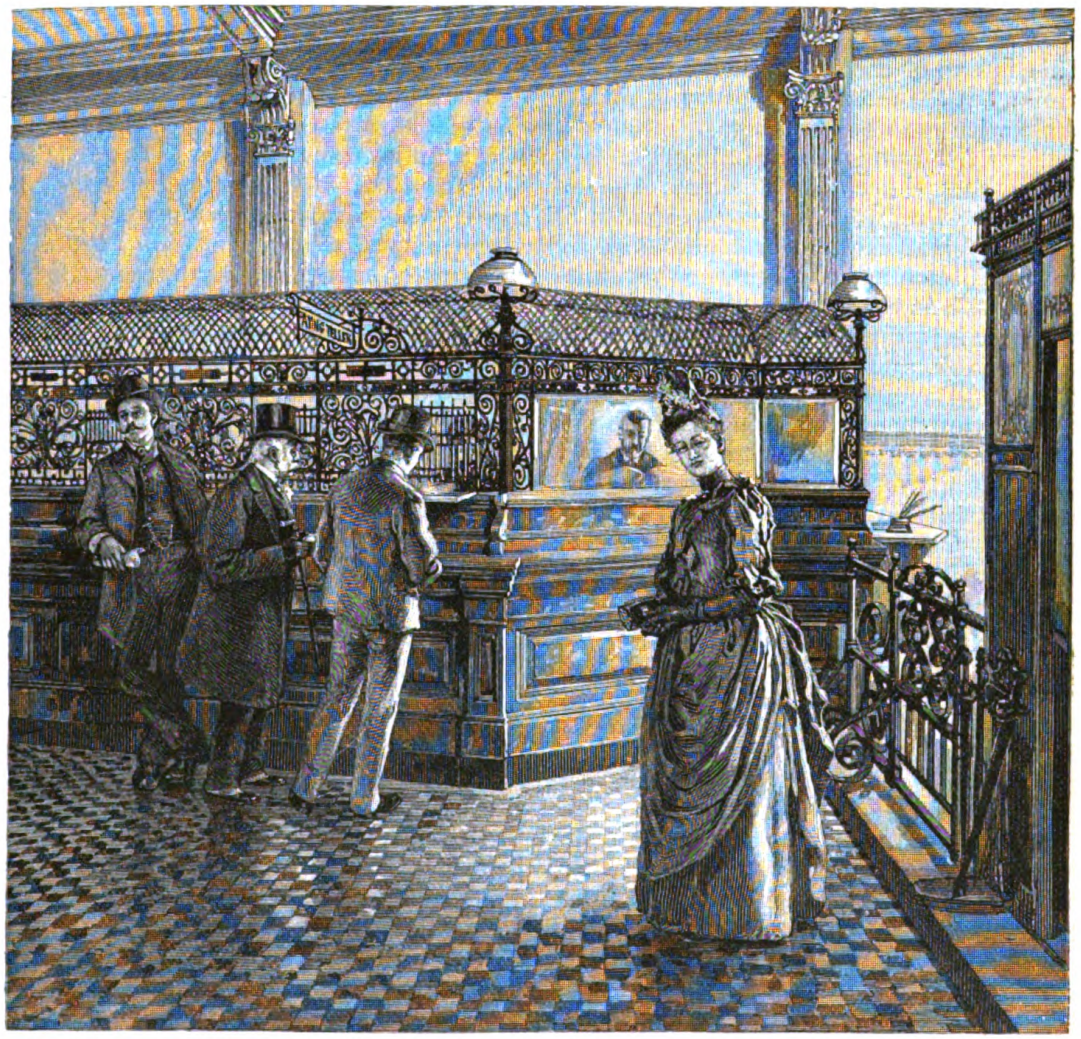
Capital stock paid in	$3,200,000 00
Surplus fund	640,000 00
Undivided profits, net	718,306 85
National bank notes outstanding	180,000 00
Dividends unpaid	20,746 09
Individual deposits subject to check	10,659,761 30
Individual deposits for acceptances	5,406,990 98
Demand certificates of deposit	29,296 61
Cashier's checks outstanding	249,479 69
United States deposits	219,500 00
Due to other national banks	10,652,224 52
Due to State banks and bankers	594,798 70
Total	$32,571,104 74

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After mastering the factors of the bank's situation, the contents of the *Offering Book* —containing the names of offerers, amount of each note, time it is to run, name of endorser or endorsers, where payable, and other particulars relating to it—are read. Then selection begins. If all offerings be worthy of acceptance, and loanable funds remain on hand, paper whose makers are deemed to be good is bought of a note-broker or his representative. These notes are given by merchants, without reference to the purchase of merchandise, in order with the funds thus obtained to discount their bills; or it may be to use them for speculative or other purposes outside the regular business of the maker.

Bank methods of record are generically the same, but specifically different. Each institution preserves its own individuality.

Some procure information, made up of mercantile agency reports, extracts from letters, synopses of conversations, collocations of the credit clerk, etc., of the character and responsibility of those whose paper they buy. "A good name" is not only "better than great riches," but is often helpful to their acquisition. Notwithstanding all precautions, purchases from note-brokers are more or less hazardous. Loans on collateral security, such as bonds, stocks, warehouse receipts, and other evidences of property whose value may be estimated correctly, meet with more favor. Securities listed by the New York Stock Exchange command loans to within 10, 15, or 20 per



A PAYING TELLER'S DESK.

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cent. of their market value. If government bonds, the margin is less; if other securities, it is more. Narrow margin in fluctuation of prices is avoided by demand of part payment or of more security. Loans are also made on security of business paper. A merchant brings $15,000 or $20,000 of small notes of country customers, and asks on pledge of them, accompanied by his own note, a loan of $10,000 at thirty, sixty, or ninety days. This is one of the safest class of transactions; but the most trustworthy of all are those with regular customers. Single objections from directors are almost always fatal to acceptance of an offering. A member of the Produce Exchange objected to notes of fellow-members, accompanied by appropriate collaterals, because they were not as safe as they ought to be, borrowed at lower interest the unemployed balance of the bank, and then loaned it to the rejected applicants on the securities they had previously offered. Of course he was not the typical bank director.

Merchants of known large capital and sterling integrity meet with ready response. Others are discussed under every conceivable aspect and relation—habits, expenditure, prospects—before decision is reached. Reputation for gambling, drinking, and riotous living is a withering sirocco to bank credits. Idiosyncrasies and prejudices reveal themselves at boards of directors. One hates "accommodation" and desiderates "fire-proof" paper, another can see everything good in matters connected with sugar, but squints the moment his gaze is directed toward leather, and *vice versa*. But as the majority rules, the final vote is commonly just.

Next to the president, the cashier is, as a rule, the most authoritative officer in a bank. He may have risen by degrees to his present eminence from the foot of the ladder. If so, he is the more likely to be extremely efficient. His life is circumscribed, sedentary, mechanical. Yet his faculties must be on the alert, his temper under control, his fortitude invincible, his leading business aim the safety and success of the establishment. The model cashier is reticent as the Sphinx about all bank secrets, is a born and disciplined detective, and recognizes a counterfeit customer as quickly as a spurious bill. In the absence of president and vice-president the cashier is the real head of the bank. He signs certificates of stock, circulating notes, and checks drawn on other banks, endorses drafts and notes for collection, conducts the correspondence, is usually a stockholder, and often a director. He is appointed by the directors, gives bond and sureties for fidelity, and receives salary of from two to twelve or possibly fifteen thousand dollars.

On arrival at his desk in the morning the cashier examines the dozen or more of newspapers for which the bank subscribes, glances round to see if all the clerks are present and preparing the exchanges for the Clearing-house, and if not, supplies the vacancies. Morning additions of two or three millions may be made to the assorted exchanges of much larger amounts, possibly twenty to thirty millions, prepared on the previous afternoon. Correspondence next claims attention. This may include from two to twenty-five hundred letters or more. Corresponding clerks have opened the whole. Those containing cash items are retained by the tellers. Special letters, such as applications for discounts, proposals from new customers, orders for the purchase or sale of stocks or bonds, concerning remittances, inquiries into the standing of persons, opinions regarding certain securities, complaints touching the business conduct of the bank, are answered by himself at once or later in the day. The replies are copied. He is conspicuous at the directors' meetings, examines loans secured by collaterals, calls them in if the latter be not satisfactory, examines the balance-books, directs all details, keeps informed about all that is done, and turns with entire concentration to the import of frequent calls and interruptions.

When the money market is "easy" the cashier sails on summer seas. Politics, theology, history, education, public improvements, personal matters, are conversational staples. When financial storms arise, no captain on ocean "greyhound's" bridge has more cause for anxiety. Offerings double, discounts shrink. Merchants demand more money. Rejected offerers hotly call for explanation. Then the fine art of banking comes into play.

Part of the cashier's duty is to increase the business of the bank. Profits are made on deposits. New accounts are eagerly sought. But applicants must be properly introduced and identified. Some banks will not take the accounts of persons introduced only by their own clerks,

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A PANIC IN THE STREET.

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for fear they might be confederates in some scheme of fraud or plunder. Other and responsible vouchers are required. All accepted sign their names in a book provided for that purpose, and their business biographies, so far as known, are inscribed in another volume. Critical supervision of the entire concern by the cashier is a condition of healthfulness and growth. In the larger banks having over sixty clerks and upward of 1500 accounts, the cashier's functions are distributed between himself and one or more assistant cashiers, sometimes including a loan clerk.

Next to the cashier in rank, salary, and responsibility is the sharp-eyed paying or first teller. His are usually the custody and disbursement of the funds, often amounting to several millions of dollars. Even he in some banks is not trusted with exclusive guardianship. Combinations known only to himself and another official govern the opening of the lock that secures the outer door of the vault; other combinations known only to other persons guard the second door; and as to the interior compartments still other individuals may have sole custody of the secrets giving access to them. But of the cash in his own compartments he has sole control. His position is perhaps the only one in which fraud could be practised without collusion or risk of immediate detection. To facilitate payments his money drawer is divided into sections for certificates, notes, and coins of different denominations. Presence of mind, tact, and automatic accuracy distinguish his wonderfully deft manipulation. Exchanges for the Clearing-house appear in his accounts. At 10 A.M. he is at his window ready for business. His knowledge of signatures is marvellous, and seems intuitive. Every one in the debit exchanges received from the Clearing-house is examined before charging the amount of the check to the drawer. He certifies checks by writing or stamping that they are "good," which means that they will be paid on presentation. Customers highly respect him, especially if he be in a State bank, for then it is optional with him to certify their checks even though they have not deposits commensurate with them. This power, it is true, exposes him to seductive solicitation dangerous to himself and his bank. Certified checks he charges at once to account of the drawer—certification being equivalent to payment—and puts the aggregate to credit of the account entitled "Certified Checks" in the general ledger. His labors are onerous and wearisome. Sometimes checks payable to order are not endorsed, or involve over-drafts, or are post-dated, or dates are altered, or there is discrepancy between writing and figures.

The paying teller is a triad of queries: "Signature genuine? Drawer's account good? Presenter entitled to receive this money?" Forgery may lurk in the paper strip within his fingers. "Signature Book" is convenient for comparison. Knowledge of depositor suggests answer to the second question; reference to the ledger settles it. Checks payable to bearer require no identification. Payment does not involve loss; but payment of checks to order, if made to the wrong person, does. Therefore the vexation and annoyance of identification — possibly of the arrest or flight of forger or accomplice. Checks whose payment is revoked by drawers are not paid to any one, or if so with loss to the bank. After the close of business hours the paying teller makes up his proof, in which the footing of cash on hand as ascertained by count must agree with the balance of cash carried forward to next day.* If it do not, figures must be questioned and cash re-counted until the difference disappears. The tired teller

* FIRST TELLER'S PROOF. *February* 11, 1889.

Balance	$4,328,981 19	Clearing-house, 2d and 3d tellers' exch'es.	$3,327,842 05
Second teller's exchanges, etc.	2,743,811 02	Clearing-house, morning additions	1,586,101 22
Third teller's exchanges, etc.	779,017 80	Clearing-house, balance paid	
Clearing-house, exchanges received	4,770,725 19		
Clearing-house, balance received	143,218 08	Checks paid	5,017,291 03
Due second teller		Due from second teller	17,211 54
Due third teller	1,575,283 09	Balance (itemized below at left)	4,392,590 53
	$14,341,036 37		$14,341,036 37
United States gold certificates	2,175,000 00		
United States legal tender certificates	450,000 00		
United States silver certificates	79,000 00		
Gold coin	215,875 00		
Silver coin and minor coins	7,850 53		
United States legal tender notes	1,287,315 00		
National bank notes	177,550 00		
	$4,392,590 53		

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then returns his drawer and effects to the vault, locks the door to a certain combination, and bids farewell to exasperating toil until the morrow.

Ranking next to the paying is the receiving or second teller, who receives all deposits of money, checks, etc., and enters them in the "Receiving Teller's Cash-Book." High order of intellect is not a *sine qua non* for this office; patience and courtesy are. Checks on other banks are assorted for exchange at the Clearing-house. If deposited by trusted customers, certification is not required, albeit that is a valuable element of safety. The receiving teller is a staid, taciturn, impartial personage, who guides action by the maxim, "first come, first served." He knows, or is supposed to know, the condition of all accounts; examines signatures, endorsements, dates, and other features of checks, and thus diminishes the probabilities of reclamations between the banks because of defects; may be left in the lurch by dishonest dealers depositing foreign or out-of-town checks that are worthless, and then closing their accounts; requires depositors of drafts on individuals or private bankers to collect them on their own account; instinctively throws out counterfeits from the handful of bills beneath his fingers; investigates claims of larger deposits than are credited; notes every sign of weakness or deterioration in customers; extrudes (with superior concurrence) the dishonest from further dealing; administers "short, sharp, decisive" lectures on correctness; is intolerant of any deficit or excess of cash in his daily accounts, and is content with nothing short of exactitude. With forged checks he is not severely scourged. Checks on country banks deposited with him are listed by the corresponding clerk in his letters and mail blotters for charge to the appropriate banks in the collection ledger, and checks on dealers in his own bank are charged to the general account of each dealer.

The note or third teller receives and credits the remittances from out-of-town correspondents. He also receives the money for all promissory notes paid at the bank. These are either discounted or for collection. In large banks the bills discounted are handed to the note teller early on the day of maturity, and when paid are credited to "Bills Discounted" in the general ledger. In like manner he receives the collection notes, and by messengers presents those payable at other banks for liquidation. When the last payer is dismissed, he erases from cash-book and "Discount Tickler" the notes unpaid, and delivers them to a notary public for protest. Proof is then completed, and the day's work is done.

The services of the discount clerk begin afresh with the "accepted" contents of the "Offering Book," which sometimes includes the loans already made to as well as those requested by individuals or firms. These new notes he examines for filling and general character, "times" them by writing in pencil on the face the due date of each note, and enters them in the "Dealers' Discount Book." His record of endorsements shows whether dealers are exchanging or endorsing each other's notes, and thus multiplying possibilities of institutional loss. Where accepted notes are not marked or marred in any way, it is with a view to their rediscount or sale "without recourse" by the purchasing bank. Marked or unmarked, they constitute the greater part of the bills receivable in which the resources of the bank are invested, and are confided to his keeping in an allotted compartment of the vault. On him devolves the not always pleasant task of informing customers whose offerings have been accepted or rejected. His position is not one of exposure to intense temptation. Yet instances of fraud have occurred. Gibbons relates one in the second Bank of the United States, in which the discount clerk abstracted some notes least likely to be wanted before maturity, and hypothecated them for a loan. These, as they matured, were replaced by those of longer date. Call for a note before its maturity that had been hypothecated brought the trick to light. Discounted notes payable in other cities are transmitted by mail.

While in the smaller banks the functions of the discount and other clerks are performed by cashier and teller, in the larger they are distributed according to the amount and press of business. In these the collection clerk occupies an onerous and responsible place. The numberless promissory notes and bills of exchange which pass through his hands are the principal means by which the commerce of the country is carried on. All are, or ought to be, predicated on real values. The bank is the chief channel

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of liquidation. A bill of exchange is an order by one person, called the drawer, to another, termed the drawee, living in a different place, directing him to pay a certain sum of money to a third person, denominated the payee. When the drawee writes the word "accepted" and his own name across the face of the bill, he becomes the acceptor. For the sake of brevity a bill of exchange is usually styled "exchange." As used by newspapers and commercial men, the latter term may denote either the rate of exchange or the instrument itself. By means of such documents accounts are adjusted and debts paid without the transmission of money or goods.

Buying and selling exchange, especially foreign exchange, is a business of enormous magnitude. Benton of St. Louis sells a bill of goods to Marketfield of New York, and draws on him for the amount, payable to his own order. This draft he offers for sale at a bank. The cashier looks at it, knows the drawee to be good, and that the responsible drawer can be held if the drawee should fail, buys the bill, and pays Benton the money. West and South are always sending immense shipments of raw materials or provisions to the East, and receiving merchandise, dry-goods, and groceries in return. Cotton, to the value of over three hundred millions a year, wool, bread-stuffs, provisions, and commodities of all kinds are bought and paid for by bills of exchange. Interest and the agreed rate of exchange are the bankers' compensation for negotiating them.

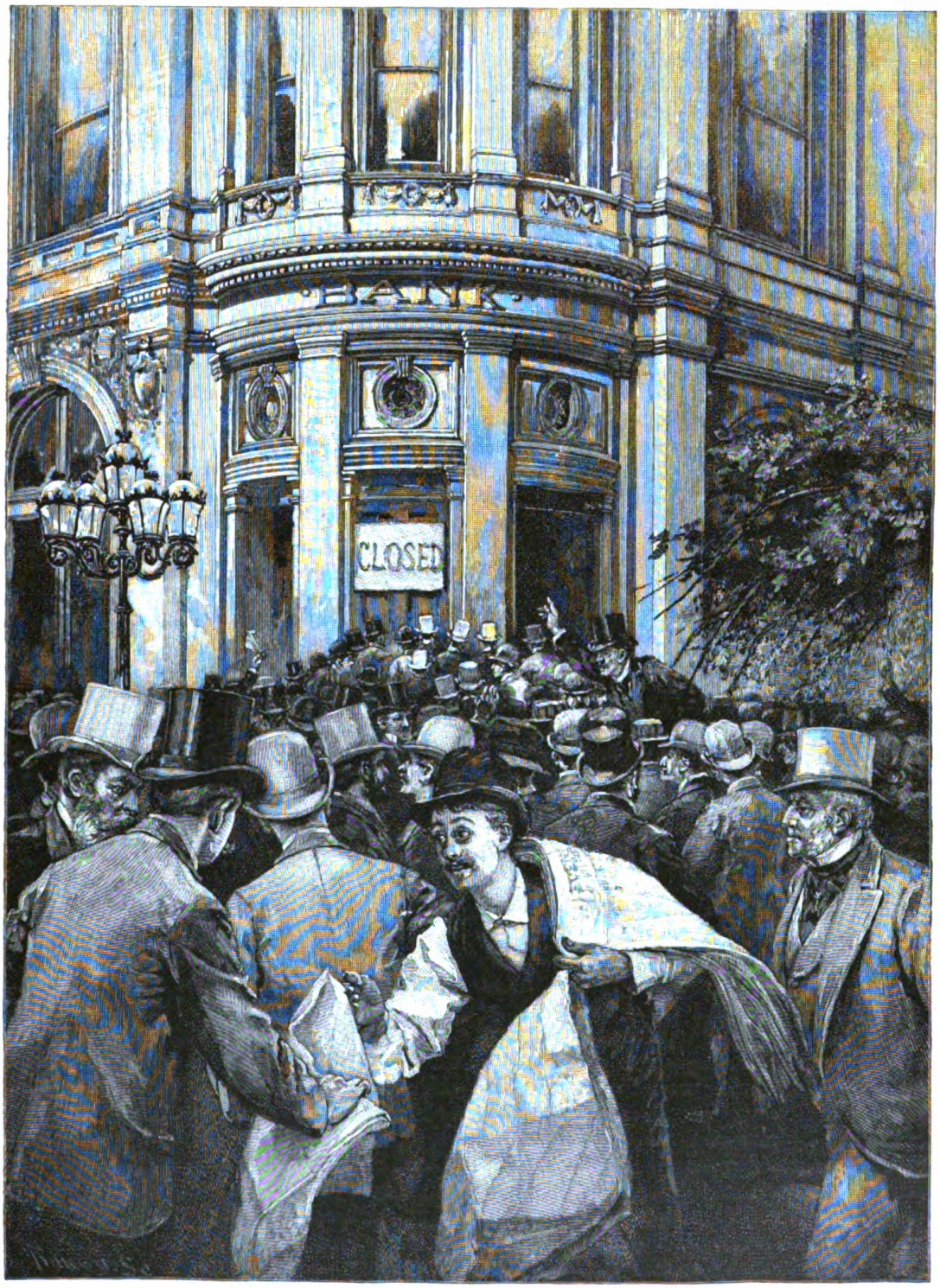
Western merchants advance money to farmers and planters on security of chattel mortgage and lien on growing crops. The planter ships his gathered cotton to the merchant, who sells it on the planter's account, and reimburses himself for the loan. When sold, the cotton is shipped East. The transportation company's bill of lading is attached to the merchant's draft on the consignee for the value of the cotton, or for the approximate value if consigned to a commission merchant for sale. In either case the consignor sells to his local bank the bill of exchange with documents, the latter being so endorsed as to convey title to the cotton to the owner of the draft.

What a draft will sell for in any city depends on condition of trade. If this be equable, bills of exchange will be at par or very nearly so—worth the amounts expressed on their faces. If St. Louis merchants are selling to New York three times as much as New York is selling to St. Louis, they will draw three times as many bills. But they cannot sell them at par, because there is need of using only one-third of them in paying debts due from St. Louis to New York merchants. On the other hand, the New-Yorkers can sell their bills for more than par, because the entire amount will settle only one-third of their indebtedness to St. Louis. Bills drawn on the latter are "St. Louis exchange"; if on New York, "New York exchange." The rate of exchange is always "against" the place that owes the most money, and "in favor of" the place that owes the least. The rate itself is determined by the cost of transporting specie, and largely governs the exports and imports of gold. Time bills of exchange cost less than those payable on demand. Business in international bills of exchange has been much reduced in volume of late years by the system of cable transfers; *e. g.*, a New York merchant may ship wheat to London, telegraph instructions to sell it "to arrive," and to remit the proceeds through a London banker, when the wheat is delivered, or sooner, according to arrangements. At certain seasons of the year the balance of trade and the rate of exchange against the East are so great that remittances of currency to the West and South are absolutely necessary to restore equilibrium.

Banks buy bills of exchange at one rate, and send them to New York correspondents for collection and credit to their accounts, and sell their own drafts on the same correspondents at a higher rate. The difference between the two is their profit in the transaction.

The general book-keeper, as he ought to be and uniformly is, bears the deserved reputation of mathematical accuracy and wise adaptation of means to ends. He must be prepared to furnish a complete financial exhibit within twenty-four hours. In depositors' accounts his errors are exceedingly few—fewer far than theirs in deposit slips. His system of accounts, with its specific arrangements—blotters, journals, ledgers, ticklers, check lists, and files; net-works of lines and columns; entries in blue, red, black, and other colored inks; distribution into parts under the care of assigned assistants—is

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RUN ON A BANK.

most intelligible when personally explained. Suffice it to say that, as a rule, it fully answers its purpose. Where it does not, perplexity and loss are the annoying concomitants.

The assistant teller aids his superiors, and discharges the duties of any who may be absent, receives the exchanges from the Clearing-house, verifies the lists, corrects the irregularities of returned checks, and

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makes the necessary reclamations on other banks. The check clerk is a quick, expert copyist, and rapid in addition. The runner is the bank's courier, whose chief duty is to collect drafts and notes, that of serving notices having passed into "innocuous desuetude." Comparatively humble as the office of the swift Mercury may be, it is one in which he is often intrusted with considerable sums of money. The porter is often the janitor, who usually relieves the night watchman, puts the bank in order, takes all the books out of the vault after the clerks have arrived and places them on the proper desks, returns them to the vault, locks the door of and stays in the bank until the watchman appears. During the day the porters of some banks serve as special messengers, and as such are charged with the transportation of coin. The establishment of the Clearing-house spoiled the picturesqueness of the bank porter, and the National Bank Act completed his reduction to the grade of commonplace mortals. He used to be a connoisseur in numismatology, postal expert, virtual settler of bank balances, and object of furtive interest to desperate criminals, with a big dash of chivalry in his composition, and enormously proud of the confidence earned by long and faithful service. Old "Father Cole" of the Ocean Bank is still fondly remembered as the type of a waning if not extinct species. The bank porter or other employé is now the specie clerk in the Clearing-house settlements.

Desperate thieves assaulting and robbing bank messengers in the public streets are less to be dreaded than forgers, professional or sporadic. The latter are men of great ability, satanic cunning, suspicious, cautious, and preferring to work in utter seclusion. Some are chemists, competent by use of a secret mixture of acids to erase figures in ink from the face of notes without destroying or damaging the paper. These have raised genuine orders for a few dollars upon banks into spurious ones for thousands. Not unfrequently their agents are men in good social standing, whose means of livelihood are a mystery to many. Such is their artistic skill that forgeries of notes, bonds, and securities have often passed unsuspected in the hurry and press of business. Dishonest brokers serve as their accomplices, ex-convicts or novices in crime as their tools. Photolithography has been compelled to lend its aid to their nefarious plots. Counterfeiting of bonds and securities, for some occult reason, is said to be at a stand-still, and that forgers now devote time and talents to defrauding banks and brokers by means of forged drafts.

Inspector Byrnes in his *Professional Criminals of America* gives a list of one hundred banks which thieves either rifled or attempted to rob between November, 1862, and February, 1885. Ten of these were in the city of New York.

Owing to the thoroughly efficient detective system established in Wall Street, the depredations of the bank sneaks have been summarily ended in that locality. These daring villains are "all men of education, pleasing address, good personal appearance, and are faultless in their attire." Cool, quick, resolute, and acting in concert, one may be on the lookout, a second engaged in interesting conversation with a bank officer or officers, and a third stealthily creeping behind the counter and capturing the cash or a bundle of bonds. Or the last may obtain access to the vault, from which he purloins whatever he may deftly conceal and carry off, while his confederates monopolize the attention of the clerks. One of the most daring bank snatchers in the city effected two robberies in the course of a single day. Entering one bank, he leaped to the top of a partition seven feet high, leaned over, snatched two packages of bills containing $1000 each, and escaped. A little later he climbed on the counter of another bank, captured several thousand dollars, and again escaped. Similar success attended the bold miscreant in his subsequent attempt to escape from the Court of General Sessions. He is now in jail.

More injurious to the permanent prosperity of the banks than all the professional criminals in the United States are the financial panics, which, like malignant epidemics, kill more by terror than by actual morbific energy. They have repeatedly occurred in the midst of prolific national resources and abundant public prosperity. In these crises every one strives to save himself. There is a run upon the banks. Crowds of men and women besiege their doors. All are distractedly anxious to withdraw their deposits, and each to save some particular plank to which he may cling in the coming deluge.

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Deducting any and all inconveniences associated with banks, it yet remains true, as a general rule, that they are institutions of inestimable utility. Loans from banks are the life of manufactures, trade, commerce, and business pursuits generally. Credit is worth more than their capital to deserving and capable men. Banks save the cost and risk of transporting money from place to place, and keep it in more active and profitable circulation. Time is saved by payment in checks and bills of exchange, and that with less danger of error, and none at all from counterfeits, light or defective coins, or note currency. Banks are good sources of useful information, and afford excellent advice how to collect or remit money, make investments, or proceed in perplexity. They also, through their own punctual habits, exercise a very wholesome influence on the morals of society.



A BANK SNATCHER.

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"HAMPERED WITH A CONSCIENCE!—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

TOMMY (*home from an afternoon party*): "Mamma, darling! I've got a great favor to ask of you.... *Please* don't ask me *how I behaved!*"

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IN the Commencement exercises of any college, if the President, in Oxford cap and gown, should announce that next in order would be expected an oration upon the relation of collegiate athletics to scholarship, there would be more universal and interested attention than to the valedictory addresses themselves. The sincerity and eagerness of interest would be significant of the hold of athletic games as they are now played both upon the under-graduate and the post-graduate mind.

This subject was treated with urbane sagacity and felicity by Mr. Coudert in his oration two years ago at the centenary of Columbia College. There is a classical flavor, he said, about these sports which does not detract from their charm. But it does not appear that those who are most susceptible to the charms of the classics are most successful in the field. Even beyond this, the orator said, "a man may be a gentleman and win the prizes, even at foot-ball, although I fancy that the test is as severe as human nature can endure." "Cato Maior," he said, "puts a question which the young athlete would answer, I think, with no hesitation, but not as that old and self-satisfied philosopher would have liked. 'Milo is said to have gone around the Olympic course with an ox upon his back. Which would you prefer, to have this strength of body, or to be gifted with the intellectual powers of Pythagoras?' Where would Pythagoras stand on a show of hands? Even a respectable minority would be a triumph which the father of metempsychosis could hardly expect to secure."

The orator exhorts the young student to cultivate a happy harmony of interests, and to provide for the sound mind a sound body. But Pindar celebrates with his most resounding music victories in the games, not triumphs in recitations, and Pindar writes for all the newspapers to-day. A larger space is devoted to accounts of games throughout the country than to any other branch of current news. Bentley or Scaliger would search the sheet in vain for any tribute to scholarly excellence and superiority. Athletics have the cry, and the young man's heart aches or exults not with the renown of his college prize man in Plato, but of the stroke oar in his college crew and of the captain of the foot-ball eleven.

For many reasons this is not surprising. The final intercollegiate foot-ball match for the championship is a matter of immense public concern. Vast and excited crowds throng to the ground and hang with passionate interest upon the contest, while the newspapers blazon the result with the prominence and detail that they gave in other years to Trafalgar and Gettysburg. The hero or heroes of the ball are heroes indeed. College pride is never so proud nor college renown so towering as when the college has triumphed at foot-ball, base-ball, or the regatta. Who knows the first Grecian, the master mathematician, of his class or college beyond a little circle of digs and prigs—and who cares? But who does not know the glorious full back, the mighty pitcher, the master stroke oar of all the united colleges, whose fame laughs at Utica and overruns the continent?

This interest unquestionably supersedes other interests in college life. A Yankee Elia who should visit Yale or Harvard or Princeton in the vacation would not write in the strain of Elia himself at Oxford. It would not be the stillness of scholastic shades, the vision of scholars and poets and philosophers, which would arrest his steps and charm his musing memory. The spirit of the age would overpower him. "That is Brown's window—Brown, whose touch-down in the champion contest was the glory of the year." Illustrious Brown! "Along these very paths, perhaps planting his foot on the very spot where mine—happy foot!—now stands, Jones hurried to the shell which, urged by his resistless arm, fled to immortal victory!" Illustrious Jones! "And, lo! on this bench sat Robinson, who stole his base upon his stomach amid the frenzied acclamations of rejoicing thousands." Illustrious Robinson!

These are the pilgrim's meditations in the venerable quadrangles, beneath historic trees. "And shall some son of mine aspire to such heights and crowns of fame? Shall Elia Junior one day head all the columns of the morning papers as champion catcher of his time?" So the parental heart yearns for its offspring's transplantation to academic bowers. Did

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not Plato feel the ardor of the arena? If to-day we could choose for one short hour to pace the garden or the porch, or to behold the Isthmian and Olympian games, which should it be? Submitted to the vote at any *alma mater* of ingenuous American youth, what would be the answer? And if the alternative of porch and garden were the bull-fight, or the mill between the Tutbury Pet and Whitechapel Bantam, or a main of cocks, or a dog-fight, which would the ingenuous college multitude elect?

When the Benecia Boy and his opponent engaged in manly combat some years ago, the really interesting and humorous part was the grave remark, urged apparently in deprecation of supposed censure, that it might be rough, but, after all, we must think of manliness and pluck and the noble art of self-defence. It was, in fact, the old argument for the duello as a conservator of honor and a just sense of responsibility. Honor and courage and a just sense of responsibility are most desirable qualities. Was the Benecia Boy a representative of them? Are shutting up a potato trap and clouding blinkers necessary steps in the development of those excellent qualities? Does manliness in any generous sense stand upon those conditions? Is this the process of securing the *mens sana in corpore sano*?

The present question of collegiate athletics is not whether manly sports should be encouraged, but what are fair and manly limitations, both in the regulation of such sports and in devotion to them? Walking is a noble and wholesome exercise. But does it follow that walking five thousand miles in five thousand continuous hours is noble and wholesome? Bacon's rule of moderation is the manly rule. The rules of some games guilelessly betray their tendency. Choking and slugging are positively forbidden. Manly sports! School of the gentleman and of honorable courage! Let us hope that reckless profanity and insults to the ladies are earnestly deprecated. There is a wise remark of Burke in his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* which, like all wisdom, has a wide application: "This mode of arguing from your having done *any* thing in a certain line to the necessity of doing *every* thing has political consequences of other moment than those of a logical fallacy....I do not know what can more effectually deter persons of sober minds from engaging in any reform."

This would be a pregnant test for that oration upon the relation of collegiate athletics to scholarship of which we were speaking. As Mr. Coudert aptly reminds us, an indisposition to study Greek does not necessarily imply a disposition for other study. At present, a careful survey of the academic shades would seem to show that the peril which overarching they embower is not an effeminate tendency to exhausting scholastic study.

EX-PRESIDENT WHITE of Cornell University is a traveller, as Mr. Emerson would have said, "with eyes." He returned recently from a residence of some months in the great cities of Europe, and he reports to us Americans, who have been celebrating this year, and preparing to celebrate more magnificently three years hence, our stupendous material progress, that we have been perhaps too much engrossed with it to observe that the material growth of European cities, and also the moral progress, are simply amazing. This perfectly well-informed traveller, who has all the just pride and intelligent enthusiasm of an American, remarks that "at Frankfort-on-the-Main there has just been erected a great general railway station unequalled in the world, compared to which our own vaunted Grand Central Station in New York is but a very poor thing."

The rack and the pressing provided for witches, and the doom of the old English law for traitors, and the tearing asunder by wild horses, which was the fate to which Philip II. of Spain committed his secretary John de Castillo, who revealed the royal secrets to William of Orange, are not lawful among us, or who knows what might befall this tranquil commentator? Wholly unmindful of the Murray Hill Reservoir and Tompkins Square and the Wall Street Parthenon, this reckless American states quietly that "Vienna has been made perhaps the handsomest city in the world." But his temerity is certainly a little trying when he says, as it were, in the very face of the New York aldermen, that the new city of Buda-Pesth, far down upon the semi-civilized shores of the beautiful blue Danube, is, according to "the foremost American authority on the sub-

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ject of city government, the most perfect specimen of its size on this planet."

Such a remark is enough to stir the New York City Hall from its foundations, and to elicit the unanimous verdict of all unnaturalized citizens that it is merely the spleen of a recreant American. That any city in unrepublican Europe should be handsome is obviously an absurd proposition. But that it should be well governed, and even better governed than New York, is an insult to our city fathers, which becomes plainly intolerable when our traveller permits even his too-apparent devotion to despotism to cause him to say of Constantinople: "As I went through its muddy, badly paved lower streets, saw the evidence of bad sewerage everywhere, and looked upon its tumble-down quays, it all fairly made me homesick, they resembled so strongly those of our own city of New York." This is unspeakable, but worse is to come: "As a simple matter of fact, those districts of New York somewhat remote from the main avenues and centres have the vilest arrangements I have ever seen in any part of the world, with the possible exception of Constantinople; and New York seems to resemble Constantinople, too, in wastefulness and prodigality of expenditure, and both differ from the great European cities in these respects."

To arms! citoyens, to arms! With the balmy odors of Newtown Creek wafted into every window in the upper part of the city, with pavements familiar to every New-Yorker for smoothness and cleanliness, with the civic ability, intelligence, economy, and single-hearted devotion to the public interest which reign supreme in the city government, and with the energy and effectiveness of administration which from the halcyon days of Tweed to the present happy hour have been uniformly and universally conspicuous in this city, what calumny so colossal could be hurled at this model metropolis? See Naples and die, said the old Italian proverb celebrating the culminating beauty of the town of the syren Parthenope. But it is not to the sense of sight only that Manhatta appeals as she surveys her streets and the suburban sources of her civic aroma. Smell New York and live—if you can, she cries, proudly capping the Neapolitan challenge, and, as the Arabs of those streets might say, "going one better."

A money-making newspaper, whose motives may be inferred, instead of denouncing such comments upon our polished streets and our spicy airs and the Roman economy of our municipal Catos, humbly asks why, since the citizens pay such enormous taxes, they do not see some result, and adds that they would pay even more, and willingly, if they could get something for their money. Does this newspaper not know that what we get for our money is the demonstration of the beauty and economy and thoroughness and effectiveness of our city government? What more would it have? Does it expect streets of gold and chrysolite? Does it wish to eat its dinner off the pavements? Is it not aware that the scents of summer eves from Newtown are supposed to surpass those of "the gardens of Gul in their bloom"? Can it not be reasonable? What virtue, pray, would there be in paying large sums of money and virtually getting it all back again in another form, which seems to be its desire? Would it actually eat its cake and have it?—pay taxes, and have them returned in comfort and health and decency, in clean streets and ample lights, and fine docks and noble public buildings?

Away with such Quixotic folly, such exasperating impracticability! Let any man in his senses and enlightened by experience survey the city departments, the principles and methods, the intelligence and honesty and public spirit with which they are conducted, and ask himself whether it is not a preposterous newspaper which, in addition to what he will see there, gravely asks for good government, and for no better reason than the payment of high taxes!

THE astonishing material progress in which Uncle Sam takes pride is very uneven. It moves, as it were, by detachments and divisions, not in one conquering line. Our uncle plumes himself greatly upon his latest achievement—the electric light. But how many a hapless victim has been put to sudden death by the wretched wires in the streets of New York alone! The Boston fire was caused by these uncomprehended agents, and it is shrewdly suspected that the Brooklyn Tabernacle was kindled by them, and not, as was wildly suggested, by the fervor of the pastor's eloquence.

The truth is that the electric light is an

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religious phenomena and industrial experiments of the century in this country. But its central condition was fatal, for it was the extinction of family feeling by religious fervor. Yet its religious feeling, by the conditions of its discipline, was deprived of the ecstatic exaltation which could alone promise success. The bareness, the formality, the grotesqueness of its religious aspect, its contempt of taste, of art, of feeling, left it no hope after the first tide of enthusiasm began to recede.

But the exterior order and tranquillity of a Shaker community for those who have seen them are pleasant to remember, and it is not strange that to a wanderer whom the fates had buffeted and the world rejected, the apparent prospect of comfortable livelihood on condition of work and celibacy should have often seemed alluring. One such waif, not without humor, found himself pondering the question of uniting with a Shaker community, and as he gazed at the broadbrims of the men, and that sad severity of costume which robbed the women of every factitious charm to which his life had accustomed him, he murmured, with resignation, "Well, it's only to make a guy of yourself and to live a bachelor."

Even these conditions, however, have proved to be too exigent. But what will be the final Shaker exodus? Will all the societies at last dwindle into one? As the broadbrims one by one are laid aside forever, and the pale fairer faces grow whiter unto death, will some faithful and lingering disciple survive as the sole Shaker, with whose closing eyes the illusion ends? Cleanliness is next to godliness. But then godliness is so comprehensive that cleanliness comes after many things.

Editor's Study.

I.

AN excellent thing in the beautiful edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, which Messrs. Harper and Brothers have lately published, is the lightness of each of the stately six volumes. We would by no means ignore the editorial labors of Mr. George Birbeck Hill; these are worthy of the highest praise, from the first prefatory passage, all through the army of footnotes, to the last line of the most satisfying of indexes; and as for the chief of biographers, he has lived his way through the stupid disdain of generations of critics to a station far beyond the acclaim of any: the first of Interviewers survives in the immortality of his Interviewed, a perpetual example of triumphant self-sacrifice, to all his kind. Delightful the book is, wherever you open it, and astonishing to any he that will consider how it is the work of a commonplace man about a writer singularly uninspired in his poetry, obtuse in his sense of beauty and of art, mistaken in his political economy, narrow and intolerant in his religion, mechanical in his morality, servile in his theories of society; one who is no longer read now in his unwieldy and pedantic prose, and has been wholly superseded even as a lexicographer, but who is present here in the largeness of his heart, vastly and simply human; no poet, no critic, no philosopher, no *savant*, by the fine modern tests, but somehow immensely a man: a warm, huge bulk, living, breathing, not to say snoring, and simply biographied to undying fame. But all this, or the like of it, has been very much said before, and we were going to speak of that purely material property of the book, which we have already hinted at; for we think it cannot be too highly commended. For our own part we hope for a time when no new book will be made larger than a volume of the Tauchnitz editions, or rather when every author worth reading shall be published in some such convenient form. Then the proud, who love to see large octavos and duodecimos in vain bindings on their shelves, may have their fancy's fill, while to every sincere lover of literature shall be given his little light bookling, to be read abed, or lounged with in an easy-chair, or to be unpocketed for a taste of its sweetness in city car or cab, or upon still country by-paths. No book too heavy to hold in one hand has any right to exist, to the exclusion of the same work in the ideal form; and we would have that form the original shape of publication; those who want books to furnish their libraries, not their minds, might wait. As it is now, half a dozen vested interests conspire to give the lover of literature his love first in a guise

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that makes it a burden. Certain works of science and of art, whose primary appeal is not literary, might take the shape their authors judged fittest; but there is no reason except the commercial reason why fiction, poetry, travel, biography, history, should not always be offered us first as we have suggested. Most duodecimo books, even, are too thick and too heavy, though generally the weight is from the quality, not the quantity, of the paper used; so that the royal octavos of this new edition of *Boswell's Johnson* are no more fatiguing to the wrist than half the duodecimo novels that issue from the press. A new book of the kinds we have mentioned should be heavier than a metropolitan Sunday newspaper, which it hardly exceeds in the number of its words, only by the weight of a very thin, flexible cloth binding. This might be as gay and costly, or as simple and cheap, as the taste and the purse of the purchaser allowed; but in an age when all things become more and more perceptibly transitory, the first appeal of a book should not be made from covers bespeaking perpetuity. That should be for the library edition, to come later, if at all. The ideal book should open easily, and stay open till the reader shuts it; and it should slip easily into a man's breast pocket or a lady's shopping bag. In Plato's Republic (or if it was not there perhaps it was in Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* commonwealth) all new books were physically adapted to the strength of the delicate and ailing people—mostly delicate and ailing women—who have always done most of the reading in the world; and the library editions were awarded as prizes to the winners in the Olympian games, who generally could not spell, but who had the muscle to handle those athletic volumes, which snapped shut like steel-traps when you tried to open them, and were bound in thick, heavy, brutal boards, as unyielding as plate-armor.

II.

We mentioned the Tauchnitz form as ideal, but it is not the only ideal. There is another size and shape equally amiable: not a little quarto, but narrower and taller, like that which contains Mr. E. Hughes's essays on *Some Aspects of Humanity*. This volume comes to us from England, and it opens readily, and willingly remains open in the manner that makes English books better than ours; but the covers are thick, and overweight it. Otherwise it is worthy of the pleasant literature which fills it. The author's name is new to us, and some things in his work give the notion of youth, but it is carefully thought and excellently said, in kinds which will probably gain him wider recognition on our side of the ocean than his own. There are only seven essays in the little book, and they are not all of the same quality, though they are all worth reading. "Waste in the Under-World," is one that we think will enlighten and comfort many who despair of the meaning of things; and so will "Patient People"; but in every one the altruism which is the inspiration of good literature in our day is working. The essayist says that "human life under any aspect must spurn a treatment which is all of sight, and not at all of faith," and perhaps this is the key-note of his book. It prevails in the essays of a more metaphysical cast, and it strongly qualifies two of the most important, in which he deals with "Present-day Novels" and "The Heirship of the Novel." In the latter he regards the novel as "an epitome of life, appealing to the sympathies *of* all who live *for* all who live," and he tries to make us realize "the greatness of its mission as a humanizing influence." How far beyond the English ideal of fiction he has wrought is apparent not only in this essay, but in the other, which he devotes to a study of the difference between English and American fiction. The first he defines as working from within outwardly, and the second from without inwardly. The definition is very surprisingly accurate; and the critic's discovery of this fundamental difference is carried into particulars with a distinctness which is as unfailing as the courtesy he has in recognizing the present superiority of American work. He seems to think, however, that the English principle is the better, though why he should think so he does not make so clear. It appears a belated and rather voluntary effect of patriotism, disappointing in a philosopher of his degree; but it does not keep him from very explicit justice to the best characteristics of our fiction. "The American novelist is distinguished for the intellectual grip which he has of his characters.... He penetrates below the crust, and he recognizes no necessity of the crust to anticipate what is

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beneath.... He utterly discards heroics; he often even discards anything like a plot.... His story proper is often no more than a natural predicament.... It is no stage view we have of his characters, but one behind the scenes.... We are brought into contact with no strained virtues, illumined by strained lights upon strained heights of situation.... Whenever he appeals to the emotions it would seem to be with an appeal to the intellect too.... because he weaves his story of the finer, less self-evident though common threads of human nature, seldom calling into play the grosser and more powerful strain.... Everywhere in his pages we come across acquaintances *undisguised*.... The characters in an American novel are never unapproachable to the reader.... The naturalness, with the every-day atmosphere which surrounds it, is one great charm of the American novel.... It is throughout examinative, discursory, even more—quizzical. Its characters are undergoing, at the hands of the author, calm, interested observation.... He is never caught identifying himself with them; he must preserve impartiality at all costs.... but.... the touch of nature is always felt, the feeling of kinship always follows.... The strength of the American novel is its optimistic faith.... If out of this persistent hopefulness it can evolve for men a new order of trustfulness, a tenet that between man and man there should be less suspicion, more confidence, since *human nature sanctions it*, its mission will have been more than an æsthetic, it will have been a moral one."

III.

Mr. Hughes distinguishes very nicely the differing methods of the American novelist and the French novelist; he finds ours the more intellectual, the more critical, in its aloofness, and he says that the Frenchman identifies himself so closely with his material that his hands infect his book with the sensual taint of his characters. This is not always so, and not necessarily so, as one may learn from the little collection of tales which Mr. Jonathan Sturges has so limpidly Englished of late from the French of De Maupassant, with the title of *The Odd Number*. They are extremely clever stories, and illustrative of the French sense of art in all things, so fine that it attains even the pathetic in these little pieces. "The Diamond Necklace," "A Piece of String," are of a heart-breaking pathos, and there is a sadness of tone in all; the material is what our "critics" call "commonplace," and there is the greatest simplicity in the handling. Those who know the author's larger work, with its brutal freedom, and its tremendous plunge into abysses which our modest fiction hardly approaches the brink of, will be sensible of a certain slightness of fibre in these tales. But they are masterly, and it is most important to have them, if only to realize that in the work of some of our own tellers of short stories we have something cleverer in the same kind than that of the cleverest Frenchman going. In a degree we have inherited the vice of over-explanatory fullness from the English, who seem to address their fiction to the æsthetically idiotic; but such a sketch, for instance, as Miss Jewett's "Going to Shrewsbury" has the virtue of the best continental work and something more: humor of the delicious sort of which Americans seem to have the secret.

Very much of all that Mr. Hughes says of our novels applies with peculiar force to an American novel which we have just been reading with great respect for its conscientious art, and with the satisfaction which comes from promise fulfilled in any writer. Mr. G. P. Lathrop's book is called *Would You Kill Him?* in a lurid taste which we could not sufficiently deplore; but our censure would hardly go beyond the title-page. The power which he gave proof of in *An Echo of Passion* is here an intensified force grappling successfully with a more complex problem, and keeping in the light of common day an action whose springs are in the darkest fastnesses of the soul. It is not Holsclaw's killing of Vail, with all its consequence in his conscience and his life, which forms the most original phase of the tragedy: the predicament in that homicide is one that has declared itself heretofore in fiction as well as in fact. But the domestic situation from which it is evolved is something that the novelist has not dealt with before, so far as we know, perhaps because it is one almost peculiar to American life. The study of the "maiden vampire" Lily Britton, whom the folly of Alice Holsclaw suffers to insinuate herself into her conjugal life, and to be not only her witness but her partisan in the things in which she should have no witness and no parti-

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san, is singularly perfect; so fine, so just, so careful, indeed, that it establishes the truth in a probability at no point contestable. The helplessness of the husband and the wife in the clutch of this wretched creature, who is stupidly obstructive rather than malignant in her helpless lust of power, is exquisitely portrayed. She destroys their perfect intimacy without knowing herself why, and interposes her aimless and senseless authority where their love should be the sole law; till at last the wife can see her duty only in rebellion against her husband, and Holsclaw is driven to the homicide which he commits. We leave the processes, subtle yet distinct, to the reader of the book, who will find them all breathlessly interesting; but we must praise the ethical insight as well as the artistic mastery with which the most difficult implications of the affair are touched. Mr. Lathrop releases Holsclaw from no necessary burden of guilt; he recognizes always that he is a free agent; but we think that the reader will have a sense of Lily Britton's more than equal complicity, if not final responsibility, in the deed of a man she had "wrought upon and perplexed in the extreme."

IV.

As for the minor morals of the work, they seem to us exceedingly well handled, with passages of most uncommon vigor, and with forays of the imagination into regions little explored. If we mention the use in the tragedy of the wandering wreck which the steamer runs into at the moment Holsclaw kills Vail, it is less to note the thrilling effectiveness of that incident than to recognize the courage and truth with which the author forbears to relieve the whole catastrophe by allowing Vail to be found alive on the wreck, as a weaker, or an earlier, novelist would have consented to do. We have indeed a fiction here intensely interesting and powerful in very unusual direction and degree, but of a thoroughly modern and most American type. So, in another region, is *A Little Journey in the World* thoroughly modern and most American. It is thoroughly modern and most American in spite of a manner in which a writer like Mr. C. D. Warner, with such lovely manners of his own, chooses to remind us of an author who from his nature, no less than from his epoch and environment, could not have conceived of experience so fine and high as fit matter for a novel. Thackeray was an Englishman of a time now left very remote by the advance of humanity through science in ethics and æsthetics; and questions are questions now which were none in his day. The particular question with which Mr. Warner deals is almost peculiar to our American civilization, or at least it has a peculiar poignancy for us. It is the question of a beautiful, conscientious, cultivated, sympathetic New England girl decaying through the temptations of wealth into a rich leader of society, brilliant, magnificent, joyless, sordid, hard, buying a little rest for her soul by charities which she has no heart in, and risking the next world, not to win but to *lose* the happiness of this. It is a great tragedy, followed tenderly, pityingly, but most faithfully, from the first moment when her husband begins to bribe her acquiescence in the gains of a railroad wrecker by gifts of his booty for the good objects she loves, till the time has come when she has ceased to love them, when they bore, when they weary, when they stupefy her, and she can talk of the "ingratitude" of the poor.

We will not repeat the story which Mr. Warner has told so well, with indeed a slight strain of the autobiographical machinery to operate experiences beyond the narrator's observation, but always with an unerring sense of the importance and significance of the situation. This sense, expressed in the winning irony, the delicate satire, the sunny wit and the friendly humor which he has taught us to expect of him, employs all his gifts of insight and all his graces of style to the end which no writer who thinks can now shun. In view of the dangers which threaten to transform us from a democracy to a plutocracy, dazzling us with its dollars to a betrayal of the best hopes and highest aims of the race, the types he has struck of men who win money ruthlessly, almost helplessly, through the vastness of the opportunity, are each a startling homily. We have met most of them in the newspapers already, but it was for the novelist to present them in the full presence of their cynical humor, their vulgar *bonhomie*, their laughing, kindly, loose-jointed immorality, which would as lief do a good action as not, and has nothing mean about it. This sort of enemies of the commonwealth Mr. War-

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ner has portrayed for us with the same delicate touch which has given us his pathetic heroine; and in this story he has placed himself with the few literary men, destined to be more, for whom literature does not suffice as an end, but who regard it consciously or unconsciously as a means, and who give their work enrichingly back to the life from which its materials came.

V.

You go with no sense of violent transition from such a book as Mr. Warner's to such a book as Professor Richard T. Ely's, on *Social Aspects of Christianity*, though one is a novelist and the other is a political economist. Perhaps this is because as political economist and as novelist they are both men of a new fashion. Mr. Warner, who once had his misgivings about the photographic school in fiction, and then deprecated the novel of purpose as a sort of social science tract, has ended by writing a social science tract illustrated with photographs; and we cannot praise him too much for the good work he has done in it. One could hardly have expected that he would be contented to write a romance of the silly old fashion, when once he came to the work, and in this novel he has been true to all the claims of the strong motive which inspired it. If he does not leave his reader palpitating in a sensuous sympathy with two young people who have succeeded in getting married after everything the author has done to prevent them, it is probably because experiment has taught him that it is *not* the first business of the novel to be entertaining, and that it is better to make his reader think than to make him thrill. He has proved himself one of those who can carry the interest beyond the fifth act, as a French critic said of Tolstoï, and make it seem as really an affair of practical import as any of the matters discussed by Professor Ely. It is no more surprising that a novelist should do this than that an associate professor of political economy in one of our leading universities should be preaching primitive Christianity, and counselling the members of the churches to brotherly love as a token and a proof of their faith, with the severe morality of a socialist of the first century. This remarkable political economist denies that self-interest should be the ruling principle of life, and that all things shall be added unto us if we seek first the kingdom of Mammon and his unrighteousness. He is terribly unsparing in his recurrence to chapter and verse; he will not allow us a moment's rest in the spoil of the stranger and the poor. He believes that Christ really meant the young man of great possessions to give up his worldly goods when he said so, and that He taught a political economy in no wise impossible or mistaken. Himself a church member, he accuses the churches of alienating the poor by forsaking their cause in the interest of the rich; by saying smooth things to capital and rough things to labor; by refusing to second the working-men's endeavors to enforce the Sunday laws that they might rest, while strenuous in closing libraries and galleries against them on the Sabbath. He tells the church that its work is primarily to make justice and peace and love at home upon the earth, and secondarily to save souls for heaven thereby. He calls in witness such words as those in which we are told the Last Judgment shall be delivered to teach that the first duty of all is to the least of the brethren. Then, going from generals to particulars, he declares that by usury the Bible meant the interest on one's money, by which so many of our worthiest people now live in great satisfaction; and that in lending to the needy we ought not only to forbear to take greater usury of them because of their necessity, but that we ought to take none at all.

One sees what confusion the practice of such precepts would bring about in the world; and the saddest reflection arising from the perusal of books like Mr. Warner's and Professor Ely's is not that the facts dealt with do exist, but that they *must* exist in the present frame of things. The legal right of one man to luxury through the misery of another is unquestionable; and it is comically, it is tragically, futile to tell people not to get gain, and take advantage, when even the wayfaring man can see that these are the very conditions of success, and of mere bread and meat, in society constituted as it is. The trouble seems to be the trouble apprehended long ago from putting new wine into old bottles. Something came into the world once that was then and will be forever irreconcilable with the world as the world was and is: we will say a heaven-descended conscience, or we will say the Church, or we will say Christianity. This something has improved

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the world at points; it has abolished the exposure of infants, gladiatorial shows, slavery, private war, piracy, the slaughter of prisoners; but after all civilization has remained pagan, though it has been ever so obliging in calling itself Christian. Its ideals are pagan; its practices are pagan; as any one may see who will go to an evening party, or a battle, or a grain or stock exchange. The confusion in the minds of reformers comes from finding so many Christians in pagan society, and so many society pagans in the Christian church, and they break out into vain censure of appearances which are the inevitable expression of the very constitution of things.

VI.

It all makes one a little tired to think how long it has been going on, this criticism of the old bottle. *Social Aspects of Christianity* was written as far back as the time of Edward III.; only then it was called *The Vision of Piers Plowman;* and William Langland looked with all of Professor Ely's "soreness of heart upon the sufferings of poor country folk, and upon the wantonness of the monks, and the extravagance of the rich, and the hatefulness of the proud."

We read these words from a very pleasant book, written by an author who was one of our first delights in literature; and to whom we gladly pay our debt of gratitude. It is the Ik Marvel of forty years ago, who now talks of *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* with the same light grace that charmed us then in *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life*, after long silences fitfully broken but twice or thrice since. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell rambles over fields with which we are comfortably accustomed to think ourselves familiar, but which we shall most of us know better, and which some of us possibly may know only, from having been through them with him. His essays, or talks, are about English literature from its first beginnings to

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth";

and in his modest preface he expresses his reluctance to offer the public his generalities in these days of specialists. It is indeed true that he nowhere drinks so deep of the springs of literary history as not to leave a sip or two for those who come after; but then neither does he roil their sweet waters and leave them turbid for his having been at them. Kindly and reverently, with a real love of literature, he recalls the masters of the past, and casts upon their work the light of social and political conditions without which it cannot be seen aright. His criticism, which is as much of the men as of their books, is always intelligent and always gentle, and it is often very keen and fine. It is the companionship of a cultivated and sympathetic host which you enjoy in his book, and he delicately contrives not to let you feel at once all the obligations you are under to him.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 10th of December, 1889.—The Fifty-first Congress was opened December 2d. Vice-President Morton presided in the Senate. Thomas B. Reed was elected Speaker of the House. Senator Ingalls was elected President *pro tempore* of the Senate December 5th.

The Standing Committees of the House were announced December 9th. The chairmen of the most important Committees were as follows: Ways and Means, McKinley; Appropriations, Cannon; Manufactures, Kelley.

President Harrison, December 4th, appointed David J. Brewer as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The following United States Senators were elected by the Legislatures of their respective States: North Dakota, G. A. Pierce, L. R. Casey; Washington, J. B. Allen, W. C. Squire.

President Harrison's first annual Message was delivered to Congress December 3d. The President favored a revision of the tariff by the extension of the free list of articles not offering injurious competition with home products, the repeal of the internal tax on tobacco and the tax on alcohol used in the arts. The free coinage of silver was disapproved, and careful consideration of the whole silver question was suggested. The necessity of coast defences and new armored ships was declared urgent. Protection for Federal judges was advised, trusts were condemned, and the extradition of criminals between Canada and the United States recommended. The passage of international copyright and more stringent naturalization laws, and a national law for the protection of railroad employés, were advised. The enforcement of the civil service law was promised, and national aid for education in the South approved. The attention of Congress to the necessity of a solution of the race problem was invoked, and Federal supervision in Congressional elections suggested. Subsidies for ocean mail service and a naval reserve of merchant ships, and pensions for all hon-

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orably discharged soldiers or sailors incapacitated for work by disease or casualty, were recommended.

The Secretary of the Treasury reported for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, an excess of receipts over expenditures, after providing for the sinking fund, of $57,470,129 59.—The Secretary of the Navy appealed for further additions to the navy.—The Secretary of the Interior asked for $97,210,252 for pensions for the ensuing year.—The Postmaster-General declared one-cent postage to be an easy possibility of the near future.

A revolution in Brazil, November 15th, led to the deposition of the Emperor Dom Pedro II., and the proclamation two days later of a provisional government, with Deodoro da Fonseca as President. The Emperor and his family sailed for Portugal, where they arrived December 7th.

Henry M. Stanley, Emin Pasha, and party arrived at Bagamoyo, on the east coast of Africa, December 5th.

DISASTERS.

November 25*th.*—Report of loss of steam-ship *India* in the Ægean Sea with 500 lives.

November 30*th.*—Burning of the *Tribune* Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

December 3*d.*—Advices received of the death of 200 persons by the collapse of a platform at Weinhein City, province of Shentung, China.

December 10*th.*—Ten persons killed in a panic at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, during the performance of a theatrical company.

OBITUARY.

November 25*th.*—In Berlin, George Hunt Pendleton, ex-Minister to Germany, aged sixty-four years.

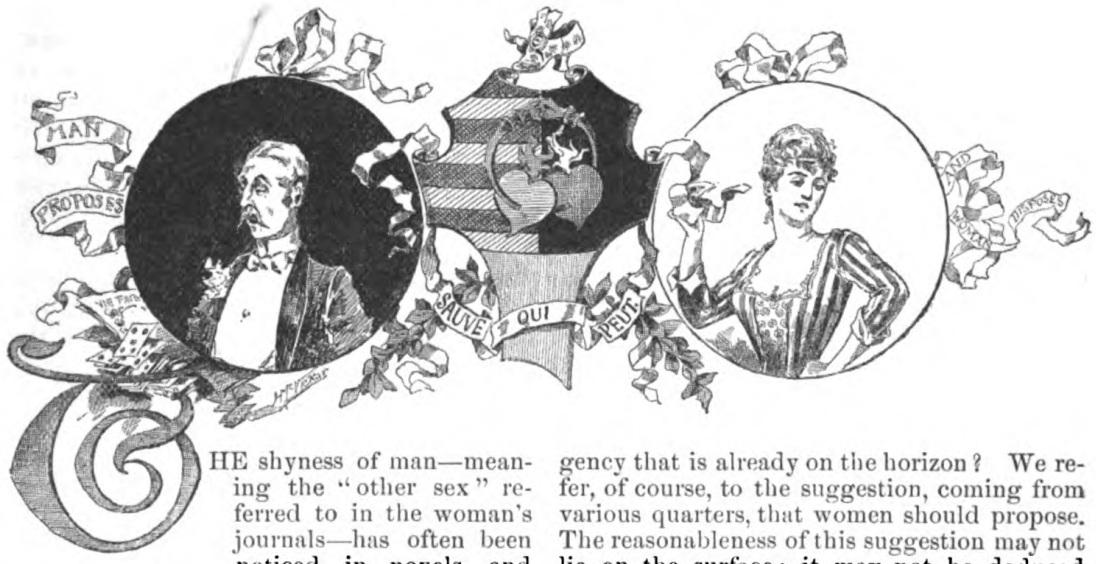
November 29*th.*—In London, Martin Farquhar Tupper, author, aged seventy-nine years.

December 2*d.*—In New York, Samuel Wilkeson, Secretary of the Northern Pacific Railway, aged seventy-two years.

December 5*th.*—In New Orleans, Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, aged eighty-one years.

December 10*th.*—In Brooklyn, New York, Oliver Johnson, aged seventy-nine years.

Editor's Drawer.



THE shyness of man—meaning the "other sex" referred to in the woman's journals—has often been noticed in novels, and sometimes in real life. This shyness is, however, so exceptional as to be suspicious. The shy young man may provoke curiosity, but he does not always inspire respect. Roughly estimated, shyness is not considered a manly quality, while it is one of the most pleasing and attractive of the feminine traits. And there is something pathetic in the expression "He is as shy as a girl"; it may appeal for sympathy and the exercise of the protective instinct in women. Unfortunately it is a little discredited, so many of the old plays turning upon its assumption by young blades who are no better than they should be.

What would be the effect upon the masculine character and comfort if this shyness should become general, as it may in a contingency that is already on the horizon? We refer, of course, to the suggestion, coming from various quarters, that women should propose. The reasonableness of this suggestion may not lie on the surface; it may not be deduced from the uniform practice, beginning with the primitive men and women; it may not be inferred from the open nature of the two sexes (for the sake of argument two sexes must still be insisted on); but it is found in the advanced civilization with which we are struggling. Why should not women propose? Why should they be at a disadvantage in an affair which concerns the happiness of the whole life? They have as much right to a choice as men, and to an opportunity to exercise it. Why should they occupy a negative position, and be restricted, in making the most important part of their career, wholly to the choice implied in refusals? In fact, marriage really concerns them more than it does men; they have to bear the chief of its burdens. A

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wide and free choice for them would, then, seem to be only fair. Undeniably a great many men are inattentive, unobserving, immersed in some absorbing pursuit, undecided, and at times bashful, and liable to fall into union with women who happen to be near them, rather than with those who are conscious that they would make them the better wives. Men, unaided by the finer feminine instincts of choice, are so apt to be deceived. In fact, man's inability to "match" anything is notorious. If he cannot be trusted in the matter of worsted-work, why should he have such distinctive liberty in the most important matter of his life? Besides, there are many men —and some of the best—who get into a habit of not marrying at all, simply because the right woman has not presented herself at the right time. Perhaps, if women had the open privilege of selection, many a good fellow would be rescued from miserable isolation, and perhaps also many a noble woman whom chance, or a stationary position, or the inertia of the other sex, has left to bloom alone, and waste her sweetness on relations, would be the centre of a charming home, furnishing the finest spectacle seen in this uphill world—a woman exercising gracious hospitality, and radiating to a circle far beyond her home the influence of her civilizing personality. For, notwithstanding all the centrifugal forces of this age, it is probable that the home will continue to be the fulcrum on which women will move the world.

It may be objected that it would be unfair to add this opportunity to the already overpowering attractions of woman, and that man would be put at an immense disadvantage, since he might have too much gallantry, or not enough presence of mind, to refuse a proposal squarely and fascinatingly made, although his judgment scarcely consented, and his ability to support a wife were more than doubtful. Women would need to exercise a great deal of prudence and discretion, or there would be something like a panic, and a cry along the male line of *Sauve qui peut;* for it is matter of record that the bravest men will sometimes run away from danger on a sudden impulse.

This prospective social revolution suggests many inquiries. What would be the effect upon the female character and disposition of a possible, though not probable, refusal, or of several refusals? Would she become embittered and desperate, and act as foolishly as men often do? Would her own sex be considerate, and give her a fair field if they saw she was paying attention to a young man, or an old one? And what effect would this change in relations have upon men? Would it not render that sporadic shyness of which we have spoken epidemic? Would it frighten men, rendering their position less stable in their own eyes, or would it feminize them—that is, make them retiring, blushing, self-conscious beings? And would this change be of any injury to them in their necessary fight for existence in this pushing world? What would be the effect upon courtship if both the men and the women approached each other as wooers? In ordinary transactions one is a buyer and one is a seller—to put it coarsely. If seller met seller and buyer met buyer, trade would languish. But this figure cannot be continued, for there is no romance in a bargain of any sort. And what we should most fear in a scientific age is the loss of romance.

This is, however, mere speculation. The serious aspect of the proposed change is the effect it will have upon the character of men, who are not enough considered in any of these discussions. The revolution will be a radical one in one respect. We may admit that in the future woman can take care of herself, but how will it be with man, who has had little disciplinary experience of adversity, simply because he has been permitted to have his own way. Heretofore his life has had a stimulus. When he proposes to a woman, he in fact says: "I am able to support you; I am able to protect you from the rough usage of the world; I am strong and ambitious, and eager to take upon myself the lovely bondage of this responsibility. I offer you this love because I feel the courage and responsibility of my position." That is the manly part of it. What effect will it have upon his character to be waiting round, unselected and undecided, until some woman comes to him, and fixes her fascinating eyes upon him, and says, in effect: "I can support you; I can defend you. Have no fear of the future; I will be at once your shield and your backbone. I take the responsibility of my choice." There are a great many men now, who have sneaked into their positions by a show of courage, who are supported one way and another by women. It might be humiliating to know just how many men live by the labors of their wives. And what would be the effect upon the character of man if the choice, and the responsibility of it, and the support implied by it in marriage, were generally transferred to woman? CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A BIRTHDAY THOUGHT.

(*February 22d.*)

GEORGE WASHINGTON, O great disciple of the truth!
'Tis passing strange that one so versatile as you—
So wondrously accomplished e'en in early youth—
Should be renowned to-day for what he could not do. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

A WOMAN arrested and put in prison for disloyalty by General Butler in Norfolk obtained a permit to go to a church, escorted by soldiers, to have her child baptized. When the name was asked, she replied, in a loud voice, "Virginia Secessia Rebellia Beauregard Davis."

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AN UNEXPECTED REQUEST.

A GENERATION since, the Rev. Dr. C—— was pastor of the largest Congregational church in the city of New York. Intellectually he was a very strong man, and especially strong, even to bitterness, in his opposition to slavery and to intemperance. One winter, when preaching a course of evening sermons on temperance, he was invited out to supper to meet a few friends. Just as the company was beginning to arrive, the lady of the house turned to her husband and exclaimed, "Oh, John, Dr. C—— is coming, and our principal dish is brandy peaches!"

The husband appreciated the unfortunate aspect of affairs, but declared it was now too late to alter their arrangements.

Supper was soon ready, and the lady's heart sank within her when the peaches were served. Dr. C—— took a peach, and swallowed a mouthful, washing it down with a teaspoonful of the brandy. Great was the relief of the lady that no remark followed. Finally the peach was eaten.

"Dr. C——," said the lady, "will you take another peach?"

"Well, I think not," said the doctor; "but," he added, reflectively, "I'll take another saucerful of the juice, if you please."

HIS LAST OFFENCE.

JUDGE D——, of the Circuit Court of the United States for the —— Circuit, gives the following incident of his experience with a "moonshiner." "I was *en route* to C——, at which place a term of the court commenced next day. At each station, as the train neared C——, the coaches began to fill with a motley crew of deputy-marshals, prisoners, witnesses, and litigants. And finally a butternut jeans specimen dropped into my seat, with, 'I s'pose thar's rume enough fur both orn us, strenger?' I found him communicative, and a few general observations set his tongue agoing. 'Yas, I'm gwine down to C—— to 'tend co't, which the gran' jurur hev indicted me for 'stillin'. Well, I've bin thar berfore, but they hain't nuver got me yit. The fax is, ole Jedge F——, which ar' the deestrick jedge, they call 'im, he kinder seems to know our folks, an' sorter ornderstan's this here enturnle revannue bisuiness, an' how them marshuls works it fur fees. But they tells me he's tuck sick, an' hev writ fur an' ole jedge name D——, from away out'ards somewhar, to set fur 'im, which, they sez, he's long ords the wust ov the lot. Thet he helt a co't up at R—— wunst, an' carri'd orn ridicklous; thet he wus co't, jurur, an' lawyer, an' mout as well er bin witness. Bob P—— he wus a-tellin' ov it to er crowd at Payne's ole grocery. Ole Lawyer M——, he went down thar to plead fur Bob fur retailen, which he wus a good jedge of law, allus so cornsidered, an' er reg'lar ole 'coon dorg berfore the County Co't, an' sorter run things thar to suit hisself. You could er hearn him open orn a still day cle'r out to Drunkards' Spring, an' thet's a good haft a mile from the co't-house. But Bob sed he didn't stan' no mo' showin' berfore ole Jedge D—— then a bobtail bull in fly-time. He sorter jawed back at the jedge fur a whet, an' talked vig'rous 'bout the Decklerashun ov Enderpenjunce, an' the bill ov rights, an' the Constatushun, an' the resulushuns of '98-9. But it didn't make no mo' empresshun orn thet durn, 'signeficant ole jedge then er pourin' water orn a duck's back. He jest sot right down orn Lawyer M——, he did, an rar'd hisself back in his cha'r, an' sed he werren't a-persidin' at no flag raisen, Fo'th of July doens, nor nuthen ov the sort. An' he 'lowed thet Lawyer M—— didn't know no law, an' didn't hev no everdence. An' he jest tuck his pen, he did, an' he writ out a verdick, an' tole the jurur to assign it; an' the fust thing Bob knowed he war in jail. He sed it war the quickest thing thet he ever seen in his life. Whew! they say he's a plum' sight, an' pow'ful fond er whiskey too, an' I don't ornderstan' why he should be so rantank'rous over them as makes it. Ef haft they say 'bout his drotted meanniss is so, I shouldn't wonder ef he didn't git the whold kit an' bilen orn us this load. The fax is, I'm a-gitten tired ov the bisuiness, enyhow; it's too dad-fetched unsartin; an' arter feein' the offucers, hiren lawyers, treatin' witnusses, an' payen travullin' expensis a'tendin' ov co't, thar ain't no big chance ov profit in it, no way. Which I tole the ole 'oman. I sez, ef I ken mandidge to git cle'r this go-round, I'm a-gwine to close out an' quit the bisuiness. Strenger, whar ar' you gwine?'

"I replied that I, too, was on my way to C—— to attend court; and he continued, 'You don't know ole D——, I s'pose?'

"'Yes; I've seen him.'

"'Wal, strenger, ef you kin bring eny enfluunce to b'ar orn 'im, an' kin git me outen this here scrape, I'll fee you hausum.'

"After learning his name, I told him to be in the court-room next day promptly at ten o'clock. As I took my seat on the bench, the first object that caught my eye was my fellow-traveller, leaning over the back railing of the bar. The recognition was mutual. His lower jaw relaxed and dropped until it seemed to hang loose on its hinges, and there was a mingled expression of astonishment and horror on his countenance.

"'Clerk,' said I, 'is there a case of the United States *versus* —— for illicit distilling on the docket?'

"'Yes, your Honor,' said the clerk.

"'*Dismiss it*,' said I.

"It was some little time before he seemed to take in the situation. When he did, he cast a timid, sheepish glance at me, and disappeared in the crowd. I think he kept his word, and went out of the business; at least, I never heard of his name on docket again."

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A BIT OF CRITICISM.

FAIR CRITIC. "There has been a good deal of discussion about that picture. What should you say it is?"

FAIR PHILISTINE. "A mistake."

A DUCAL MOT.

AT a ball given by the Comtesse de Talleyrand-Périgord a few years ago in Florence, I happened, writes a reader of the Drawer, to have a silk handkerchief bordered with blue, which I had tucked into the left side of my waistcoat, so that a narrow line of blue silk showed slightly. The old Duke of Dino, grandson of the great Talleyrand, whom I met just after entering the ballroom, said: "Ah, *mon cher*, what order have you there? Is that the Order of the Garter?"

"No; that is the Order of the *Mouchoir*."

"*Enfin, c'est un ordre bien né* (*nez*)*!*" answered the duke immediately.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

EVERY one knows the answer of the school-board boy, who was told to "give an example of expansion by heat and contraction by cold," and who replied, "Days are longer in summer and shorter in winter." A new example of the readiness of some minds to apply illustrations to phenomena came recently under the writer's notice. An Irish servant-girl, newly admitted to service in a lady's house, was told by her mistress that the current day was the shortest of the year. Bridget replied: "Is it indade, mum? Sure, and now oi come to think of it, oi had no sooner taken down the dhinner, than it was toime to bring up the tay."

ON A BIBLIOMANIAC WHO DOES NOT READ.

HIS head's not overburdened much with wit;
In Learning's deep recesses he ne'er delves;
Yet none the less contented doth he sit:
He's Universal Knowledge on his shelves.

C. S.

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A VALENTINE.

Go, Valentine. I do not dare
To go myself and speak
The word which, like the morning air,
Shall tinge this Rose's cheek.

And when you see the scarlet tint
Across her features climb,
Betraying in a blush a hint
How she accepts my rhyme,

Know this: if I her heart have won,
Her lips shall part and tell;
If I have lost, your day is done,
A swift match, and farewell.

Go, then, and while I madly burn
In love's devouring fire,
I live if she one word return;
Or else, like you, expire.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

PUTTING IT TO THE TEST.

FAITH in the friendship of others is a very good thing to have, but it is not always strengthened by the unexpected guise that friendship occasionally assumes. A young versifier, upon submitting one of his productions to his older and less dreamy roommate, was asked—the verses having been read with great care:

"Did you write this stuff?"

"Yes."

"Where will you send it?"

"To Mr. Blank. He's the editor of the W—— *Daily Journal*. I send it to him because he is an old friend of my father's."

"All right. I'm glad you're going to send it to Blank. Perhaps, for your father's sake, he will decline to print it."

A DEATH-DEALING WORD.

A LONG time ago the circuit riders, as they were called, were much more ignorant than they are nowadays, and of course very bold and conceited. "As audacious as a circuit rider" used to be in certain sections a proverb. One of the most confident of this class was the Virginia preacher of whom Colonel Robinson, of Washington, tells this story:

"I asked him on one occasion," relates the colonel, "if he ever became embarrassed while conducting his services—brought to a complete stand-still by any unusual occurrence.

"After considerable thought, 'Never but oncet,' he answered. 'I was a-preachin' away oncet, a-warnin' of the sinners at a turrible rate, when all of a sudden a man right in front of the pul*pit* jess stood right up thar an' crew like a rooster. I was completely took back, so I jess said, leanin' over the pul*pit*, "Will you jess crow agin, sir?" An' he crew agin. Still I wasn't ready for him. So, with a good deal of earnestness, I said, "Jess one more time, my friend." An' he crew agin. Then I fixed him. Stretchin' out my arm, I wagged my finger at him, and said: "Crow on, crow on, thou child of hell. But remember this, that God Almighty will fasten thy beak to the an*vil* of his wroth, an' *slatter* out thy brains with the hammer of his indignation."'

"I inquired," says the colonel, "how this 'fixed' him."

"'He never crew agin, colonel. I always thought that word "slatter" was too much for him. I jess went right on.'"

HIBERNIAN LOGIC.

OUR gardener, from the Emerald Isle, prides himself on being a weather prophet. One cloudless morning he announced, with the placid assurance of one that knows, "Sure, and it 'll rain to-day indade."

"Why do you think so, Mike?"

"Because most always when I don't expect it to rain, it does rain. To-day I don't expect it to rain at all at all, so I know it 'll rain."

ESSEL STILSON.

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THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.—[See page 560.]

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. MARCH, 1890. No. CCCCLXXVIII.

THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.



THE organization of the army of the United States depends on the law-making power of the nation—Congress. Its strength has hitherto been regulated by the apparent necessities of the country, being at times reduced to a few thousand men, while at others it has numbered more than a million. Its history, on the whole, is one to be proud of, though, through no fault for which it can be said to be responsible, there is much in its record that reflects discredit on the country. Its recruitment depends ordinarily on voluntary enlistment, and its efficiency on the ability of its officers and the length of time the men have been in the service, subjected to discipline and drill. With the officers of the army as a body the history of our last two wars shows there is no shortcoming. Whether graduates of the Military Academy—the best for the purpose in the world—or selected for their energy, capacity, and brilliancy in actual service, they are by common consent equal to the officers of the best of European armies. In the war with Mexico and in that of the rebellion it required at least one year to make the army fit for the field. At the end of that time these armies, as well as that disbanded in 1783, were soul and body like the army maintained in times of peace, and then called the regular army.

The genius of the government contemplates that all able males of proper age in the country should constitute the army of the United States. The officers and soldiers are at all times citizens of the country, with all the rights and privileges of the most favored civilian. The army is the body in which the military spirit of the people is fostered. The relation of the parts could be improved, and some ways in which this improvement might be effected will be incidentally suggested in the course of this paper.

It is an anomaly in history that the people of the colonies immediately after the war of the Revolution neglected to recognize the services of the army, and treated it with great injustice. Men and officers who had given their time and property for the welfare of the nation were turned out of the service without pay or recognition of any kind. Representing their grievances for themselves and for the men of their commands, a committee of officers in an address to Congress said: "Our embarrassments thicken so fast that many of us are unable to go farther. Shadows have been offered to us, while the substance has been gleaned by others. The citizens murmur at the greatness of the taxes, and no part reaches the army. We have borne all that men can bear; our property is expended, our private resources are at an end." Taking advantage of this discontent and unjust treatment, there was no lack of evil-disposed persons who for sinister purposes sought to foment an insurrection, but these were foiled, and the army remained true patriots to the end. "It was," says Bancroft, "a source of irritation that the members of the Legislatures never adjourned till they had paid themselves fully, that all on the civil lists of the United States regularly received their salaries, and that all on the military lists were as regularly left unpaid."

This history is in marked contrast to that which characterized the disbandment of the army of the country three-quarters of a century later. This army numbered thousands where the army of the Revolution counted tens, but it disappeared noiselessly and quietly, well paid and full of

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honors, and continues without dissent to receive the care and blessings of the nation it saved.

Following the war of the Revolution there was on all sides a fictitious fear of a "standing army." Whether this arose from the events which we have hastily surveyed, or whether it was an inheritance born of the hatred of monarchical institutions, it is not the purpose of this paper to inquire. In the sequel it proved worse than disastrous to the honor of the country. Less than thirty years after the close of the war of the Revolution the American people were again called upon to take up arms to perfect their independence of Great Britain. The records of the events of the war of 1812, so far as the army was concerned, contain a history which is calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every American. Blunders of officers, misbehavior on the part of men, mixed with failures in every direction, were the governing incidents of a campaign which ended in the rout of the army and the destruction of the Capitol and public buildings of the infant republic. Almost the only gleam of the military spirit which had achieved the independence of the country came from the South, at New Orleans, where Jackson with a command of volunteers defeated a force of the veterans of Europe.

After the conclusion of the war with Great Britain, Congress reorganized the army on a peace footing, with proper proportions of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. Its strength was 10,000, exclusive of the Engineer establishment. This force was reduced in 1821.

The war with Mexico, whatever its political aspects, resulted with great honor to the army. The known weakness of the militia system, still fresh in the memory of those responsible for the transaction of affairs, was avoided. The President called for volunteers, not to exceed 50,000, and these with the regular army fought a series of successful battles, which ended in the capitulation of the capital of Mexico.

At the inception of the war of the rebellion the army of the United States was by law about 12,000 strong. The system initiated and tried in the war with Mexico was again adopted. Volunteers were called for, and incorporated as far as was possible with the regular army, so that the army was increased to 186,000 in 1861, to 637,000 in 1862, to 918,000 in 1863, and finally to the enormous strength of more than 1,000,000 in 1865.

ORGANIZATION.

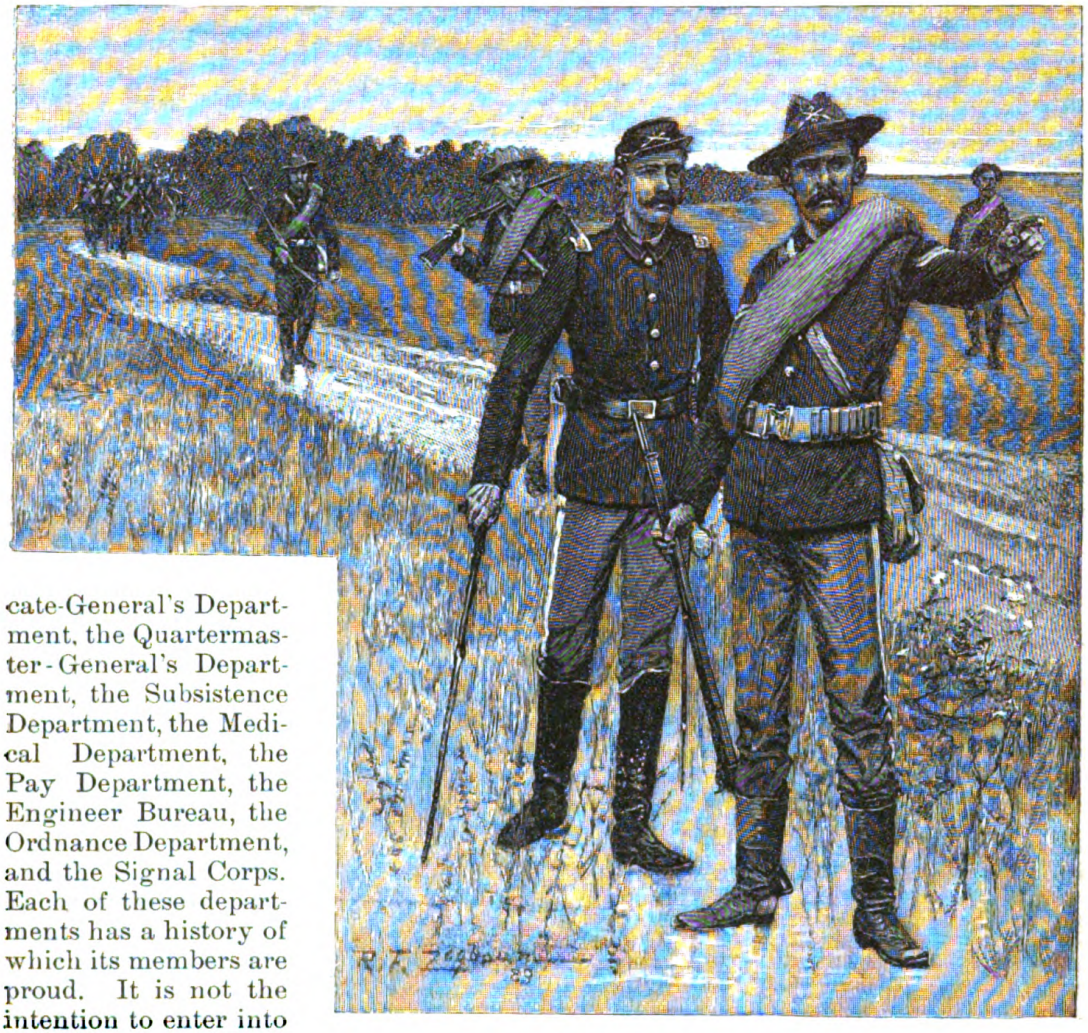
At the present time the army consists of twenty-five regiments of Infantry, ten of Cavalry, and five of Artillery, constituting a force of—not to exceed 25,000 men. The organization of each infantry regiment is familiar to the reader, consisting, as in the State volunteer organizations, of ten companies each, officered by a captain, one first and one second lieutenant, and of two extra lieutenants, who are the adjutant and quartermaster of the regiment. This, with the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, completes the officers of the infantry regiment. The cavalry regiment consists of twelve troops, or mounted companies, with three officers to the troop, one captain and one first and one second lieutenant, and has three majors instead of one as in the infantry. In the artillery the regiment contains twelve companies, or batteries, each being officered by one captain, two first lieutenants, and one second lieutenant. Consequently, in the artillery regiment there are twenty-six first lieutenants, allowing two for each company, and one each as adjutant and quartermaster. The field officers consist of a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and three majors.

In each regiment of artillery there are two horse batteries, the officers of which are changed from time to time with the officers of foot batteries, so that all may be instructed in this important part of the artillery officer's duties. The other batteries, or companies, are foot troops, instructed both as infantry soldiers and in the handling of heavy guns in the permanent forts on the sea-coast and elsewhere.

The General officers of the line of the army are three Major-Generals and six Brigadier-Generals. The senior Major-General now commands the army. The other Major-Generals command geographical divisions of the country; these divisions are subdivided into geographical departments, which are commanded by the Brigadier-Generals.

The administration of the army is conducted by bureaus or staff departments, whose chiefs or heads have the rank of Brigadier-Generals. These are the Adjutant-General's Department, the Inspector-General's Department, the Judge-Advo-

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INFANTRY ADVANCE-GUARD.

cate-General's Department, the Quartermaster-General's Department, the Subsistence Department, the Medical Department, the Pay Department, the Engineer Bureau, the Ordnance Department, and the Signal Corps. Each of these departments has a history of which its members are proud. It is not the intention to enter into these histories. It is enough to say that each department is the growth of necessity, and each has been remodelled, changed, and improved, as experience has indicated. Nor is it too much to say that each of these departments is as near perfection in the accomplishment of its duties as the creations of man for such purposes usually become, made so by trials in war which tested them in a manner not possible in generations of service in peace times.

The Adjutant-General's Department is charged with the correspondence of the army, the issuance of orders, the keeping of the records, and the general management of recruiting the army. Here are kept the monthly and other reports of the army, so filed and tabulated that on any day in any year of his service the exact status and occupation of any enlisted man or officer can be determined. The records are as complete for the millions of men in the army during the civil war as for the thousands who now constitute the regular establishment. Does X claim to have been injured in the line of duty at any time in the past, even beyond the memory of man, the proper machinery set in motion in the Adjutant-General's office will soon determine whether the claim is well founded. In short, without entering into particulars, every matter that is of interest to soldier or civilian, covering the service of a soldier duly enlisted, can be investigated in the smallest details, and most positive conclusions arrived at through this well-conducted department. With it rests the supply of recruits for the different organizations of the army, the assignment of officers to arms of the service, the discharge of officers or men by sentence of courts-martial or otherwise, and generally all the details resulting

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from the orders of the President of the United States, the Secretary of War, and the General-in-chief. If an officer desires a leave of absence or a soldier a furlough, he applies through this department, and the result of an application on this or any other subject is returned through the "channels." It has been the fashion to decry the "red tape" connected with the administration of the army through the Adjutant-General's Department, but the charge is not well founded. For work that demands celerity the telegraph is brought into requisition, and through this medium the entire army of the United States could be put in motion, equipped for war service, in six hours or less time.

The Inspector-General's Department, as the name indicates, is charged with the inspection of the army through every department and branch of service, and of all matters relating to its operations and involving its efficiency. This department is responsible that no order goes long neglected, no continued fraud or mismanagement of fiscal concerns exists, that want of discipline is discovered, and, generally, that the state of efficiency of the army in all its parts is known to the authorities in command. It is the great safeguard of the military establishment, for when it is properly conducted no neglect, incompetency, or mismanagement, anywhere throughout the system, can long go undiscovered, and as a matter of course uncorrected. The office has from time to time been combined with that of the Adjutant-General, but experience has taught, as reason indicated, that by the present management, when each department is separate, and responsible in its own sphere of action, the best results are accomplished for the good of the army.

The duties of the Judge-Advocate-General's department are, as indicated by the name, those that are demanded by the jurisprudence of the army.

Of the supply departments of the army that of the Quartermaster-General is second to none in importance. On it depends the supply of the army of clothing, forage, transportation, and everything that is required by the soldier in barracks or in the field connected with these. The quarters of the soldier, whether houses or tents, the storehouses, the stables for animals, the wagons, or cars, or steam-boats, or other means of transporting the army or the supplies of the army, all depend on this department. Beds and blankets for the men, forage, straw, and shelter for the animals, must be looked for from the quartermaster of a command. In fact everything, save what is eaten by the men or used in the case of the sick or wounded, or especially intended for armies in their special work of giving battle, must be furnished by this department. It is not difficult, then, to conclude how easily a poorly conducted Quartermaster-General's Department embarrasses and paralyzes an army. It was this that Washington had to contend with in the dark days at Valley Forge. It was this, in part, that stultified the preparations of the army in 1812. It was from such cause that resulted the suffering of the British army in the Crimea in the war with Russia. And to a well-conducted Quartermaster-General's Department may be attributed, in so far as these things go, our successes in the great war of the rebellion.

Equal in importance with any other for the army in the field is the Subsistence Department. In fact, while its duties are not so complicated as are those of the Quartermaster-General's Department, the adequate supply of food to the men is of more importance than is the supply of forage to the animals of an army, or of clothing. Any neglect in the Subsistence Department is quick to be felt and resented, and soon ends in demoralization. "An army moves on its belly" is an aphorism which officers of the army have had impressed on them by every experience, commencing with the first day in campaign. When it is considered that each man's ration, of an army consisting of one hundred thousand men, is made up of some dozen or more articles of food, and several of the parts of the ration are interchangeable with three or four others, the exactions of the duties of the Subsistence Department may be understood. The magnitude of the operations of the Subsistence Department is indicated by the fact that during the four years' war of the rebellion this department disbursed for supplies nearly $362,000,000. Secretary Stanton, in his annual report after the close of the war, said: "During the war this branch of the service never failed. It answers to the demand, and is ever ready to meet the national call."

To the Medical Department belong the duties of taking care of the sick and wounded of the army, and the prevention,

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QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT—READY FOR THE MARCH.

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as far as human science can go, of the first and greatest source of an army's depletion in the field—sickness in camp. These duties involve part of those of the Quartermaster-General's Department, and part of those of the Subsistence Department, while they have much that is common to neither to attend to. In other words, an efficient medical officer must be a good quartermaster and a good commissary, and above all a skilled surgeon and physician.

THE HOSPITAL CORPS.

The Hospital Corps is a body of soldiers permanently attached to the Medical Department, and all the duties devolving upon the Medical Department must be discharged by it. It consists of non-commissioned officers (hospital stewards) and privates, a small proportion of the latter being graded as acting hospital stewards.

This corps is recruited by the voluntary transfer from other branches of the service of men who have served at least one year, and have thus become trained to military discipline, or by direct enlistment of soldiers whose terms of service in other organizations have expired. In time of peace not more than ten civilians may be enlisted in the Hospital Corps, but each of these must be attached to a company of the line for at least one year, to become thoroughly instructed in a soldier's duty.

The qualifications of a private of the Hospital Corps, in addition to the physical soundness required of all soldiers, are ability to read and write, natural intelligence, temperate habits, and good general character. No married men are accepted, and if a private marries, he cannot be reenlisted.

The acting hospital stewards are detailed by the Secretary of War from the privates, after at least one year's service in the corps, and passing an examination in pharmacy, arithmetic, dictation, the regulations of the Medical Department of the army, the principle of cooking, minor surgery, and nursing. Their pay is $25 a month and the other allowances of a private. They may lose their position for misconduct, on the recommendation of a medical officer, or by sentence of a court-martial.

Hospital stewards are non-commissioned officers of the highest grade, ranking as sergeants of the non-commissioned staff. They are appointed by examination from among the acting hospital stewards after at least one year's service in that grade. They are examined in the same subjects as the acting stewards, but more thoroughly, and their capacity to control men is taken into account. They must be men of good habits and of unimpeachable integrity. They cannot be reduced to the ranks. Their pay is $45 a month.

At every post in the army there are at least one steward and three privates, and at the very large posts there may be as many as three or four stewards or acting stewards, and twelve or fifteen privates. They are subject to the same conditions of subordination and discipline, and differ from other enlisted men only in the nature of their duties. They are equipped as infantry, excepting when serving in the field with cavalry or light artillery, when they are mounted, but they carry no offensive weapons. They are armed with a large knife, and one-fourth of them carry a medicine case—a box supplied with certain appliances.

They are instructed in their special duties both theoretically and practically, every man being required to learn all forms of work necessary in a hospital. This instruction is given by the medical officers, by the stewards, and by the privates longest on duty. When well instructed they are assigned to such duties as they are best suited for.

Besides their duties in-doors they are drilled in the use of litters and ambulances, which involves the careful and expeditious transportation of a wounded man from the place of casualty to the bed of the hospital. These drills in and out of doors are carried out with the precision and attention to detail that mark other military exercises.

A day in a military hospital for the enlisted men of the Hospital Corps is much as follows: All the men rise at reveille; the cook, his assistant, and the mess-room attendant earlier. In the wards the nurses see that those patients allowed to do so wash and dress themselves properly, open their bedding for proper airing, and later make their own beds if strong enough. They wash and make more comfortable those patients unable to get up. They carefully sweep the floors, opening such windows and ventilators as the weather may allow; dust all chairs, tables, windows, and other objects; cleanse the spittoons and any vessels belonging to the

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MEDICAL DEPARTMENT—THE RED-CROSS AMBULANCE.

bedridden, and prepare the ward for the morning visit of the medical officer. In the mean time breakfast has been prepared, and the nurse sees that the patients who go to the table are neatly dressed. He brings in the breakfasts of those who cannot go to the table, and gives them such assistance as is necessary. All day he is employed in keeping the ward tidy, in administering the medicines or arranging the dressings that may be ordered, and in keeping the apparatus in the ward, and the wash-room and water-closet that usually adjoin it, scrupulously clean. In the rougher and more ordinary part of this work he is assisted by such patients as are convalescent. The nurse is in military charge of the ward, and is responsible for the good conduct of the patients, who are bound to obey him. In case of disobedience he at once reports to the steward, who exercises his authority, or, if that is unavailing, reports the case without delay to the medical officer.

The right of appeal to the medical officer always exists. The nurse sees that there is no disorder at any time during the day and no noise at night, the lights being extinguished at a fixed hour, except such as are necessary for the care of the sick. The nurse carefully observes the sick, and at any sudden change for the worse he promptly notifies the steward. When patients require special watching or care, drafts are made from the other patients for temporary duty.

The privates not directly employed as cooks and nurses begin their duties at reveille, and keep the administrative parts of the hospital and the grounds and outbuildings in order, take care of the cows and the garden, and generally discharge the several duties to which they are assigned. As they usually are intelligent men of good habits, all this work is done regularly and uniformly with little urging. Nevertheless the stewards exercise a general supervision, and are held responsible for any lapses in neatness or discipline. About nine o'clock every morning the sleeping-rooms of the hospital corps are inspected by a medical officer,

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as the company barracks are by a company officer; the wards are visited and the patients examined at least twice daily; and the whole hospital and every man in it is carefully inspected once every week. To be ready for these inspections requires constant and intelligent work by the men of the corps.

The stewards are directly occupied with dispensing; with acting as dressers for the graver cases; with drawing and distributing the rations and supervising the cooking; with attending to the clerical work, which is always large and requires exactness and skill; and with a constant oversight of the more seriously sick or injured, under the medical officer's instructions.

The duties of the Pay Department are sufficiently indicated by its name.

THE ENGINEER CORPS.

The Corps of Engineers was called into existence by the necessities of the war of the colonies for independence. Its origin was in the appointment by Washington, under resolution of Congress, of four officers of engineers from the army of France, who came to this country seeking service immediately on the outbreak of hostilities with the mother country. At that period France had produced the best military engineers in the world. The list of eminent men in this branch of science included during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the names of Pagan, Cormontaigne, Vauban, Carnot, and Montalembert, and their pupils were the founders of the Engineer Corps in this country. As early as 1778 Congress established an organization of three companies of engineer troops with proper officers, which companies served through the war of the Revolution with distinction, but were mustered out of the service, together with the Corps of Engineers of the army, in 1783.

In 1794 Congress provided for a permanent establishment of a Corps of Artillerists and Engineers, and the establishment of a school of instruction at West Point, New York. From this originated the Military Academy, though it was not fairly established, owing to accidents from fire and a want of funds, until some six or seven years afterward. From the date of its establishment up to a period after the civil war the Military Academy at West Point continued by law a part of the Engineer Corps of the army, and it was controlled and managed by officers of that corps. By act of Congress of 1866 this control and management passed to the army at large, or rather to the War Department, the superintendent being selected, and the officers and instructors being detailed, from any arm of the service. This step was taken by Congress after discussion based on the experience of the civil war, with a view to liberalizing and broadening the instruction of the students who were to become officers. The Academy, whether considered before or since the change, has produced results of which its friends are justly proud, and which must for all time be a credit to the country and a monument to the corps of officers who nursed it into life in the early history of the country, and have since given it vigor and vitality in the performance of its important work.

Up to 1863, when it was merged by law with the Engineer Corps, there existed with variable importance a Corps of Topographical Engineers. The duty of this corps in time of war was such as is intrusted to officers charged with the details of preliminary reconnoissance of a theatre of war. In peace times this corps was occupied in the then Western country making explorations—geographical and geological. The result of their labors in this direction and those of the Engineer Corps proper for more than three-quarters of a century has been the location and construction of the roads, canals, important public works and improvements of the country, including the accurate methods of surveying—geodetic, topographic, and hydrographic—that are now in use.

In the time of war the duties required of the Corps of Engineers are mainly the work of planning and superintending the construction of all fortifications required in military operations, including the auxiliary works involved in the attack or defense of fortifications. The corps is also charged with procuring and embodying in maps all information involving the topographical features of the country comprising the theatre of war or a field of battle. They may be charged, as staff-officers, with the selection of camps, and should be consulted in the choice of all places to be fortified and held, as also to obtain information of the enemy's strongholds, works, and resources. They are

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CAVALRY—THE REGIMENTAL STANDARD.

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charged with the care and management of the bridge equipage of the army, with the construction of bridges in an advance, and the destruction of those which, being of value to the enemy, are ordered to be demolished.

The only troops authorized by law as a part of the Engineer Corps are four companies, officered by captains and lieutenants of engineers. These companies, three of which are stationed at Willets Point, and one at West Point, New York, constitute the basis for an increase to meet the exigencies of war. They are constantly instructed, theoretically and practically, in sapping, mining, and pontoniering, and comprise a force of material for non-commissioned officers in the event of a large increase of the enlisted force of engineers.

In time of peace the Engineer Corps must attend to all usual duties expected of such corps in an army always ready for war, besides being charged by legislative enactments or by executive orders with a multitude of responsibilities which it is difficult to enumerate in detail. These include surveys for planning and construction of permanent fortifications on the sea-coast; the surveys for the planning and construction of works for the improvement of rivers and harbors; the construction of beacons, light-houses, and all fixed aids to navigation; the construction of public buildings and works in charge of the War Department; the surveys of the great lakes of the country; the astronomical determination of boundaries and initial points; the surveys of the Territories; the supervision of the construction of bridges over navigable waters; and the study and perfecting of the system of defence depending on the use of torpedoes, and the necessary submarine mines connected with the defence of our large commercial cities.

With all these diversified duties, which require at times the application of the highest attainments in science and the arts, it is the pride of the Corps of Engineers that with an expenditure of millions of money yearly for the last half century no defalcation or misappropriation of government funds has ever occurred; but, on the other hand, through care, industry, and intelligent supervision of the officers of the corps in charge of public works, the government has habitually received full value in work for the money expended. If there is a single exception to this, it in no way involves the reputation of the corps, and stands chargeable to the individual, who, as an exception, is the more prominent.

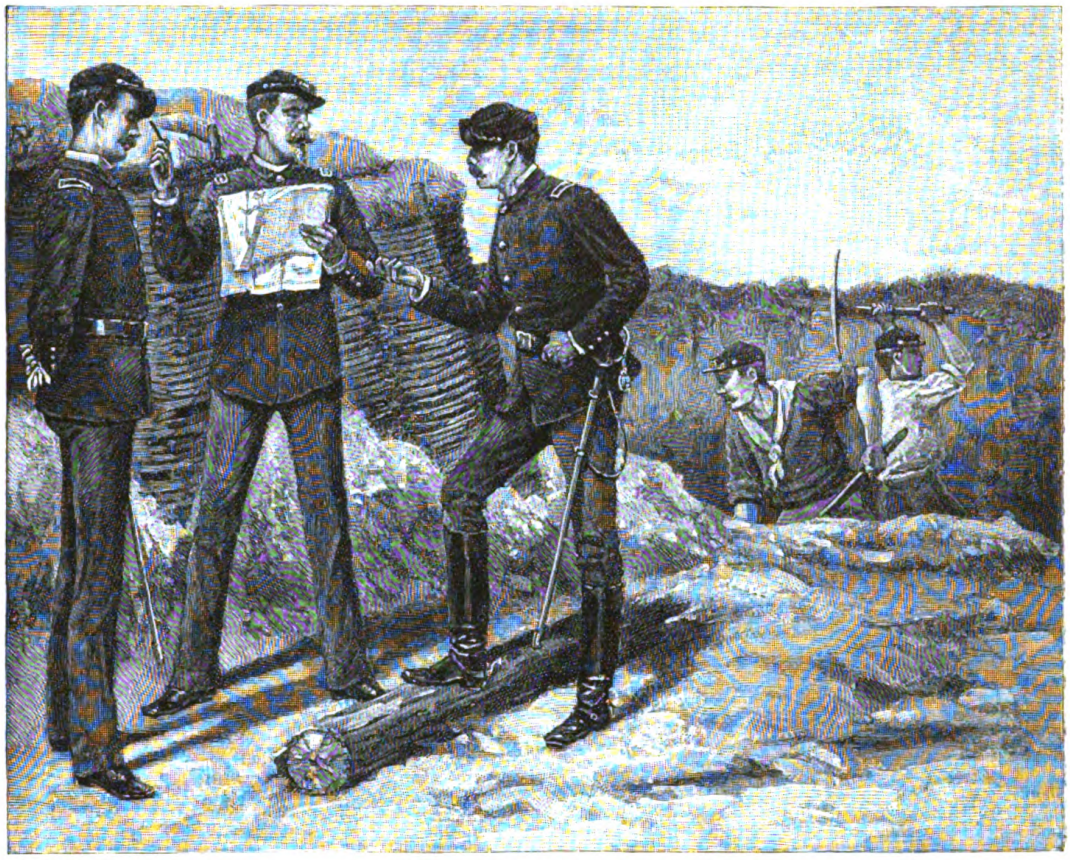
In the discussions already referred to in Congress growing out of the experience of the war, it was urged that the education and daily duties in his profession unfitted an engineer officer for brilliant, independent, and responsible command of an army engaged in a hazardous campaign. It was urged that his habits of thought in the prosecution of the labors of an exact science, in the work of which a large factor for safety is always allowed, unfit the engineer officer for the risks of independent command. There is no need to discuss this question at this time. It is enough to say that officers of engineers combat the proposition with fervor, and insist that they should be considered as officers for command of troops rather than as staff-officers. Whatever may be the conclusion in regard to this, the army at large will always share in the pride of the Engineer Corps, which arises from the fact that if the education they receive unfits the officers for command when large risks are involved in contending with an active enemy, it peculiarly fits them for control in public works and scientific pursuits where constant watchfulness, extreme caution, and a large element on the side of safety are inseparable from satisfactory service. And thus the loss of the corps in one direction is its gain in another.

THE ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

As early in the history of the country as 1794 three or four arsenals were provided for, and between 1791 and 1812 more than eight millions of money had been appropriated for ordnance purposes.

The Ordnance Department was formally established by act of Congress in 1812. It consisted of a Commissary-General of Ordnance, having the rank, pay, and emoluments of a colonel of infantry, and thirteen other officers, eight of whom had the rank of second lieutenants of infantry. The duties of the department as prescribed by this act are almost identical with those now performed, which, in general terms, are to procure by purchase or manufacture the armament for sea-coast defences, and the arms and equipments and all other ordnance stores for the army, the militia, the Marine Corps, and

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THE ENGINEER CORPS—INSTRUCTION IN FIELD FORTIFICATION.

for all the executive departments, to protect public money and property. The colleges authorized by law to receive arms for instruction are supplied by the Ordnance Department.

In 1813 the number of assistants of ordnance was increased to sixteen, and their pay raised to that of a first lieutenant of infantry. By act of 1815 the duties of the department were reiterated, and the senior officer of ordnance—no longer called the Commissary - General of Ordnance—was given general control of the public armories. Six years later the Ordnance Department was merged in the artillery, and ordnance duties were performed by artillery officers selected by the President.

In 1832 the Ordnance Department was re-established, and in 1838 the number of officers increased.

The present organization of the Ordnance Department is as follows: A Chief of Ordnance, with the rank of brigadier-general; three colonels; four lieutenant-colonels; ten majors; twenty captains, and sixteen first lieutenants.

All vacancies in the grade of first lieutenant are filled by transfers from the line of the army, and promotions to the other grades are regular, except that the Chief is appointed by selection.

The Ordnance Office is at the War Department in Washington, where the Chief of Ordnance, with several assistants, supervises and controls all matters pertaining to the department. The arsenals of construction are: the National Armory, and the Frankford, Watervliet, Rock Island, Watertown, and Benicia arsenals. The arsenals of storage are: the Allegheny, Augusta, Fort Monroe, Indianapolis, Kennebec, New York, and San Antonio. Besides these there are a number of powder and ordnance depots located at points in the country most convenient for the purposes of supply.

From 1875 to 1882 an officer was designated as Constructor of Ordnance, and to him was intrusted, under direction of the Chief of Ordnance, the designing and construction of all guns and carriages. In 1882 this office was abolished, and its

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duties were assumed by the Chief of Ordnance. While utilizing the services of officers stationed elsewhere, he has a staff of officers in Washington mainly employed on construction work, and officers employed as resident inspectors at private foundries and establishments engaged in work for the government—such as the West Point and South Boston foundries, and the Midvale and Cambria steel-works. These inspectors are the medium of communication between the Chief of Ordnance and the establishment to which they are attached, and it is their duty to supervise every detail of the work, and make the various inspections provided for in the contract and in the ordnance instructions.

Intimately associated with the Ordnance Office has been, since 1875, the Ordnance Board, which to-day consists of three members, with stations at the New York Arsenal, Governor's Island. This board has charge of such experiments at the proving-ground at Sandy Hook as are not by law required to be otherwise conducted. The members of this board, associated with two other officers, constitute the board for testing rifle cannon. The proceedings of this board, limited, as its title indicates, to experiments with rifled cannon, are forwarded through the Chief of Ordnance to the Secretary of War.

A third board, designated the Board on Ordnance and Defence, relieves the two before-mentioned boards of much work. Being a mixed board, it is independent of the Ordnance Department, except in the matter of expenditures for ordnance purposes.

The ordnance proving-ground is under the command of the president of the Ordnance Board, with an officer as assistant in charge. Here are mounted and proved all new constructions in the way of guns and carriages. All experiments are here also made with powders, high explosives, projectiles, fuzes, sabots, primers, etc. The establishment is provided with the most modern ballistic instruments, with devices for the analysis of gunpowder, and with a testing machine for metals. There is a machine shop at the station, where all repairs are made, and occasionally original constructions of considerable importance. Prior to the completion of the testing machine at Watertown Arsenal, all the metal employed in gun construction was tested here, and the specimens were here cut out and turned.

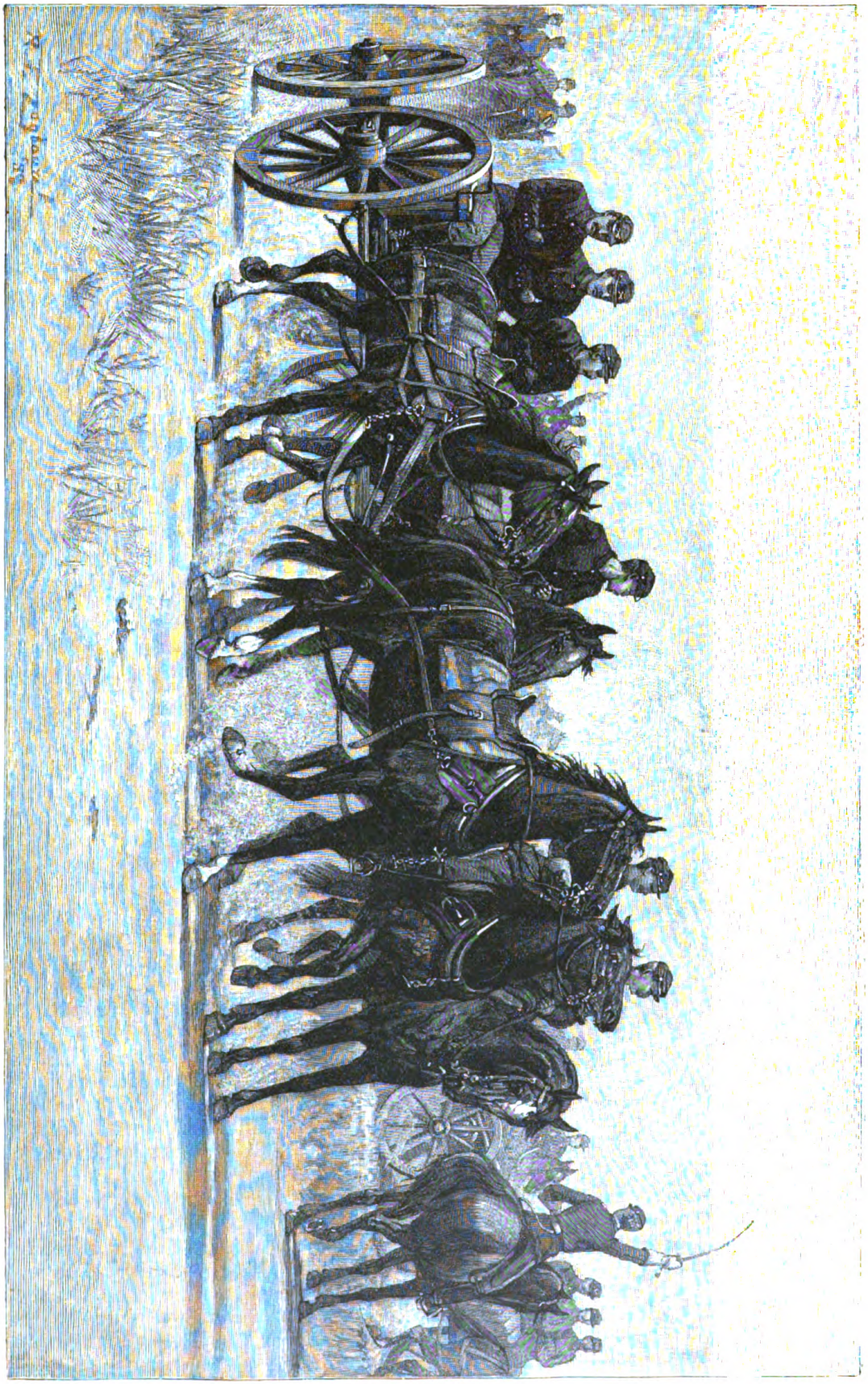
It is at the proving-ground that the various inventions presented by civilians from any part of the country are tested. The inventor, through his member of Congress, approaches the Secretary of War with his war balloon, his contrivance for firing dynamite shell, his improved projectile, sabot, or fuze, and is referred to the Chief of Ordnance, and by him to the Ordnance Board, which carefully examines the plans and specifications. Unless the device is palpably absurd, the inventor is then given the opportunity of a test.

The National Armory was established at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1794. Excepting occasional experimental work, the only products of the armory are rifles, carbines, and side-arms. Pistols and Gatling-guns for issue are obtained by purchase, but they are inspected by officers and employés of the armory. In 1888 there were manufactured not to exceed 41,130 rifles and carbines, but it is stated that the armory can now turn out 1000 rifles per day. During the rebellion, from 1861 to 1865, there were made at this armory 805,537 rifled muskets. One important result of the establishment of this National Armory should not be overlooked. The government has here educated a class of skilled workmen, who have been distributed from time to time through the various private establishments in the country. These from their training have attained a high standard of workmanship, which has placed our private manufactories at the head of this industry. Under this tuition have been developed the greater number of the labor-saving and accurate machines which are now universally employed in the fabrication of small-arms.

Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia, was established in 1816. At the present time its productions are limited to the manufacture of ammunition for the rifle, carbine, pistol, and Gatling-gun, of fuzes, primers, and military pyrotechny. The powder used is obtained from private manufacturers, after inspection by ordnance officers.

Watervliet Arsenal.—In 1887 the principal fabrications at this arsenal were leather-work, harness, equipments, and accoutrements. Selected, however, that year by the Gun Foundry Board as the most

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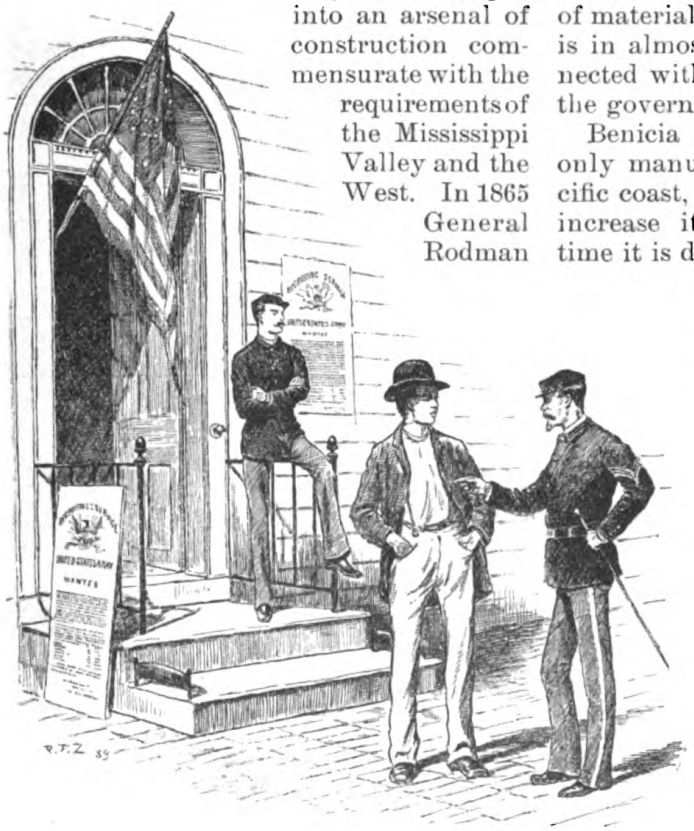


ARTILLERY—A LIGHT BATTERY.

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eligible arsenal for the concentration of the government plant, it is now one of the most important of ordnance establishments. Machinery was transferred from Watertown and from the South Boston Iron-works, and with the facilities already existing in September, 1888, its capacity was about fifty field-guns and one eight-inch and one ten-inch gun per year. As funds become available this plant will probably be increased, enabling the government to make, in limited quantities, modern guns of at least twelve-inch calibre.

The Rock Island Arsenal was established as an arsenal of storage and repair, but from its inception it was hoped that it might be developed into an arsenal of construction commensurate with the requirements of the Mississippi Valley and the West. In 1865 General Rodman assumed command, and commenced the preparation of plans for the construction of an establishment which should be at once an arsenal and an armory. The buildings and equipments, the plans of which were somewhat modified after his death, are now almost completed. Eight immense finishing shops, one forging shop and foundry, and one forging shop and mill are now finished, and provided with every modern appliance. A large part of the stores for issue to the army are now made at this arsenal. These include horse equipments and cavalry accoutrements, infantry equipments, targets and supplies for target ranges, arm racks, and other like appliances.



THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

The Watertown Arsenal, near Boston, Massachusetts, was established in 1816. The principal work undertaken there of late years has been the manufacture of field-guns and projectiles, the alteration of sea-coast gun-carriages, and the manufacture of various experimental siege and sea-coast guns.

The United States Testing Machine, the finest as well as the most elaborate machine in the world for testing the strength of materials, is located at this arsenal, and is in almost continual use on work connected with civil pursuits as well as for the government.

Benicia Arsenal is important as the only manufacturing arsenal on the Pacific coast, and efforts have been made to increase its capacity. At the present time it is dependent upon other establishments for most ordnance supplies.

The method of appointment of officers to the Ordnance Department has resulted in its being filled by some of the brightest and most talented officers in the service. Among the young officers of the department are found those who by earnest application have mastered and become eminently proficient in the courses taught at the Military Academy or the colleges of the country, and who, having carried their habits of study and application into the army, have in the season provided for by law been examined and admitted into this important corps.

In this method of appointment it is claimed by its friends that the Ordnance Department is being recruited by much of the best material in the army. The nature of its duties and the constant emulation in these most important departments of supply among armies make this a source of gratulation to the American people.

The Signal Corps, as now constituted,

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can scarcely be said to be a part of the army, and its organization is well known.

RECRUITING.

With this hurried glance at its organization, we now proceed to consider the method of recruiting the line of the army.

The recruiting of the army depends on voluntary enlistment; the term of service is five years. In all the principal business centres of the country, on a side street near one of the main thoroughfares, the recruiting office may be found. It is designated by an American flag not too ostentatiously displayed, and is generally up one flight of uncovered stairs. In front of the doorway in favorable weather a neat, dapper, well-dressed man in blue, with brass buttons, stripes on trousers, and chevrons on closely fitting, well-made blouse, may be seen; this is the recruiting sergeant. And while none of the wiles known to the English recruiting sergeant in securing recruits are supposed to be practised by him of the United States army, he undoubtedly paints the service to the inquiring seeker after military glory in as rose-colored tints as his views of fair dealing will permit. The first inquiry as to the candidate is regarding his physical fitness for the service. To determine this he is critically examined by a surgeon of the army. This examination also involves his habits, and as far as possible his character and past record. If everything is satisfactory the candidate is received as a recruit, is dressed in the fatigue uniform of a soldier, and despatched to the rendezvous at Jefferson Barracks if he enlists for the cavalry, or to Columbus Barracks or David's Island if he chooses the infantry or artillery. At the rendezvous he is taught his duties, and is drilled to a fair state of soldierly perfection, after which he is assigned to his regiment and conducted to his new home on the frontier.

Here for more than half a century, with the exception of the period of the civil war, the greater part of the regular army has been employed in keeping the peace between the Indians and whites. This has required military operations of more or less importance, which have at all times been attended with bloodshed and loss of life, though not always recognized as attaining a magnitude to entitle them to the name of war. Faithfulness to its trusts has characterized the army in all this work as an advance-guard of civilization, in the immense regions added to our territory by the Louisiana purchase and the war with Mexico. It stood guard over the scattered and meagre improvements of the pioneer long before and during the time that thousands of miles of railroads were being built, and when the only lines of travel were the trails of millions of wild animals now nearly annihilated. In this time cities numbering thousands of inhabitants have replaced the rude habitations of the frontiersmen, and the walls of hundreds of manufactories stand where a few years since the Indian pitched his tepee unmolested.

THE ARMY AS A NATIONAL POLICE.

Any characterization of the occupation of the army which fails to refer to its services in maintaining order as a national police is not complete. True, the intervention of the army has not often been necessary, but the occasions when it has been called on, and the manner of efficient work, show how much the knowledge of its existence alone does in keeping turbulent spirits quiet.

The particulars of the riots of 1877 are now matters of history. They commenced in West Virginia and Maryland, reaching their greatest fury in Pennsylvania, and spread throughout the Middle States and the West. The civil authorities were unable to contend with them, and in the three States above mentioned the State Executives called on the President for assistance from the army. In other States threatened, as in Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, New Jersey, and New York, United States troops were present to protect the property of the general government, and their presence undoubtedly saved communities from depredations.

It is not necessary to enter into calculations as to what might have occurred if the power of the army had not been invoked. It is a fact that wherever the army was, in even the smallest force, the mobs were awed into silence and quietness, and peace, without the destruction of property or loss of life, was established; and where the army was not, the reverse occurred. The blood shed and property destroyed were not the only injuries resulting from the success of the turbulent elements. A graver danger threatened the thousands of residents in the larger

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cities, resulting from the paralyzation of traffic and the failure of supplies.

The riots threatened for about a month, and in some parts of the country the presence of troops was required for a much longer season. The Executives of States and officers of corporations, without dissent, bore testimony to the efficiency of the army, wherever present, in quelling disturbances, and this effectively and without loss of life or property. Could the better classes of those who commenced the troubles have expressed themselves, they would undoubtedly have joined in commending the methods of the army, for

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

THE RELATION OF THE ARMY TO THE MILITIA.

From whatever point of view the operations of the army are discussed, whether as a force to defend the country against foes from without, to fight Indians and compel their obedience to the laws of civilization, or to maintain the domestic peace of the nation, one fact is prominent above all others, and that is that our army has not been, and is not now, of adequate strength. The changes which have taken place in the science of war render an increase imperative.

The militia of the United States will answer well the purpose of a "second line" in case of war with a foreign power, but it is not now, and never has been in the first days of war, fit to take the field. This may not be a popular view to take of our citizen soldiers, but it is a fact that not one single circumstance in all our experience as a nation contradicts. Our civil war was with an enemy as deficient as ourselves in instructed soldiers, and during the first year of the war there was not a battle fought where half the number of regular soldiers would not have defeated both armies united. In saying this in regard to the militia it is not intended to underrate the material of which it is composed. In my opinion there is not an army in the world that could defeat an equally strong American army, prepared with proper drill and discipline. But these take time, and neither ukase of Czar, bull of Pope, nor act of Congress can make an army without them.

It was not till one year after the commencement of the rebellion that we had an army prepared to take the field, endure the hardships of a campaign, and fight battles; but from that time on, supplying fresh material from the farm, the shop, and the office, we had till the end as good armies as the world ever saw. But if we are involved in war with a foreign power a year's time will not be given us to prepare.

The war between France and Austria (1859) lasted two months, and that between Austria and Prussia (1866) lasted little more than a month. The Franco-Prussian war of 1870, in which the territory of the French was completely overrun, their capital and central city besieged and captured, and the nation made to pay a ransom such as modern statesmen had not dreamed of, was finished in a little more than half a year. The war between Russia and Turkey, with its sieges of fortified places and severe battling at the passage of rivers and mountain ranges, was concluded in much less time than one year. In other words, no war between the war-making powers of Europe in the last thirty years has occupied the time it would take to prepare the best reserves we have for the field.

It is easy to understand why the militia are not efficient for war. The merchant cannot go into court and conduct an intricate law case to a successful conclusion, nor can the mechanic prove a successful tradesman. Enthusiasm and patriotism will not only not gain battles, but may add to the gravity of disaster; and experience shows that in the midst of hardships in the field and the terrors of battle they soon disappear, succumbing to the thousand and one reasons which present themselves to the mind why one should rather be at home supporting those who are dependent on him than in the field following a trade he has never learned, and in regard to which he has been deceived.

Then when battles come, and disasters follow, there is an accord in the disposition to make excuse — "incompetent generals," "overwhelming numbers," "masked batteries," and "Black-horse Cavalry," any or all these, with a thousand and one consequences, such as being "cut to pieces," "overwhelmed and demoralized," and other imaginary features, figure with themselves and with their friends at home to account for defeat.

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This was not only so in the commencement of the civil war, but the same things were heard from individuals in the army of France during the war with Germany. As the unfitness of untrained soldiers is more marked the more difficult war-making becomes, it is certain that the militia will be even less efficient in the future with the changed conditions of war.

An English authority on this subject says: "Formerly we depended on the perfect drilling of our men; henceforward it is upon the efficiency of battle training and fire discipline we shall have to rely. Unless our regiments be first-rate in both those points we can no longer hope for victory, although they may be able to march past like a wall, and go through the most complicated barrack-yard evolutions with the utmost precision."

It is said that even in the German army, perfected as it was for war in 1870, numerous mistakes in troop-leading and tactics were made. What is claimed for this army is that its discipline is so perfect that the officers and men learn by actual experience in battle how to avoid and how to repair their mistakes, and apply these lessons at the time. The state of preparation which permits this concedes an amount of drill and discipline of which the best-trained soldiers in our army have never dreamed.

It is no part of the purpose of this paper to enter into the details of the changed conditions of war, or the modifications which they necessitate in the modern army. It is enough to say that the officer must be as intelligent and brave as heretofore, and more than this, he must be a student, and devote his time to his profession as has hitherto been required of those who hoped to succeed in the law or in medicine. The days for the devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky leaders of forlorn hopes have passed. An accomplished authority has declared that armies are no longer machines—they are living organisms; and the leaders of men in the line of the army must know all about tactics, and must not be without a knowledge of military science in its higher applications. The heavy lines in battle have disappeared. Fighting must hereafter be done in dispersed order. The shoulder-to-shoulder movements, under fire, which gave confidence to the recruit standing side by side with the veteran, will not be known in the successful armies of the future, but the dispersed order, where the individual discipline of the poorest soldier in the shock of battle is the measure by which the strength of armies must be tested.

There is one reflection with which the people of this nation may be gratified, and that is that the material it possesses for the war-making of the future is superb. The pluck, intelligence, and self-reliance inherent in the Anglo-Saxon are the qualities which, properly handled, must make the best soldier for the modern army. But while we have the metal in the crude state, it needs reducing and refining to become the stuff of which armies are made.

As it seems to be the policy of Congress not to increase the army to the strength thought necessary by those prepared to judge, it remains to devise the best means open for the government to prepare, without an increase of the army, for the exigencies of war. The suggestions made by those who have studied this subject all look to an expansion of our present organizations for the purpose. With a view to this the infantry regiments should be given an organization to consist of three or four battalions, with a corresponding increase of officers. Then the details of the expansion could be easily carried out, and our small army augmented to over one hundred thousand men, composed in its increase of those who had seen service of one kind or another. Such an army might be strong enough to combat the advance of any foreign army which could be thrown on our shores, and the militia in volunteer organizations would form a "second line," which would leave nothing to be desired except a larger regular establishment, which our law-givers at this time give us no reason to hope for.

To convey to the reader that while the qualities of the militia have not been underrated, the time and labor necessary to make a finished soldier have not been overstated, this article cannot be better concluded than in the words of Professor Mercur, head of the department of Engineering and the Art of War at West Point, who in a publication entitled *Elements of the Art of War*, says: "Military discipline includes training and educating the soldier in all the duties of his profession, and implanting in him that respect for authority which causes him to obey without question the legal orders of his superiors, under all circumstances, even to the unhesitating sacrifice of his life."

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THE CADET.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

OH, I'm a fellow, my good sir,
Who never knew a breath of fear;
My back is straight as any spear;
My shoulders stretch a good three span.
To say I'm right you'll not demur.
Hurrah! I'm an American!

I wear the uniform, my friend,
That strikes me as the best on earth.
Though wildly gay, my fiercest mirth
Ne'er hinted at the drummer's ban.
Let revel die ere I offend
The flag! I'm an American!

To run and leap, to ride and spar,
To swim, make love, and catch a sword
Flung round my head like flaming cord,
I'm usually first, my man.
Keen-eyed, steel-pulsed, and muscular:
Ha! ha! I'm an American!

Six feet of spring and joy and pride;
Six feet for victory or a shell;
A voice to mate with wine, or yell
Orders from Beersheba to Dan;
Six feet with nothing base to hide,
Thank God! I'm an American!

You know I'm not a vain young blade;
The best I say is not enough
When speaking of such human stuff,
That in no age turned face and ran.
I did not make it, when all's said,
For I was born American!

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIRST.—FAULKNER.

I.

DOUGLAS FAULKNER was of a type once commoner in the West than now, I fancy. In fact, many of the circumstances that tended to shape such a character, with the conditions that repressed and the conditions that evolved it, have changed so vastly that they may almost be said not to exist any longer.

He was a lawyer, with a high ideal of professional honor, and in his personal relations he was known to be almost fantastically delicate, generous, and faithful. At the same time he was a "practical" politician; he adhered to his party in all its measures; he rose rapidly to be a leader in it, and was an unscrupulous manager of caucuses and conventions. For a while he was editor of the party organ in his city, and he wrote caustic articles for it which were rather in the line of his political than his personal morality. This employment was supposed to be more congenial than his profession to the literary taste for which he had a large repute among his more unliterary acquaintance. They said that Faulkner could have been an author if he had chosen, and they im-

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plied that this was not worth while with a man who could be something in law and politics. Their belief had followed him from Muskingum University, where he was graduated with distinction in letters and forensics. The school was not then on so grand a scale as its name, and a little of the humanities might have gone a long way in it; but Faulkner was really a lover of books, and a reader of them, whether he could ever have been a writer of them or not; and he kept up his habit of reading after he entered active life.

It was during his editorial phase that I came from the country to be a writer on the opposition newspaper in his city, and something I did caught his fancy: some sketch of the sort I was always trying at, or some pert criticism, or some flippant satire of his party friends. He came to see me, and asked me to his house, for a talk, he said, about literature; and when I went I chose to find him not very modern in his preferences. He wanted to talk to me about Byron and Shelley, Scott and Cooper, Lamartine and Schiller, Irving and Goldsmith, when I was full of Tennyson and Heine, Emerson and Lowell, George Eliot and Hawthorne and Thackeray; and he rather bored me, showing me fine editions of his favorites. I was surprised to learn that he was only a few years older than myself: he had filled my mind so long as a politician that I had supposed him a veteran of thirty, at least, and he proved to be not more than twenty-six. Still, as I was only twenty-two I paid him the homage of a younger man, but I remember deciding that he was something of a sentimentalist. He seemed anxious to account for himself in his public character, so out of keeping with the other lives he led; he said he was sorry that his mother (with whom he lived in her widowhood) was out of town; she was the inspiration of all his love of literature, he said; and would have been so glad to see me. I was flattered, for the Faulkners were of the first social importance; they were of Virginian extraction. From his library he took me into what he called his den, and introduced me to a friend of his who sat smoking in a corner, and whom I saw to be a tall young Episcopal clergyman when he stood up. The night was very hot; Faulkner had in some claret punch, and the Rev. Mr. Nevil drank with us. He did not talk much, and I perceived that he was the matter-of-fact partner in a friendship which was very romantic on Faulkner's side, and which appeared to date back to their college days. That was now a good while ago, but they seemed to be in the habit of meeting often, and to have kept up their friendship in all its first fervor. Mr. Nevil was very handsome, with a regular face, and a bloom on it quite girlishly peachy, and very pure, still, earnest blue eyes. He looked physically and spiritually wholesome; but Faulkner certainly did not look wholesome in the matter of his complexion at least. It was pale, with a sort of duskiness, and his black, straight hair strung down in points over his forehead; his beautiful dark eyes were restlessly brilliant; he stooped a little, and he was, as they say in the West, loose-hung. I noticed his hands, long, nervous, with fingers that trembled, as he rested their tips, a little yellowed from his cigar, on a book.

It was a volume of De Quincey, on whom we all came together in literature, and we happened to talk especially of his essay on Kant, and of the dreams which afflicted the philosopher's old age, and which no doubt De Quincey picturesquely makes the most of. Then we began to tell our own dreams, the ghastlier ones; and Faulkner said he sometimes had dreams, humiliating, disgraceful, loathsome, that followed him far into the next day with a sense of actual occurrence. He was very vivid about them, and in spite of the want of modernity in his literary preferences, I began to think he might really have been a writer. He said that sometimes he did not see why we should not attribute such dreams to the Evil One, who might have easier access to a man in the helplessness of sleep; but Nevil agreed with me that they were more likely to come from a late supper. Faulkner submitted, but he said they were a real affliction, and their persistence in a man's waking thoughts might almost influence his life.

When I took my leave he followed me to his gate, in his bare head and slippers; it was moonlight, and he walked a long way homeward with me. We led a very simple life in our little city then, and a man might go bareheaded and slipper-footed about its streets at night as much as he liked. Now and then we met a policeman, and Faulkner nodded,

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with the facile "Ah, Tommy!" or "Hello, Mike!" of a man inside politics. I told him I envied him his ability to mingle with the people in that way, and he said it was not worth while.

"You are on the right track, and I hope you'll stick to it. We ought to have some Western authors; the West's ripe for it. I used to have the conceit to think I could have done something myself in literature, if I'd kept on after I left college."

I murmured some civilities to the effect that this was what all his friends thought.

"Well, it's too late, now," he said, "if ever it was early enough. I was foredoomed to the law; my father wouldn't hear of anything else, and I don't know that I blame him. I might have made a spoon, but I should certainly have spoiled a horn. A man generally does what he's fit for. Now there's Nevil— Don't you like Nevil?"

I said, "Very much," though really I had not thought it very seemly for a clergyman to smoke, and drink claret punch: I was very severe in those days.

Faulkner went on: "Nevil's an instance, a perfect case in point. If ever there was a human creature born into the world to do just the work he *is* doing, it's Nevil. I can't tell you how much that fellow has been to me, March!" This was the second time we had met; but Faulkner was already on terms of comradery with me; he was the kind of man who could hold no middle course; he must stand haughtily aloof, or he must take you to his heart. As he spoke, he put his long arm across my shoulders, and kept it there while we walked. "I was inclined to be pretty wild in college, and I had got to running very free when I first stumbled against Jim Nevil. He was standing up as tall and straight morally as he does physically, but he managed to meet me on my own level without seeming to stoop to it. He was ordained of God, then, and his life had a message for every one; for me it seemed to have a special message, and what he did for me was what he lived more than what he said. He talked to me, of course, but it was his example that saved me. You must know Nevil. Yes, he's a noble fellow, and you can't have any true conception of friendship till you *have* known him. Just *see* that moon!" Faulkner stopped abruptly, and threw up his head.

The perfect orb seemed to swim in the perfect blue. The words began to breathe themselves from my lips:

"'The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;'"

and he responded as if it were the strain of a litany:

"'Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;'"

and I spoke:

"'The sunshine is a glorious birth;'"

and he responded again:

"'But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed a glory from the earth.'"

His voice broke in the last line and faded into a tremulous whisper. It was the youth in both of us, smitten to ecstasy by the beauty of the scene, and pouring itself out in the modulations of that divine stop, as if it had been the rapture of one soul.

He took his arm from my shoulder, and turned about without any ceremony of adieu, and walked away, head down, with shuffling, slippered feet.

We met several times, very pleasantly, and with increased liking. Then he took offence, as capricious as his former fancy, at something I wrote, and sent me an angry note, which I answered in kind. Not long afterward I went abroad on a little money I had saved up, and when I came home, I married, and by an ironical chance, found myself, with my æsthetic tastes, my literary ambition, and my journalistic experience, settled in the insurance business at Boston. I did not revisit the West, but I learned by letters that our dear little city out there had become a formidable railroad centre; everybody had made or lost money, and Faulkner had become very rich through the real estate which had long kept him land-poor. One day I got a newspaper addressed in his handwriting, which brought me the news of his marriage. The name of the lady struck me as almost factitiously pretty, and I could well imagine Faulkner provisionally falling in love with her because she was called Hermia Winter. The half-column account of the wedding described the Rev. James Nevil as "officiating"; and something in the noisy and bragging tone of the reporter in dealing with this important society event disadvantaged the people concerned

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in my mind. I chose to regard it all as cruder and louder than anything I remembered of the place in old days; but my wife said that it was characteristically Western, and that probably it had always been like that out there; only I had not felt it while I was in it, though, as she said, I was not of it.

She was a Bostonian herself, and it was useless to appeal to the society journalism of her own city in proof of the prevalence of that sort of vulgarity everywhere. She laughed at the name Hermia, and said it sounded made-up, and that she had no doubt the girl's name was Hannah. I thought I had my revenge afterward when a friend wrote me about the marriage, which was a surprise to everybody; for it had always been supposed that Faulkner was going to marry the beautiful and brilliant Miss Ludlow, long, perhaps too long, the belle of the place. The lady whom he had chosen was the daughter of a New England family, who had lived just out of town in my time and had never been in society. She was a teacher in Bell's Institute, and Faulkner met her there on one of his business visits as trustee. She was a very cultivated girl, though; and they were going abroad for their wedding journey. My correspondent had a special message from Faulkner for me, delivered on his wedding night. He remembered me among the people he would have liked to have there; he was sorry for our little quarrel and was to blame for it; he was coming home by way of Boston, and was going to look me up.

My wife said, Well, he seemed a nice fellow; but it only showed how any sort of New England girl could go out there and pick up the best. For the rest, she hoped they would not hurry home on my account; and if all my Western friends, with their free ideas of hospitality were going to call on me, there would be no end to it. It was the jealousy of her husband's past every good wife feels that spoke; but long before I met Faulkner again we had both forgotten all about him.

II.

One day seven or eight years later, when I was coming up from Lynn, where we had board for a few weeks' outing in August, I fell in with Dr. Wingate, the nervous specialist. We were members of the same dining club, and were supposed to meet every month; we really met once or twice during the winter, but then it was a great pleasure to me, and I tried always to get a place next him at table. I found in him, as I think one finds in most intelligent physicians, a sympathy for human suffering unclouded by sentiment, and a knowledge of human nature at once vast and accurate, which fascinated me far more than any forays of the imagination in that difficult region. Like physicians everywhere, he was less local in his feelings and interests than men of other professions; and I was able better to overcome with him that sense of being a foreigner, and in some sort on sufferance, which embarrassed me (quite needlessly, I dare say) with some of my commensals: lawyers, ministers, brokers, and politicians. I had a sort of affection for him; I never saw him, with the sunny, simple-hearted, boyish smile he had, without feeling glad; and it seemed to me that he liked me, too. His kindly presence must have gone a long way with his patients, whose fluttering sensibilities would hang upon his cheery strength as upon one of the main chances of life.

We rather rushed together to shake hands, and each asked how the other happened to be there at that hour in the morning. I explained my presence, and he said, as if it were some sort of coincidence: "You don't say so! Why, I've got a patient over at Swampscott, who says he knows you. A man named Faulkner."

I repeated, "Faulkner?" In the course of travel and business I had met so many people that I forgave myself for not distinguishing them very sharply by name, at once.

"He says he used to know you in your demi-semi-literary days, and he rather seemed to think you must be concealing a reputation for a poet, when I told him you were in the insurance business, and I only knew of your literary tastes. He's a Western man, and he met you out there."

"Oh!" said I. "*Douglas* Faulkner!" And now it was my turn to say, "*You* don't say so! Why of course! Is it possible!" and I lost myself in a cloud of silent reminiscences and associations, to come out presently with the question, "What in the world is he doing at Swampscott?"

The doctor looked serious; and then he

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looked keenly at me. "Were you and he great friends?"

"Well, we were not sworn brothers exactly. We were writers on rival newspapers; but I rather liked him. Yes, there was something charming to me about him; something good and sweet. I haven't met him, though, for ten years."

"He seemed to be rather fond of you. He said he wished I would tell you to come and see him, the next time I met you. Odd you should turn up there in the station!" By this time we were in the train, on our way to Boston.

"I will," I said, and I hesitated to add, "I hope there's nothing serious the matter?"

The doctor hesitated too. "Well, he's a pretty sick man. There's no reason I shouldn't tell you. He's badly run down; and—I don't like the way his heart behaves."

"Oh, I'm sorry—"

"He had just got home from Europe, and was on his way to the mountains when he came to see me in Boston, and I sent him to the sea-side. I came down last night—it's the beginning of my vacation—to see him, and spent the night there. He's got the Mallows place—nice old place. Do you know his wife?"

"No; he married after I came East. What sort of person is she?" I asked.

I remembered my talk with my wife about her and her name, and I felt that it was really a triumph for me when the doctor said: "Well, she's an exquisite creature. One of the most beautiful women I ever saw, and one of the most interesting. Of course, there's where the ache comes in. In a case like that, it isn't so much that one dies as that the other lives. It's none of my business; but she seemed rather lonely. They have no acquaintance among the other cottagers, and—did you think of taking your wife over? Excuse me!"

"Why of course! I'm so glad you suggested it. Mrs. March will be most happy to go with me."

III.

Mrs. March dissembled her joy at the prospect when I opened it to her. She said she did not see how she entered into the affair. Faulkner was an old friend of mine; but she had nothing to do with him, and certainly nothing to do with his wife. They would not like each other; it would look patronizing; it would complicate matters; she did not see what good it would do for her to go. I constantly fell back upon the doctor's suggestion. In the end, she went. She professed to be governed entirely by Dr. Wingate's opinion of our duty in the case; I acknowledged a good deal of curiosity as well as some humanity, and I boldly proposed to gratify both. But in fact I felt rather ashamed of my motives when I met Faulkner, and I righted myself in my own regard by instantly shifting my visit to the ground of friendly civility. He seemed surprised and touched to see me, and he welcomed my wife with that rather decorative politeness which men of Southern extraction use toward women. He was not going to have any of my compassion as an invalid, that was clear; and he put himself on a level with me in the matter of health at once. He said it was very good of Dr. Wingate to send me so soon, and I was very good to come; he was rather expecting the doctor himself in the afternoon; he had been out of kilter for two or three years; but he was getting all right now. I knew he did not believe this, but I made believe not to know it, and I even said, when he asked me how I was, that I was so-so; and I left him to infer that everybody was out of kilter, and perhaps just in his own way.

"Well, let us go up to the house," he said, as if this gave him a pleasure, "and find Mrs. Faulkner. You never met my wife, March? Her people used to live just outside the city line, on Pawpaw Creek. They were of New England origin," he added to my wife; "but I don't know whether you'll find her very much of a Yankee. She has passed most of her life in the West. She will be very glad to see you; we have no acquaintances about here. Your Eastern people don't catch on to the homeless stranger quite so quickly as we do in the West. I dare say they don't let go so easily, either."

We had found Faulkner at the gate of his avenue, and we began to walk with him at once toward his cottage, under the arches of the sea-beaten, somewhat wizened elms, which all slanted landward, with a writhing fling of their gray and yellow lichened boughs. It was a delicious morning, and the cool sunshine dripped in through the thin leaves, here and there blighted at the edge and faded, and seemed to lie in pools in the road. The fine

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air was fresh, and brought from a distance apparently greater than it really came, the plunge of the surf against the rocks, and the crash of the rollers along the beach. The ground fell away in a wide stretch of neglected lawn toward the water; and the autumnal dandelions lifted their stars on their tall slender stems from the long grass, which was full of late summer glint and sheen, and blowing with a delicate sway and tilt of its blades in the breeze that tossed the elms.

"What a lovely place!" sighed my wife.

"You haven't begun to see it," said Faulkner. "We've got twenty acres of land here, and all the sea and sky there are. Mrs. Faulkner will want to show you the whole affair. Did you walk up from the station? I'll send for your baggage from the house."

"That won't be necessary; I have it on my arm," said my wife, and she put her little shopping bag in evidence with a gay twirl.

"Why, but you're going to stay all night?"

"Oh, no, indeed! What would become of our children?"

"We'll send to Lynn for them."

"Thank you; it couldn't be managed. I won't try to convince you, Mr. Faulkner, but I'm sure your wife will be reasonable," she said, to forestall the protests which she saw hovering in his eyes.

I noticed that his eyes, once so beautiful, had a dull and suffering look, and the duskiness of his complexion had a kind of livid stain in it. His hair straggled from under his soft felt hat with the unkempt effect I remembered, and his dress had a sort of characteristic slovenliness. He carried a stick, and his expressive hands seemed longer and languider, as if relaxed from a nervous tension borne beyond the strength.

"Well, I'm sorry," said Faulkner. "But you're booked for the day, anyway."

My wife apparently did not think it worth while to dispute this; or perhaps she was waiting to have it out with Mrs. Faulkner. He put up his arm across my shoulder, and gave me a little pull toward him. "It's mighty pleasant to see you again, old fellow! I can't tell you *how* pleasant."

I was not to be outdone in civilities, and my cordiality in reply retrospectively established our former acquaintance on a ground of intimacy which it had never really occupied. My wife knew this and gave me a look of surprise, which I could see hardening into the resolution not to betray herself at least into insincerities.

"You'll find another old acquaintance of yours here," Faulkner went on. "You remember Nevil?"

"Your clerical friend? Yes, indeed! Is he here?" I put as much factitious rapture into my tone as it would hold.

"Yes; we were in Europe together, and he's spending a month with us here." Faulkner spoke gloomily, almost sullenly; he added, brightly, "You know I can't get along without Jim. He was in Europe with us, too, a good deal of the time. Yes, we've always been great friends."

"You remember I told you about Mr. Nevil, my dear," I explained to my wife.

"Oh, yes," she said, non-committally.

Faulkner slipped his hand from my shoulder into my arm, and gently stayed my pace a little. I perceived that he was leaning on me; but I made a feint of our being merely affectionate, and slowed my step as unconsciously as I could. He looked up under the downward slanted brim of his hat. "I expected them before this. Nevil went up to the house for my wife, and then we were going down on the rocks."

He stopped short, and rested heavily against me. I glanced round at his face: it was a lurid red, and, as it were, suffused with pain; his eyes seemed to stand full of tears; his lips were purple, and they quivered.

It was an odious moment: we could not speak or stir; we suffered too, and were cruelly embarrassed, for we felt that we must not explicitly recognize his seizure. In front of us I saw a gentleman and lady who seemed to be under something of our constraint. They were coming as swiftly as possible, without seeming to hurry, and they must have understood the situation, though they could not see his features. Before they reached us, Faulkner's face relaxed, and began to recover its natural color. He stirred, and I felt him urging me softly forward. By the time we encountered the others, he was able to say, in very much his usual tone, "My dear, this is Mrs. March, and my old friend March, that I've told you about. Nevil, you remember March? Let me present you to Mrs. March."

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My astonishment that he could accomplish these introductions was lost in the interest that Mrs. Faulkner at once inspired in my wife, as I could see, equally with myself. She must then have been about thirty, and she had lost her girlish slenderness without having lost her girlish grace. This was still almost pathetically present in the *embonpoint* to which she tended, and fitful gleams of her first youth brightened her face, her voice, her manner. There could be no doubt about her refinement, and none about her beauty; the one was as evident as the other. Her hair was a dull black; her tint a rose under brown; her eyes were angelic; deep and faithful and touching. I am sure this was the first impression of my wife as well as myself.

I shook hands with Nevil, whom I found looking not so much older as the past ten years should have made him. His dark golden hair had retreated a little on his forehead, and there were some faint, faint lines down his cheeks and his shaven lips. I saw the look of anxiety he cast furtively at Faulkner; but for that he seemed as young and high-hearted as when we first met. I searched his eyes for the calm goodness which once dwelt in them, and found it, a little saddened, a little sobered, a little more saintly, but all there, still. I cannot tell how my heart went out to him with a tenderness which nothing in his behavior toward me had ever invited. On the few occasions when we met, he had always loyally left me to Faulkner, who made all the advances and offered all the caresses, without winning any such return of affection from me as I now involuntarily felt for Nevil. Of course I looked at my wife to see what she thought of him. I saw that something in her being a woman, which drew her to Mrs. Faulkner, left her indifferent to Nevil.

IV.

"Hermia," said Faulkner, sounding the canine letter in her name with a Western strength that was full of the charm of old associations for me, "these people have got some children at Lynn, and they can't stay here overnight because they didn't bring them. I'm going to send over for them."

"Oh, I should like to see your children," she answered to my wife, cordially, yet submissively, as the way of one wise woman is with another concerning her children.

Mrs. March explained how it was in no wise possible to have the children sent for; and how we had only come for a short call. I perceived that all Mrs. Faulkner's politeness could not keep her mind on what my wife was saying: that she was scanning her husband's face with devoted intensity. The same absence showed itself in Nevil's manner. Of course they were both terribly anxious; I could understand that from what I had already seen of Faulkner's case; and in his interest they were both trying to hide their anxiety. Of course, too, he knew it on his part, and he tried to ignore their efforts at concealment. We were all playing at the futile and heart-breaking comedy which humanity obliges us to keep up with a dying man, and in which he must bear his part with the rest. We began to be even gay. Faulkner insisted again that we were good for the whole day; his wife joined him; he appealed to Nevil to put it to Mrs. March as a duty (that would fetch any New England woman, he said), and we consented to stay over lunch, in a burlesque of being kept prisoners. While this went on, I could not help noticing the quality of the look which Faulkner turned upon his wife and Nevil when he spoke to either: a sort of deadliness passing into a piteous appeal. It was very curious.

He asked if we should go down on the rocks, or up to the house, and we decided that we had better go to the house, and do the rocks after lunch: the tide was coming in, and the surf would be better and better.

"All right," he said, and we let Mr. Nevil lead the way with the ladies, while we came at a little distance behind. Faulkner began at once to praise Nevil, for his goodness in staying on with him so long after he had given up to him the whole past year in Europe. I said the proper things in appreciation, and Faulkner went on to say that Nevil had the richest and the poorest parish in our old home now, the most millionaires and the most paupers; and he had made St. Luke's a refuge and a sanctuary for them all. He said he did not suppose a man had ever been so fortunate as he was in his friendship with Nevil. At first his wife had been jealous of it, but now she had got used to it; and though he did

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not suppose she would ever quite forgive Nevil for having been his friend before her time, she tolerated him. I said I understood how that sort of thing was; and he added that there was also the religious difference: Mrs. Faulkner's people were Unitarians, and she was strenuous in their faith, where he never allowed her to be molested. We got to talking about the old times in the West, and the people whom we had known in common, and how the city had grown, and how I would hardly know where I was if I were dropped down in it. But he kept returning to Nevil and to his wife, and I became rather tired of them.

The cottage, when we reached it, afforded a relief by its extremely remarkable prettiness. Though it was so near the sea, it was almost hidden in trees, and as Faulkner said, if you did not purposely look out to the water, you could easily imagine yourself in the depths of the country. As we sat on the veranda that shaded three sides of the house, he named the different points on the coast, with the curious accuracy which some people like to achieve in particulars wholly unimportant to other people. I suppose he had amused the sad leisure of his sickness in verifying the geography, and I tried to be interested in it, though I was so much more interested in him. He sat deeply sunken in a low Japanese arm-chair of rushes, with his long lean legs one crossed on the other, and fondling the crook of his stick with his thin right hand, while he looked out to seaward under the brim of his hat pulled down to his eyes. Nevil went directly to his room when we reached the cottage, and after a little while Mrs. Faulkner took my wife away to show her the house, which was vast and extravagantly furnished for a summer cottage. "It had gone unlet until very late in the season," Faulkner said, "and you've no idea how cheap we got it. I suppose it's a little out of society, off here on this point; you see it's quite alone; but as we're out of society too, it just suits us."

He looked after his wife as she left the veranda with Mrs. March, and I fancied in his glance at her buoyant, strenuous grace and her beauty of perfect health, something of the despair with which a sick man must feel the whole world slipping from his hold, too weak to close upon the most precious possession and keep it for his helplessness even while he stays.

The ladies were gone a good while, and he rambled on incessantly as if to keep me from thinking about his condition; or at least I fancied this, because I could not help thinking of it. Just as they returned, he was asking me, "Do you remember our talking that night about Kant's dreams, and—" He stopped, and called out to my wife, "Well, don't you think we are in luck?"

"Luck doesn't express it, Mr. Faulkner. You're in clover, knee-deep. I didn't imagine there was such a place, anywhere."

"After lunch we must show you our old garden, as well as the rocks," said Faulkner. "At present I don't see how we could do better than stay where we are."

I thought he was going to recur to the subject he had dropped at sight of the returning ladies, but he did not. He asked my wife if Mrs. Faulkner had shown her the copy they had made of Murillo's Madonna, and he talked about its qualities with an authoritative ignorance of art which I should have found amusing in different circumstances. He had made a complete collection of all the engravings of this Madonna, and of all the sentimental Madonnas of the Parmesan school. He considered them very spiritual, and said he would show them to us, some time; he always carried them about with him; but he wanted to keep something to tempt us back another day. He asked her if she cared for rare editions, and said he wished he had his large paper copies with him. He told her I would remember them, and I pretended that I did. I do not think Faulkner had read much since I saw him. He talked about Bulwer and Dickens and Cherbuliez and Octave Feuillet as if they were modern. But nobody came up to Victor Hugo. Of course we had both read *Les Misérables*? Mrs. Faulkner, he said, was crazy about a Russian fellow: Tourguénief. Had we read him, and could we make anything out of him? Faulkner could not, for his part. Were we ever going to have any great poets again? Byron was the last that you could really call great.

His wife listened in a watchful abeyance to see if he needed anything, or felt worse, or was getting tired. From time to time he sent her for some book, or print, or curio that he mentioned, and whenever she came back, he gave her first

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that deadly look. Afterward, I fancied that he despatched her on these errands to make experiment of how the sight of her would affect him at each return.

The sea stretched a vast shimmer of thin grayish blue under the perfect sky; and the ships moved half sunk on its rim, or seemed buoyantly lifting from it for flight in the nearer distance. The colors were those of an aquarelle, washes of this tint and that, bodyless and impalpable, and they were attenuated to the last thinness in the long yellow curve of beach, and the break of the shallow rollers upon it. Faulkner said they never got tired of looking; there was one effect on the wide wet beach, which he wished we could see, when people were riding toward you, and seemed to be walking on some kind of extraordinary stilts.

Mr. Nevil came down, and then Mrs. Faulkner said it must be near lunch-time, and asked my wife and me if we would not like to go to our room first.

V.

As soon as the door closed upon us, my wife broke out: "*Well*, my dear! it's just as I imagined. What a tiresome creature! And how ignorant and arrogant! Is *that* what you called a cultivated person in the West?"

"Well, I don't think I shall quite hold myself responsible for Faulkner; I'll own he hasn't improved since I saw him last. But I always told you he was a sentimentalist."

"Sentimentalist! He's one *sop* of sentiment; and as conventional! Second-rate and second-hand! Why my *dear!* Could you ever have thought there was anything to that man?"

"Well, certainly more than I do at present. But I don't recollect that I ever boasted him Apollo and the nine Muses all boiled down into one."

She did not relent. "Why, compared with him, that Mr. Nevil is a burning and a shining light."

"Nevil has certainly gathered brilliancy somehow," I admitted.

"It's quite like such a man as Faulkner to want a three-cornered household. I think the man who can't give up his intimate friends after he's married, is always a kind of weakling. He has no right to them; it's a tacit reflection on his wife's heart and mind."

"Yes, I think you're quite right, there," I said, waiting for her to put the restorative touches to the bang which the sea-breeze had made a little too limp for social purposes; and we went over together the list of households we knew in which the husband supplemented himself with a familiar friend. We agreed that it was the innocence of our life that made it so common, but we said all the same that it was undignified and silly and mischievous. It kept the husband and wife apart, and kept them from the absolutely free exchange of tendernesses at any and every moment, and forbade them the equally wholesome immediate expressions of resentments, or else gave their quarrels a witness whom they could not look at without remembering that they had quarrelled in his presence. We made allowance for the difference in the case of Nevil and the Faulkners; there was now at least a real reason for his being with them; they would have been singularly lonely and helpless without him.

"They have no children!" said my wife. "That says it all. They are really not a family. Oh, dear! I hope it isn't wicked for us to be so happy in our children, Basil."

"It's a sin that I think I can brazen out at the Day of Judgment," I answered. "What does she say when you have her alone with another woman?"

"Well, there you've hit upon the true test, my dear. If a person's genuine, and not a *poseuse*, she's more interesting when you have her alone with another woman, than when you have her with a lot of men. And Mrs. Faulkner stands the test. Yes, she's a great creature."

"Why, what did she say?"

"Say? Nothing! You don't have to *say* anything. You merely have to *be*."

"Oh! That seems rather simple."

"Stuff! You know what I mean. You're the true blue, if you don't begin to fade or change your tone, in the least. If you remain just what you were, and are not anxious to get away. If you have repose, and are unselfish enough to be truly polite. If you make the other woman that you're alone with feel that she's just as well worth while as a man. And that can't be done by *saying*. Now do you understand?"

"Yes; and it appears difficult."

"Difficult? It's next to impossible!"

"And it can all be conveyed by manner?"

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"Of course we talked—"

"She must have flattered you enormously."

"She praised *you!*"

"Oh!" I said, in admiration of the way my point was turned against me. But I was not satisfied with my wife's judgment of Faulkner. I could not say it was unjust to the facts before her; but I felt that something was left out of the account: something that she as a woman and an Easterner could not take into the account. We men and we Westerners have a civilization of our own.

She went on to say, "Of course, I couldn't be with her for a quarter of an hour, and especially after I had seen what *he* was, without understanding her marriage. She's a great deal younger than he is; and she was earning her own living, poor thing, and perhaps supporting her family—"

"Oh, oh! What jumps!"

"At any rate, she was poor, and they were poor; and she was dazzled by his offer, and might easily have supposed herself in love with him. Her people would be flattered too, if they were not quite up to her, and he was a great swell among you, out there, and rich, and all that. Of course, she simply *had* to marry him. And then—she outgrew him. With her taste and her sense, it could only be a question of time. I know she was writhing inwardly through all his pretentious, ignorant talk about art and literature; but with her ideal of duty, she would rather *die* than let anybody see that she *didn't* think him the greatest and wisest of human creatures. They have no children; and that might be fatal to any woman that was less noble and heroic than she is. But she's simply made *him* her child, since his sickness, and devoted herself to him, and that's been their salvation. She won't let herself see any fault in him, or anything offensive or conceited or petty."

"Did she tell you all this?"

"What an idea! I *knew* it from the way she kept lugging him in, and relating everything to him. You could see she was simply determined to do it."

"Oh, then you've romanced all this about her! Suppose I begin, now, and romance poor old Faulkner?"

"You're welcome—if you can make anything out of him."

"Well, of course, I'm at a disadvantage. In the first place, he isn't quite so pretty as his wife—"

"No, he *isn't!*"

"And his name isn't Hermia, or Hannah."

"Oh, it *is* Hermia!" my wife interrupted. "I'm satisfied of that. But what geese her parents must have been to call her so!"

I ignored the interpolation. "And he hasn't got an undulating walk, and he doesn't tilt his head a little on one side as if it were a heavy rose; and he hasn't got a complexion of russet crimsoned; and his hair isn't thick and dull black and fluffy over the forehead; and he isn't round and strong and firm."

My wife had quite finished repairing her disordered bang, and we had abandoned ourselves entirely to controversy. A knock at the door startled us, and it was Mrs. Faulkner's voice which said outside, "Lunch is ready."

My wife seized my wrist melodramatically, and almost at the moment of answering, in a sweet, high society tone, "Yes, yes, thank you! We're *quite* ready too!" she hissed in my ear, "Basil! Do you suppose she *heard* you?"

"If she did," I said, "she must have thought I was praising Faulkner's beauty."

VI.

The lunch was a proof of Mrs. Faulkner's native skill as a house-keeper, in all its appointments, and of her experience and observation of certain details of touch and flavor, acclimated and naturalized to the American kitchen from the cuisines of southern Europe. It meant money, but not money alone; it meant sympathy and appreciation and the artistic sense. I could see that my wife ate every morsel with triumph over me: I could feel that without looking at her: and she rendered merit to Mrs. Faulkner for it all, as much as if she had cooked it, created it. In fact I knew that my wife had fallen in love with her: and when you have fallen in love with a married woman you must of course hate her husband, especially if you are another woman.

I thought this reflection rather neat, and I wished that I could have a chance to say it to my wife; but none offered till it was forever too late; none offered at all in effect. After lunch we went that walk they had planned, and this time Faulkner took the two ladies in charge,

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or rather he fell to them, that he might tacitly be under his wife's care. I heard him, as I lagged behind with Nevil, devoting himself to Mrs. March with his decorative politeness, and I longed in vain to beg the poor man to spare himself.

Nevil and I spoke irrelevancies till we had dropped back out of ear-shot. Then he asked, "How do you find Faulkner?" and looked at me.

There was no reason why I should not be honest. "Well, I confess he gave me a great shock."

"When he had that seizure?"

"Yes."

"But generally speaking?"

"Generally speaking he seems to me a very sick man."

"You see him at his best," said Nevil; and he fetched a deep sigh. "This is an exceptionally good day with him."

"Does he suffer often in that way?"

"Yes, rather often."

"And is he in danger at such times?"

"The greatest. The chance is that he will not live through such a seizure; he may die at any moment without the seizure. Any little excitement may bring on the paroxysm. I suppose it was seeing you unexpectedly."

"Of course, I didn't know we should meet him."

"Oh, no one was to blame," said Nevil. "The inevitable can't be avoided. Somehow it must come."

We were silent. Then I said, "He seemed to be in great agony."

"I suppose we can't imagine such agony."

"And is there no hope for him?"

"I understand, none at all."

"And he must go on suffering that way till— It's horrible! He'd better be dead!" I said, remembering the atrocity of the anguish which Faulkner's face had betrayed: the livid lips, the suffused eyes, the dumb ache visible in every fibre of his dull, copper-tinted visage.

"Ah!" said Nevil, with another long, quivering sigh. "We mustn't allow ourselves to say such things, or even to think them. The appeal to death from the most intolerable pain, it's going from the known to the unknown. Death is in the hands of God, as life is; he giveth and he taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! Blessed, blessed!" He dropped his head, and lifted it suddenly. "We must say that all the more when we see such hopeless, senseless torment as Faulkner's. I've often tried to think what Christ meant by that cry of his on the cross, 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me?' It couldn't have been that he doubted his Father; that's monstrous. But perhaps in the exquisite torture that he suffered, his weak, bewildered human nature forgot, lost for the dire moment, the reason of pain."

"And is there any reason for pain?" I asked, sceptically. "Or any except that it frays away the tissues whose tatters are to let the spirit through?"

"I used not to think so, and I used to groan in despair when I could see no other reason for it. What can we say about the pain that does not end in death? Is it wasted, suffered to no end? Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall man work wisely, usefully, definitely, and God work stupidly, idly, purposelessly? It's impossible! Our whole being denies it; whatever we see or hear, of waste or aimlessness in the universe, which seems to affirm it, we know to be an illusion: our very nature protests it so. But I could not reason to the reason, and I owe my release to the suggestion of a friend whose experience of suffering had schooled him to clearer and deeper insight than mine. He had perceived, or it had been given him to feel, that no pang we suffer in soul or sense is lost or wasted, but is suffered to the good of some one, or of all. How, we shall some time know; and why. For the present the assurance that it is so is enough for me, and it enables me to be patient with the suffering of a man who is more to me than any brother could be. Sometimes it seems to me the clew to the whole labyrinthine mystery of life and death, of Being and Not-being."

"It's a great thought," I said. "It's immensely comforting. What does Faulkner think of it? Have you ever suggested it to him?"

I could not tell whether he fancied an edge of irony in my question; but it seemed as if he spiritually withdrew from me a little way, and then disciplined himself and returned. "No," he said, gently. "Faulkner rejects everything. As he says, he is going it blind. He says it will soon be over with him, and then if he sleeps, it will be well with him, and if he wakes, it can't be worse with him than it is now; and so he won't worry about the

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why or wherefore of anything, since he can't help it."

"That doesn't seem a bad kind of philosophy," I mused aloud.

"No. Whatever we call such a frame of mind, it's practically trust in God. And I don't judge Faulkner, if his resignation is sometimes rather contemptuous in its expression. I wish it were otherwise; but I doubt if he's always quite master of himself."

We walked slowly on. Faulkner, I knew, was aware of his condition, and I thought his courage splendid, in view of it. I wondered if his wife knew it as fully as he; probably she did; and when I considered this, I appeared to myself the most trivial of human beings, though I am not so sure now that I was. We are all what the absence, not the presence, of death has made us.

I found myself at a stand-still, and I perceived that Nevil had halted me. "Did it strike you—have you seen anything strange — peculiar — in Faulkner's manner?"

"No," I returned. "That is, how do you mean?"

"I've sometimes fancied, lately—I've been afraid—that his mind was giving way under the stress of his suffering. It's something that often happens—it's something that Dr. Wingate has apprehended."

"Good heavens! That would be too much. I saw no sign of it. He recurred once, just before lunch, to that night when we first met at his house, and had that talk about Kant's dreams, and De Quincey. I thought he was going to say something; but just then the ladies came back to us, and he began to talk to them."

Nevil looked at me fixedly. "Very likely I'm mistaken. Perhaps my own mind isn't standing it very well! But the fear of that additional horror—I assure you that it makes my heart stop when I think of it. I ought to go away. I ought to be at home; I've spent the past year in Europe with the Faulkners, as—as their guest —and I have no right to a vacation this summer. There are duties, interests, claims upon me, that I'm neglecting in my proper work; and yet I can't tear myself away from him—from them."

We stood facing each other, and Nevil was speaking with the perturbation of an anxiety still suppressed, but now finding vent for the first time, and carrying us deep into an intimacy unwarranted by the casual character of our acquaintance.

I heard my wife's voice calling, "Come, come!" and I looked up to see both of the ladies waving their handkerchiefs from an open gate where they stood, and beckoning us on.

"Oh, yes," said Nevil. "That's the old garden."

VII.

Some former proprietor had built a paling of slender strips of wood ten or twelve feet high, and set so close together as almost to touch one another; and in this shelter from the salt gales had planted a garden on the southward, seaward slope, which must once have flourished in delicious luxuriance. The paling, weather-beaten a silvery gray, and blotched with lichens, sagged and swayed all out of plumb, with here and there a belvedere trembling upon rotting posts, and reached by broken steps, for the outlook over a tumult of vast rocks to the illimitable welter of the sea. Within the garden close there were old greenhouses and graperies, their roofs sunken in and their glass shattered, where every spring the tall weeds sprang up to the light, and withered in midsummer for want of moisture, and the Black Hamburgs and Sweetwaters set in large clusters whose berries mildewed and burst, and moldered away in never-riping decay. Broken flower-pots strewed the ground about them, and filled the tangles of the grass; but nature took up the work from art, and continued the old garden in her wilding fashion to an effect of disordered loveliness that was full of poetry sad to heart-break. Neglected rose-bushes straggled and fell in the high grass, their leaves tattered and skeletoned by slugs and blight; but here and there they still lifted a belated flower. The terraced garden beds were dense with witch-grass, through which the blackberry vines trailed their leaves, already on fire with autumn; young sumach-trees and Balm of Gilead scrub had sprung up in the paths, and about among the abandon and oblivion of former symmetry, stiff borders of box gave out their pungent odor in the sun that shone through clumps of tiger-lilies. The pear-trees in their places had been untouched by the pruning-knife for many a year, but they bore on their knotty and distorted scions, swollen to black lumps, crops of gnarled and misshapen fruit that

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bowed their branches to the ground; some peach-trees held a few leprous peaches, pale, and spotted with the gum that exuded from their limbs and trunks; over staggering trellises the grape-vines clung, and dangled imperfect bunches of Isabellas and Concords.

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Faulkner, with a sort of pride in our sensation, as if he had invented the place.

"Perfect! Perfect!" cried my wife, absorbing all its sentiment in a long, indrawn sigh. "Nothing could possibly be better. You can't believe you're in America, here!"

He smiled in sympathy, and said, "No; for all practical purposes this is as old as Cæsar. That's what I used to feel, over there. You can hold only just so much antiquity. The ruin of twenty years, if it's complete in its way, can fill you as full as the ruin of a thousand."

"Yes, that's true," my wife answered, and I saw her eyes begin to light up with liking for a man who could express her feeling so well.

"But to enjoy perfectly a melancholy, a desolation, a crazy charm, a dead and dying beauty like this," he went on, "one ought to be very young, and prosperous and happy. Then it would exhale all the sweetness of its melancholy, and distil into one's cup the drop of pathos that gives pleasure its keenest thrill." His voice broke with a feeling that forbade me to censure his words for magniloquence.

It seemed to make his wife uneasy; perhaps from long, close observation of him she knew how often the spiritual throe runs into the physical pang, and feared for the effect of his mood upon him.

"Shall we go on and show them the rocks from the Point, or from one of the belvederes here?" she asked.

"I don't care," he said, wearily; and again I saw that deadliness in the look he gave her. Then he seemed to recollect himself, and added, politely, "I'm afraid of those belvederes; you can't tell what moment they're going to give way. Better go out to the Point."

"Do you think," she entreated, "you had better walk so far?"

"Well, perhaps March will stay here with me awhile, and we can follow you later. I'm all right; only a little tired."

I acquiesced, of course, and the ladies, after the usual flutter of civilities, started on. Nevil lingered to ask, "Doug, don't you think I'd better go back and leave word for the doctor where he'll find you, if he happens to come before we return to the house?"

"Oh, I've arranged all that," said Faulkner, with a kind of dryness, as it seemed, though it might have been merely a sick man's impatience; and he did not look up after Nevil as he turned away.

We stood silent a moment, after he left us, and I said, to break the constraint, "How much all this seems like those been-there-before seizures which we used to make so much of when we were young! This garden, this sky, the sea out there, the very *feel* of the air, are as familiar to me as any most intimate experience of my life, and yet I know it's all as unreal, as unsubstantial historically, as the shadow of a dream."

"How horribly," said Faulkner, as if he had not heard me, "those old flower beds look like graves! I was going to sit down on one of them, but I can't do it."

"It would have been pretty damp, anyway; wouldn't it?" I suggested.

"Perhaps. We can sit in that idiotic arbor, I suppose."

He nodded at the frail structure on the terrace below where we stood: two sides of trellis meeting in an arch, and canted over like the belvederes; a dead grape-vine hung upon it. I stepped down, and made sure of the benches which faced each other under the arch. "Yes; they're all right. Nothing could be better;" and Faulkner followed me, and took one of them. After some experiment of its strength, he leaned back in the corner of the arbor, and put his legs up along the seat.

The hoarse plunge and wash of the surf on the rocks below the garden filled the air like the texture of a denser silence; around us the crickets and grasshoppers blent their monotonies with it.

"Why do you call the shadow of a dream unsubstantial?" he demanded.

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I don't suppose I meant to say that it was more unsubstantial than other shadows."

"No. Of course." He dropped his eyelids, and went on talking with them closed: the effect was curious; perhaps he found he could keep himself calmer in that way. "I began to speak to you a little while ago of the talk we had that

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night at my house about old Kant's nightmares."

"Oh, yes; poor old fellow! It was awful, his being afraid to go to sleep because he was sure to have them. I don't know but that's a touch worse than not being able to go to sleep at all. Just imagine: as soon as you drop off to refreshing slumber, as you would otherwise expect, you find you've dropped as it were into hell."

"Yes; that's it," said Faulkner. "I wonder if it was the same thing over and over?"

"I don't remember what De Quincey says about that; and I don't know whether that would be worse or not. Perhaps, torment for torment, infernal monotony would be more infernal than infernal variety. But there couldn't be much choice."

Faulkner did not speak at once. Then he asked, "Did you ever have a recurrent dream?"

"A dream that repeated itself several times the same night? Yes; I've waked from a dream—or seemed to wake—and then fallen asleep and dreamed it again; and then waked and slept and dreamed it a third time. I suppose nearly every one has had that experience."

"I don't mean that kind of dream," said Faulkner. "I mean a dream that recurs regularly, once a week or so, with little or no change in its incidents."

"No, I never had that kind of dream; I don't know that I ever heard of such a dream. I remember your speaking that night about shameful dreams, that projected a sense of dishonor over half the next day. I've had that kind. They're a great nuisance. And then, if I've made free, as one's appallingly apt to do in such dreams, with persons of my acquaintance, it's extremely embarrassing to meet them." Faulkner smiled, and I asked, "Do you find that your dream habit has changed since you were younger?"

"Yes; the dreams are more vivid; but usually I don't remember them so distinctly. I suppose it's like life: we experience things with a sharper and fuller consciousness than we once did, but they leave less impression."

"Yes, yes!" I assented. "I wonder why?"

"Oh, I suppose because the fact is inscribed upon a surface that's already occupied. We're all old palimpsests by the time we reach forty. In youth we present a *tabula rasa* to experience."

"Then I should think we wouldn't receive impressions with that sharper and fuller consciousness," I suggested. "And yet I know we do."

"I don't understand it either," said Faulkner.

"There's one thing I've noticed of late years in my own dream habit, which I don't remember in the past. I go to sleep sometimes—almost always in my afternoon naps—with a perfectly wide-awake knowledge that I'm doing so; and I'm able to pass the bounds with my eyes open, as it were. I can say to myself as I drowse off, 'This is a dream thought,' if I find something grotesque floating through my mind, and then, 'This is a waking thought,' when there is something logical and matter-of-fact. I come and go, that way, half a dozen times before I lose myself."

"That is very curious, very interesting," said Faulkner; and he raised his heavy eyelids for a smiling glance at me, and then let them drop. His face sobered almost to frowning sternness as he went on. "There's a whole region of experience—half the map of our life—that they tell us must always remain a wilderness, with all its extraordinary phenomena irredeemably savage and senseless. For my part, I don't believe it. I will put the wisdom of the ancients before the science of the moderns, and I will say with Elihu, 'In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.'"

"It's noble poetry," I said.

"It's more than that," said Faulkner. "It's truth."

"Perhaps it was in the beginning, when men lived nearer to the origin of life, but I doubt if it's more than noble poetry now; though that of course is truth in its way."

Faulkner opened his eyes and let his legs drop to the ground. I saw that my dissent had excited him, and I was sorry; I resolved to agree with him at the first possible moment.

"Why should God be farther from men in our days than He was in Job's?" he demanded.

"It isn't that," I said. "It's men who are farther from God."

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"Oh! *That's* a pretty quibble. But it gives you away, all the same. Do you mean to say that if you had a graphic and circumstantial dream, about something of importance to you — something you intended to do, a journey you intended to take, or an enterprise you were thinking of—and your dream contained a forecast or warning, do you mean to say you wouldn't be influenced by it?"

"Certainly I should," I answered; and I couldn't help adding, "or rather, the ancestral tent-dweller within me, would be influenced."

"Oh!" Faulkner sneered. "God's neighbor, or the neighbor of God?"

I had made a bad business of trying to agree with him. I braced myself for another effort. "Why, Faulkner, *I* don't deny anything. All that I contend for is that we should not throw away 'the long result of time,' and return to the bondage of the superstitions that cursed the childhood of the race, that blackened every joy of its youth, and spread a veil of innocent blood between it and the skies. There may be something in dreams; if there is, our thoughts, not our fears, will find it out. I am a coward, like everybody else; perhaps rather more of a coward; but if I had a dream that contained a forecast or a warning of evil, I should feel it my duty in the interest of civilization to defy it; though I don't say I should be able to do it. On the contrary, I think very likely I should lie down under it, and shudder out some propitiatory aspiration to the offended fetich that was threatening me."

Faulkner seemed a little placated. "I understand what you mean; and I know the danger of giving way to the nervous tremors that vibrate in us from the horrible old times when, on this very coast, a wretched woman would have been caught up and flung in jail, and hung on the gallows, because some distempered child had dreamed that it saw her with the Black Man in the forest. But I'm not ready to say that a dream, recurring and recurring with the clearest circumstance, and without variation in its details, is idle and meaningless. Who is that Frenchman who wrote about the diseases of personality? Ribot! Well, he tells how people about to be attacked by disease are 'warned in a dream' of what is to happen. A man dreams of a mad dog, and wakes up with a malignant ulcer in the spot where he was bitten; dreams of an epileptic, and wakes to have his first fit; dreams of a deaf-mute, and wakes with palsied tongue. He says that these are intimations of calamity from the recesses of the organism to the nerve centres, which we don't notice in the hurly-burly of conscious life."

"Yes, I remember that passage. And I have had one such experience myself," I said.

"Very well, then," said Faulkner. "If in the physical, why not in the moral world? If you dream persistently of evil, of perfidy, of treachery, so distinctly and perfectly bodied forth that when you wake the dream seems the reality, and your consciousness the delusion, why should you treat your vision with contempt? Why should not the psychologist respect it as something quite as gravely significant in its way as those dream hints of impending malady which no pathologist would ignore?"

I now perceived that I was in the presence of what was on Faulkner's mind. I did not know what it was, and I did not expect that he would tell me. I did not wish him to tell me; I fancied that I might help him better, if I did not know just the make and manner of his trouble; and I longed to help him, for I saw that he longed for help. I felt that his logic was false, and I believed that he had entangled himself in it only after many attempts to escape it; but I did not know just which point of it to touch first. I felt him looking at me with imploring challenge, but I did not lift my head till I heard a step in the long, tangled grass, and heard the voice of Dr. Wingate in a cheerful, "Hello! hello! You here, March? Well, that's good!"

Another step, another voice would have been startling; but these were with us, in a manner, before we heard them, and they brought support and repose with them.

"I'm glad to see you, doctor," I said, without making ceremony of the greetings which I saw he was disposed to ignore.

He shook hands impartially with Faulkner and with me as if he were no more interested in one than the other; his large, honest, friendly stomach bowed out as he stood a moment wiping the sweat from his forehead, and looking round him. "*Isn't* this a nice old place? I never see this garden without a kind of satisfaction

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in it as one of the things that money can't buy. There are mighty few of them. But here's one that only the loss of money can buy. Heigh?"

Wingate sat down, tentatively at first, on the other end of my seat, and faced Faulkner, still without seeming to take any special interest in him.

I repeated, "I'm glad to see you, doctor; and I'm particularly glad to see you in a metaphysical mood, for Faulkner, here, has got me in a corner, and I want you to get me out."

"Ah? Am I in a metaphysical mood? What's your corner?" The doctor worked his elbow into the trellis behind him, and then swayed back on it.

"We were talking about dreams," I said, "and we had got as far as Ribot, and his instances of dreams that prophesy maladies. You know them."

"Oh, yes. Well?"

"Well, Faulkner says if a man dreams of physical evil, and the dream is prophetic, or worthy of scientific regard, why shouldn't the dream that forebodes moral evil be considered seriously too; why shouldn't it be held to be truly prophetic?"

The doctor smiled. "It seems to me you're pretty easily cornered. I should say that the dream of moral evil should certainly be seriously considered: not as prophetic in the least of what it foreboded, but as prophetic of very grave mental disturbance,—if it persisted. I should be afraid that it was the rehearsal of a mania that was soon to burst out in waking madness. If it persisted," said the doctor, looking still at me—"if it persisted, I should feel anxious for the dreamer's sanity."

Faulkner sat with his face twisted away from us, as if the doctor had been looking at him, and he wished to avoid his eye. "I don't see," I said, "but what that settles it, Faulkner?"

"Oh, it's a very good answer in its way," said Faulkner, still without looking at us. "But it takes no account of the spiritual element in such experiences."

"No," said the doctor; "and I should be ashamed of it if it did. As long as we have on this muddy vesture of decay, the less medicine meddles and makes with our immortal part, the better. Of course, I'm not speaking for the Christian Scientists."

"Then you don't consider the mind immortal?" demanded Faulkner.

"I don't consider the brain immortal. And I think I've seen the mind in decay."

We were all silent. I found a comfort in this robust and clear refusal of Wingate's to dally with any sort of ifs and ans, and to deal only with the facts of experience, which I felt must impart itself in some measure to Faulkner, even through his refusal. At the same time I was a little ashamed of not having myself been able to come to his rescue. The silence prolonged itself, and I began to see that the doctor wished to be alone with his patient, who perhaps was willing to part with me too.

Wingate asked, "Where's Mrs. Faulkner?" and this gave me my chance to get away with dignity.

"She and my wife are off at the Point, looking at the rocks. I'll go and tell her you've come."

"Oh, there's nothing especial. I merely wanted to ask her a few little things. You needn't hurry her back."

He left his place beside me, and went over to Faulkner, whose wrist he took between his fingers. He had dropped it, when I looked back, after I left them, and then, with the distinctness that one sense lends another, I partly heard, partly saw him say: "If you don't, it will not only drive you mad; it will kill you."

The doctor's voice came to me in the same key of strenuous, almost angry remonstrance, after I hurried into the lane from the garden, but I could not make out the words any longer.

VIII.

I reached the cliff that overlooked the rocks, and stood a moment staring out on that image of eternity: the infinite waters, seasonless, changeless, boundless. The tide was still coming in, with that slow, resistless invasion of the land which is like the closing in of death upon the borders of life. In successive plunges, it pounded on the outer reef, and brawled foaming in over the broken granite shore, lifting and tossing the sea-weed of the bowlders, which spread and swayed before it like the hair of drowned Titans, and lunged into the hollow murmuring caverns, to suck back again, and pull down a stretch of gravelly beach, with a long snarl of the pebbles torn from their beds. A mist was coming up from the farther ocean; and the sails on the horizon were melting into it.

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I saw my wife down on the rocks near the water, with Nevil; on a height nearer me stood Mrs. Faulkner, fronting seaward, a solitary figure that looked wistful on the peak that lifted and defined her against the curtain of the waters. She was quite motionless, like a statue there. She stirred, and exchanged with those below gesticulations of the gay, meaningless sort which people make one another for no reason in the presence of scenes of natural grandeur. She faced about, and at sight of me began instantly to run toward me. I waved to her not to come, and hurried down the rocks to meet her. But I could not stop her, and she was quite breathless when we reached each other.

"What—what is it?" she gasped.

"Nothing whatever!" I returned. "Doctor Wingate is with Mr. Faulkner, and I've profited by the opportunity to come off and admire your rocks. Will you tell me how my wife ever got down there alive, or expects to get back?"

"Does he want me? Did the doctor send for me?"

"Not just at present," I answered her first question. "He asked for you, but he said there was no occasion for hurry."

"Oh, then, I'll go at once," she said, quite as if I had begged her not to lose a moment.

My wife and Nevil had now caught sight of us together, and started excitedly up the rocks. I waved and beckoned to them in vain; it was a panic. I laughed to see Nevil clamber upward forgetful of my wife, and then, recollecting her, go back, and pull her after him. At one point of his progress he lost his balance, and rolled down to her feet. Mrs. Faulkner laughed hysterically with me, and then began to cry.

"He's up again — he isn't hurt!" I shouted. "Good heavens! What an unnecessary excitement! Didn't you all expect me to come? Did you suppose I could come invisibly?"

"No—no! But we expected Mr. Faulkner with you!"

"Yes, that's all right. But he preferred to remain with the doctor. I should have staid myself, if I could have imagined the trouble I was going to make."

"I will run on," she said. "You can wait for them."

"Why, there's no occasion for running." But she had already started, and was flying down the long slope that rose to the cliff, and I had no choice but to wait, and try to keep the others from following her at the same breakneck speed. I was getting angry, and my temper was not improved when my wife called out as soon as she was within ear-shot, "What is it? What is it? Has anything happened?"

"No! Nothing whatever!"

"Then what made you wave to us? You have almost killed us!"

"I waved, to stop you."

She did not regard the words. "What is Mrs. Faulkner running so, for?"

"You'd better ask her, if you ever overtake her. *I* don't know. I told her the doctor said she needn't hurry, and she started off like the wind."

"Oh my goodness! Is the *doctor* there?"

"Really, my dear—" I began; but Nevil interposed in time.

"We rather expected him to-day," he said to my wife.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Faulkner said so," she recollected. "But of course Mrs. Faulkner is so anxious about her husband that she can't bear to lose a word of what the doctor says to him."

"Well, that's something intelligible," I said, as we moved slowly after her: she was just vanishing into the wilding growth of trees that skirted the old garden. "But you can imagine my astonishment in coming up with a reassuring message, to have it act upon her like a fire-alarm. However, my calming presence seems to have had that effect upon everybody."

Nevil did not concern himself with my personal grievance. In that tumble of his he must have fallen upon some scene of extinct revelry, for he carried on his back a collection of broken egg-shells, clam-shells, bits of charred drift-wood, burnt sea-weed, and other vestiges of a former clam-bake. "Allow me!" I said, and I brushed some of them off, as he walked and talked along unheeding.

"No one can imagine," he said, "the perpetual tension of her anxiety, her incessant devotion."

"Oh, *I* can!" said my wife, with a meritorious effect of being one of the true faith as regarded Mrs. Faulkner, and of excluding me tacitly from the communion, which I found much harder to bear than Nevil's indifference.

"Oh," I said, coolly, "isn't it such as

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any woman would feel in her circumstances?"

My wife gave me a look that I should have deserved, perhaps, if I had blasphemed.

"No one," said Nevil, "was ever in quite such painful circumstances. If you had seen the strain she is under, as I have, for a whole year, you would understand this."

"Yes, yes. Of course. It's as painful as it can be; but it isn't more painful than the case of many another woman who has seen her husband suffering, and dying by moments under her eyes." I obeyed a perverse impulse to go on and say, though I felt my wife's eyes dwelling in horrified reproach upon me, "I don't mean to depreciate Mrs. Faulkner in any sense, or to question the exquisite poignancy of her trials and her self-sacrifice."

"But you *do!*" said my wife. "You do *both!* You are talking of something you don't know about. If you did, you couldn't —or, I hope at least you wouldn't—talk so."

Nevil said, with the humane wish to mitigate the effect of her severity, "Mrs. March has divined the peculiarly painful feature in the case. It isn't a thing we should have ventured to speak of, if we hadn't somehow seemed to approach it simultaneously."

"You mean," I said, "his aversion to her?"

"Yes!" answered Nevil, in astonishment. "Have you—have *you* noticed it, too?"

"From the first moment I saw them together. But it wasn't a thing I could make sure of until now. I suppose I was waiting to approach it simultaneously, too."

Nevil did not heed the little jibe, and my wife noticed it only to contemn it with a look. "And how do you account for it?" he implored. "How can you explain such a terrible thing? That he should have conceived this unkindness, this repulsion for that hapless creature, whose whole existence is centred in her love of him? Ah, you haven't seen— There have been times— I suppose I am speaking to friends of his who feel exactly as I do about him?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried my wife, as one in authority for both of us.

"There have been times, within the past six months, and especially during the past month, when, if I hadn't known it was the same man, I could hardly have believed it was Faulkner, in his treatment of her."

"Perhaps it wasn't Faulkner," I suggested.

"You mean that—"

"He isn't himself. You mentioned it."

"Yes. I should be glad to believe that, sometimes, dreadful as it is. It's so much less dreadful than the idea that he could change toward her in this hour of their dire need and mutual helplessness; and should leave her widowed of his love before she is widowed of his life." Nevil went on: "You couldn't at all appreciate the situation unless you had known them together from the beginning of their acquaintance, as I have. In fact, I was the means of bringing them together; at least I introduced them to each other. With him it was a case of love at first sight. He was much older than she—ten or twelve years; but I don't believe anybody had ever struck Faulkner's fancy before, in spite of all that talk about Miss Ludlow."

"Oh," I said, with a smile of reminiscence, "everybody was expected to be in love with Miss Ludlow, and to be rejected by her."

"I'm sure Faulkner was neither," said Nevil. "You know his romantic nature. He kept it hidden in his public life, but in all his personal relations he gave it full play. He's a man who has lived the poetry that another man would have written; and he's such a *great* soul that I think it rather pleased him to be that one of the two who must always love the most, in every marriage. To give more love than she gave him, I think he was glad to do that, and that he looked forward to all the future as the field for winning her to a love as perfect as the trust which she had in him. He used to talk with me about it before they were married—you know how boyishly simple-hearted he always was; of course since that, not a syllable. But his victory came sooner than he could have expected. Shortly after their marriage—in fact on their wedding journey to Europe—she fell very sick, and hovered between life and death for a long time. He made himself her nurse; he wouldn't allow any one else to come near her; he brought her back to health and the full strength of her youth. I don't know whether I

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ought to repeat a conjecture of Dr. Wingate's—it's merely a conjecture, and Mrs. Faulkner of course has never heard the slightest hint of it. But you know Faulkner was always a delicate fellow, with a force that was entirely nervous; and the doctor once said to me that he might have developed the tendency he was born with, by overtasking himself in care of her. The bending over, so much, was bad; the lifting, in that posture; and then, when she left her bed, he used to carry her about in his arms, up and down stairs, and everywhere."

"Ah!" sighed my wife, "how cruel life is! But how beautiful, how grand!"

"A nature," I said, without looking at her, "that might impress the casual observer as a mere sop of sentiment, is often capable of that sort of devotion. In fact I suppose that the people we call sentimentalists are merely poets who lack the artistic faculty of expression, and have to live their poetry, as you say, instead of writing it."

I spoke to Nevil, but he replied to my wife, who cried out, "Oh, I hope she'll never know it! I hope she'll die without knowing it!"

"She's a woman who could bear to know it," he said, "if any woman ever could. But if she had known it she could not possibly have lived more singly for him than she has done ever since. I don't know," he went on in a kind of muse, "whether her devotion was love in the usual way. It has always seemed to me to ignore that, to leave that out of the question; perhaps to take that for granted, as a trivial thing that need hardly be reckoned in the large account. Their not having children, that, too, has kept them, in a way, like a young couple; they have had only each other to dedicate themselves to. I don't mean that they have not had higher interests, spiritual interests. Faulkner, you know, has always been a faithful churchman, and Mrs. Faulkner, in her way—it may be your way, too—"

"We are Unitarians," said my wife, firmly.

Nevil bowed tolerantly. "Mrs. Faulkner is a very religious person. But one could not live with them, as I have done, for months at a time, and now for a whole year past, without seeing that he was first of all things with her. She was what St. Paul describes the wife to be. She took thought of the things of this world, how she might please her husband. And she did please him. Even after his physical trouble began to show itself—or to be distressing—she made him exquisitely happy, so happy that I trembled for him, knowing that change must come to every state, and since nothing could bring him more happiness, something must bring him less. And then, this—blight came."

As he spoke Nevil knit his fingers together, and rent them apart in an anguish of pity, of sympathy.

"And you can't imagine—you have no clew—no hint—" my wife began.

"No. No. No. He keeps the horror, whatever it is, wholly to himself. I think if he could tell somebody he could escape it. But he can't! The one thing evident is, that it somehow refers to *her;* and so—he *can't* speak!" We walked on in silence a moment, and then Nevil began again, falteringly, "If—if Faulkner, if he had ever shown the slightest question of her—the least anxiety—the smallest wavering, with or without reason, you might suppose it was jealousy, in some suppressed form. But there never was anything of that! He is too noble, too magnanimous for that; he honors her too devoutly. Ah-h-h!"

He went along with his head fallen, and his hands clinging together behind him. We were very near the gate of the old garden. When he reached it he turned and said to us, "I almost dread to see them together; I always dread to see them: his aversion, and her bewilderment—"

I did not accuse the man of anything wrong in his intense feeling; in my heart I pitied him as the victim of a situation which he ought never to have witnessed, which should have been known only to the two doomed necessarily to suffer in it. I wanted to say to my wife that here was another instance, and perhaps the most odious we could ever know, of the evil of that disgusting three-cornered domestic arrangement which we had both always so cordially reprobated. But I had no chance for that. In fact we found ourselves in the presence of a scene from which we should all have retired, no doubt, if we had known just how.

Dr. Wingate was standing in the arbor, looking down at Faulkner, who sat in the place where I had left him. But now his

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wife sat beside him, and held his hand in her left, while she had drawn his head over on her shoulder with her right. I fancied, from the weak and fallen look of his face, with its closed eyes, that he had just recovered from one of those agonies.

The stir of our feet, or rather the cessation of it as we came involuntarily to a stop in the grass, roused the group in the arbor. Dr. Wingate and Mrs. Faulkner turned their heads toward us; Faulkner opened his eyes. He remained looking a moment, as if he did not see us. Then his gaze seemed to grow and centre upon Nevil. He flung his wife's hand away, and started suddenly to his feet, and made a pace toward us.

She rose too, and "Ah, Douglas!" she cried out.

He put his hand on her breast and pushed her away with a look of fierce rejection. Then he caught at his own heart; a change, the change that shall come upon every living face, came upon his face. He fell back upon the seat, and his head sank forward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROOT AND FLOWER.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

AFLOAT, unfolding from the bud,
The Water-lily lies;
Her root of life is in the mud
While blossoming for the skies;
But root in mire, or flower in sun,
In Earth and Heaven they are one!

Her life gropes darkly down at root,
But climbs with all its power;
And whether low in Earth a-foot,
Or head in Heaven a-flower,
In shadow of cloud or smile of Sun,
In Earth and Heaven the life is one.

My life is as the root in Earth
That from its lowly tomb
Hath put a living flower forth
For everlasting bloom;
And whatsoever tides may run
Betwixt us, Root and Flower are one!

The winds may rock, the waters roll,
Our root of life above,
They cannot sever us in soul,
We who are one in love!
For Love hath warrant to defy
Even Death to break its tenderest tie.

They think that Death hath plucked my Bud,
And left a broken stalk
To bleed and wither in the mud—
So blindly do they talk!
To both of us my life is Root!
For both my Flower bears the fruit.

They dream my Darling cannot come
To visit me once more,
Who think the dead are deaf and dumb,
Who speak of life as o'er;
But 'twixt us, Root and Flower, we know
There is continual come and go.

My Darling breathes diviner air,
And brings her Heaven down
Where low I lie but loftily wear
Her glory for my crown:
I feel the Heavenward impulse stir:
I know that new life comes from her!

'Tis in descending from above
That love is most divine;
But as the tide returns, O Love,
Bear back this love of mine,
And say love cannot be more true,
But now 'tis greater than we knew.

I see Her, strangely glorified,
My Lily of the Light!
At times she lifts me to her side
From out my earthly night;
I look through her illumined eyes
On lands where daylight never dies.

No thought of me must mar with pain
The fairness of her face;
No blush for me must ever stain
Her purity and grace.
I feel my Flower above will show
How life is lived at Root below!

Dear Love! and if my life can feed
A Flower the Angels see,
In thought and feeling, word and deed,
How pure that life should be!
How rich the Root that hour by hour
Draws life from its immortal Flower!

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HOW TO LISTEN TO WAGNER'S MUSIC.

A SUGGESTION.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

IF there were not so much ill-informed talk about Wagner's lyric dramas to be met with in drawing-rooms, books, and newspapers, and so many evidences on all hands of vagueness of apprehension touching the poet-composer's aims, methods, and achievements, an apology would most properly precede the few hints which I aim to offer as a help to the enjoyment of Wagner's works. For I confess that as I think them over they seem to me very elementary indeed, and fragmentary. But this vagueness is not peculiar to popular thought on Wagner's art. It is grievously general with respect to all forms of music except the lowest. The greatest need in the art culture of to-day is education in the art of listening to good music. Turn where you will, and you will find the greater part of what is said about the art which is the most ethereal, the most influential, and the most general in respect of a certain degree of practical cultivation, to be marked or marred by a twofold affectation. Many persons speak about music in an extravagantly sentimental manner; many more affect not to be able to speak about it at all. Which of these two affectations is the less objectionable I do not know; but this I do know, neither is amiable, and neither reflects credit on the civilization of which this century makes frequent boasts. In the case of the sentimental rhapsodists, who have had the most encouragement from the popular writers on musical subjects, the prompting is too often a desire to publish the conviction that they are persons of peculiarly exquisite sensibilities. This is an unlovely kind of egotism, which not only betrays a lack of true refinement and gentleness in the speakers, but works injury to music by lowering it in the estimation of those who have cultivated normal and sane intellectual and æsthetic gifts. As for the persons of the second class, they are living monuments not so much to a deprivation in natural endowment as to the indifference of our age to an element in education which once was looked upon as paramount to all other such elements in importance. Time was when to utter such words as now we hear almost daily, would be to place the brands of illiteracy and boorishness on the speaker. A cultured Greek of the classical period would as little have dared to say, "I know nothing about music," as we would dare to proclaim inability to read our own language.

This being true, as I believe and deplore, there is no harm in restating briefly what will appear to be self-evident propositions to many. The first of these is that the mission in which Wagner labored as controversialist and composer was a reform of the opera—not a reform of music generally. He was a musical reformer only so far as music is a factor in the sum of the modern opera. Outside of the theatre, it is true, he exerted a tremendous influence on the development of the art; but that influence he exerted only as a gifted musician who stood in the line of succession with the great men who widened the boundaries of the art and struck out new paths for it—let me say Bach, Haydn, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schumann. As the legitimate successor of these kings, he advanced the musical art indeed; but as a reformer, his activities were directed not to music in its absolute forms, but to an entirely distinct and complex art-form—the opera. The phrase "music of the future," popularly attributed to him, was the invention of his critics; his own phrase which was thus parodied was, "the art-work of the future," by which he meant a form of theatrical entertainment in which poetry, music, gesture, painting, and the plastic arts were to co-operate on a basis of complete interdependence and common aim, the inspiring purpose of all being dramatic expression. The starting-point of his reformatory ideas was that music had usurped a place which does not belong to it in the lyric drama. It should be a means, and had become the aim. As an æsthetic principle, he contended that it lies in the nature of music to be not the end, but a medium, of dramatic expression. He therefore reversed the old relations of librettist and composer, and made music, which can only address itself to the emotions and imagination, dependent for form, spirit, and character on the poetry,

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which can appeal to reason as well. As a musical form of expression, Wagner held that rhyme is useless, because it implies the identity of the consonants succeeding the vowels, and these consonants are lost because only the vowels can be dwelt on. The first consonant of a word cannot be lost, however, because it is that which gives physiognomy; and since repetition makes an agreeable cadence, he substituted alliteration for rhyme in the significant portions of his verses. This theory, however, he put into practice only in *Tristan und Isolde* and *Der Ring des Nibelungen;* in *Parsifal* he recurred to rhyme. From the verse melody thus obtained he desired the musical melody to spring, words and music becoming lovingly merged in each other, each sacrificing enough of selfishness to make the union possible. This means that for the sake of truth Wagner brought declamation forward as the first and most essential element in dramatic singing. The melody, in the sense in which the word is generally understood, has to a great extent been relegated to the orchestra, where it is woven into a great symphonic fabric, in which, no less than on the stage, the drama is worked out. In his vocal part the aim is to achieve through the music an increased impressiveness for the poetry, and to this end he raises it to a kind of intensified speech, which retains as much as possible of the distinctness of ordinary dialogue, with its emotional capacity raised to a higher power.

Thus much for some of the most essential things in Wagner's theory. In his exemplification of them he created a system based upon the introduction of a set of melodic phrases, which, as symbols of the dramatic elements, be they persons, ideas, places, or passions, are developed in harmony with the progressive phases of the play. These melodic phrases are the so-called "leading motives" of the books and newspapers, which are looked upon with such dread by persons who fancy that music whose appreciation exacts the slightest activity of the intellect is false art. It is singular that so many persons who would not admit that they had seen a painting if the vision were so fleeting as to leave the impression only of a mass of colors more or less harmoniously combined, are yet willing to permit a musical composition to pass before their senses like a sort of audible phantasmagoria, void of everything save a formless, purposeless something, which occasionally makes a pleasing impression upon the ear. The ultimate question concerning the correctness or effectiveness of Wagner's system of composition must, of course, be answered along with the question, "Does the composition, as a whole, touch the emotions, quicken the fancy, fire the imagination?" If it does these things, we may, to a great extent, if we wish, get along without the intellectual processes of reflection and comparison, which are conditioned upon a recognition of the themes and their uses. But if we put aside this intellectual activity, we will deprive ourselves, among other things, of the pleasure which it is the province of memory to give; and the exercise of memory is called for by music much more urgently than by any other art, because of its volatile nature and the rôle which repetition plays in it.

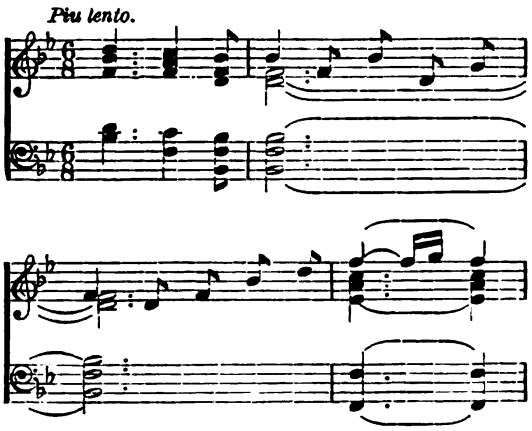
I cannot help but think that it is something more than a coincidence that the fundamental principle of Wagner's constructive scheme should have had its birth in the first of his legendary dramas in which the beautiful ethical principle, which runs like a golden thread through his tragedies, was exemplified—the principle of erring man's salvation through the self-sacrificing love of woman. The recurrence of reminiscent phrases of music can be found in Weber, Wagner's predecessor, first inspirer and model, and also in Wagner's conventional, vulgar, and noisy opera *Rienzi;* but the consistent use of phrases for the high dramatic purpose which we find them fulfilling in his great dramas, from *Tristan und Isolde* to *Parsifal*, is distinctly foreshadowed in *Der Fliegende Holländer*. The infinite longing for rest of the Wandering Jew of the sea, and the infinite pity and wondrous love of the woman who, through sacrifice of her own life, achieved for the wanderer surcease of suffering—these are the two fundamental passions of the play. The legend of the Dutchman and his doom is told in a ballad which the heroine sings in the second act of the opera; and this ballad, Wagner himself tells us, he set to music first, and even before he had completed the book. It is an epitome of the drama, ethically and musically, having two significant musical thoughts, which correspond to the longing of the Dutchman and the redeeming love of

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Senta. The first of these musical thoughts is this:



The second is this:



Having invented these two phrases for use simply in the ballad of his opera, Wagner tells us how he proceeded with his work: "I had merely to develop according to their respective tendencies the various thematic germs comprised in the ballad to have, as a matter of course, the principal mental moods in definite thematic shapes before me. When a mental mood returned, its thematic expression also, as a matter of course, was repeated, since it would have been arbitrary and capricious to have sought another *motivo* so long as the object was an intelligible representation of the subject, and not a conglomeration of operatic pieces." This is Wagner's account of the genesis of the "leading motives," or, as I think they would better be called, "typical phrases," and it directs attention to a misconception of their nature and purpose which is pretty general even among the admirers of his works. They were not invented to announce the entrance of persons of the play on the stage; their duties are not those of footmen or ushers. Neither are they labels. Nor can they rightly be likened, as a German critic has declared, to the lettered ribbons issuing from the mouths of figures in mediæval pictures. They stand for deeper things—for the attributes of the play's personages; for the instruments, spiritual as well as material, used in developing the plot; for the fundamental passions of the story. If they were labels, they could only accompany the characters with which they had been associated at the outset, and this we know is not the case; in fact in some very significant instances they enter the score long before the characters with whom they are associated have been heard of or their existence is surmised. They are symbols, and hence arbitrary signs, but not more arbitrary than words. All language is arbitrary convention. Only the emotional elements at the bottom of it are real, absolute, universal. It would be just as easy to build up a language of musical tones capable of expressing ideas as it was to build up a language of words. In fact, though we seldom think of it, the rudiments of such a language exist. We are all familiar with some of them, or we would not involuntarily associate certain rhythms with the dance, and others with the march. A drone-bass under an oboe melody in 6–8 time would not suggest a pastoral; trumpets and drums, war; French-horn, harmonies, a hunting scene; and so on. More than this, the Chinese have retained in their language a relic of the time when music was an integral element of all speech, not only of solemn and artistic speech, as we see it in the beginnings of the drama in India, Greece, and China. The meaning of many words in the monosyllabic Chinese language depends upon the musical inflection given to them in utterance. In a sense, a phrase of melody, or a chord, or a succession of chords, of harmony, is a "bow-wow word," the only kind of word universally intelligible. A great deal of music is direct in its influence upon the emotions, but it is chiefly by association of ideas that we recognize its expressiveness or significance. Sometimes hearing a melody or harmony arouses an emotion like that aroused by the contemplation of a thing. Minor harmonies, slow movements, dark tonal colorings, combine directly to put a musically susceptible person in a mood congenial to thoughts of sorrow and death; and, inversely, the experience of sorrow or the contemplation of death creates affinity for minor harmonies, slow movements, and dark tonal colorings. Or we recognize attributes in music possessed also by things, and we consort the music and the things, external attributes bringing descriptive music into play which excites the fancy, internal attributes calling for an exercise of the loftier faculty, imagination, to discern their meaning. A few examples in both classes will help to

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make my meaning plain, and I begin with the second class as the nobler of the two.

In Wagner's *Nibelung* tragedy two of the musical phrases associated with Wotan may be taken as symbols of contrasted attributes of the god. Throughout the tragedy of which he is the hero, Wotan figures, by virtue of his supremacy among the gods, as Lord of Walhalla, and consequently as the manifest embodiment of law.

In music the first manifestation of law is in form.

It is impossible to conceive of a combination of the integral elements of music —rhythm, melody, and harmony—in a beautiful manner without some kind of form. Form means measure, order, symmetry. In music more than in any art it is essential to the existence of the loftiest attribute of beauty, which is repose—an attribute whose divine character Ruskin proclaimed when he defined it as "the 'I am' contradistinguished from the 'I become'; the sign alike of the supreme knowledge which is incapable of surprise, the supreme power which is incapable of labor, the supreme volition which is incapable of change." Now what are the musical qualities of which Wagner makes use in order to symbolize the wielder of supreme power? Here is the phrase whose innate nobility and beauty appear to best advantage at the opening of the second scene in *Das Rheingold:*



The melody is built out of the intervals of the common chord—the triad—the first starting-point of harmony, its first and most pervasive law. This chord too supplies the harmonic structure. Its instrumentation (for four tubas with peculiarly orotund voices, specially constructed for Wagner) is unvarying, calm, stately, majestic, dignified, reposeful. Thus does Wagner symbolize musically the chief deity and chief personage of his tragedy in his character as Lord of Walhalla. But through the operation of the curse to which he became subject when he took the baneful ring, another character than that of a supreme god is forced upon Wotan. He has plotted to regain the ring, and restore it to the original owners of the magic gold. He has begotten a new race—the Wälsungen—to execute a purpose which, as the representative of law, he is restrained himself from executing. He becomes a wanderer over the face of the earth, a mere spectator of the development of his foolish plot. How is this new character symbolized? Note the music which accompanies Wotan when, disguised as the Wanderer, he enters Mime's cavern smithy in the second scene of *Siegfried:*



The fundamental harmonies are retained. The solemn instrumental color is held fast. The dignity of the chord progressions is still there. What, then, is gone? *The element of repose.* The harmonies are still triads, but tonality, with its benison of restfulness, has been sacrificed. The phrase is in no key, or rather it is in as many keys as there are chords. There are many of these typical phrases associated with characters in Wagner's music whose delineation goes to moods and moral traits which could be explained in a similar manner. I will cite another instance in which not the attributes of a personage, but the property of a thing, is the composer's objective point. The case is a striking one, for it is a supernatural property which is to be brought to the notice of the listener, the power of the Tarnhelm (the familiar cap of darkness of folk-lore) to render its wearer invisible. The musical symbol of this magical apparatus in the Nibelung tragedy is this:



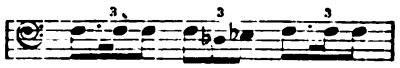
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The phrase is not used often, but whenever it appears in the music its mysteriousness arrests the attention. What is the source of that mysteriousness? Nothing more nor less than indefiniteness of mode. The closing harmony is an empty fifth; supply a major third and the mode is major; a minor third, and it is minor. In either case the mystical property of the phrase, which establishes its propriety, vanishes. The device is not new to Wagner. The strange impressiveness of the beginning of Beethoven's Symphony with Chorus is achieved in an analogous manner. The colossal yearning of the Dutchman in Wagner's opera, begotten by his endless itineracy, is similarly expressed.

More easily understood than the mood and character delineations are those phrases which are frankly descriptive of external qualities. The giants in *Das Rheingold* are the representatives of brute force. They are huge, ungainly creatures, heavy-witted as well as heavy-footed, and their stupidity and clumsiness are reflected in their musical symbol:



The Nibelungs are the antipodes of the giants — watchful, cunning, industrious. Intellectually and morally they are schemers and tricksters; by occupation they are workers in metals. Wagner characterizes both of their activities in the introduction to *Siegfried*. A descending figure in the clarinets and bassoons, consisting of two harmonies, both thirds, at the distance of a seventh, suggests the brooding cogitation of Mime, while the fact that he is a Nibelung is published in the typical phrase of the race, a rhythmical figure like the pounding of hammers on anvils:



Sometimes Wagner becomes simply scenic, and mimics nature, as when he pictures to the ear (if I may be permitted to use the phrase) the fitful, flickering, crackling crepitation of fire in order to symbolize Loge, the God of Fire, in his elemental form and as the Spirit of Mischief, or the quiet undulation and steady flux and reflux of water in the music associated with the Rhine and its denizens.

These examples must suffice as illustrations of Wagner's method of inventing the melodic material out of which he weaves his musical fabric. His system of composition rests on the development of these themes in harmony with the dramatic spirit of the text. The orchestra is the vehicle of this development. It is preeminently the expositor of the drama. It has acquired some of the functions of the Greek chorus, in that it takes part in the action in order to publish that which is beyond the capacity of words alone to utter. The music of the instruments is the voice of the fate, the conscience, and the will concerned in the drama. It unfolds the thoughts, motives, and purposes of the personages, and lays bare the mysteries of the plot and counterplot. As the tragedy grows complex, the musical texture, into which the themes symbolizing the passions and purposes of the characters are woven, grows more complex and heterogeneous. In describing how he proceeded in the composition of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, Wagner said that when a mental mood recurred for which he had once found thematic expression, that expression was repeated. He spoke only of moods, but when he elaborated his system in his later dramas, he extended the principle involved to the whole apparatus of the drama—its secret impulses, as well as its external agencies. These agencies in their physical manifestations are frequently anticipated by the appearance in the music of the melodic phrases which typify them; but this never happens unless they are spiritually present in the drama. This is what might be called the use of themes for prophecy, and to me it seems one of the most profound and beautiful features of Wagner's constructive scheme. The magic sword, which is the instrument designed by Wotan for the working out of his plot; Siegfried, who is

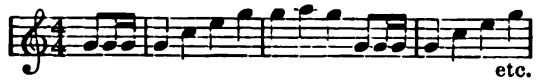
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the agent chosen, not by Wotan, but by fate, in the prevision of Brünnhilde, to execute the purposes of the god; and even Brünnhilde herself, not as a goddess, but as the loving woman, who, deprived of her divinity, is able and willing to make the redeeming sacrifice—are all prefigured in the drama by their musical symbols long before the progress of the action permits their physical appearance. They are seen by prophetic vision of Wotan, Brünnhilde, and Sieglinde, and manifested to the auditors through the music in the last scene of *Das Rheingold* and the first and third scenes of the last act of *Die Walküre.*

In broad lines the prelude to *Die Meistersinger* not only serves to delineate the characteristic traits of the personages concerned in the comedy, but also exhibits Wagner's method of musical exposition, and teaches the lesson which is at the bottom of the satire—the lesson, namely, that it is through the union of the two principles, which until the close of the play appear in conflict, that a genuine work of art is quickened. The prelude contains the whole symbolism of the comedy in a nutshell. In form it is unique, but in so far as it employs only melodies drawn from the play it may not incorrectly be classed with the medley overtures which composers used to throw together for ante-curtain music. It is the manner in which Wagner has treated his melodies, and the delineative capacity with which he has endowed them, that render the prelude a capital exemplification of the theory advanced by Gluck, when, in his preface to *Alceste*, he said, "I imagined that the overture ought to prepare the audience for the action of the piece, and serve as a kind of argument to it." Wagner follows this precept and the example set by Beethoven in the *Leonore* overtures, and indicates the elements of the plot, their progress in its development, and finally the outcome, in his symphonic introduction. The melodies which are its constructive material are of two classes, broadly distinguished in external physiognomy and emotional essence. They are presented first consecutively, then as in conflict (first one, then another, pushing forward for expression), finally in harmonious and contented union. It should always be borne in mind that no matter how numerous the hand-books—which a witty German critic called "musical Baedeckers"—if one wishes to know Wagner's purpose in the use of a typical phrase or melody, he need take no one's word for it except Wagner's. He can turn to the score and trace it out himself, learning its meaning from the words and situations with which it is associated. If this plan be followed, it will be seen that the master-singers are throughout the comedy characterized by two melodies,



and



Note that as the master-singers belonged to the solid burghers of old Nuremberg—a little vain, as was to be expected in the upholders of an institution of great antiquity and glorious traditions; staid, dignified, and complacent, as became the free citizens of a free imperial city, whose stout walls sheltered the best in art and science that Germany could boast—so these two melodies are strong, simple tunes; sequences of the intervals of the simple diatonic scale; strongly and simply harmonized; square-cut in rhythm; firm and dignified, if a trifle pompous, in their stride. The three melodies belonging to the class presented in opposition to the spirit represented by the master-singers are disclosed by a study of the comedy to be associated with the passion of the young lovers, Walther and Eva, and those influences in nature which are the inspiration of romantic utterance—spring-time, the birds, and flowers. They differ in every respect—melodic, rhythmic, harmonic, as well as in treatment—from the melodies which stand for the old master-singers and their notions. They are chromatic; their rhythms are less regular and more eager (through the agency of syncopation); they are harmonized with greater warmth, and set for the instruments with greater passion. The first,



most surely tells us of the incipiency of the lovers' passion, for it is the subject of the interludes between the lines of the *chorale* which accompany the flirtation in the church scene. The second,

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depicts the youthful impetuosity of the lovers. Note the eagerness which the triplet injects into its rhythm, the ebulliency expressed in the tendency of its melody to ascend higher and higher in the regions of tonality. Poetical association consorts such attributes with love and youth and spring-time, and it is in the song which Walther sings in praise of spring and love that the phrase receives its most eloquent proclamation. The third melody is the phrase to whose accompaniment Eva shyly confesses her love by a gesture of the eyes in the church scene, and which Walther uses in the third ecstatic stanza of the song with which, in the contest of song, Walther wins his lady love as a prize:



There is another phrase which is of less importance in the score than those quoted, but which plays a happy part in the comedy as it is prefigured in the prelude. It is the strongly marked rhythmical figure with which the populace jeer at the malicious clown Beckmesser, and help to effect his discomfiture in the last scene of the play:



It is delightful to observe how this little phrase performs the office of a satirist in the middle part of the prelude where the grotesque elements in the character of Beckmesser are pictured. It is a *scherzando* movement, the master-singers' march melody being presented in diminution by the choir of wood-wind instruments, which persist stubbornly in their fussy cackling in spite of the fact that the strings take every opportunity to send some of the passionate, pushing, pulsating love music surging through the desiccated mass of tones. Here it is that Wagner chastises the foolish manners of the master-singers, as he does later in the actual representation. The jeering phrase, started by the middle strings, eventually cuts through the mass of tones, and when the caricature of the melody typical of the guild has been laughed out of court, the music that symbolizes the freshness and vigor of youth and spring and love, and proclaims their right to free and spontaneous proclamation (this is the corrective idea at the bottom of the comedy), masters the orchestra, and compels recognition and even celebration from the representatives of pedantry and conservatism. Observe, finally, that it is only the perverted idea of classicism that is treated with contumely and routed; the glorification of the triumph of romanticism is not left to the romantic melodies, but is found in the stupendously pompous and brilliant setting given to the master-singers' music at the close of the prelude. This is the supreme lesson of which the prelude has given us the exposition; Wagner is a true comedian of the ancient kind. He administers chastisement with a smile (*ridendo castigat mores*), and chooses for its subject only things which are temporary aberrations from the good.

THE NAJÂ-KALLU, OR COBRA STONE.

BY PROFESSOR H. HENSOLDT, PH.D.

THERE are more than fifteen species of snakes in Ceylon, and the most venomous of all, the so-called "hooded snake," or cobra, is the most common. Go where you will—in the jungle of the lowlands or the forest, on the coast, or in the mountains of the interior—everywhere you will find the cobra. They are so common that one cannot take an hour's walk, even near Colombo, without encountering several of these unhandsome creatures, which often lie motionless in the road, for the cobra, strange to say, is very sluggish, and not at all timid like other snakes; it will lie there without stirring, as if conscious of its deadly powers, till one almost steps on it, when it administers the fatal bite. Hundreds of people in Ceylon and thousands in India annually lose their lives through this terrible pest, yet one never hears of a European dying from a cobra bite, and I re-

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member the editor of the Ceylon *Times* (a paper published in Colombo) offering a reward of 500 rupees to any one furnishing proofs that a European had died in Ceylon from the effects of a snake bite. The explanation is very simple. The cobra's fangs are weak, and cannot penetrate moderately thick cloth, so that boots and gaiters such as are worn by the planters there are an absolute protection; but the natives go about with naked feet and legs all the year round, and often step on a cobra in the grass or jungle, and, of course, are bitten.

In all countries where snakes abound we find in still greater abundance stories more or less curious, extravagant, or absurd in which these reptiles figure. The one I am about to relate discloses a very remarkable fact, which, in my opinion, has given origin to numberless similar traditions.

During my stay at Point de Galle (a considerable town and important harbor near the southern extremity of the island) in November, 1876, I was the guest of Mr. J. Warkus, one of the few Germans then residing on the island, who was the owner of a cinnamon and cocoa-nut plantation in the interior, about eighteen miles northeast of Point de Galle.

In the jungle districts of southern Ceylon, as well as the entire coastal belt, cobras are exceedingly numerous. At "Breslau Estate"—thus Mr. Warkus had named his plantation—it was impossible to walk half a mile from the bungalow without meeting five or six of these dangerous reptiles. Mr. Warkus, whose principal occupation in his old age consisted in walking about in his plantation, killed from ten to fifteen cobras every day—a practice which, as he assured me, he had kept up for several years already without having noticed a perceptible falling off in the number of cobras infesting his grounds. This is easily accounted for by the fact that the surrounding jungle harbors thousands of these serpents, so that the supply is practically inexhaustible.

Several months before this, when travelling through the districts of Dimbula and Badulla, in the mountainous central province, I had on various occasions been informed by coffee planters and others of an alleged fact in reference to cobras, which in curiousness or, as it seemed to me, absurdity surpassed everything I had ever heard or read about serpents. This story, which I subsequently found to be current not only throughout Ceylon, but over the whole of India, may be summed up in the following words: Some cobras —perhaps one in twenty—are in possession of a precious stone which shines in the dark. This stone the snake is in the habit of carrying about in its mouth, regarding it as a treasure, which it carefully preserves and defends with its life. At night the cobra deposits the stone in the grass and watches it, as if fascinated, for hours; but woe to him who then approaches, for the cobra is never more dangerous than when occupied in this manner.

This story appeared to me so absurd that I never for a moment entertained the faintest belief in its truth, though it had been told me under various conditions and in various quarters by people whose character for veracity was beyond criticism. I was therefore not a little astonished and almost amused when Mr. Warkus, a few days after our acquaintance, regaled me with the same story, of the truth of which in every detail he solemnly assured me. He had, as he asserted, made this discovery many years ago, and independent of other observers—indeed, long before he was aware anything of this kind was known—and felt almost insulted when, with an incredulous smile, I ventured to express my doubts. But when, on questioning Warkus's wife, as well as his very intelligent children, I found them also unanimously vouching for the truth of the story, I became really interested, and began to think that there must be something in it, though I took it for granted that these people were laboring under some delusion. My curiosity was aroused to such a degree that I determined to fully investigate the matter.

I interrogated Mr. Warkus.

"How many cobras with stones have you ever seen?"

"At least forty. I could not tell exactly in what proportion they occur; yet I am ready to procure a specimen almost any day, if necessary."

"Have you ever had one of these stones in your possession?"

"Yes; I had one only a few weeks ago; but one of my sons gave it to a merchant in Point de Galle, who begged it of me. They are roundish, semitransparent stones, about the size of a pea, and emit a faint yet very distinct glow in the dark."

"Where should the snake get the stone

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from, and what might be the purpose which induces it to carry it about and watch it at night?"

"In the sand of our dried-up river-beds plenty of precious stones are to be found. As regards the purpose, I have often thought over this myself without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion; I can only vouch for the truth of what I have related. It is not an easy task to deprive the cobra of its treasure, for, in the first instance, it is a very dangerous piece of work, especially as it has to be done at night: these cobras very seldom leave the jungle. It is absolutely necessary to kill the snake, and one never knows exactly the spot where the reptile lies, although the stone may be distinctly visible, and then the snake generally seizes it and escapes when in the least disturbed or alarmed. My Singhalese and Tamils even assert that in the event of a cobra ever losing its stone, it either dies of grief or commits suicide."

This last observation really amused me. A genuine Oriental fairy tale, I thought, the *ne plus ultra* of all snake stories. Still, a grain of truth must be in it, and this I resolved to ferret out. I implored Mr. Warkus to assist me in securing a stone from one of these wonderful cobras, and his sons assured me that a specimen should be in my possession before the lapse of a week. The Tamil coolies and Singhalese employed on the plantation were informed that five rupees would be paid to the first man who could locate a "kallu-najâ" (literally stone cobra)—really less than three dollars, yet to a coolie, who is paid at the rate of a few cents a day, a tempting prize.

During the next four days I devoted every available moment to the hunting of cobras, but though I killed at least fifty of these reptiles, the mouths and even stomachs of which I carefully examined, not a single stone-carrying specimen was among them. Either these latter were not as common as represented, or I had been exceptionally unlucky. On the evening of the fifth day Warkus and I were comfortably reclining on easy-chairs on the veranda of the bungalow, having our usual after-supper chat. We watched the rising of the moon, which was nearly at its full, and were just on the point of drifting into an animated debate on things astronomical, when our conversation was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one of Warkus's daughters, who informed us that a coolie had just arrived at the kitchen, and declared his readiness to conduct us to a spot where a kallu-najâ could be found. Unfortunately the two sons of my host had left on the previous day for Amblangodda, a Singhalese village eighteen miles distant, in order to witness the punishment of several Rhodias, who had been convicted of stealing rice from the plantation, and as old Mr. Warkus was on the sick-list, being troubled with gout and rheumatism, I resolved to accompany the coolie alone, and in the excitement did not even stop to put on coat or hat, and what I afterward regretted most of all, forgetting to take a gun. The Tamil conducted me for about a mile and a quarter across the northern, hilly part of the plantation, when, striking the jungle, we followed a narrow path leading to a little water-fall, which I had already visited on a previous occasion. Close to the water's edge stood an immense tamarind-tree, and within fifty yards from the latter the coolie halted, mysteriously pointing to the foot of the tree. There the najâ was to be found, but my guide refused to go an inch further, and the gestures and grimaces he resorted to in order to warn me of the danger involved in a closer proximity would have made the fortune of a circus clown. As I could see nothing from where I stood, I slowly and cautiously approached the tree, when, at about fifteen yards' distance from it, I stood as if rooted to the spot. Was this, indeed, the riddle of the najâ? Close to the tree, about a foot or so from the base of the trunk, I observed in the grass a greenish light, apparently proceeding from a single point. At the first moment I took it for a glowworm, viz., the female of the well-known fire-fly (*Lampyris noctiluca*), as the light was almost identical in appearance with that emitted by the insect, but after watching it for a time I became convinced that such could not be the case. In the *lampiridæ*, as well as all phosphorescent insects, the light emitted is not a continuous one, it fades and becomes brilliant again at regular intervals, but here I beheld an uninterrupted and steady glow. It may be well to add, however, that the air was swarming with fire-flies.

After a time I could also see the cobra coiled up near the foot of the tree, but slowly swaying its head to and fro in

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front of the shining object. Having brought no gun with me, I was now entirely at a loss how to secure the stone; but there is no telling to what desperate and impracticable course I might not have ultimately resorted in my anxiety to solve this mystery, if the coolie had not suddenly and unexpectedly interfered. This worthy fellow, alarmed at the idea that he was in some way responsible for my safety, had slowly approached, and seizing me by the arm, he implored me not to make any attempt to secure the "kallu" that night, that Peria-Doray (the old master) would surely beat him to death if anything happened to me, and that he would procure the stone in less than two days by means of stratagem, provided the snake were not at present disturbed. Though attaching little credit to his promise, I recognized the hopelessness of the task before me, and in the circumstances considered it wiser to retire; but never did I leave a spot with greater reluctance. The najâ-kallu had fascinated me with its unsolved mystery; I had gazed upon it for at least two hours. On our way back the Tamil asserted that a cobra, unless disturbed or frightened, would return with its stone to the same locality every night, and that he had conceived a method which would certainly enable him to obtain the stone within two days. Shooting the snake was a bad plan, and afforded no security in reference to the kallu. The confidence with which he stated this almost involuntarily induced a kind of belief on my part, and in order to stimulate his zeal, I promised him an extra five rupees in case of success.

The intelligent fellow kept his word. Early in the morning of the second day after this adventure he turned up with the najâ-kallu. This was a semitransparent, water-worn pebble of yellowish color, about the size of a large pea, but somewhat oval or flattened, which in the dark, especially when previously warmed, emitted a greenish phosphorescent light. At first I believed it to be sulphate of barytes, or "heavy spar," several varieties of which, especially that found near Bologna, in Italy (Bolognese spar), are known to phosphoresce strongly when heated on charcoal. But I ultimately found it to be *chlorophane*, a rare variety of fluor-spar. If a piece of this latter mineral be warmed over a spirit-lamp, or dropped into a glass with hot water, it will shine with a beautiful green color as long as the heat continues; but some varieties are so sensitive that even a slight warming (such as is produced by holding the specimen in the hand for a few moments) will cause them to phosphoresce for hours in the dark. Gustave Rose, the eminent Berlin mineralogist, relates that on one occasion, when travelling with Ehrenberg and Humboldt to the Altai Mountains, he found in the gravel of the Irtish, near Krasnojarsk, chlorophane pebbles which shone with intense brilliancy all night long without having received any other warming than that by the sun's rays during the day.

The manner in which the Tamil had obtained the najâ-kallu was original. He had climbed the tamarind-tree long before sunset, and taken his position on one of the branches exactly over the spot which the snake was in the habit of frequenting. When darkness set in, the cobra turned up as usual and deposited its treasure in the old place. The coolie no sooner saw the shining object than he emptied over it a large bagful of ashes which he had taken with him for that purpose. The ashes, coming down like an avalanche of dust, covered the stone almost instantly with a thick layer, while the frightened reptile, after chasing about for a while in fruitless search, ultimately crept back to the jungle. The coolie, however, who was less brave than cunning, was in no particular hurry to descend, and literally spent the whole night in the tree, only venturing down when the sun had fully risen, after having assured himself that the cobra was no longer there, and that the coast was clear. He then carefully searched the ashes and found the stone.

Thus for the first time I obtained the najâ-kallu, the mysterious stone of the cobra, and before my departure from the island I managed to secure three more specimens.

And now I come to the explanation of this seeming marvel. The cobras are perhaps the only serpents which will eat insects. They feed on ants, grasshoppers, a variety of beetles, etc., but seem to have a special preference for fire-flies, perhaps because the latter can be caught at night much more easily than any other kind of insect. I have often for hours watched cobras in the grass catching the fire-flies, darting about here and there, a process which requires considerable exertion on

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the part of the serpent. Now every entomologist knows that the flying lampyridæ consist entirely of males. The females, which are not very numerous, are much larger and cannot fly, as they have only rudimentary wings. They sit quietly in the grass, emitting a greenish light, which is much stronger than that of the males, and fades and becomes brilliant at regular intervals. If a glowworm be watched for a time, a steady current of male insects will be observed flying toward it, and alighting in close proximity.

Now it so happens that the najâ-kallu, this little pebble of chlorophane or fluor-spar, emits in the dark a greenish light which is so much like that of the female lampyris that it is an easy matter to deceive the male fire-fly with it, by setting it up as a decoy. The cobras have gradually come to take advantage of an experience made by them, accidentally, I dare say, thousands of years ago. It may frequently happen, for instance, that a cobra finds one of these shining stones in the gravel of the dry river-beds (where they are by no means uncommon), being attracted to it by its glow at night, and taking it for a glowworm. It would then, at any rate, notice that the fire-flies could be caught much more easily and quickly in the neighborhood of that shining object than anywhere else, and would habitually return to it. Several cobras might thus come together, and there would be competition, and from this moment to the finding out that success in capturing fire-flies depends on the possession of this phosphorescent pebble, and to the seizing of it in order to prevent another snake from monopolizing it, is, in my opinion, no great step, and involves no exceptional powers of reasoning. The cobra carries it about, and soon learns to treasure it, for it affords it an easy means of getting its living. All it has to do is to deposit the stone in the grass at night, and the obliging insects literally fly down its throat.

There are even reasons for believing that no individual experience is now necessary to cause any cobra to act in this manner, but that even a young cobra, on finding such a stone, will instinctively take it up, and use it in the manner I have described. For it must be borne in mind that there is an inherited race memory among the lower animals which is often far stronger than the memory gathered during the short lifetime of the individual. What causes a blind kitten to spit and put up its back if a dog is brought near it? It never saw a dog, never saw anything, yet it knows there is some danger ahead. Thus the accumulated experience of the cobra's ancestors during countless generations now causes it to act in a manner which we refer to instinct.

Such are the remarkable facts connected with the najâ-kallu, the cobra's shining stone. Who can tell whether the old traditions of snakes carrying precious stones, of which we still find traces in our fairy tales, may not have their source in some such fact as this?

"THE REST IS SILENCE."

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER.

WHEN the loved voice is heard no more
Whose failing tones were doubly dear,
There falls upon the listening ear
A silence never felt before.

It is not that the senses strain
To catch a sound they may not hear;
It is the grieving spirit's ear
That longs and listens still in vain.

And lo! this silence, sudden grown,
Threads every cry of joy or fear;
All wonted sounds that greet the ear
Break with a wailing undertone.

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AN AFTERNOON CALL.

VENETIAN BOATS.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

"*VUSTU che mi te insegna a navegar?*
Vate a far una barca o una batela;
Co ti l'a fata, butila in mar:
La te condurrà in Venezia bela!"—

(Wouldst thou have me teach thee how to navigate? Go make a bark or a little boat. When thou hast made it, launch it in the sea; it will lead thee to fair Venice!) —sing the Venetians in one of the popular *villotte*. This, I suppose, is their way of saying that as surely as all roads lead to Rome, so must all boats sail to Venice. Did they really believe this it would not be strange, for Venice is the home of boats. While you are there you cannot forget them. Whether you will or no, you have them always with you;—in the morning, when you are awakened by the gun of the man-of-war stationed in the lagoon; during your daily walks, which you take to a running accompaniment of *gondola! gondola!* from the *forestieri*-loving gondoliers at the *traghetti;* in your room, where, if you are fortunate enough to live on the Riva, you are forever looking from your window at the orange or red sail of a fishing-boat, at a brisk *vaporetto*, or a heavily laden *barca;* during your hours of sight-seeing, when you find them in the Academy in Bellini's pictures, and in the Piazza in toy shapes in the gay shop windows; and even in the late evening, when serenaders sing you a sweet good-night from gondolas whose many lights throw a red and golden glory into the quiet waters.

As for the Venetian, he has had the boats with him for so many long years, and has become so used to seeing them devoted to every purpose—from the begging expeditions of wealthy beggars to the Queen's pleasure rides, from carrying a huckster's load to bearing the engines of the fire department—that he has given them a place in all his thoughts of Venice as she is in the present, and in all his memories of her in the past. The great

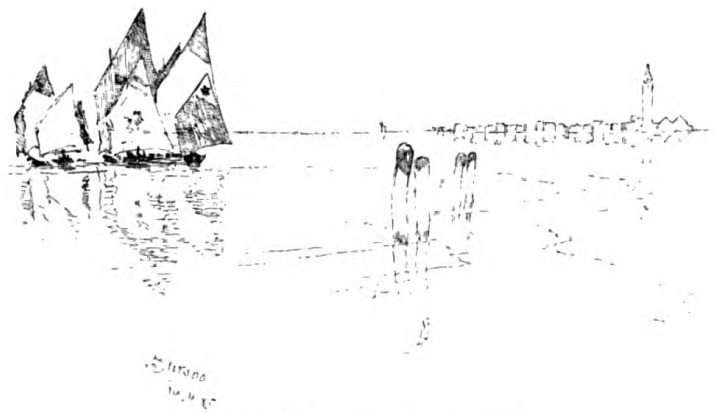
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A GONDOLA.

days of the republic cannot be mentioned without conjuring up pictures of water pageants. It is sitting in state on the richly wrought throne and beneath the crimson, gold-embroidered canopy of the Bucentoro, on their way to wed the sea, that the doges are best remembered. There was hardly a feast, religious or civic, whose rejoicings or ritual did not give new beauty and life and color to lagoon and canals.

Amusement as well as piety has led the Venetians out upon the waters of their city, from the time when the chance trials of speed of citizens rowing to the Lido for bow and cross-bow practice developed into well-regulated races until the present, when the regatta on the Grand Canal is the gayest of all festivities, and the contest on the lagoon between Nicolotti and Castellani the most exciting of annual events. Great and many as have been the changes in Venice, much of the old spirit and splendor lingers in these two great races. It is true that the rivals on the Grand Canal are now members of modern boat clubs instead of gondoliers, and that *gendarmes* and firemen in official boats, armed with small engine and great hose, with which to send water on refractory lookers-on, now clear the way for the racers, in the place of young patricians kneeling on sumptuous gondola cushions and launching pellets of plaster at the unruly. But tapestries are still hung from the palace windows, every one comes in holiday attire, and the racing boats are preceded by barges almost as fantastic as the whales and dolphins and Tritons wherewith the Duke Ernest of Brunswick celebrated the Triumph of Neptune before the regatta of his day began. And the races between the two factions into which the city is divided are even now animated by the same hatred and envy which filled Nicolotti and Castellani of old when they fought for supremacy on the narrow stone bridges, the party gaining it pitching its enemies into the canal below; or sought to establish their relative power by raising themselves into human pyramids, wherein great height and complicated form testified to the prowess of the builders.



AN ARRANGEMENT IN SAILS.

Boats have also found their way into legend and tradition, and play a conspicuous part in popular custom. In them witches cross the sea to their Sabbath; it

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SOME FISHING-BOATS.

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A FREIGHT BOAT.

was from a fisherman's boat that the dead man arose, in the best-known ghost story of the lagoon, and went to join the six fishermen and chill their life away by his presence. The mother, in singing her child to sleep, promises to rock her gently, not in the cradle on the tree top, but in the *gondoleta*—the little gondola; the lover in his love ballad prays to his mistress to come to him in his gondola, where only they can be alone. When a wedding is celebrated, one of the chief duties exacted of the *compare*, or best man, is to provide a certain number of boats to carry the bridal party from the bride's house to the *trattoria*, where the wedding feast is spread; the dead are borne to their last resting-place beneath the cypresses of San Michele in floating hearses. The fresh salt breath of the sea breathes through the people's songs, just as the idyls of Theocritus are sweet with the scent of fields and pastures. Not of sheep and of shepherds, but of the sea and mariners, do they chant, whether the tale they tell be of love or of hatred, of romance or of domestic cares, of beauty or of squalor. Not the shepherd piping to his flock beneath the wide-spreading tree, but the mariner guiding his boat over calm or angry waters, is the hero of Venetian song. And to his beloved the broad lagoon, with its scattered islands, is the background for all her love fancies and dreamings.

> "*Tute le barche parte via sta note,*
> *E quela del mio ben doman de note;*
> *Tute le barche cargarà de tole,*
> *E quela del mio ben de rose e viole*"—

(All the boats sail away to-night, but that of my love goes to-morrow; all the boats are laden with timber, but that of my love bears roses and violets)—she sings. From her balcony she can look out on Venice, and even on the Adriatic, where it rolls lazily in on the sands of the Lido, and she can see him depart, and later watch for his sail as he spreads it on his homeward way when the west wind blows. And watching, she remembers his gentle wooing, and once more breaks into song to praise his beautiful boat, without which he could not sail the seas, and his fair face and sound sense, without which he scarcely could have wooed so well.

The poetry, which is not of the people, but of the foreigner, seldom recognizes the presence in Venice of any other boat but the gondola. Real life, however, knows an infinite variety, from the great P. and O. steam-ships, with their white-tunicked, red-turbaned Lascars, to the little dragon-shaped canoes, in which all day long small boys, as much at home in the water as fish, paddle from the Riva to San Giorgio, and even to the Lido. If you would know how many kinds there are between these two extremes, you have but to watch the ever-shifting scenes of the lagoon for a few short hours. I well remember one among many happy mornings spent in this manner, when there were so many boats out on the water that it seemed as if they must be part of a great show enacted for my special benefit. Very early, when I first went to my window, I found that the dome and towers of the Church of the Salute were half hidden behind a broad band of white mist, through which showed, spectre-like, the masts and sails of the

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OFF THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

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CRABBERS.

trabacoli — those sailing vessels which bring wine and stone and wood from Istria and Dalmatia, and which always stand in the Giudecca Canal. It was not at all the ideal Venetian morning, and its very strangeness led me to wait for the next scene in the day's drama. The mist gradually spread, and just touched the red tower and white façade of San Giorgio. But before the morning salute was fired from the man-of-war, and long before the steamer from Trieste, with hoarse warning of its approach, had steamed by, it had faded away; and it was on an unbroken tract of blue water and beneath the clearest of clear blue skies that the fishing-boats, one by one unfurling their sails, set out for sea. As they went, making bright bits of color by the Public Gardens and between the purple shallows, a long line of flat barges, each with sailless mast, trailed by a little puffing steam-tug, wound its way through the channel by San Giorgio, passing, as it neared the island, the yellow steamer bound for Chioggia. And then, a little later,

> "*Varda che bela barca de soldati!*
> *L'è tuta zoventù che va a la guerra!*"

(Behold, what a beautiful barge of soldiers! They are all youths who go to the wars!) For the *bersagliere* were now on their way to the Lido, where, in the green fields of San Niccolo, beyond the desolate Jewish burying-ground, is that space for drilling which the city does not give.

By this time the business of the day had begun. Up the little canal, between the red, ivy-grown garden wall and the tall, many-windowed pink house, came a milk boat, stern and prow piled with cans. Slowly down the lagoon toward the Public Gardens crept a barge laden with great casks of water from the villa-lined, flower-fringed Brenta, meeting on its way another bearing a railway carriage to the station at the end of the Grand Canal. The lagoon was soon alive with *topi*, or small sail-boats, full of fresh green vegetables, or flower-freighted like the bark in the song; with gondolas carrying Baedeker-reading tourists to the palaces on the Grand Canal, or the Armenian Convent of San Lazzaro, or the Bellinis in the Redentore; with sandolos, spreading tiny sails to the breeze; with row-boats, hurrying to and fro between the man-of-war and the Riva, or between the P. and O. steamer and the Piazzetta; with *vaporetti* continually steaming by; with omnibus-boats from the islands, differing but slightly from those in Canaletto's pictures; with canoes paddled by the inevitable small boy. Toward noon a pile-driving machine boat, coming in for repairs, landed at the head of the canal, creating confusion among the gondolas and barcas moored there, and despair in the hearts of the gondoliers, who filled the air with cries of *Fioi de can!* and *Briccone!* while men and boys crowded around them; the old one-legged man, the most

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CRABBERS.

familiar figure on the Riva, stalked up to superintend, and the little white woolly dog on the nearest fishing-boat, waking from his morning nap, barked his shrillest. And so it went on—as indeed it does day after day—until the mid-day gun at San Giorgio set the church bells to ringing, as if to proclaim the close of the first part of the great pageant, and to announce an intermission for *polenta* and coffee.

But, long as I had staid at my window, I had not seen all the craft that come and go on the lagoon. Indeed, I had missed two of the strangest and most picturesque that are there to be met with. I had not even caught a glimpse of the long rafts of pine wood, with the scent of the mountains of the Tyrol still clinging to them, and with the raftsmen sitting smoking in front of the little huts built upon them, that float down the Piave to the sea, and thence, by the fairest islands in Venetian waters, to the city, to have the withes that bind them together cut, and their planks stored in the basin just below the *Casa degli Spiriti*—the mouldering old palace with the wonderful outlook to the snowy peaks of far Cadore, but in which no man will dwell because of the spirits which haunt it. Neither had there passed those large black house-boats, with great curved prow and stern rising out of the water far above the little cabin on their deck where the family live, which come from Padua, and which often anchor close to the Giudecca, and, in greater numbers, in the narrow canals of Chioggia.

Just as in the long list of doges there are but a few whose names we remember, or just as of all the lovely palaces of Venice the Palazzo Ducale and the Ca d'Oro are the loveliest, so out of all this infinite variety of boats two stand out more prominently than the rest. It seems almost superfluous to add that I mean the gondola—the moth of which "a coffin might have been the chrysalis," as Shelley has it—and the fishing-boat, which the artist in Venice never tires of painting. The gondola has figured in pictures of Venice from the time of Bellini until the present day, when artists sit on almost every bridge, and at almost every turn and corner of the city. It has floated into poetry and been dragged into prose. It has been swept onward with the flowing tide of one singer's eloquence, and it has run foul on the shallows of another's platitudes. It has been described and praised and abused

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FISH BASKETS.

and written and talked about, until it seems as if in charity to it, or rather to the long-suffering reader, it should be granted an interval of peace. And yet, not to give it the first place in an account, however brief, of Venetian boats would be as impossible as not to dwell at length on St. Mark's in explaining the architecture of the city, or on the Council of Ten in recording her history. Moreover, it really has, to again use Shelley's words, "a most romantic and picturesque appearance," and this, whether you see it at the present day lying singly between the bright poles in front of palace walls and in groups at the *traghetti*, or ferries, or whether you mark its course as it floats down the records of the past. You can easily follow it through this long journey from the very first use of its name as that of a Venetian boat, long centuries before its *ferro*, or "beak of shining steel," and its *felze*, or cabin, with the black pall-like cover, were seen.

The stages of growth by which the gondola has been developed into the form so well known to-day are represented here in a fifteenth-century manuscript, in which St. Peter is seen walking on the waves, while St. Andrew watches from a boat which curls at prow and stern, but is without ornament; again in Carpaccio's and Bellini's pictures, in which gay gondoliers in trunks and long hose, with slashed sleeves and plumed hats, row through the canals the same shaped boat, to which has been added a *felze* made of sumptuous stuffs, and brilliant with the color Venetians loved so well; and then again, still later, we meet the gondola in more familiar guise in the decrees of the *Proveditori alle Pompe*, which forbade the covering of the *felze* with costly draperies and the decoration of the *ferri*—there was one then at the stern as well as at the prow—with figures of rare device. Now and then nobles rebelled against these new cruel laws, which reduced them when on the water to an outward equality with men far beneath them in birth or wealth, and which were all the harder to bear because foreign ambassadors were exempted from them. Bitter it was to look from their gondolas of plebeian plainness to those of the French ambassador, rich with carpets of crimson velvet and hangings of damask, or of "azure velvet wrought with fleur-de-lys in embroidery."

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A VENETIAN MILK-BOAT COMING TO TOWN.

But rebellion was of no avail. The glory of the gondola was doomed. For two centuries it has worn its black livery, as if still in mourning for its departed greatness—for the days when its color rivalled that of the frescos on the palaces by which it glided.

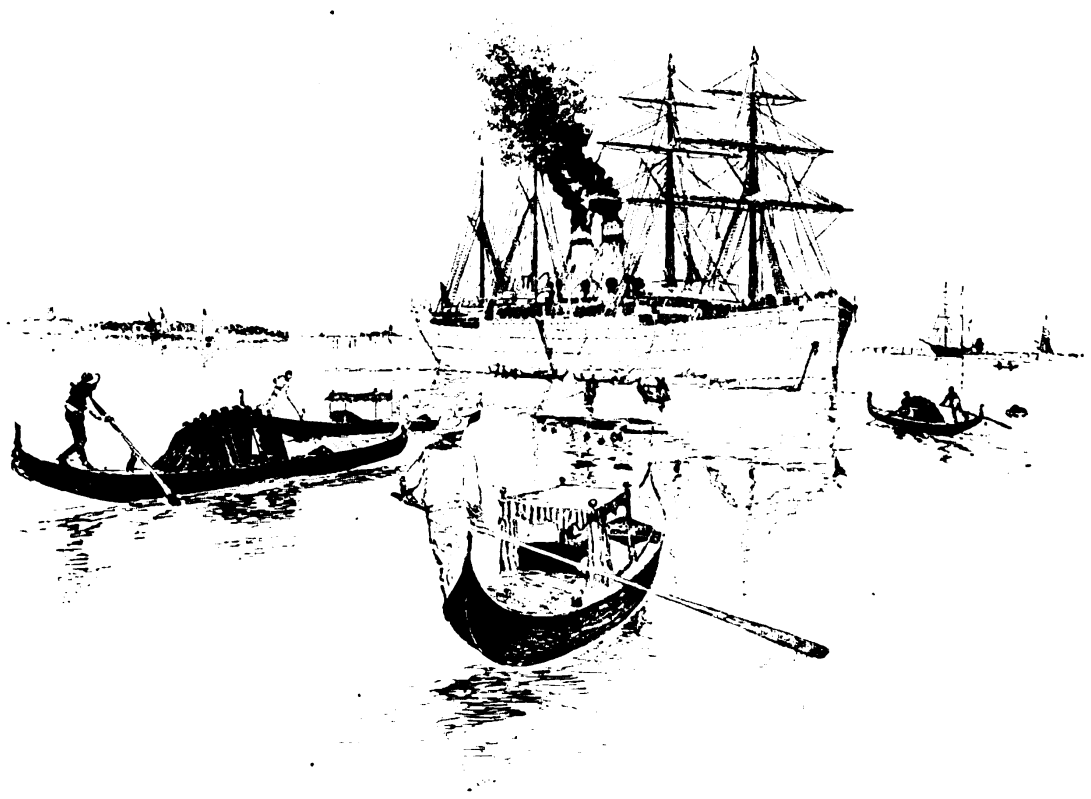
Had this transformation in its appearance been the only change in its fortunes, there would not be great cause for regret. The sombre boat in funeral garb, passing through the sea streets noiselessly, save for the deep melancholy *Stali! Premi!* of the gondolier, is much more in keeping with the city's crumbling palaces and time-stained walls than if it glittered with gold and shone with silks and satins. Even the cheerful little chintz awning the gondolier puts up in warm weather, out of respectful consideration for the *forestiere's* objections to the summer suns of Venice, seems out of place. But the gradual narrowing of its sphere of usefulness, thus threatening in the end to banish it altogether, is more serious. Canals have been filled up, new bridges built, and, greatest evil of all, steamers sent steaming up and down the chief waterway of the city, from the station at the far end of the Grand Canal to the Public Gardens at the extremity of the *Riva degli Schiavoni*. In vain have the gondoliers *struck* against this latest innovation. The spirit of modern progress, whose influence in Venice men who do not live there resent so bitterly, has asserted itself; and the Venetian, now he has learned their merit, is not willing to sacrifice for mere sentiment's sake boats which carry him for one-tenth the price and with double the speed of the more picturesque gondolas. And so the little *vaporetti* have gone their way, whistling defiance under the Rialto, and almost within the shadow of St. Mark's.

There remain a number of ferries with which new bridges and steam-boats have not interfered, and where as you cross you lay your money on the gunwale of the gondola in the old fashion, which has but too often suggested the now well-worn comparison between Venetian ferry-boats and Charon's bark. During the season, when there are many foreigners

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in Venice, the gondolier has but little cause of complaint, for he is then fairly prosperous. But even should the gondola disappear altogether from public use, it will not cease to be in demand for private purposes. So long as the sea is the street in Venice, gondolas will be moored by the tall, strangely twisted poles that rise from the water in front of every palace. The wealthy Venetian and the foreigner who has made this city his home keep their gondolas just as men in other towns have their carriages, and when the spring sets the few trees to blossoming over high garden walls, and violets and hyacinths are sold in the *calli* and the *campi*, the lagoon becomes alive with these private gondolas—just as when the hawthorn and the lilac bloom in London you are sure to find the Row in Hyde Park crowded with the carriages of the gay world. By these signs, that the gondoliers wear jaunty sailor hats instead of wide black *sombreros*, and sailor shirts and bright sashes, and that there are two in one boat, you may know the gondola that is not to be hired. For it is only when the brothers of a *traghetto* capture a rich *Inglese* or an unwary stranger that it requires two of their number to carry one gondola across the water.

Whatever may be the real or poetic beauty of the gondola, its sister boat, the sandolo, is without doubt one of if not the most graceful of all Venetian craft. It also is flat-bottomed, but it is very small and light, and instead of a *ferro* it has a steel knob at its prow. Moreover, it can carry a sail better than a gondola. Its very lightness makes it more desirable for the amateur gondolier, and after you have been in Venice a short time you begin to recognize the different artists who are their own gondoliers, rowing alone in their sandolos from canal to canal or from studio to *trattoria*, and the mere pleasure-seeker, who unfurls his tiny canvas, and spends the long lazy summer afternoons in sailing toward the main-land, or through the channels to the islands. You learn, too, to know the few women—artists and idlers—who have mastered the not easy art of rowing Venetian fashion, and, brave as their sisters of old who raced in their two-oared boats in the regatta, themselves dip their oars into the

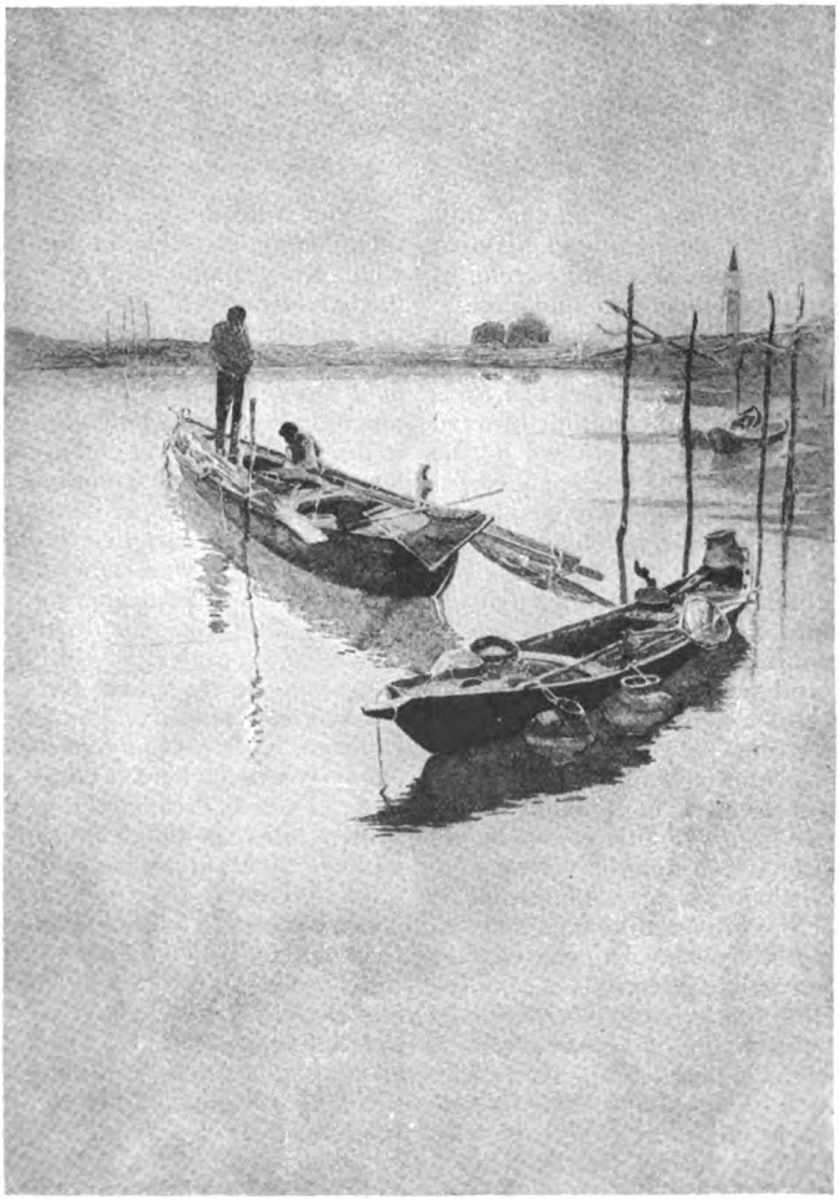


AN ARRIVAL, VENICE.

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blue water, and send the boat swiftly along with each stroke. You even become used to seeing the novice taking his lesson in the quieter canals, and are ready to congratulate him on his progress if he can keep his balance as he bends forward with each stroke of the oar.

it only for the contrast between their open spaces and mud banks sloping down to the water, and the garden and palace walls and well-paved *campi* by which the canals usually run. But they have, moreover, very positive elements of picturesqueness in the old tumble-down



AFTER WORK IS DONE.

Despite the gondoliers' complaints of hard times, new gondolas are still being made in the *squeri*—or boat-building places—which are as picturesque spots on the dry land of Venice as gondolas are on the water. They would be striking were wooden sheds at the farther side of the open space, which have been richly colored, and their irregular roofs, moss and weed grown by time, and which are overtopped by houses in whose windows there are gay orange and red and purple blos-

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A SANDOLO.

soms, and from whose chimneys thin gray smoke curls heavenward. Down on the mud are gondolas and *barche* in every stage of construction and repair; some, as yet but the merest skeletons, set apart; others, which have already seen good service and have been sent in for a new coat of paint, lying bottom upward in the foreground, half enveloped by the flames kindled that they may be dried quickly. Off in a corner are great pots of boiling pitch, sending up black clouds of smoke. When an artist just arrived in Venice and making his first *giro* of the canals comes out in front of the *squero* near the church of San Trovaso, where campanile and graceful acacias rise above ruinous sheds and flower-decked houses and "flower-like" chimneys, his enthusiasm reaches the painting-point, and he bids his gondolier rest a moment. And as surely as he gives this order, he receives the inevitable answer, "Not here, signore; a little bit farther; and, *ecco!* is it not finer?" and Camillo or Pietro, as the case may be, shows with pride exactly where the *Signor Pittore* Rico, or the famous *Signor Americano* Duveneck, or the *illustrissimo Signor Inglese* Jobbins, sat when he made his sketch. And somehow when the artist finds that his brothers of every nationality, together with Venetian photographers, have already painted and etched and photographed the *squero* of San Trovaso, and that it is such a well-known, well-worn *motif* that it has been catalogued in the Venetian art directory, his enthusiasm lessens, and he puts away his sketching materials, though the whole place may glow with color and sunshine, and the acacia branches sway in the soft spring air, and sweet scents come from a near garden.

The fishing-boats are almost all built at Chioggia, or Cioza, as the name becomes in the soft Venetian dialect, the island city famous for the love of its men for their pipe—the *pipa ciozzotto* of the *villotte*--and the beauty of its women.

"*A Cioza, a Cioza, me ne vogio andare!*"—

(To Chioggia, to Chioggia, I long to go!)—the susceptible Venetian sings, adding that he would there set up his fish-stand, and when the maidens came to buy of him, and asked *Cuanto*—how much—his answer would be, "I will not sell them."

"*Vu, che sè bela, ve le voi donare*"—

(To you, who are beautiful, I would give them)—nay, he adds, in an outburst of wholesale gallantry, not only the fish, but the barrels as well. An enthusiastic Venetian author declares that Chioggia is to Venice as the moon is to the sun, or the modest field flower to the superb camellia, which means in less ornate language that, though it may not be as wonderful as Venice, it is a picturesque and interesting city, with a distinct character of its own. But peculiar to itself as are its canals lined with arcades, and its women with their *tonde*, or white skirt-like drapery open in front and drawn up over shoulders and head to be held close under the chin, it is the sea life of the town which gives it its most marked individuality. You could as easily forget its houses as overlook its boats. They are everywhere. Large house-boats from Padua, fishing-boats with great brown fish-baskets bobbing up and down in the water at their sides, sandolos, *barche*, old disreputable-looking gondolas, and a dozen other varieties of lagoon craft crowd the canals. The *cantiere*—or boat-building houses—thirty-two in all, are on the San Domenico Canal. From them come the *topi*, *bragozzi*, and *trabacoli*, which seldom, if ever, are built in Venice. You think as you look about you that all the boats must be in port, all the fishermen at home.

But that there are as many at sea, you will find if you turn from the San Domenico Canal and go to the white bridge which artists love, and where toward afternoon the old disabled mariners of the town come to sit on the stone seat, from which they can watch the boats and the water as they gossip pleasantly in the sunlight.

The lagoon, pale and blue and lumi-

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PASSENGER BOATS FROM THE ISLANDS.

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SQUERO OF SAN TROVASO.

nous, stretched far and wide before you—on the left to the faint greenish-gray border of main-land; on the right to the sea-wall and Pelestrina, white, with here and there a dash of pink, and Fort Alberoni, its red wall seeming to float on the water. Directly in front, the dotted lines of the pole-bound channels led the way, with many serpent-like twistings, to Venice, a stripe extending "'twixt blue and blue." One or two long white trailing clouds swept over it across a sky as pale as the water; even from this distance the top of St. Mark's campanile glistened above the shadowy outline of the city, and the soft snowy peaks on the horizon showed where were the now mist-covered mountains. From the waters near Chioggia, through the seaward-flowing channel, between the great gray walls, last proof of the republic's might, on the green Adriatic beyond to the line where sea and sky met, was a long procession of fishing-boats, one floating silently and peacefully after another. All their sails—red, orange, and white—were spread, and their glowing reflections glistened and burned in the whitish-blue water. Were I a Chioggian, it would be for the great beauty of this scene on the southern lagoon, rather than for the salt and the castle and the piazza he praises, that I should sing,

"*Cioza mia bela, Cioza mia reale!*"

These same fishing-boats are the most familiar features of the lagoon near Venice. Early in the morning a similar floating procession starts from the Riva, each boat as it pushes away raising its sails to the breeze and the sunshine, and then gliding slowly on to the port of San Niccolo or of Malamocco. Down by the Public Gardens you are always sure to find a number of them lying idly by the shore, a wonderful confusion of many-colored, many-shaded nets hanging from mast to mast, while almost as many artists are painting or trying to paint them from under the trees of the gardens, or from gondolas fastened to the great red buoy, or from the steam-boat pier. And in the evening, when the sun sinks behind the Salute, the lagoon, which it has set afire, seems to break out in flames in the brilliant sails of the homeward-bound boats. And thus before long you have seen them so often that you have come to know all the different sails—the orange sheets, with galloping steeds, or spear-pierced hearts, or simple crosses; the red canvases, with

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orange corners, or white lines and circles, or sprawling initials (there was one marked with a gigantic R. P., which I felt must belong to me by rights); and the more ambitious sails, with pictures of the Madonna or of patron saints. Almost every sail has its own peculiar design. They say the art of sail-painting is in its decline, and men who have lived long in Venice will tell you that year after year they have watched its splendor growing less. But for all who have not known it in its better days, this is hard to believe. Indeed, so lovely are the sails that it seems as if they must belong, not to an every-day life of toil and struggling, but to a great festival like that which graced the lagoon of old on Ascension morn, when the Doge went in the Bucentoro to wed the sea.

But the fact that their boats are a joy forever to poet and painter and tourist cannot, after all, make up to the fisherman for the days of bitter cold and piercing wet which are but too often his portion, or for the perversity of the fish which at times refuse to be caught. Without fish there can be no *soldi*, and without *soldi* there can be no *polenta*, and fishermen cannot live on beauty alone. There is not a little wisdom in the Chioggian saying that they are master of the water, but servant of the fish—*padron de l'acqua e servidor del pesce*. The whole existence of these poor men is one long battle against hunger and discomfort, with, fortunately, pleasant interludes of uncloudded sunshine and good-luck. The people, ready as they are to abuse their want of faith and heart, can still realize to the full their cares and privations, so that pity now and then becomes the burden of the songs about them. The Chioggian compassionates their *trista vita*, *bruta vita*, far from love; while the Venetian sings:

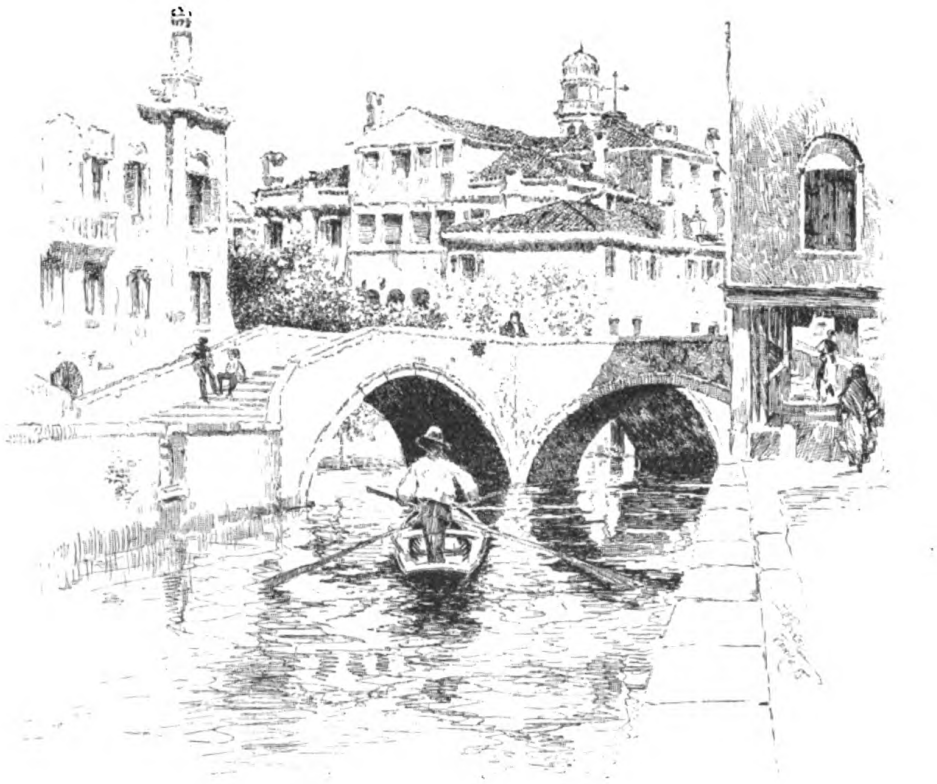
> "*Povero mariner che xè in marina!*
> *El ciama per ajuto qualche santo;*
> *El ciama San Francesco della Vigna;*
> *Povero mariner che xè in marina!*"

(Poor mariner who is at sea! he calls upon the saints for help; he calls upon St. Francis of the vines; poor mariner who is at sea!). You can form some idea of their hardships when the rain pours and the wind blows, and you know there is a heavy squall out on the Adriatic. Awnings then are up on the big steamships and on the *vaporetti*, whose few passengers, despite this protection, look cold and uncomfortable. White sea-gulls skim over the troubled waters, and the



BOAT-BUILDING AT CHIOGGIA.

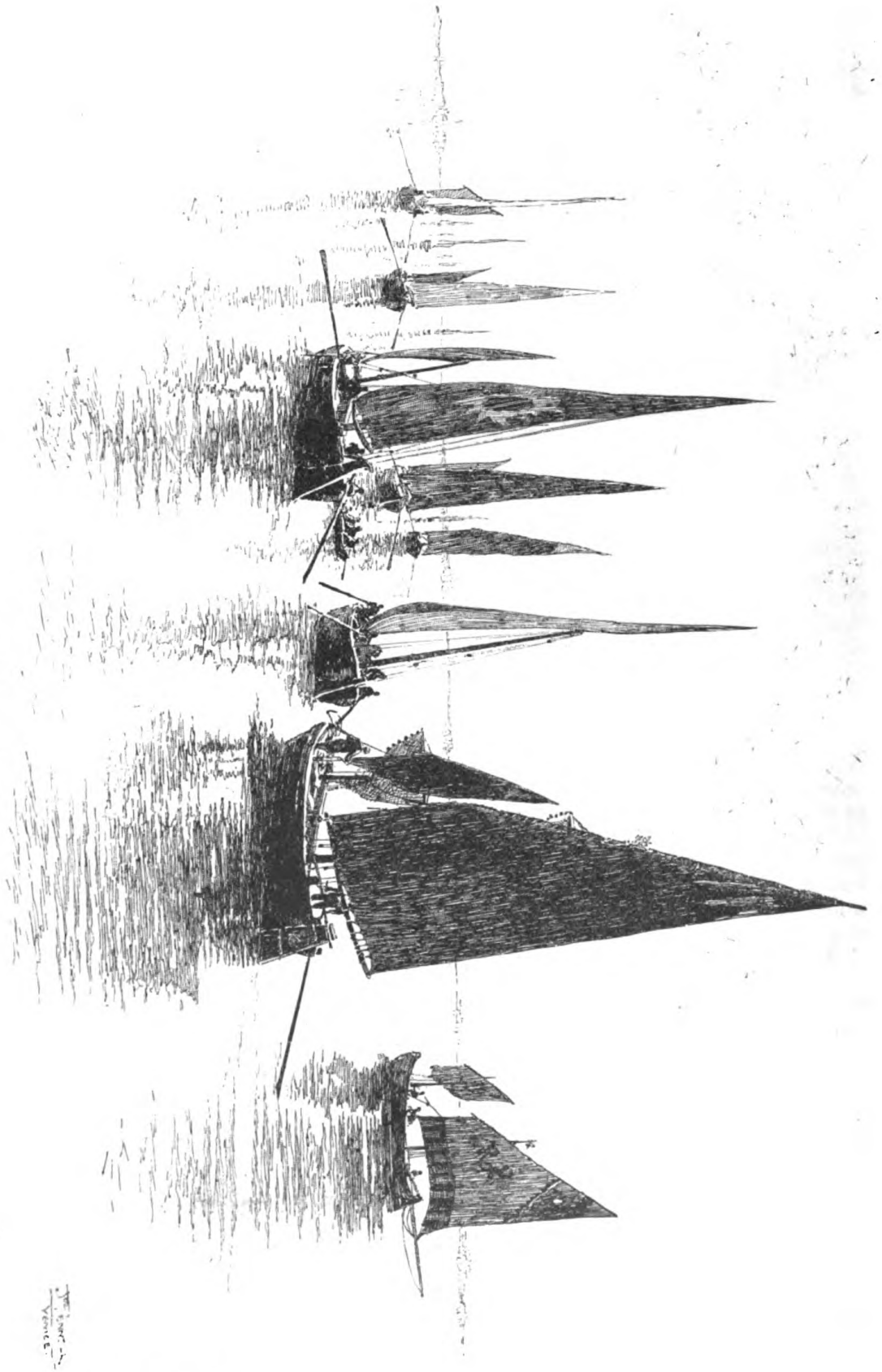
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THE TWO-OARED SANDOLO.

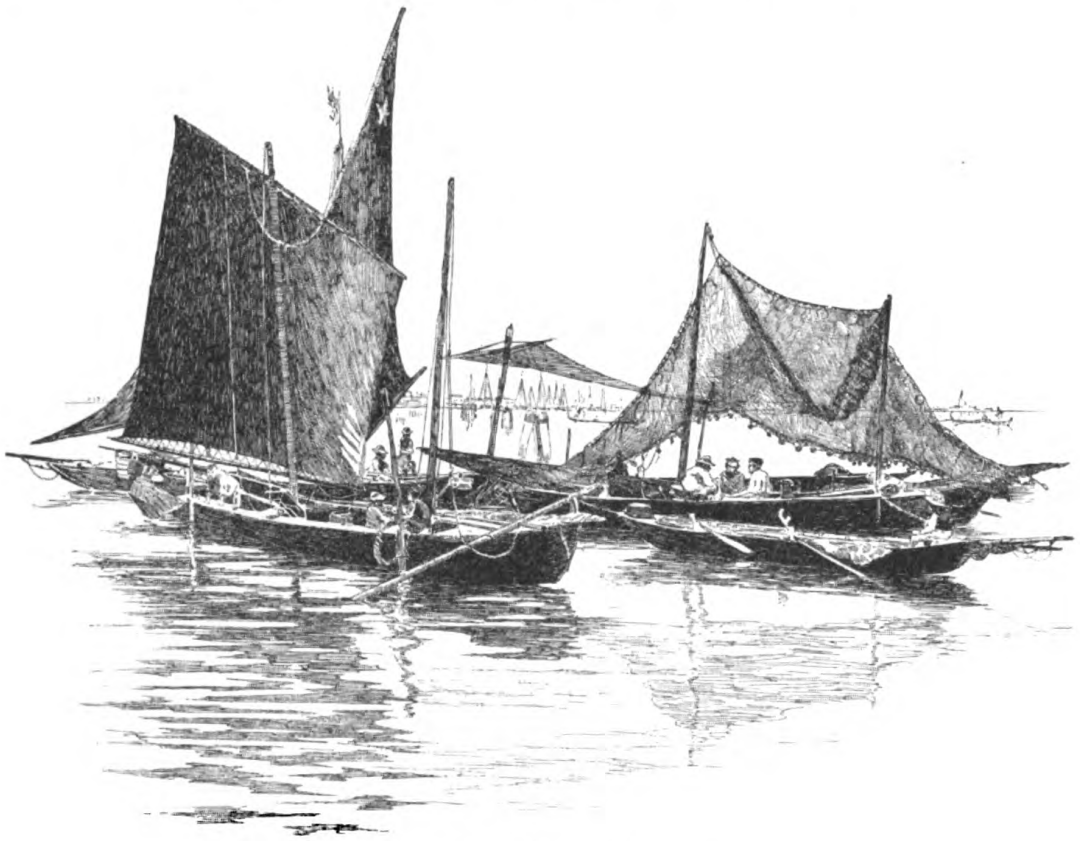
lagoon has become a gray dreary waste. But fishing-boats push out to sea, though even as they start they pitch and toss, and the sails come up into the wind and then fill and fall away. The decks are wet and slippery, and the fishermen, running up and down in their great brown and green oil-skin coats and hoods, look like a new species of monks. It is so cold and desolate that the white dogs have hidden themselves in sheltered corners. When the storm is very bad the fishermen stay at home, and their boats lie all along the Riva and the canals which intersect it. I have often watched them from my window on these stormy days. The *bragozzi* have under the deck a cabin or hole where the men find shelter, so that they are seldom to be seen. They seem able to bear the interval of inactivity with better grace than their faithful hairy companions. The latter come up every now and then to wander disconsolately on the deserted deck, or to stand with their fore paws on the upper ledge of the bows, and their eyes keenly bent upon the Riva. If their masters go on shore, they greet the first reappearance of high boots and oil-skins with an exuberance of barking and wriggling and tail wagging, which you cannot but believe is the result less of pure affection than of pleasure at any interruption to monotony. I do not wish, however, to cast a doubt upon the sincerity of their devotion. In justice to them, it must be said that master and dog are good fellows together in foul weather as in fair. I recall as one of many proofs an irresistibly comic scene, when a young fisherman, finally weary of the seclusion the cabin grants, spent one long morning playing with his dog, now teaching him to stand upon his hind legs, and now introducing him to the neighbor's dog, caught up for the purpose from the next deck. But this the pupil, who had submitted patiently to instruction by which he could not profit, resented with so much savage jealousy that the visitor, who was of a timid nature, almost fell overboard in his efforts to escape. The friendly scheme being impracticable, the neighbor's dog was returned, and the lessons were recommenced. The mention of these dogs here

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FISHING-BOATS OFF TO SEA.

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DINNER-TIME IN THE LAGOON.

is by no means superfluous, since they seem as indispensable to all fishing-boats as the men themselves. As the *topi*, unlike the *bragozzi*, are deckless and cabinless, the men set up for protection a little hut covered with matting, and in shape much the same as the tent the gypsy pitches in dingle and hollow. Under this they live a Romany life. Here they cook their *polenta* and sleep for hours, while the wind howls about them, and the rain only too often oozes through the matting, thus forcing them to keep on their oil-skins. Sometimes they are lucky enough to moor their boats under the lowest part of a friendly bridge. But, however exposed they may be, they can always sleep, for in Venice even the lover sings to his mistress:

> "*Conosco il mare. Quì puoi dormir*
> *Come in tuo letto*"—

(I know the sea. Here thou mayest slumber even as in thy bed).

The misery they endure, together with the dangers they constantly run, have made Venetian seamen pious as a class. There are few of their boats which have not a picture in glowing colors of the Madonna or of a saint—Saint Anthony meeting with greatest favor—on the bows. Beneath this you sometimes see a prayer painted, in order, probably, that the saint or Virgin may never forget their supplications. On certain feast-days in the year, even if the weather be fair and the luck good, they leave the high seas and come to shore to hear mass, and devote the day to pleasant idling in the wine-shops, perhaps—to the great gratification, let it be hoped, of the good saints they would thereby honor. According to tradition, St. Peter is patron of fishermen in particular, and St. Nicholas of mariners in general. But to-day St. Joseph also keeps special watch over all who live on the sea. On his feast-day the Riva is lined from one end to the other with boats; and an unusual number of men with brown faces and shaggy locks, who wear red caps and heavy wooden shoes with heels that flap up and down with great clattering on the pavement, are let loose upon the city. There is a church

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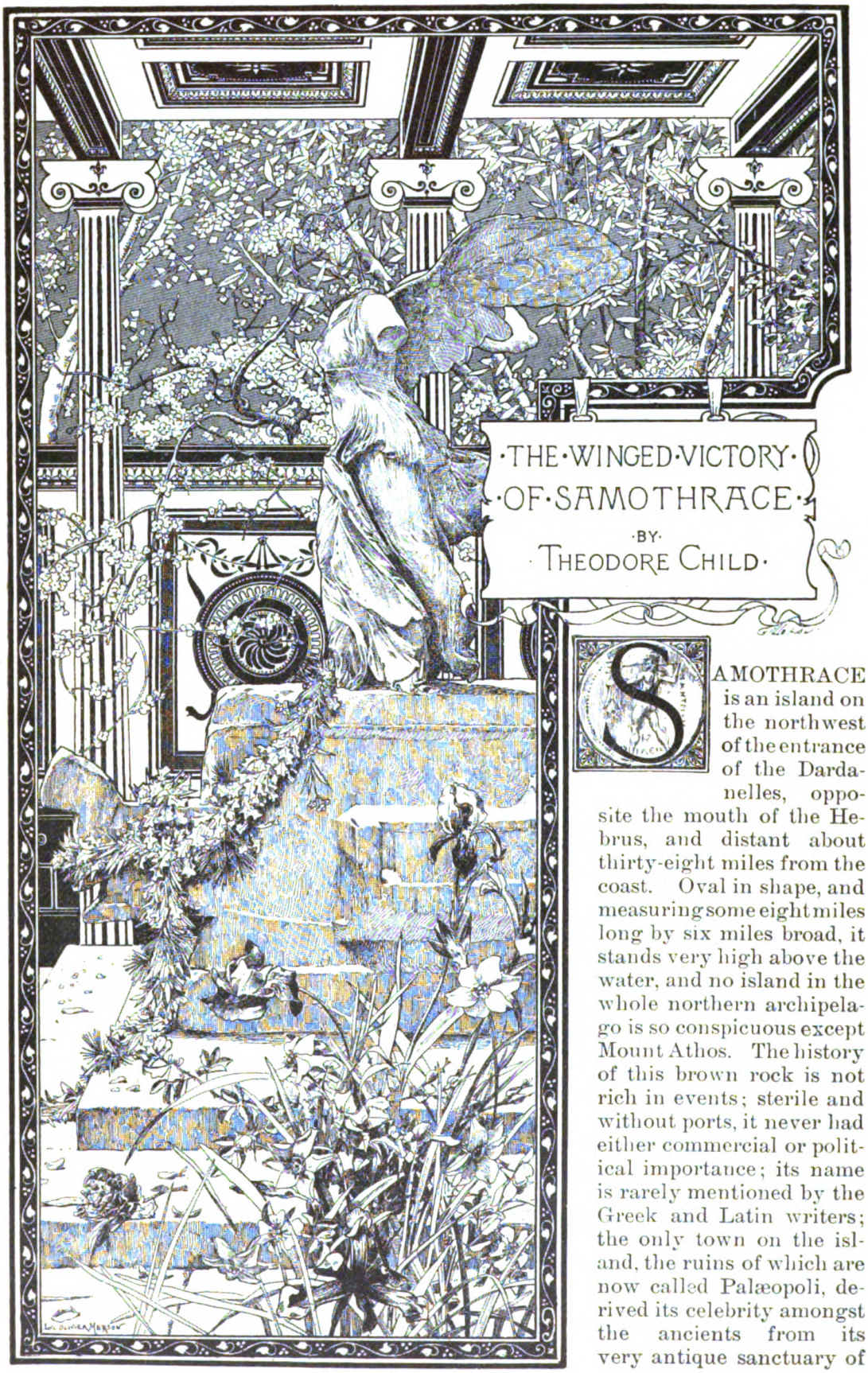
not far from the Ducal Palace which the fishermen specially frequent, and on its doors there are always notices of the masses to be said and the services to be held for the benefit of mariners. Every *traghetto* has its little shrine to the Madonna, before whom lights are burned and flowers laid on certain festivals. And here and there in the channels of the lagoon and near the ports other shrines, set up on piles, are consecrated to her. Before them fishermen and captains of trading vessels offer up a short prayer as they pass, as once the warriors and merchants of the great republic stopped at the Church of San Niccolo, on the Lido, to ask for success as they went out to sea, or to return thanks on their homecoming.

But it is in Chioggia, where seamen sing to the Madonna della Marina, that the prettiest and most picturesque of their pious customs are still observed. There the fisherman bids farewell to his wife or sweetheart in the Church of San Domenico before an old, deeply venerated crucifix, the parting being all the more tender and solemn because of the fervent poem-prayer by which it is accompanied. When he comes home at Easter and at Christmas there are religious processions he must take part in, and prayers of thanksgiving to be offered for his safe return. At certain stated intervals the bishop blesses the sea, and then the long main street of the town is crowded, women wrapped in their white *tonde*, and men, their heads uncovered, kneeling under the arcades and in the open places in reverent silence. "*Il labbro non prega, perchè troppo prega lo spirito*" (They pray not with their lips, because their souls are lost in prayer), says a Venetian writer in describing this ceremony. To the men with still fresh memories of sea-tossed, rain-swept nights and days, and to the women with but too vivid recollections of long anxious vigils and hours spent in watching angry seas, it is truly a solemn moment. And so, when the blessing is given, not a sound is heard but the bishop's voice and the soft splashing of the water against the quay. Thus between hopes and fears, between petitions for to-morrow's safety and thanks for yesterday's escape, the life of the *Chiozzotto* passes.



A STEAMER FOR CHIOGGIA.

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THE WINGED VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE

BY

THEODORE CHILD

SAMOTHRACE is an island on the northwest of the entrance of the Dardanelles, opposite the mouth of the Hebrus, and distant about thirty-eight miles from the coast. Oval in shape, and measuring some eight miles long by six miles broad, it stands very high above the water, and no island in the whole northern archipelago is so conspicuous except Mount Athos. The history of this brown rock is not rich in events; sterile and without ports, it never had either commercial or political importance; its name is rarely mentioned by the Greek and Latin writers; the only town on the island, the ruins of which are now called Palæopoli, derived its celebrity amongst the ancients from its very antique sanctuary of

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strange divinities called Kabeiroi, into whose mysteries many came from all parts to be initiated. The exact nature of these divinities has not been ascertained, but the name betrays Semitic origin, and their mystic rites appear to have been celebrated in Phœnicia, in various parts of Asia Minor, and in the island of Lemnos, as well as in Samothrace. The Kabeiroi came more particularly into favor in the Hellenic world in the second half of the fourth century B.C., when faith in the old national idols began to grow weak, and the Greeks turned toward foreign deities. The Macedonian princes were especially devoted to the service of these Great Gods, as they were called. Philip and his wife Olympias were initiated into their mysteries, and from about 350 B.C., during two centuries, until the Roman conquest, the protecting altars of Samothrace played a great rôle in the life drama of several of the Macedonian and Ptolemæan princes. In 280 B.C., Arsinoë, daughter of Ptolemy Soter, threatened with death by her second husband, Ptolemy Ceraunus, found asylum in Samothrace until she was able to pass into Egypt, where, in 279, she married her brother, Ptolemy II., Philadelphus. In 165 B.C., Perseus, the last king of Macedonia, conquered by the Romans at Pydna, sought refuge in the sanctuary of Samothrace, which had been hitherto inviolable; but he found the asylum insecure, and finally surrendered himself to the prætor, Octavius. Thus, thanks to these great patrons, the old Doric temple, situated in the valley, became gradually surrounded by various votive edifices, notably a new Doric temple, a portico built by one of the Ptolemæan princes, a propylæum, and an elegant rotunda erected by Arsinoë.

These buildings have left considerable traces at a short distance from the modern village. A Viennese archæologist, M. A. Conze, was the first to explore them superficially in the year 1858. In 1863 M. Champoiseau, French consul at Adrianople, obtained a credit from his government, and began to excavate in March of that year. While the workmen were digging out the façade of the portico, M. Champoiseau strolled away until, about fifty metres to the southwest, he noticed a bit of white marble emerging from the brown earth. He scraped the soil, and discovered that the marble had the form of a woman's breast. Then he called some workmen, who cleared away the earth to a depth of some two feet, and brought to light the fragments of a statue of a winged female figure. Further excavations led to the discovery of several blocks of strange form, to which little attention was paid. The French despatch-boat the *Ajaccio* was sent to Samothrace in all haste; the fragments were placed on board, and subsequently conveyed to France by one of the ships of the Levant squadron; and at length, in 1866, three years after their discovery, these pieces were fitted together, and the statue of the Winged Victory of Samothrace was placed in the Louvre Museum, in a dark corner in the Salle des Cariatides, where its beauty was, nevertheless, remarked, while its claims to be regarded as one of the greatest treasures of Greek art were fervently asserted by artists and archæologists alike.

The attention which this statue attracted caused the French government to send a second mission to Samothrace, under the direction of MM. G. Deville and E. Coquart; but these gentlemen had no faith and no enthusiasm, and their excavations were abandoned before they had given any considerable result. Thereupon the first explorer of Samothrace, M. Conze, who had meanwhile become professor at Vienna, induced the Austrian Minister of Public Instruction to send an archæological mission to the island, and in 1873 M. Conze went out, accompanied by two architects, MM. Hauser and Niemann. In 1875 M. Conze again visited Samothrace, accompanied by MM. Hauser and Benndorf, and the result of these two series of excavations was the clearing and the reconstitution of the plans and architectural arrangement of the various temples and edifices already referred to, and the discovery of a few pieces of sculpture, and of a number of inscriptions. The Austrian *savants* have given an excellent account of their labors in two finely illustrated works, *Archæologische Untersuchungen auf Samothrake* (Vienna, 1875), and *Neue Archæologische Untersuchungen*, by Conze, Hauser, and Benndorf (Vienna, 1880).

After his return to Vienna, M. Benndorf conceived the idea that the blocks of strange shape which M. Champoiseau had left when he took away the statue of Victory, and which the two Austrian missions had also neglected because they did

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not comprehend their use, formed the pedestal of the statue, and that when put together they would take the shape of the prow of a ship. This theory was at once suggested and confirmed by the figure to be seen on the obverse of the tetradrachms of Demetrius Poliorcetes, which represents Nike or Fame, standing on the prow of a galley, carrying a trophy stand and blowing a trumpet. The illustration forming the tail-piece of this article gives a reproduction of the obverse of one of these coins in the British Museum, while the figure of Neptune shown in the initial letter of these pages is copied from the reverse of the same coin.

It is only fair to state that there is a disagreement between M. Champoiseau and M. Benndorf, the former claiming the priority of the discovery of the nature of the pedestal. However, in the summer of 1879 M. Champoiseau returned to Samothrace, and brought away the blocks in question, which finally rejoined the statue in the Louvre. The various fragments were carefully adjusted, the wings were fitted together over a supporting iron frame, and at last the magnificent figure was placed on its pedestal at the head of the staircase in the Louvre, where it now stands, headless and armless, but still of dazzling splendor of form, and vibrating with the eternal life of art. Our engraving (frontispiece to this number) gives a front view of the statue alone, while the initial page of this article gives the profile of the statue and of the pedestal, the whole set in a frame of appropriate invention, due to the charming pencil of M. Luc Olivier Merson.

In presence of such an exquisite and fascinating object as this Winged Victory, it seems impertinent to detain the reader with eulogious phrases. It would be still more impertinent to make comparisons with a view to depreciating accepted masterpieces. One fine work does not annul the magnificence of another. Let us rather leave the reader to appreciate with such fulness as his temperament may permit the imposing grandeur of the silhouette, the suave and majestic movement, the charm of the clinging drapery, the whole sensuous yet awe-inspiring beauty of this Winged Victory; and let us continue on our side to summarize such facts and conjectures as may enable us to realize the archæological as well as the artistic interest of the work. Take, for example, the pedestal, which remained for so many years an inexplicable heap of stones. Thanks to a hint derived from the obverse of a coin, these stones have become a document of great importance for the better comprehension of Greek naval architecture; they form the prow of a trireme. The lower spur, or *embolos*, is missing; the upper spur, or *proembolion*, has lost its point; and of the curved ornament, or *stolos*, which surmounted the stem, only a fragment remains. On the other hand, the outer galleries or passages, *parodoi*, which run along the sides of the trireme and rest on the catheads, or *epôtides*, are well preserved and of clear signification. The statue stands in the middle of the forecastle deck, or *ikrion proras*, of which we read so often in Homer, where a square hole has been hewn out to receive the plinth.

The Victory is represented with the movement of rapid walking, as if she were accompanying the rowers, and eager to spring ahead of their speed, for her wings beat the air with impatient vehemence. The fresh sea-breeze presses the drapery against the body and the legs, and makes it float in rolling and rattling folds behind. The feet, the head, and the arms were carved apart, and fixed to the statue probably with iron braces: they are now lost. Nevertheless, we have only to observe the statue attentively in order to reconstitute the complete attitude. The late distinguished archæologist M. Olivier Rayet, in a monograph on the subject, says that the rising of the breast indicates that the head was erect and looking into the distance, and the movement of what remains of the shoulders enables us to establish with precision the direction of the arms. The right arm, raised and extended in front, doubtless held a trumpet; the left arm, thrown back and hanging down, carried one of those wooden crosses which formed the interior frame or stand for trophies. In the drapery, by the side of the right knee, may still be seen three holes that were drilled to receive the points by means of which the lower extremity of this cross was fixed to the statue.

The attitude suggested by M. Rayet is confirmed point by point by comparison with the coins of Demetrius Poliorcetes, one of whose gold staters is to be seen at Florence, while specimens of his silver tetradrachms exist in most of the great

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European collections. These coins, we know, were struck in commemoration of a great naval victory gained by the fleet of Antigonus, under the command of his son Demetrius, over the fleet of Ptolemy, off the island of Cyprus, in B.C. 306. Now, if M. Benndorf is right in his conjecture that the figure on the obverse of these coins is a copy of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, we may go with him in further conjecturing that this statue was consecrated by Demetrius Poliorcetes himself, and consequently that it was executed in 306 or 305 B.C. This is only a hypothesis; we can bring forward no positive evidence; but the probability of the theory seems great when we recapitulate the elements of our reasoning process, namely, the similitude of the statue and of the obverse of the coin, the fact of the naval victory, the fact of the devotion of the Macedonian dynasty to the service of the Kabeiroi, the style of the statue, which is distinctly that of the sculpture of the fourth century B.C., and lastly, the slight but still noteworthy fact that one of the ports of the island of Samothrace bore the name of Demetrion, which is not necessarily a derivative of the name Demeter, but just as legitimately of Demetrius.

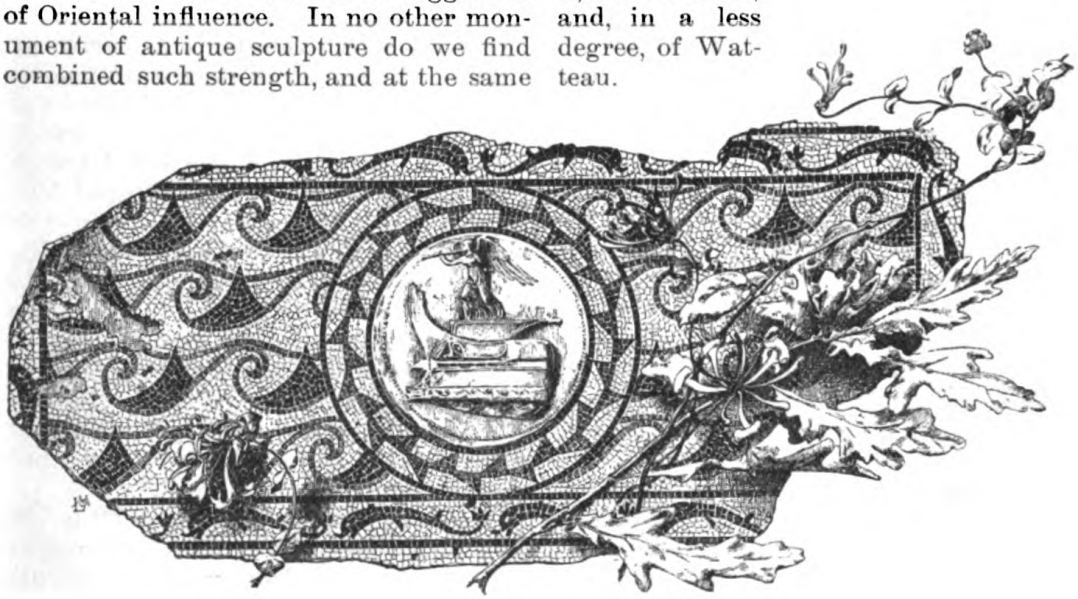
The next question that presents itself is, who made this Winged Victory? Mr. C. T. Newton, of the British Museum, says, in his *Essays on Art and Archæology:* "The bold and original treatment by which the flying folds of the drapery are made to express rapid movement has, perhaps, never been surpassed in sculpture. In the execution there is a subtle refinement which reminded me of the masterhands by whom the statues of the Mausoleum were carved. As Skopas is known to have worked in Samothrace, it is a fair conjecture to attribute this Samothracian Victory to some later artist of his school." Mr. Newton's opinion has been universally accepted, and the Winged Victory is classed by modern erudition as a production of the school of Skopas.

One of the most interesting results of the recent excavations undertaken by the German government at Olympia has been to call attention to the work of a sculptor, Paionios, a contemporary of Phidias, and hitherto supposed to have been a pupil and imitator. The Winged Victory signed Paionios discovered at Olympia reveals, on the contrary, a personal master, whose violent chisel has suggested to some archæologists a comparison with Michael Angelo. The figures of the pediment of the temple of Olympia, which Pausanias asserts formally to be the work of Paionios, have likewise qualities of vigor, and even of brutality, which justify this association of names. We note the obvious characteristics of the sculpture of Olympia, which are a strong sentiment of decorative effect, the desire to strike by energy and vivacity of expression, sincere realism which does not hesitate in presence of trivialities and even vulgarities which the Attic taste of Phidias would have effaced or attenuated. This Winged Victory of Paionios is more soberly and broadly modelled than the Victory of Samothrace; the drapery is less curiously and less amorously chiselled; but the two works have in common an intensity of life and of movement and a quality of sensuous beauty which incline us to imagine that the school of Skopas proceeded rather from Paionios than from any other master.

In the fourth century the mixture of races and the communion of thought and sentiments had produced a Hellenic people, a Hellenic civilization, and a Hellenic art, which was carried by various masters east and west to Asia Minor and to Italy. Amongst the most famous of these sculptors of the fourth century were Skopas, Praxiteles, and Lysippus, whose successors followed the successors of Alexander the Great to the new capitals of Europe and Asia, and produced the greater part of the works of sculpture that are now preserved in the museums of the Old World. The archaic sculpture, with its grimacing smile, does not express a state of soul; the gods of Phidias are impassible, and their faces wear an expression of sublime tranquillity; the athletes of Polycletes are fine muscular creatures of perfect proportions, but soulless, and of commonplace physiognomy. With Skopas, Hellenic art undertakes the expression of human passions and sufferings—the agony of Niobe, the terror of her servants, the torture of her children. The Winged Victory of Samothrace is a masterpiece born of the new ideal; it is the image of a woman resplendent with vigor, and exquisite in the vibrating rhythm of her movement—a figure in which the form and the function are in perfect harmony, a magnificent realization in marble of a vision of beauty, rendered by a great and skilful artist with

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all the force and all the distinction of a temperament of the rarest refinement and the most delicate sensitiveness to the charms of feminine eurythmy. At the same time, in this body, whose suave effulgence seems to shine through the caressing folds of the transparent tunic, there is a sensuous fascination suggestive of Oriental influence. In no other monument of antique sculpture do we find combined such strength, and at the same time such delicacy and subtlety of touch. It has the severe and grand charm of the age of Phidias, and at the same time it has a more modern grace, which suggests that smile of line and that intelligent and winning material physiognomy which we find in the figures of Botticelli, of Leonardo, and, in a less degree, of Watteau.



ON THE SOUTH SHORE.

BY MARGARET CROSBY.

IT was fortunate that Dr. Alden happened to be passing the school-house at West Antioch just at the moment that Miss Main fainted. Every morning he drove by the small square house on the top of the treeless hill. In winter the wind shook the little building until it seemed in momentary danger of escaping from the ground altogether, and flying away on the wings of the storm. In summer the sun shone upon it so fiercely that the paint on its walls cracked and broke off in leprous patches.

It was on one of the hottest of these days that the doctor, driving slowly by, glanced at the windows of the school-house. For two years at the same hour his eyes had grown accustomed to seeing the small figure of the teacher at her desk. But to-day she was not to be seen. At the door crowded a group of children with scared faces. They beckoned to him. The doctor stopped his horse and got out.

"Teacher's dead!" said one of the children as the doctor approached them, and then began to sob loudly.

The doctor brushed them out of his way and went into the house. The school-room was hot to suffocation. Two or three large flies buzzed on the upper panes of the windows. On the platform beside the desk lay the teacher, just as she had slipped helplessly from her chair. The doctor leaned over her and looked at her white face.

"Miss Main has fainted," he said, briefly, to the awe-struck children. "One of you get some water. Be quick about it."

When Miss Main's consciousness came back to her, she found her head resting on one of the doctor's carriage cushions, and the doctor himself gravely regarding her. She put one hand up to her head, and then turned aside from his questioning look.

"I cannot bear my life," she said.

The direct consequence of this event

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was that Dr. Alden ordered Miss Main to go to Nantucket. Angelica Main was very young, but her parents were dead, and she managed her own affairs.

"I cannot leave my school," she said; "I might lose my position. Besides, I can't afford it."

But the doctor was inflexible. Her health would break down permanently if she did not have sea-air at once, and Mrs. Burdick, on the south shore of Nantucket, charged only five dollars a week. The upshot of their talk was that Miss Main obeyed him.

When she arrived at Nantucket she was driven in a rattling rockaway through the gray old town, over three miles of rolling moorland, to a farm-house close to the sea. Far behind were the roofs and spires of Nantucket; to the left, near the sea, the life-saving station; and beyond, the deserted surf-side restaurant.

Fortunately Mrs. Burdick's heart softened toward the stranger from the moment when she was lifted, white and drooping, from the wagon. For several days she lay in bed, too worn-out to move, or even speak.

The first day Angelica was able to sit in the porch, Mrs. Burdick surveyed her with a dubious face. The sea tired the young girl. It flashed and sparkled beneath her eyes with audacious strength. She shivered as the searching wind swept by and through her. Two years of teaching in the flattest, muddiest part of New Jersey is not a good preparation for the enjoyments of the sea-shore.

"You feel real peaked still, don't you?" said Mrs. Burdick.

Mrs. Burdick had a yellow sickly face, with bright, sunken black eyes. The wind whirled around them, and blew the sand from the white grass-grown road that ran by the house in Angelica's face. Her heart fluttered with weakness.

"Oh, do take me in!" she gasped. "I like it better inside."

"The wind *is* as rugged as fury," admitted Mrs. Burdick. "'Tain't a bit like Nantucket weather for October. Come in the sitting-room and sit by the fire."

Once in the house, Angelica curled up in a chair by the fire, looked around with a dim sensation that she was in either the cabin of a ship or a nautical museum, or both. The ceiling was low, the wall-paper brilliant. Everything smacked of the sea. The vertebræ and other bones of whales, arranged in a design representing an anchor, decorated one wall. In a red cupboard with a glass door were sharks' teeth, flying-fish, carved whale ivory, and a model of a full-rigged whaling ship that would have made a boy's heart burst with envy. A sailor's sea chest stood in a conspicuous place.

"This is the sitting-room," said Mrs. Burdick, "and we don't vacate it for nobody, as a rule. If you have company, then we'll vacate till they go."

"Where did you get all these curious things, Mrs. Burdick?" asked Angelica.

"South Sea Islands," answered Mrs. Burdick, proudly.

"South Sea Islands?" repeated Angelica, slightly puzzled.

"My husband for forty years sailed the seas. He commanded a whaler, and brought all these things from his cruises, and many more, as you shall see."

Mrs. Burdick said these words in an oracular tone, which gave the impression that she was reciting blank-verse.

"Where is he now?" the young girl asked, timidly.

"In heaven," Mrs. Burdick answered, with startling abruptness. "For he was a professor, and the finest nature that ever walked a deck."

This speech was somewhat confusing to Angelica. At this moment some one came to the door of the room.

"Come in, Obed," said Mrs. Burdick. "This is Obed Cartwright. He was mate to my husband, and made many cruises with him, and now helps me farm this land. He and my nephew Jim can tell you all about the cruises they have both made. If you don't know about whaling and seafaring, it's time you did."

Obed was a hardy old man, with a wrinkled, weather-beaten face and grizzled hair, which hung down by each ear in a short, tight curl. His ears were decorated with gold hoop ear-rings.

Miss Main smiled up at the old sailor. "I should like to hear about the cruises," she said; and her smile was the beginning of a genuine good-fellowship between the little school-teacher and the ex-whaler.

After a miraculously short time Miss Main began to feel stronger; half unconsciously she felt the impulse of energy creeping through her veins. The weather mellowed, and one day she walked across the sandy grass to the beach, where she met Obed; he hollowed a seat for her in

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the dry warm sand. She sat there all the afternoon, drinking in the air, and watching with keen delight the waves that had tired her a week before. When the sun sank in all its golden and rose glory, and the moors were purpled and darkened with the coming twilight, she went back to the house.

"I declare, child," cried Mrs. Burdick, "I never would have known you! You ought to stay to Nantucket all your days."

It became a habit to go every day to the beach, and when the cows had been milked, and Obed had done his afternoon work, he used to join her, and tell her stories of the stirring days of his cruises. But the most inspiring subject of all was the by-gone glory of Nantucket.

"Well I remember," he declared, "when there were more'n two hundred whaling ships in the harbor at once, and eight ships being built, and the streets full of people. In those days 'twarn't fashionable to wear beards, and I have seen the wharves filled with sailors come back from four-years' cruises with beards down to their waists; and," he solemnly concluded, "I have seen as many as a dozen South Sea Islanders dancing a war-dance on the beach near the town. They was captured and brought here by the ships."

The sea began to seem like a friend to Angelica, and the bright old house like a home. The dreary drudgery and loneliness of West Antioch faded into the background of her mind, as a bad dream melts away when the welcome daylight breaks on our eyes.

After the five o'clock supper she used to wander to the beach, and, nestling in the sand, watch the darkness gather and the moon rise, lingering for hours, losing herself in the sight of the silvered majesty of the sea. Even to the indifferent consciousness of a Nantucketer there was something thrilling in the slow rising of a great wave beneath the moon. A shining mass rose pale and glistening, then gathered itself into a mighty trembling crest, with a dark concave curve beneath; then crashed down, and rose again in a cloud of glittering foam. To Angelica the sight precluded the necessity of further effort on her part in any direction. That anything so beautiful and so mighty should be so well and so easily done without the assistance of human beings seemed to render their interference with the affairs of this earth a useless impertinence. One evening, when she had walked some distance down the beach, she saw the shadowy figure of a man come from behind a sand mound close by. "Obed!" she was about to call, when she saw that it was an unfamiliar form. On it came toward her. She could see a dark object in its hand. Something of her old nervous terror seized her. Her heart beat chokingly. She tried to speak, but she could make no sound. She cowered down on the sand, and covered her face with her hands.

The next moment the man almost stumbled over her, and something fell, striking her with a rattling sound. Through her fingers a bright flash of light dazzled her eyes. Then her terror found voice in a faint cry.

The man uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Well, if I haven't struck a reef! Why, it's a little girl!"

There was a friendly tone in the strong voice. Angelica took her hands from her eyes. The man picked up the dark lantern that had fallen from his hand, and opening the slide, looked at her with some wonder.

"I'd like to know what a child like you is doing, cruising around here alone at this time of night?"

"I'm boarding near here," she stammered, scrambling to her feet, "and I walked down the beach, and didn't know I was so far from home. I was frightened when I saw you coming."

As he looked at her, the young man's expression changed.

"Thunder! It isn't a little girl, after all," he said, half to himself.

Angelica waited for a moment, and then, saying "Good-evening," in a small, shy voice, walked away. He made a couple of steps toward her.

"Are you—are you staying far from here?" he asked.

She stopped, and turned her head, like a bird ready to fly. "Not very."

"I hope you're not afraid?" he said, seriously. "I am sorry I can't see you home, but I'm patrolling, and I can't go off my beat."

She said nothing, but walked swiftly away. He watched her until her slight figure was lost in the darkness, and then, closing his lantern, he continued his solitary walk along the shore.

The next morning Mrs. Burdick stood in front of the house, giving Obed her parting directions before he drove to the

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"HE USED TO JOIN HER AND TELL HER STORIES."

town for some groceries. The old man sat in the two-seated box-wagon listening patiently. Miss Main, who was going with him, stood just inside the door, watching the tall figure of a man coming with a loose, swinging walk across the stretch of uneven, sandy grass that lay between the life-saving station and the farm-house. As he came nearer she saw that he was a young man about twenty-eight or thirty years old, with dark waving hair and blue eyes. She recognized him as the man she had seen the night before.

"There's Jim!" said Mrs. Burdick, her pale face brightening. Obed looked at the young man with an affectionate smile.

"Well, Aunt Eunice," exclaimed the man, as he came up, raising both hands and dropping them with a despairing gesture, "another voyage around Cape Horn! Buggy's all gone to smash, and the colt's knees are broken."

"*No!* You don't say, Jim!" ejaculated Mrs. Burdick.

"How did it happen?" asked Obed.

Jim leaned against the tying post. His face was flushed and he breathed quickly. "Well, you see," he said, "it was my day off from the station, and I was cruising round town a bit, and I had to put something ship-shape astern of the wagon, and as the colt was pretty lively, I anchored him with a fat man who was passing. Why"—and Jim smiled with a sort of tolerant contempt—"I thought that man was big enough to eat the colt and the buggy and me too! Well, I went into Cummings's store to borrow a wrench to tauten up the wheel, and before I could get back the colt had slipped anchor and was off, and there was that fat man ashore, high and dry, wondering where the colt and buggy got to." In spite of his dismay at the catastrophe, his enjoyment of the comic side was uppermost for the moment. "When I came up with them, 'way down in Lily Street, there wasn't enough of that buggy to do anything but make kindling-wood of." Here he stopped abruptly.

"Well, I say, that's a shame!" said Mrs. Burdick, in a tone of excited sympathy, "after your spendin' all that money—'most all your earnin's, wasn't it?"

"Much obliged," said Jim. "Just about."

"What did you do with the colt?" asked Obed.

Jim turned away, and began to unfasten the strap that tied the horse to the post. "Shot him," he said, briefly.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Burdick, in a murmur of distress.

Obed grasped the reins more tightly, and looked speculatively into the dis-

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tance. "Pity you couldn't shoot that fat man too," he said, after a moment.

Jim looked up again. "No," he said, somewhat heavily. "*I* don't want to lay the blame on *any one;* but if I ever own another colt, I won't let any one hold it that I don't know, no matter what his tonnage is." The humorous look stirred in his eyes again. Then, as if to shake himself free from the stinging regret that he felt, he said, "If you're going to Nantucket, Obed, guess I'll go with you."

Obed looked toward the door. "The young lady's goin'; but you can go too."

"*The young lady!*" repeated Jim.

"Mis' Burdick's boarder," Obed explained.

Mrs. Burdick was leaning against the door, with her hand pressed tightly against her heart. She was whiter than usual. "Yes," she said, without noticing his surprise, "Miss Main's goin' to town. I declare, hearin' about your wagon gave me a turn."

Angelica had been standing inside the door, a fascinated listener to all that had passed. She came forward, blushing deeply. "I won't go this morning," she said, confusedly. "I'll stay home with you, Mrs. Burdick; I'm afraid you are ill."

"No, I ain't," said Mrs. Burdick, with a sudden return of her peremptory manner. "Don't you talk, but get into the wagon this minute. The ride's good for you. This is my nephew, Jim Burdick. He won't eat you."

"That's right," said Obed; "come along."

Half laughing, half protesting, the little teacher was helped into the wagon, Jim climbed into the back seat, and they drove away.

The breezy moors over which they drove, the sparkling sunlight, and the intense blue of the autumn sky were old stories to Jim Burdick, but he watched with novel attention the slight figure on the seat in front, the plain dark blue dress and jacket, and the dip of the shabby little black velvet turban over her eyes. He listened to her fresh voice as she talked with Obed. This was a young lady, but not a fine young lady. Jim vaguely realized a difference, and liked it. When they reached the town, and Obed left them at the grocery, he looked around at Jim, with a deep twinkle in his eyes.

"S'pose you set in front and take the reins; we don't want no more runaways in the family."

Miss Main smiled involuntarily, and then, as Jim obeyed, she looked at him with her eyes brimming with sympathy. "I'm so sorry about the colt," she said.

"I'm obliged, I'm sure," replied Jim. He flecked the old horse gently with his whip as he continued, looking straight before him: "You see, I was *fond* of that colt. I'd bought him last year, when I came home from my cruise, and I broke him myself. Well, I was fond of him"—he paused for a minute—"I'll go to sea again, and get another when I come back; but it won't be the same."

"You say you are going to sea again; I thought you were at the life-saving station."

"So I am," answered Jim, turning a little, and meeting her soft brown eyes; "but it's only a temporary position. Seafaring's my trade." It was wonderfully easy to talk to her.

"Do you like it? I believe all sailors do," she added, hastily.

"It's the ambition of every sailor to make enough money to live ashore." As Jim said this, he looked down at her upturned face with such a warm, generous smile that the lonely young girl's spirit glowed in its sunshine.

Obed came back, and twinkled even more profoundly when he found them in earnest conversation.

The sunshine of that drive extended over the next two or three weeks. In her solitary walks Miss Main met one and another of the patrolmen, and it became a habit with them to stop for a moment and chat with her. Her simplicity disarmed their gruff reserve. When Jim was off duty he haunted the farm-house unaccountably. Sometimes it was to leave a handful of shells that he had collected on the beach for Miss Main; sometimes to return a book that she had lent him. There were long dull hours at the station, and he read her books with eagerness, and discussed them afterward with her with keen uncultivated intelligence. One day he took her over the station, and explained the mechanism of the life-saving apparatus and boats, until her mind was lost in a labyrinth of hawsers and pulleys. A few days later they had a practice exhibition of all their manœuvres, when she was filled with admiration at their

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strength and skill. The men took her out in the surf, not in the regular government boat, but in a surf-boat borrowed for the occasion. The wind swept her little hat off her head, and blew her curly hair about; her eyes danced and sparkled, and her cheeks glowed as the breakers landed the boat far up on the beach, and the men, springing out, dragged it beyond the reach of the next wave. How surprised her pupils and their parents at West Antioch would have been if they could have seen their spiritless little teacher! She went with them repeatedly, and even learned to steer the boat, grasping the steering oar—which is used instead of a rudder in surf-boats—with both her small hands, and guiding the boat successfully through the surf to the smoother sea beyond.

"She hasn't any more fear of the waves than a sea-gull," Obed said, admiringly.

Sometimes the recollection of West Antioch came over her with deadening force—that musty school-room and her utter friendlessness. The time was painfully near when she must go back to it all. Even at the moderate rate of five dollars a week, her little store of earnings would soon be gone, and then there remained to her nothing but to take up the weary round again.

It was afternoon. Mrs. Burdick had not felt well, and Miss Main had helped her with the household work.

"I could have as many help's I wanted," said Mrs. Burdick; "but I think they're more bother than they're worth." She took the young girl's face between her hands and kissed her heartily. "I think you're 'most the sweetest girl I've ever seen."

Miss Main ran away with a warm home feeling at her heart. She sat down by the sitting-room fire to rest. It was growing dark, and the brass andirons and red cupboards glowed in the flashing fire-light. Outside, the air was cold, but the little room was warm. The shark's jaws over the mantel grinned hideously at the young girl, and through them she seemed to see the West Antioch school-room.

The back door of the kitchen beyond the sitting-room opened, and Miss Main started as Mrs. Burdick called: "Why, Jim, is that you? Thought likely you'd be over this afternoon." She crossed the room and shut the door leading into the sitting-room.

The room seemed to brighten, and then darkened suddenly as a shadow passed the window, and Jim walked down the path to the gate. After a moment Mrs. Burdick opened the door.

"Well, little one," she said, "go and put another seat at the table; Jim's comin' to tea. He's gone home to fix up. He ain't patrolling to-night."

That night Mrs. Burdick and Obed were both struck by the little teacher's prettiness. It was not her dress, for she wore her one dark blue flannel gown. It was the brilliant rose-tint in her cheeks, the deep transparency of her eyes, and the shining lustre of her hair, clustering closely to her head. Jim could not be said to notice anything. If he looked at her, he looked away at once, and was unusually silent. Just before tea was over he seemed to force himself to speak to her.

"There's a dance over to Nantucket to-night, Miss Main, in Joe Coffin's sail-loft. If you like, I'll drive you over after tea."

Miss Main was a little confused. She looked timidly at Mrs. Burdick.

"I'd like to go; that is, if Mrs. Burdick doesn't want me."

"Want you!" exclaimed Mrs. Burdick. "Why, no, child. I shouldn't have known what to do without you to-day, but you ain't tied to my apron-string."

Miss Main still demurred. "I don't know how to dance," she said.

"Oh, you needn't dance unless you like," said Jim. "Only just look on." He waited eagerly for her answer.

"Very well," she said, slowly. "I'll go."

Something of Jim's usual nonchalance returned with this decision. After tea Obed betook himself to his quarters in the barn, and Jim, going with him, returned with the box-cart and horse, which he had borrowed from Mrs. Burdick.

"I wish I had the colt and buggy," he said, regretfully, as he helped Miss Main into the cart with reverential care. Mrs. Burdick called "Good-night" to them as they drove away. When Miss Main left her she was sitting on her husband's chest, leaning against the wall, and even in the fire-light her face was strangely white.

When they reached the town, they drove through the narrow streets to a long two-storied building fronting one of the wharves. Standing in front of it were various nondescript country vehicles. From the upper windows lights

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shone, and the sound of fiddles and a jingling piano came down to them.

They made their way through a dark workshop, up a narrow stairway, and emerged in the sail-loft above. It was lighted by kerosene lamps, gayly decorated with flags and greens, and filled with people. As Jim pushed his way through the crowd, one after another turned and greeted him with good-natured welcome, staring at his companion with open curiosity.

"Hullo, Jim!"

"Is that you, Burdick?"

"They'll be forming for the march in a minute," said Jim. "We'll get seats at the upper end of the room."

They found two empty chairs near the temporary stage where the musicians were seated, and Miss Main watched the scene with amused curiosity.

The crowd was composed of people of all ages. Farmers and their wives and daughters, old fishermen with long gray beards, and a youthful twinkle in their eyes, and rough sailors from the fishing and lumber schooners in the harbor. Every variety of dress prevailed among the men, from a flannel shirt and top-boots to a long black coat and white cravat. A portion of a militia regiment had come over from the main-land for a day or two, and mingled with the crowd in their bright uniforms, giving it color and life.

After a few minutes the floor was cleared, the musicians played a march, and a long procession was formed. They walked slowly around the room, two by two, winding in and out in intricate evolutions, like a long snake.

"What are they going to do?" asked Angelica.

Jim smiled. "Wait and see."

Suddenly the music began a quicker measure, and the leader of the procession, discarding his partner, took his station on the stage. The long winding snake dissolved, its component parts forming themselves into sets for quadrilles, and the dancing began in earnest.

The man on the stage, a huge fellow over fifty, with deep-set, flashing eyes, called off the figures with a voice like a trumpet. His tremendous voice broke discordantly on the music.

"Chassez to partners!"

"Balance to lady on the right!"

"Swing partners! Hi-i-i-i! there, Bill Chase, what are you about? *Swing* partners, I said."

"Hands all round!"

"Balance again!"

As he warmed to his work he took off, first his coat, then his collar and cuffs, and finally threw aside his waistcoat.

"When Sanford does that," said Jim, "he means business. He ain't going to let any one shirk."

Never had Miss Main seen such dancing. There was little smiling, but serious, hearty work, every one, old and young, joining in it. At the word "Chassez to partners!" all the men danced a momentary break-down, their faces solemn, their bodies immovable, but their legs fairly twinkling in the air.

Beside Jim sat a pale, lanky youth, dressed in a long black frock-coat, with a white cravat.

"Why, Billy," said Jim, "I thought you did not go to dances?"

Miss Main heard his bland, nasal tones in reply.

"Well, Jim, this is the first regler ball I have ever attended. Father, bein' a strict Quaker, does not allow us to attend balls. Mother and sister said he would be right down mad if he knew I wanted to come, so I just thought it best to come quietly, without letting the old man know."

Jim and Angelica laughed.

"I am afraid that Billy is deep, even though he has never attended a regular ball before," she said.

The quadrille was followed by a polka, then a waltz, and then more square dances with curious names—the "Soldier's Joy" and the "Portland Fancy." Once Jim asked the young girl if she would dance, but she drew back hesitatingly.

"Why don't you go and dance with some one else?" she said.

"I would rather stay here," he answered, gravely.

At length the last dance was called.

"Form sets for the 'Tempest'!" shouted Sanford.

The young girl had entered into the strange wild spirit of the scene as the evening went on. The color had come into her cheeks, and her little foot beat time to the outlandish rhythm of the music. As the couples moved forward and took their places for the dance, Jim turned eagerly to her.

"Won't you dance this one dance with me? Just this one!"

Her eyes met Jim's ardent look. He

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caught her small hand and started from his seat. She drew back a little.

"I don't know how," she protested.

"You'll learn," pleaded Jim. "I'll show you, and you can listen to Sanford. Don't say no. It's only for this one time."

Almost without her volition she found herself whirling onward in the unceasing mazes of the dance. The soul of the music entered into her brain and her feet. The measure flew faster and faster. They swung in long lines across the room, and if at one moment the dance seemed inextricably tangled and confused, at the next it unwound, and resolved into law and harmony again.

In the confusion of strange faces around her, her eyes sought Jim's face again and again with a strange thrill of dependence. The windows were closed, and the air was heavy with heat and the dust beaten from the floor by the feet of the dancers. The lamps flickered wildly, as though they were going out. The music melted into the air of "'Way down upon the Swanee River." Everybody joined in it, singing as they danced. Many of the men took the tenor, the voices rising in a flood of rich harmony, the rhythmic tap of the dancing feet touching the floor in unison with the pulsing melody as it rose and fell. The stifling atmosphere and the unceasing round overpowered the young girl. Her head swam and her footsteps wavered. Jim, who had been separated from her for a moment in one of the figures, caught sight of her pale, dazed face. Not regarding the indignation of those who were nearest him, he pushed his way to her, and putting his strong arm around her, drew her through the crowd and down the stairs to the cool dim workshop below. The fresh air revived her in an instant, and she smiled up in Jim's startled face.

"Do you feel better?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh yes! It was only that hot room."

"I'm sorry I brought you," he said. "It can't be helped now, but I'll never bring you to another of these dances."

She looked up quickly. "You won't be able to. You know I'm going away in two or three days."

A silence fell on the young man. Her going was more than the pain of her absence to him. It separated them finally. He dimly imagined her surroundings as far beyond and above him. Everything about her seemed to breathe a strange and delicate aroma. Even her name, Angelica, which her father had given as if in protest against his starved imagination, seemed to Jim like the exotics that he had seen in distant lands, which withered if plucked. He breathed her name in his heart, but he would not have dared to have spoken it.

He looked down at her sweet face, shadowy and unreal in the dim light, a passion of revolt stifling him.

At the same instant a young man came down the stairs and lounged by them, his hands thrust in his pockets.

"Hello!" he cried, in a high, crowing voice. "So Jim Burdick's got a girl at last."

As he spoke, whether intentionally or not it was impossible to discern, he pushed roughly against the young girl, shoving her aside.

Jim's face was set with fierce anger; a dark flush rushed over it; he sprang violently forward, and seizing the youth by the throat, dashed him back against the wall, still holding him.

Angelica was beside him in an instant, and grasped his arm. "Oh, don't!" she cried. "Let him go."

The instant her hand touched him, Jim loosened his hold, and the youth, too frightened to retaliate, limped away, whining, "Like ter know why yer so bla-a-a-med touchy?"

One or two men ran down the stairs, only in time to see Jim and his companion drive away.

Miss Main was silent for a moment, then she looked at Jim with a sense of fear. She had seen brooding, revengeful men, but the passionate sweet-tempered man was new to her.

Jim's smile, as free as ever, was an intense surprise as he turned to her. Only his quick breathing and a tremor about his brows showed the flash of anger that had been a moment before.

"He got off too easy," he said; "he can thank his stars that you were there."

She shook her head. "It is terrible to get so angry."

"He insulted you," he answered, simply.

They left the houses and lights of the town behind them, and came out on the now moonlit moor. In Jim's mind was tingling the recollection of the words he had just heard spoken. "Jim Burdick's got a girl at last!" They seemed to

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ring in the air all around him. It was strange that she did not seem more angry. The moon was rising above the horizon straight before them as they drove seaward, and the slanting flood of light tipped the grass with points of silver, so that they seemed to be plunging into a silver sea. The air blew keenly against them.

"It's getting colder," said Jim, breaking a long silence. He pulled off the rough pea-jacket he wore, and threw it over the young girl's shoulders. "Let me put this over you, it will shelter you to the windward."

It was as though he had thrown his strong arm around her. "Oh no," she protested. "I don't need it. You'll be cold."

"Please wear it," he said, pleadingly. "Where are you going when you leave here?"

"To West Antioch; where I live."

"Why have you got to go there? I mean why do you go so soon?"

"I must," she answered, sadly. "I teach school there."

"Teach school! What for?" The words came involuntarily.

"For my living."

The words smote him with a sudden pang of tenderness and joy. They seemed unaccountably to lessen the distance between them. His mingled feelings kept him silent as they neared the sea. The surf thundered at regular intervals on the beach as they reached the farm-house. Jim sprang out of the wagon and helped her down, and followed her into the dark hall. The kerosene lamp had burnt itself out; the air was heavy with smoke.

"Hush!" whispered Miss Main. "Your aunt has gone to bed. We must not disturb her."

They moved involuntarily into the dark sitting-room. The fire had died out, and one bar of moonlight struck across the room. Miss Main's eyes were drawn to the bright streak of light.

"Jim! Jim!" she gasped, in a whisper. "The hands! the hands!" She clung to him in wild terror, hiding her face against his arm.

Hardly knowing what he did, the young man held her tightly to him. He looked across the room, and shining in the moonlight were two white hands, clasped as if in rest. Then, as if to dissolve the mystery, a cloud that partly hid the face of the moon was wafted away, and its full rays shone on Mrs. Burdick, sitting just where they had left her, with the stillness of death on her face. Still holding the young girl's head turned away, Jim led her out of the room.

"Hush!" he said, in his quietest voice. "It's only Aunt Eunice asleep on the chest. She often goes to sleep there. Don't make a noise, or we'll wake her."

His manner was so matter-of-fact that she believed him implicitly. She began to laugh, although she still trembled, and went unsuspectingly to bed and to sleep. The little teacher dreamed sweet dreams, and knew not till the morning of the sorrow that had befallen the house.

It is strange how soon the mind adjusts itself to a new thought. The day after Mrs. Burdick's funeral Miss Main stood in the door of the farm-house, the afternoon sun touching her hair with gold. The thought of Mrs. Burdick's sudden death from heart-disease had become sadly familiar, and her own going the next day already seemed a fact. She had wished to go the day after Mrs. Burdick's death, when her sister, Miss Chase, came from the town to take charge of the house; but Jim had urged her so fervently to wait a few days that she had staid. The farm-house had resumed the wonted air of prosperity that it had lost during the gloomy days that preceded the funeral. Miss Chase was moving about the dining-room, setting the table for supper, and from the barn came the sound of Obed's voice in low-toned conversation with a friend. He had withered like an autumn leaf since the death of his beloved mistress. "It 'll be time for me to start on my long cruise soon," he said to Angelica that morning. In her hand Miss Main held five dollars—the payment for her last week's board. She did not quite know to whom she should give it. To Miss Chase, she supposed. She would do so in a little while, but not yet. It seemed too much like going, and she shrank from that.

A few minutes later Jim came toward the house, and approached her. There was a strange light in his eyes—partly happy, partly expectant.

She felt a sharp pang at the look of happiness, and turning suddenly, went into the house and upstairs to her room. Jim stopped short as her figure disappeared in

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"AND ITS FULL RAYS SHONE ON MRS. BURDICK, SITTING JUST WHERE THEY HAD LEFT HER."

the door. He lingered in the porch for an hour, and then went back to the station, with a dull ache at his heart, and a proud, determined look on his face.

As the sun went down, the wind rose. The roseate afternoon was followed by a night like pitch. The surf roared on the beach in tones of thunder.

Miss Chase thought that Miss Main was "possessed" that evening. She wandered restlessly from the bright sitting-room into the kitchen, back to the hall, and then out to the porch. Miss Chase sat by the lamp examining a pile of Mrs. Burdick's papers. Large tears fell on the papers, and every now and then she sighed deeply. She looked up absently at each recurrence of Angelica's flittings to and fro. At length, after a prolonged silence, a sense of loneliness came over her. "Where has that child got to now?" she thought.

"Miss Main!" she called, and as no answer came, she got up and opened the door of the house. A strong gust of wind almost put out the kerosene lamp she held high above her head. Its light struck into the blackness of the night, and showed a small figure running toward the gate.

"You aren't ever going out!" called Miss Chase. She caught a glimpse of a white face as Miss Main answered over her shoulder.

"I am only going down to the beach a little while; the wind won't hurt me."

The young girl waded on through the heavy sand of the road, and passed the high sand-dunes to the open beach. She fought her way against the wind, her hands clinched tightly, her head bent down, and quick convulsive sobs burst from her lips. Her eyes grew accustomed

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to the darkness, and even if the hard smoothness of the sand and the near thundering of the surf had not warned her that she was close to the water, the dim white foam tossed at her feet would have done so. She stepped back suddenly as a black swirl of water rushed close to her, and as she did so became aware that some one was passing close to her. It was Jim, hurrying across the sands to the farm-house. Love is occult, and they knew each other before they spoke.

"It is you," said Jim. "I was going up to the house to look for you. I wanted to speak to you." He spoke in a low, breathless voice. She could not answer, and he continued: "Why did you go off like that this afternoon? Were you angry?" Still no answer. "You ought not to be out here a night like this. You ought to be anchored safe in port."

It might have been the influence of the wild dark night, the elemental force of the waves and winds, that made them speak their real thoughts without concealment.

"I couldn't stay in. I thought you had forgotten that I was going to-morrow, and—" She paused. One of her hands was suddenly gathered in a strong warm clasp.

"Come over there, in the lee of that dune," said Jim. "I want to say something." He half led, half carried her across the sand to the dune. There he made her sit down, with her back against its sloping side. Even there the wind hurled little particles of sand against their faces.

"Wait a moment," said Jim. "I know where there is an old topsail; it's half buried in the sand somewhere about here." He left the young girl, and groped about for a minute, and then returned, dragging with him a torn piece of canvas. "There is not much of it left, but it will do for a shelter."

He arranged the canvas behind their backs and over their heads, forming a slight protection above and around them. Outside, the wind still clamored, but beneath the sail they could hear each other's lightest whisper.

Jim began speaking again, in an abrupt, low voice. "I went over to Nantucket this afternoon;" he paused. "I was sent for by Mr. Ferris, the lawyer." He stopped again, watching the young girl's dim face intently. "Poor Aunt Eunice," he went on, "has left me the farm and all her money. I always thought she'd divide it with her brothers and sisters; but it's all come to me. I sha'n't go seafaring now, but stay here and work the farm." Here he stopped abruptly.

"Now I know why he looked happy this afternoon," thought Angelica. "Every one likes to be rich. If he owns the house, I must pay him the money." She still had it in her pocket, and now took it out, and held it in her hand. She repeated the last words aloud mechanically, and held out the five dollars, lifting her pale face and looking at him.

"It's my board for this week," she explained. She was so near him that even in the darkness she saw the dark flush that she had seen pass over his face once before. He uttered a broken exclamation, and first pushed her hand away, and then clasped it—money and all—in his.

Then, looking away, he said: "*I* take your money! You don't understand. I wanted to tell you that I love you. Don't be angry. I know you're a lady, and I'm only a sailor. I never would have dared to say it before, but *now* I might make you happy. I'd give you everything you wanted. I wouldn't let you work"—his voice sank almost to a whisper: "I'd love you all your days as I do now. But it's no use—it's no use!"

He stopped despairingly, awed by her silence. Whatever it meant, it seemed to make the distance between them impassable. In his desperation he released her hand and sprang to his feet. "Don't be afraid," he said. "I won't trouble you."

But Angelica, kneeling in the sand, caught his hand in both hers. "Don't, dear, dear Jim," she half sobbed. "You'll break my heart. Don't you see—*I love you!*"

In spite of the turmoil without, Miss Main's soul was filled with a deep peace that night. She fell into a profound, child-like sleep, but after a while her consciousness seemed to come back to her in a strange fashion. She thought she was sitting in the dining-room, beside Mrs. Burdick's coffin. On the other side of the coffin a man stood, nailing on the boards that formed the lid. At each blow of the hammer a tremor seized the young girl. At length something impelled her to look into the coffin, as if to make sure who lay within. She did so. Instead of Mrs. Burdick's face, that of Jim met her eyes. She

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tried to cry aloud, but no sound came. As she gazed, the eyes of the dead man opened, and looked sternly and reproachfully into hers. Another and another nail was hammered into the lid with a sharp report, like that of a pistol, or a stone striking against some hard substance.

"Stop—stop—he is alive!" she cried, and darting around the table on which the coffin lay, she seized the undertaker by the arm, and for a brief moment struggled with him. In the midst of this struggle something cold touched her feet, and she awoke suddenly, to find herself standing in the centre of the room on the bare floor, trembling with terror and grief. The room was impenetrably dark, and almost before she had time to draw the line of wakefulness between her dream and the reality around her, a sharp "crack" sounded against the window-pane, followed by another and another. Some one was throwing pebbles against her window. She ran and opened it, and leaned out, meeting a gust of cold wind and rain. Just beneath the window a dark figure was standing.

"What is it? Who is it?" she called.

"It's me—Jim. Did the stones frighten you? I didn't want to wake Aunt Letty. Put something on; you'll take cold."

His quiet, steady voice reassured her. She groped her way to the closet, and finding a shawl, wrapped it around her, and went back to the window. Jim went on speaking in the same quiet voice. "I just came to tell you there's a schooner aground by the station, and we're going out to help her. And I wanted to say that if anything happens to me, I've left everything to you—the house and farm and all. So don't worry or be uneasy. If I live, I'll take care of you; if I die, at least you won't have to go cruising about the world again by yourself."

In the dim light his face looked pale and stern, like his dead face in her dream. He turned as if to go, but the young girl uttered a soft cry, and at the sound Jim stopped suddenly. He sprang on the railing of the porch, swung himself up to its roof, so that he stood on a level with Angelica. For an instant they clung to each other, and he felt her tears on his cheek. Neither made a movement to release the other, but at length Jim said, "I *must* go."

"Promise me you will come back. I cannot live without you, Jim. You know that," she whispered.

Jim swung himself down from the window-ledge. His feet struck the ground with a soft thud, and he swiftly ran away. Angelica lighted her candle and set it on the bureau, catching a glimpse as she did so of her pale, illuminated face. She lay down on her bed in a sort of waking trance. Jim seemed still beside her. She heard his voice, and felt the clasp of his hand. After half an hour she got up, and began dressing herself as quickly and quietly as possible, stepping lightly about the room in her stocking-feet, and leaving her shoes until the last. When she was dressed, she stole softly down-stairs, and took the lantern from the front hall, lighted it, and let herself out of the house.

Just beyond the life-saving station a small group of men stood on the beach, so near the water that the spray from the surf drenched their tarpaulins and wet the glass of their lanterns, so that their light was dim and uncertain. The large boat, manned by Jim and four others, had been out half an hour, and the second boat was in readiness. Two of the life-saving crew had remained on the beach to bring the first boat safely to shore. The noise of the storm had made Obed's old blood flow restlessly in his veins that night. He had dressed, and wandered down the beach. At the first glimmer of the light on the mast-head of the distressed vessel he had made his way with all speed to the life-saving station, and now was one of the group of men who waited for the return of the boat.

"She had ought to have been back here before now," said Obed, "'specially with Jim on board. It seems to me it's about time to send out the second boat."

At irregular intervals the spark of light on the mast of the schooner wavered to and fro. Beneath could be dimly seen the dark shape of the schooner itself. Harrison, the elder of the two sailors, had been watching the vessel, making a funnel with his hands on the sides of his eyes.

"It's just possible," he said, slowly, "that the life-boat may have capsized. It's an awful sea out there."

"For the land's sake, man," said Obed, in an angry voice, "send out the other boat!"

"I would," said Harrison, "if I had one more man to steer her. I don't see

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how we could do without a coxswain on a night like this. What's that?" he added, with a sharp change of voice.

A light touch was laid on his arm, and turning suddenly, he saw Miss Main standing beside him. Her face was flushed with hard running, and she panted for breath.

"Let me be coxswain," she said. "I can steer. You know I can."

Then, as the three men hesitated, half in wonder, half in unwillingness, the color in her cheeks paled, and she cried, with a heart-piercing accent: "Oh, don't wait! Don't lose any time! They may be drowning!"

Obed was the first to break the silence that had fallen on the men.

"Let her go," he said, slowly; "she can steer, and she ain't afraid. Let her go."

When the life-boat was run out into the surf, and made its first bound on the crest of a great breaker, the feeling that filled the girl's heart was perhaps the most exultant of her young life. It was the moment of her greatest danger, but it was also the moment of her dearest duty. Wrapped in a tarpaulin coat, and with one of the sailors' tarpaulin hats tied tightly down on her head, she did not look unlike a boy, as she sat in the stern of the boat, clinching the heavy steering oar with her small hands, and, in spite of sudden swerves and plunges, keeping the bow headed straight for the light of the schooner. She welcomed every leap of the boat, every stinging splash of salt spray against her face. The tugging oar tore the skin from her hands. A great black wave, like a wall, rose threateningly before them against the black and murky sky. The boat was headed slantingly for it, but Angelica threw all her strength against the oar, and brought the bow to face the wave. Harrison, who rowed the stroke oar, shouted something to her in a hoarse voice, but the din of the storm made it impossible for her to understand him. Her heart seemed to turn over for an instant. The bow of the boat rose and rose, and the great wave rolled under them as she plunged down again. What if it had rushed over them! It was only a danger that Jim had faced a hundred times, and was she not a sailor's sweetheart? Obed was in the bow, and Bill Folger, who rowed the bow oar, caught his words as he shouted:

"There's the boat! I see it. She's capsized, and they're clinging to her. Port! Port! I say. Four more strokes will bring us alongside of them."

"Port!" shouted Folger to Harrison, and the word was passed on to Angelica.

Port it was, despite the wind. Another instant showed the life-boat tossing up and down, bottom up, and clinging to her, now dashed under the water, now rising, gasping and drenched, as she came again to the surface, three dark figures. Angelica never remembered how these three figures scrambled from the sea into their boat. She kept down the sickening terror of hopelessness that suddenly rushed over her. Who were the three men? Five had left the station. She followed Harrison's orders mechanically. She heard the men call to each other, and the voice of one she recognized as that of the captain of the station.

"The other fellows are on the schooner, helping her crew get out the anchor we carried out to her. She's manned by only three men. She'll hold together until you take us ashore and bring the boat back again."

The boat tossed wildly on the waves.

"Bring her about!" called Harrison. And then Angelica heard the words, "You steer, Jim; she's about used up by this time, I guess."

"*She!*" repeated Jim. He strained his eyes to see the small dark figure in the stern. "Who do you mean? Who is it?"

Jim had been clinging for half an hour to the bottom of a boat in a heavy sea. Every wave had driven the boat nearer the schooner, and increased the danger. He had reached the point where physical suffering had blotted out every other sensation. He was wet and cold and weary, but now one thought held possession of him, and his heart began to beat wildly.

"Miss Main," said Harrison. "She's steering for us. We couldn't have come out without her."

There are some emotions that cannot be put into words. It is a rare and perfect thing when love and gratitude and reverence flow in one mighty current, and when a sense of all three overpower a strong nature. Jim never tried to tell Angelica what he felt or thought at that moment, but the ebb and flow of such a tide was a fine force to begin marriage with.

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"OH, DON'T WAIT! DON'T LOSE ANY TIME! THEY MAY BE DROWNING!"

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BRANTWOOD.

JOHN RUSKIN: AN ESSAY.

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

"The music was
Of divine stature, strong to pass,
And those who heard it understood
Something of life in spirit and blood,
Something of nature's fair and good."
—*Vision of Poets.*

I.

WHEN the writer of this essay tries to go back to her first impressions of John Ruskin, she finds that they must date from the round-table in the middle of her father's drawing-room in Kensington—the little drawing-room in Young Street, with the bow-windows, the oak-leaved carpet, the polished bookcase with its glass doors, and the aforesaid round-table with its dial of books arranged in a circle, and faithfully marking the march of time. For, looking at a list of Mr. Ruskin's works, I find that the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* was published in 1849, soon after we came to live in England in our father's house. And in this year there appeared among the *Punches* and the lovely red silk Annuals and Keepsakes that illuminated the bow-windowed room a volume bound (so it seemed to us children) in moulded slabs of pure chocolate. I can still recall the look of the broad margins, the pictures, and noble-looking printed pages, and although the Annuals with the fascinating brides and veiled ladies, and the ghosts and guitars and brigands, were perhaps more to our childish tastes, even then we realized in some indefinite way the importance of the big brown book which opened like a casket, and gathered some impressions of palace windows and of carved shadows from its pages—impressions to be afterward turned into actual stone and sunlight.

As time went on, the *Stones of Venice* in due course took their place upon our dial, and meanwhile the name of the writer of the beautiful authoritative books is

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among those other echoes, which are so familiar that one can scarcely tell when they begin to sound.

In the first page of the eleventh chapter of *Præterita* occurs the name of "Mrs. John Simon, who," says Ruskin, "in my mother's old age was her most deeply trusted friend." It was at this lady's house, sitting by the kind hostess of many a year to be, that the writer first saw the author of *Modern Painters*, while at the other end of the table Mr. Simon, now Sir John ("Brother John," Ruskin dubbed him long since), sat carving, as was his wont, roast mutton—"be it tender and smoking and juicy"—and dispensing, as is still his wont, trimmings and oracles and epigrams with every plateful.

I could even now quote some of the words Ruskin spoke on that summer's evening in Great Cumberland Street, and I can see him as he was then almost as plainly as on the last time that we met. His mood on that first occasion was one of deep depression, and the writer can remember being frightened as well as absorbed by his talk. Was he joking; was he serious? I could hardly follow what he said then, though now, as I remember it, it all seems simple enough. But if good company is like good wine, and improves by keeping, let us hope that this applies to the recipients as well as to the givers of the feast.

Ruskin seemed less picturesque as a young man than in his later days. Perhaps gray waving hair may be more becoming than darker locks, but the speaking, earnest eyes must have been the same, as well as the tones of that delightful voice, with its slightly foreign pronunciation of the *r*, which seemed so familiar again when it welcomed us to Coniston long, long years after. Meeting thus after fifteen years, I was struck by the change for the better in him; by the bright, radiant, sylvan look which a man gains by living among woods and hills and pure breezes.

II.

The road to Brantwood* runs beneath the old trees which shade the head of Coniston Water, and you leave the village and the inn behind, and the Thwaite, with its pretty old gardens and peacocks, and skirt the beautiful grounds of Monk Coniston; you pass the ivy tower where the lords of the manor keep their boats; and the reeds among which the swallows and dragon-flies are darting; and as you advance, if you look back across the green hay-fields and wooded slopes of Monk Coniston, you can see Weatherlam and Ravenscrag, with Yewdale for a background, while Coniston Old Man on the opposite side of the lake rises like a Pilatus above the village, and soars into changing lights and clouds. Then, as you walk still farther along the road, leaving all these things behind, you pass into a sweet Arcadia, in which, indeed, one loses one's self again in after-times. You go by Tent Lodge, where Tennyson once dwelt, where the beautiful Romneys are hanging on the walls; you pass the cottage with roses for bricks, and with jasmines and honeysuckles for thatch, and the farm where the pet lamb used to dwell, to the terror of the children (it seemed appropriate enough to Wordsworth's country, but I can remember a little girl wild with terror and flying from its gambols); then, still following the road, you reach a delightful cackling colony of poultry and ducks, where certain hospitable ladies experimentalize, and prove to us whether or no eggs are eggs (as these ladies have determined eggs should be); then comes Low Bank Ground, our own little farm among the chestnut-trees and meadows full of flowers. It had been the site of a priory once, and on this slope and in the shade of the chestnut-trees, where monks once dwelt, the writer saw Ruskin again after many years. He, the master of Brantwood, came, as I remember, dressed with some ceremony, meeting us with a certain old-fashioned courtesy and manner; but he spoke with his heart, of which the fashion doesn't change happily from one year to another; and as he stood in his tall hat and frock-coat upon the green, the clouds and drifts came blowing up from every quarter of

* Ruskin, writing of his earliest recollections of Coniston in *Præterita*, says: "The inn at Coniston was then actually at the upper end of the lake, the road from Ambleside to the village passing just between it and the water, and the view of the long reach of lake, with its softly wooded lateral hills, had for my father a tender charm which excited the same feeling as that with which he afterward regarded the lakes of Italy. Lowwood Inn also was then little more than a country cottage, and Ambleside a rural village, and the absolute peace and bliss which any one who cared for grassy hills and for sweet waters might find at every footstep and at every turn of crag or bend of bog was totally unlike anything I ever saw or read of elsewhere."

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heaven, and I can almost see him stamp his foot upon the sward, while he spoke with emphasis and remembrance of something which was then in both our minds. Low Bank Ground is but a very little way from Brantwood; you can go there by land or by water. If you walk, the road climbs the spur of the hill, and runs below moors by a wood where squirrels sit under the oak-trees and honeysuckles drop from the branches; or, if you like to go by the lake, you can get Timothy from the farm to row you. "A dash of the oars, and you are there," as Ruskin said, and accordingly we started in the old punt for our first visit to Brantwood.

The sun came out between rain clouds as the boat struck with a hollow crunch against the stones of the tiny landing pier. Timothy from the farm, who had come to pilot us, told us with a sympathetic grin that Mr. Ruskin—"Rooskin," I think he called him—"had built t' pier, and set t' stoans himsel' wi' the other gentlemen, but they had to send for t' smith from the village to make the bolts faster." The pier is fast enough, running out into the lake, with a little fleet safely anchored behind it, while Brantwood stands high up on the slope, with square windows looking across the waters. Just on the other side of the lake, wrapped in mysterious ivy wreaths, where the cows are whisking their tails beneath the elms, rise the gables of the old farm, once the manor-house where "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," dwelt. Sir Philip Sidney used to come riding across the distant hills to visit her there—so tradition says. The mere thought of Coniston Water brings back the peaceful legends and sounds all about Ruskin's home: the plash of the lake, the rustle of the leaves and rushes, the beat of birds on their whirring wings, the flop of the water-rats, the many buzzing and splashing and delicious things, from whence a little winding path up a garden of fruit and flowers, of carnations and strawberries, leads with gay zigzags to the lawn in front of the Brantwood windows.

The house is white, plain, and comfortable, absolutely unpretending. I remember noticing the umbrella stand in the glass door with a thrill. So Mr. Ruskin had an umbrella just like other people! It seemed to me to be a dwelling planned for sunshine, and sunshine on the lakes is of a quality so sweet and rare that it counts for more than in any other place. The brightness of it all, the squareness, and its unaffected comfortableness, were, I think, the chief characteristics. You had a general impression of solid, old-fashioned furniture, of amber-colored damask curtains and coverings; there were Turners and other water-color pictures in curly frames upon the drawing-room walls—a Prout, I think, among them—a noble Titian in the dining-room, and the full-length portrait of a child in a blue sash over the sideboard, which has become familiar since then to the readers of *Præterita;* and most certainly was there an absence of any of the art-diphthongs and peculiarities of modern taste: only the simplest and most natural arrangements for the comfort of the inmates and their guests. Turkey carpets, steady round-tables, and above all a sense of cheerful, hospitable kindness, which seems to be traditional at Brantwood. For many years past Mrs. Severn has kept her cousin's house, and welcomed his guests with her own.*

I remember one special evening—the first we ever spent at Brantwood that summer—the rooms were lighted by slow evening cross-lights from the lake without. Mrs. Severn sat in her place behind a silver urn, while the master of the house, with his back to the window, was dispensing such cheer, spiritual and temporal, as those who have been his guests will best realize. Fine wheaten bread and Scotch cakes in many a crisp circlet and crescent, and trout from the lake, and strawberries such as grew only on the Brantwood slopes. *Were* they strawberries, or were they of the fruit of the tree of knowledge? Were these cups of tea only, or cups of fancy, feeling, inspiration? And as we crunched and quaffed we listened to a certain strain not easily to be described, changing from its graver first notes to the sweetest and most charming vibrations.

III.

Who can ever recall a good talk that is over? You can remember the room in which it was held, the look of the chairs, but the actual talk takes wings and flies away. A dull talk has no wings, and is remembered more easily; so are those tire-

* As I write I have before my eyes one of Mr. Arthur Severn's delightful sketches of the hills and shady trees round about Brantwood.

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JOHN RUSKIN.—[FROM PORTRAIT BY HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.]

From the etching published by the Fine Art Society, London.

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some conversations which consist of sentences which we all repeat by rote, which have bored us a hundred times before, and which do not lose this property by long use. But a real talk leaps into life; it is there almost before we are conscious of its existence. What system of notation can mark it down as it flows, modulating from its opening chords to those delightful exhilarating flights which are gone again almost before we are awakening to their charm?

Ruskin was explaining his views in his own words as we sat there. I should do him ill justice if I tried to recall his sermon. The text was that strawberries should be ripe and sweet, and we munched and marked it then and there; that there should be a standard of fitness applied to every detail of life; and this standard, with a certain gracious malice, wit, hospitality, and remorselessness, he began to apply to one thing and another, to one person and another, to dress, to food, to books. I remember his describing to my brother-in-law Leslie Stephen the shabby print and paper that people were content to live with, and contrasting with these the books he himself was then printing for the use of the shepherds round about. And among the rest he showed us Sir Philip Sidney's paraphrase of the psalms, which he has long since given to the world in the *Liber Pastorum*. Let us trust these fortunate shepherds are worthy of their print and margins.

If we compare the talk of great men and women "who will cause this age to be remembered," one element is to be found in them all—a certain directness, simplicity, and vivid reality; a gift for reaching their hearers at once, giving straight from themselves, and not reflections from other minds; sunshine, in short, not moonshine. Perhaps something of this may be due to the habit of self-respect and self-reliance which success and strength of purpose naturally create. Many uncelebrated people have the grace of convincing simplicity, but I have never met a really great man without it. As one thinks of it, one recognizes that the essential characteristic of greatness is truth. A great man is greater than we are because his aim (consciously or unconsciously) is juster, his strength stronger and less strained; his right is more right than ours, his certainty more certain; he shows us the best of that which concerns him, and the best of ourselves too in that which concerns *us* in his work or his teaching.

If we look at the Elgin marbles, for instance, we feel that the standard of human attainment is forever raised by those broken lines in eternal harmony, and we also indefinitely realize that while looking at them we ourselves are at our best in sculpture; and so listening back to the echoes of a lifetime, we can most of us still hear the echoes of some strains very clear, very real and distinct, out of all the confusion of past noise and chatter; and the writer (nor is she alone in this) must ever count the magic of the music of Brantwood oratory among such strains. Music, oratory, I know not what to call that wondrous gift which subjugates all who come within its reach.

> "God uses us to help each other so, lending our minds out."

If ever a man lent out his mind to help others, Ruskin is the man. From country to country, from age to age, from element to element, he leads the way, while his audience, laughing, delighted, follows with scrambling thoughts and apprehensions and flying leaps, he meanwhile illustrating each delightful, fanciful, dictatorial sentence with pictures by the way—things, facts, objects interwoven, bookcases opening wide, sliding drawers unlocked with his own marvellous keys—and lo! we are perhaps down in the centre of the earth, far below Brantwood and its surrounding hills, among specimens, minerals, and precious stones, Ruskin still going ahead, and crying "sesame" and "sesame," and opening each secret recess of his King's Treasury in turn, pointing to each tiny point of light and rainbow veined in marble, gold and opal, crystal and emerald. Then, perhaps, while we are wondering, and barely beginning to apprehend his delightful illustrations, the lecturer changes from natural things to those of art, travelling from veins of gold meandering in the marble, and speaking of ages to coins marking the history of man. I was specially struck by some lovely old Holbein pieces of Henry VIII. which he brought out. I can still see Ruskin's hand holding the broad gold mark in its palm. Who could help speculating at such a moment? Whence had it come, that golden token, since Holbein laid his chisel down? From what other hands had it reached this one? Had

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LOOKING FROM BRANTWOOD TOWARD THE HEAD OF CONISTON LAKE.

Shakespeare once had the spending of it, had Bacon clutched at it, or had Buckingham flung it to the wind, or had Milton owned it perhaps before Cromwell called the King's money back into his own treasury? Anyhow this golden piece has escaped the Puritan's crucibles, and here it is still to show us what a golden coin may be, and lying safe in the Brantwood treasury.

IV.

It is now several years since we were at Coniston, and I may have perhaps somewhat confused the various occasions when we went to Brantwood. One year the family was absent during our stay, but tokens of present kindness came day after day—basketfuls brought up by the gardener, roses and the afore-mentioned strawberries, and other ripe things that had colored in its sunshine.

Another year when we were staying at the farm Ruskin was at Brantwood, alone with a young relative, and he asked us to go up and see him. Again I remember one of those long monologues, varied, absorbing, combining pictures and metaphors into one delightful whole, while the talker, carried along by his own interest in his subject, would be starting to his feet, bringing down one and another volume from the shelf, opening the page between his hands, and beginning to read the passage appropriate to his theme. My companion was on her way to India, and this brought the talk to Indian matters. She reminded me that he approved of her going and of her purpose. When she had described to him the life of the person she was going to see, he said he would accord her his blessing, and spoke of the example which good Christian men and women might set in any part of the world, and he quoted Sir Herbert Edwards, whom he loved and admired, as an example of what a true man should be. He spoke of him with kindling eyes, warming as he went on to tell, as only a Ruskin could tell it, the heroic history of the first Sikh war. What happened in India yesterday he did not know; he said he sometimes spent months without once looking at the papers, and in deliberate ignorance of what was happening and not happening in their columns.

There is a story told of Ruskin receiv-

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ing a telegram not long ago from some member of the royal family, of which he could not construe the meaning until he called in the telegraph boy, who then informed him of an event with which the country had been ringing for weeks past, and to which the telegram related.

I further remember, among other things after his little lecture upon "True Knights," a delightful description of what a True Lady should be. "A princess, a washer-woman," he said—"yes, a washer-woman! To see that all was fair and clean, to wash with water, to cleanse and purify wherever she went, to set disordered things in orderly array—this was a woman's mission." Which sentence has often occurred to me since then at irritating moments of household administration. Ruskin has written something not unlike it in his lecture upon "Queen's Gardens"; but how different is the impression left, even by such printers' type as his, from that of the words and the voice flowing on in its delightful measure! And as I think of it all, once more we seem to be back again, sitting by that tea table which, like that one in Grimm's fairy story, seemed ever spread for wandering guests, with cakes from the oven; roses; berries, crimson and yellow; jugs of cream from the dairy hard by.

The writer, speaking to one of Ruskin's most constant and faithful readers, once compared him to a Prospero, thinking of this strange power of his over the minds of those who are in his company, of the sweet harmonies he can raise at will, of the wanderings he can impose upon his subjects, and of his playful humors and fanciful experiments upon the audience, "be it to fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curl'd cloud." Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who was the lady in question (she sat with a volume of *Modern Painters* open before her), said: "No; I myself see no resemblance whatever between the two: Prospero dealt with magic and unreality; the power of Ruskin lies in the extraordinary reality of his teaching. Think what a vision of beauty lies spread before that man—beauty such as none ever had a greater gift for showing to others than he." And this is certainly high and worthy praise, coming from one who herself belongs to the noble race of spiritual pastors and masters. Mrs. Kemble concluded by quoting Ruskin's account of a heap of gravel by the road-side, which she had just been reading, and which she said had struck her as one of the most remarkable descriptions ever written in the English language.

V.

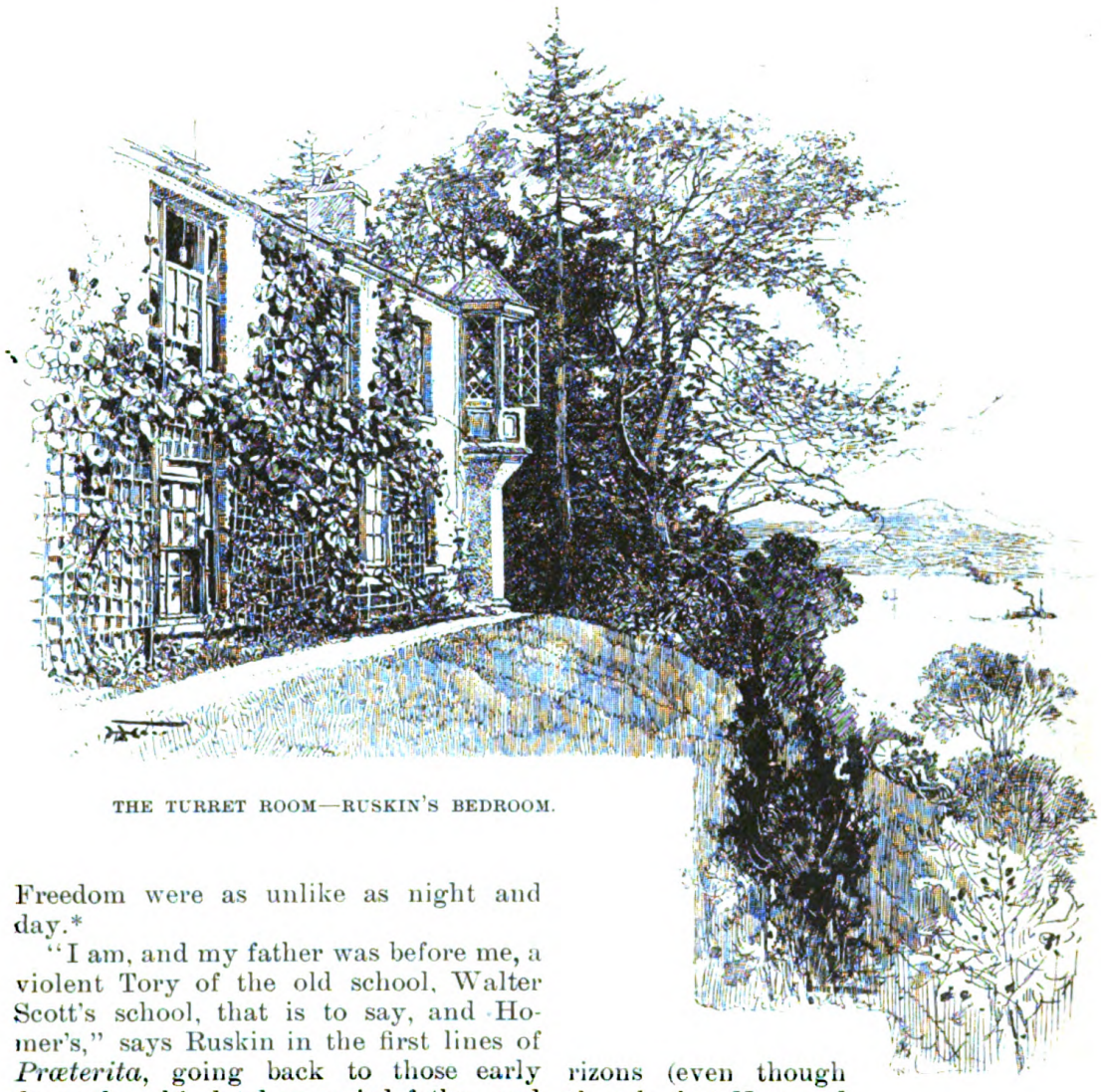
Ruskin has said somewhere that his three great masters have been Titian, Carlyle, and Turner. When John Ruskin, the son of John Ruskin, was born in 1819, Titian had been dead over two hundred years; Carlyle, beginning life, was living in Edinburgh, where he was supporting himself by literature and by articles in Dr. Brewster's *Encyclopædia;* Turner was a man of forty-four, already well advanced in life; he had published his *Liber Studiorum*, painted many noble pictures; he had built his house in Queen Anne Street, and was then starting for Italy.

It was a dull and unromantic time in the history of England, a time reaching beyond the fifty years' radius of our recent Jubilee. Men, weary of war, were resting and counting its cost; the poor were suffering, the rich were bankrupt; the old King was dying, Princess Charlotte was dead; the Regent was absorbed in his schemes and selfish ends; corn was at starvation prices; mobs were breaking out in discontent and riot; and yet no less than in more propitious hours were the divine stars falling from heaven —upon children at their play, upon infants in their cradles, who were to grow up with hearts kindled by that sacred flame which, refracted from generation to generation, keeps the world alive.

> "See a disenchanted nation
> Spring like day from desolation;
> To Truth its state is dedicate,
> And Freedom leads it forth."

So wrote Shelley, at that time looking his last at the Bay of Naples, and completing the first act of his *Prometheus*, while Browning and Tennyson were children at play in their fathers' gardens—Tennyson hidden far away among Lincolnshire wolds and levels, Browning plucking his own brand of Promethean fire somewhere on the heights that encircle the great city where Ruskin, still lying in his cradle, had not as yet found a miraculous voice to cry out with, and to protest that though love of Truth and of Justice might be the same for both, Shelley's Freedom and John Ruskin's

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THE TURRET ROOM—RUSKIN'S BEDROOM.

Freedom were as unlike as night and day.*

"I am, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school, Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's," says Ruskin in the first lines of *Præterita*, going back to those early days when his lately married father and mother had settled down in Bloomsbury, and when he himself first comes upon the scene, "a child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad, light blue sash and blue shoes to match," standing at a window, and watching the events of the street.

As one reads *Præterita* it seems as if John Ruskin wrote his history not with ink, but painted it down with light and color; he brings the very atmosphere of his life and its phases before us with such an instantaneous mastery as few besides have ever reached — the life within and the sight without, the sweet eternal horizons (even though they be but Norwood hills and ridges), the living and delightful figures in the foreground.

Its author has chosen to christen the story *Præterita*, but was ever a book less belonging to the past and more entirely present to our mood than this one? Not Goethe's own autobiography, not even Carlyle's passionate reminiscences, come up to it in vividness. There are so few words, such limpid images are brought flashing before us, that one almost asks, "Is it a book or is it something out of our own secret consciousness that we *remember* as we read?" Are we not actually living in its pages, in the dawning light of that austere yet glorious childhood? Half a century rolls back, and we see the baby up above at the drawing-room windows, standing absorbed, watching the water-carts, and that wondrous turn-cock, "who

* "My own teaching has been and is that Liberty, whether in the body, soul, or political estate of men, is only another word for Death, and the final issue of Death—Putrefaction; the body, spirit, and political estate being healthy only by their bonds and laws."—1875, *Fors*, Letter 411.

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turns and turns till a fountain springs up in the middle of the street," and as we still watch the child, gazing out with his gray, deep-set eyes, the brown brick walls somehow become transparent, as they did for Ebenezer Scrooge, and we are in the same mysterious fashion absorbed into the quiet home and silent life. We get to know the inmates with some immaterial friendship and intimacy. The father, "that entirely honest man" of rare gifts and refinement, going and coming to his wine-merchant's office in Billeter Street; the mother, combining the spirit of Martha and of Mary, unflinching, orderly, living for her husband and her son, not rejecting the better part, but forcing every member of her household to conform to *her* views of both worlds, and binding down their lives by some emphatic and restraining power. But how soon the child born to such liberty of thought, to such absolute obedience of will, learns to escape from his bonds, to create his own life and world! His very playthings (all others being denied to him) he makes for himself out of the elements, the air above, the waters beneath, the craters of the coal-heavers as they empty the sacks at the door. "My mother's general principles of the first treatment were to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and for the rest to let me amuse myself; but the law was I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed, and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendor of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho Bazar, as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that would dance.... My mother was obliged to accept them, but afterward quietly told me it was not right I should have them, and I never saw them again."

This Croydon aunt must have been a good and loving aunt to little John. "Whenever my father was ill," he says —"and hard work and sorrow had already set their mark on him — we all went down to Croydon to be petted by my homely aunt, and walk on Duppas Hill and on the heather of Addington." He dwells with affectionate remembrance upon the house and its gables and early fascinations for him. "My chosen domain being the shop, the back room, and the stones round the spring of crystal water at the back door (long since let down into the modern sewer), and my chief companion my aunt's dog Towser, whom she had taken pity on when he was a snappish starved vagrant, and made a brave and affectionate dog of, which was the kind of thing she did for every living creature that came in her way all her life long."

Mrs. Ruskin, with all her passionate devotion to her son, seems to have had no idea whatever of making a little child happy. The baby's education was terribly consistent; he was steadily whipped when he was troublesome or when he tumbled down stairs. "We seldom had company even on week-days, and I was never allowed to come down to dessert until much later in life, when I was able to crack other people's nuts for them, but never to have any myself, nor anything else of a dainty kind. Once at Hunter Street I recollect my mother giving me three raisins in the forenoon out of the store cabinet." But not all the rules and rails and restrictions of Hunter Street and Brunswick Square could prevent the child from finding out for himself that brick walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage. He stands in the light of the window, in his silent, thoughtful fashion, creating his own existence for himself, and just as the turn-cock turned and turned until a fountain sprang from the pavement, so even in baby life does Ruskin lay his master-hand upon the stones, and lo! the stream of life begins to flow. In later days he smites the rock, and bids the children drink living waters from the spring of life eternal, sometimes also to be mingled with those waters of strife "called Meribah."*

VI.

It was up on the summit of Herne Hill that John Ruskin the elder (when he felt that his affairs justified him in so doing) bought the semi-detached house standing among the almond blossoms, from whence Ruskin dates the preface to *Præterita*. "I write these few prefatory words on my father's birthday," says Ruskin, in the year 1886, "in what was once my nursery in his old house, to which he brought my mother and me sixty-two years since, I being

* See the first volume of *Modern Painters* and certain numbers of *Deucalion*, etc., etc.

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CONISTON—OLD HALL AND OLD MAN.

then four years old. I have written frankly, garrulously, and at ease," he continues, "speaking of what it gives me joy to remember at any length I like, sometimes very carefully of what I think may be useful for others to know, and passing over in total silence things which I have no pleasure in reviewing."

We have good reason to be grateful to a writer who sets down for our happy reading such remembrance, such silence, as this. Almost every child has some natural glamour and instinct of its own by which the glare of life is softened, and the first steep ways garlanded and eased and charmed. We call those men poets who retain this divine faculty all their lives, and who are able to continue looking at the world with the clear gaze of childhood, discerning the unchanging natural things and beauties in the midst of all the wanderings of disappointment and confusion. Such a poet is Ruskin, if ever a man was born a poet. Take the story of little John at play in his childish garden, where the mulberry-tree and the white-heart cherry-tree are. "The ground was absolutely beneficent with magical splendor of abundant fruit, fresh green, soft amber, and rough bristled crimson, bending the spinous branches, clustered pearl and pendent ruby, joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine. The differences of primal importance which I observed," he says, "between the nature of this garden and that of Eden, as I imagined it, were that in this one *all* the fruit was forbidden, and there were no companionable beasts." Then follows a touch of which many a parent will ruefully acknowledge the truth: "My mother, finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me, at least if I chose to stay beside her . . . . Her presence was no restraint to me, and also no particular pleasure, for, from having always been left so much

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alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see to, and by the time I was seven years old I was already independent mentally both of my father and mother, and having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, poky, contented, conceited, Cock Robinson Crusoe sort of life."

How these words set one to the measure and the feeling of that isolated mystical little life in the central point of the universe, as he says it appeared to him, as it must generally appear to geometrical animals!

When little John grew older he learned to read and to spell with what seems absolutely wonderful quickness. Every morning after breakfast he sat down with his mother to read the Bible. "My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learned, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; and in general, even when Latin grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least half an hour before the half past one dinner." The list of those portions of the Psalms and chapters of the Bible which little John Ruskin had to learn by heart is conscientiously given, and might seem to some of us an appalling list. But upon this he comments as follows: "Truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and on the whole the one essential, part of my education." "Peace, Obedience, Faith," were the three great boons of his early life, he says, and "the habit of fixed attention." The defects of it are told very forcibly in language which is pathetic in its directness. "I had nothing to love. My parents were, in a sort, visible powers of nature to me; no more loved than the sun and moon." And thus he sums it up. His life was too formal and too lux-



ENTRANCE TO BRANTWOOD.

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urious; "by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous."

Ruskin should have been a novelist. It is true, he says he never knew a child more incapable than himself of telling a tale, but when he chooses to describe a man* or a woman, there stands the figure before us; when he tells a story, we live it; his is rather the descriptive than the constructive faculty; his mastery is over detail and quality rather than over form. How delightfully he remembers his past, his journeys in Mr. Telford's post-chaise, where he sits propped upon his own little trunk between father and mother, looking out at the country through the glass windows. Mr. Ruskin the elder is travelling for orders, and he brings his family north, and finally to his sister's home in Perth, where we read of the Scottish aunt and the playfellow cousins, of the dark pools of Tay, of the path above them, "being seldom traversed by us children, except at harvest-time, when we used to go gleaning in the fields beyond." "I hesitate in recording as a constant truth for the world the impression left on me, when I went gleaning with Jessie, that Scottish sheaves are more golden than are found in other lands, and that no harvests elsewhere visible to human eyes are so like the corn of heaven† as those of Strath Tay and Strath Earn."

Was ever story more simple, more pathetic, than the story of little Peter and his mother! "My aunt, a pure dove-priestess, if ever there was one, of Highland Dodona, was of a far gentler temper, but still to me remained at a wistful distance. She had been much saddened by the loss of three of her children before her husband's death. Little Peter especially had been the corner-stone of her love's building; and it was thrown down swiftly. White-swelling came in the knee; he suffered much, and grew weaker gradually, dutiful always, and loving, and wholly patient. She wanted him one day to take half a glass of port-wine, and took him on her knee and put it to his lips. 'Not now, mamma; in a minute,' said he, and put his head on her shoulder, and gave one long, low sigh, and died."

Little Peter's mother followed him before many years, and the rest of her children having passed one by one through the dark river, Mary, the only survivor, comes to live in the Ruskin household, "a serene additional neutral tint" in the home.

The two children read the Bible together, write abstracts of the sermons in the chapel at Walworth, which they attend. On the Sundays when the family remain at home the father reads Blair's sermons aloud, or if a clerk or customer dines with them, "the conversation in mere necessary courtesy would take the direction of sherry" (Dickens himself might have envied this touch), while the two children sit silent in their corner with the *Pilgrim's Progress* and Quarle's *Emblems* and Fox's *Book of Martyrs* to pass the time.

On week-days John, who is now ten years old, is learning Greek with Dr. Andrews, copying Cruikshank's illustrations, and learning English doggerel.

When Ruskin was turned twelve his mother had taken him six times through the Bible; he had had various classical masters, drawing masters, and other teachers; he had begun to study mineralogy, was allowed to taste wine, to go to a theatre, and on festive days to dine with his father and mother, and to listen to his father's reading of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* and of Byron. On Ruskin's thirteenth birthday his father's partner, Mr. Henry Telford, gives him Rogers's *Italy*, with its illustrations, and, so he says, determined the main tenor of his life. "The drawing-master had vaguely stated that the world had been greatly dazzled and led away by some splendid ideas thrown out by Turner, but until then Turner had not existed for the quiet family on Herne Hill."

Besides all these rising interests there are also the descriptions of the people (not very numerous) who begin to cross the stage, we get glimpses of the neighbors, and we seem to know them as we know the people out of *Vanity Fair*, or out of Miss Austen's novels: Mr. Telford, the owner of the travelling carriage and the giver of illustrated books; the two clerks at their work—Henry Ritchie, who loves Margate—(If you want to be happy, get a wife and come to Margate, he writes)—and Henry Watson and

* Take these few lines descriptive of Severn: what could be more masterly: "Lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental, as if life were but for him the rippling chant of his favorite song, '*Gente! è qui l'uccellatore.*'"

† Psalms, lxxviii., 24.

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his musical sisters. Then there is Miss Andrews, who sang "Tambourgi, Tambourgi"; poor pathetic Dominie Rowbotham; and old Mrs. Munroe, with Petite, her white poodle; and her daughter Mrs. Richard Gray, "entirely simple, meek, loving, and serious, saved from being stupid by a vivid nature full of enthusiasm, like her husband's." It is English middle-class life for the most part, described with something of George Eliot's racy reality.

VII.

In the early chapters of *Præterita* there is the story of Ruskin's first acquaintance with the enchanting Domecq family, which played so important a part in his young life—the four girls who, arriving unexpectedly, reduced him "to a heap of white ashes," which *mercredi des cendres*, we read, lasted four years. We are not exactly told which of the sisters—whether Adele, the graceful blonde of fifteen, Cecile, the dark-eyed, finely browed girl of thirteen, or Elise or little Caroline of eleven, was the chief favorite. They had all been born abroad; they spoke Spanish and French with perfect grace, English with broken precision; he describes "a Southern Cross of unconceived stars floating on a sudden into my obscure firmament of a London suburb."

The writer can picture to herself something of the charm of these most charming sisters, for once by chance, travelling on Lake Leman, she found herself watching a lady who sat at the steamer's end, a beautiful young woman, all dressed in pale gray, with a long veil floating on the wind, who sat motionless and absorbed, looking toward the distant hills, not unlike the vision of some guiding, wistful Ariel at the prow, while the steamer sped its way between the banks. The story of the French sisters has gained an added interest from the remembrance of those dark lovely eyes, that charming countenance, for afterward, when I knew her better, the lady told me that her mother had been a Domecq, and had once lived with her sisters in Mr. Ruskin's home. Circumstances had divided them in after-days, but all the children of the family in turn had been brought up to know Mr. Ruskin by name, and to love and appreciate his books. The lady sent him many messages by me, which I delivered in after-days, when, alas! it was from Mr. Ruskin himself I learned that the beautiful traveller — Isabelle, he called her — had passed away before her time to those distant hills where all our journeys end.

Ruskin's jubilee should be counted from the year 1833, when he tells us he went with his father to a shop to enter their names as subscribers to Prout's *Sketches in Flanders and Italy*, and they were shown the specimen print of the turreted window over the Moselle at Coblentz. "We got the book home to Herne Hill before the time of our usual annual tour, and as my mother watched my father's pleasure and mine in looking at the wonderful places, she said, why should not we go and see some of them in reality? My father hesitated a little, and then, with glittering eyes, said, why not?" How plainly one can see the picture! The little family assembled in its quiet after-dinner conclave, the boy turning over the pages of his book, the father opening the big map, the practical mother transforming dreams into reality. Quiet and monotonous lives lend themselves more readily than more brilliant existences to possibilities, to immense events, and this was an event for all the world as well as for the Ruskin family.

Was there ever, will there ever be such a journey again, such a combination of comfort, of dawning genius, of actual dignity and leisure, of eyes to see, of wheels to roll smoothly along the broad roads? The child no longer sits perched on his improvised little bracket-seat, but is one of a dignified family with a maid and courier travelling as quickly as four horses and postilions in huge boots can carry them toward the wonder-land beyond the horizon, that country of vines, of distant Alpine ranges, of cloud and sky and mountain pass, of fair city and glorious art.

He says: "We found our pleasant rooms always ready, our good horses always waiting; everybody took their hats off when we arrived and when we departed; Salvador presented his accounts weekly, and they were settled without a word of demur. To all these conditions of luxury and felicity can the modern steam-puffed tourist conceive the added and culminating one that we were never in a hurry?"

The story of Ruskin's first sight of the Alps is one that no one who has ever seen a snowy range will ever pass over or forget.

"We dined at four as usual, and the evening being entirely fine, went out to

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walk, all of us—my father and mother and Mary and I.

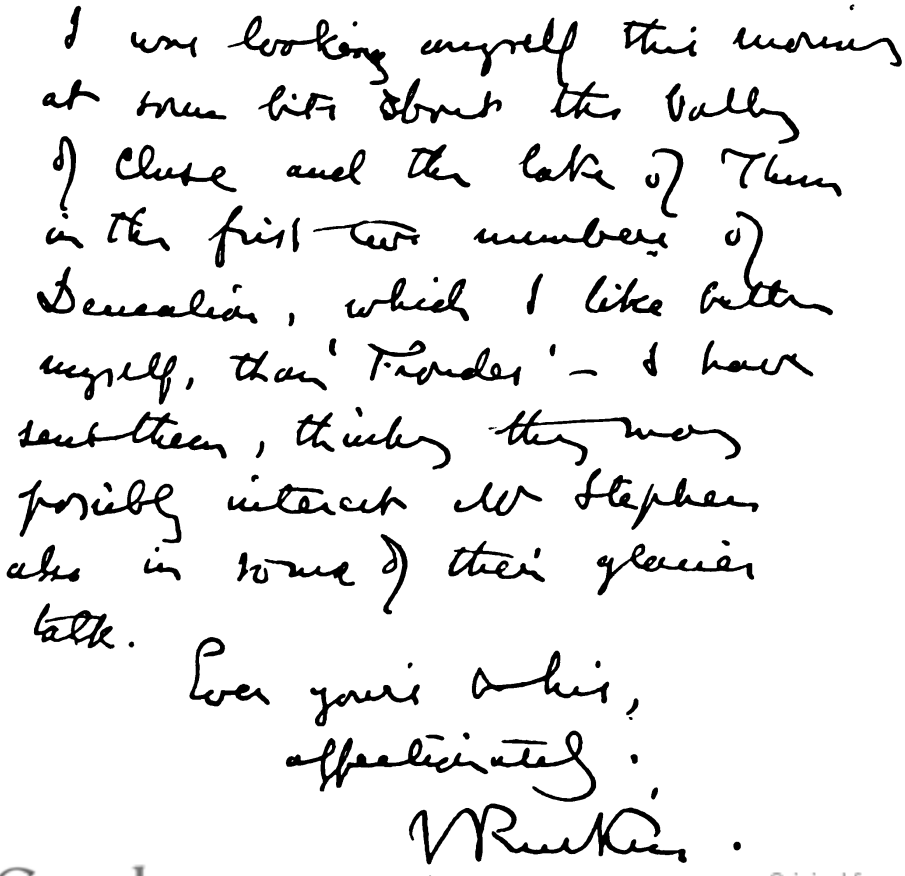
"We must have still spent some time in town-seeing, for it was drawing toward sunset when we got up to some garden promenade, west of the town, I believe, and high above the Rhone, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue, gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent, suddenly—behold—beyond. There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed, the seen walls of Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful round heaven the walls of sacred Death.... Thus in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to have anything more than I had, knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews, and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume, I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be most sacred and useful. To that terrace and to the shore of the Lake of Geneva my heart and faith return to this day in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace."

It would be too long to transcribe at length, as one would like to do, the pages of *Præterita* which take us from one lovely height to another, from summer to summer, from Schaffhausen to Milan, to the "encompassing Alps, the perfectness and purity of the sweet, stately, stainless marble against the sky."

We all build tabernacles here and there in life. It was on the Col de la Faucille that John Ruskin erected his in 1835.

"The Col de la Faucille on that day opened to me in distinct vision the Holy Land of my future work and true home in this world," he says. "Far as the eye could reach—that land and its moving or pausing waters; Arve, and his gates of Cluse,* and his glacier fountains; Rhone,

* The following fac-simile note in allusion to the above was written long after:



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and the infinitude of his sapphire lake, his peace beneath the narcissus meads of Vevay, his cruelty beneath the promontories of Sierre. And all that rose against and melted into the sky, of mountain and mountain snow; and all that living plain, burning with human gladness, studded with white houses, a Milky Way of star dwellings cast across its sunlit blue."

And so we follow the child year by year; we see little John grow from out his blue shoes and ribbons, *vid* frilled collars and boyish buttons, to rustling dignities of silken robe and tasselled cap, and promoted from his niche behind the drawing-room chimney-piece to the run of all the cloisters of Oxford. His father meanwhile returns contentedly to his desk opposite the brick wall, where he sits quietly amassing the fortune he spends so generously and in so liberal a spirit.

The history of the Turners is also to be noted: of the collection gradually increasing; of the father's pleasure, of the son's delight, in the pictures of Richmond Bridge and Gosport; in the drawing of Winchelsea, "the chief recreation of my fatigued hours." There is the record of the paternal gift of £200 a year in the funds upon the son's coming of age, out of which another Turner is bought for £70. "It was not a piece of painted paper, but a Welsh castle and village and Snowdon in blue cloud that I bought for my seventy pounds."

VIII.

Ruskin was entered as Gentleman-Commoner at Christ-church, Oxford, and came up in January, 1837. "I was entered as Gentleman-Commoner without further debate, and remember still as if it were yesterday the pride of walking out of the Angel Hotel and past University College, holding my father's arm, in my velvet cap and silk gown."

The father and mother had set their hearts on his going into the church. He would have made a bishop, said his father long years after, with tears in his eyes; and we may read now, indeed, of the first sermon Ruskin ever preached, a baby one, in which he describes himself as a little boy standing up with a red cushion before him, and thumping and preaching "People be good."*

* Nor, indeed, has he happily ceased to preach this sermon, the text of which brings back to one's mind the touching words of dying Scott.

Ruskin remained at Oxford until 1840. The story of his stay there, of his work, of his friends, is all delightful reading; not the least touching part of it all is the account of his mother (with his father's entire acquiescence) leaving her home, her daily habits, and establishing herself in lodgings in the Oxford High Street, so as to be at hand in case of need. Ruskin's own filial devotion is also to be admired. He tells us that his wishes and his happiness were the chief preoccupations of their lives, and he accepts the loving tie generously, as all sons do not. Speaking of his degree, Ruskin says: "When I was sure I had got through, I went out for a walk in the fields north of New College (since turned into the Parks), happy in the sense of recovered freedom, but extremely doubtful to what use I should put it. There I was at two-and-twenty, with such and such powers, all second-rate except the analytical ones, which were as much in embryo as the rest, and which I had no means of measuring; such and such likings hitherto indulged rather against conscience, and a dim sense of duty to myself, my parents, and a daily more vague shadow of Eternal Law. What should I be or do?" This question was to be answered very shortly by publication of the first volume of *Modern Painters*. Before coming away from Oxford I must not omit to quote a curious passage concerning Dean Liddell, "one of the rarest types of nobly presenced Englishmen, the only man in Oxford in his day who cared about art, and whose 'keen' saying concerning Turner, 'that he had got hold of a false ideal,'" is now noted (curiously enough) as one which would have been eminently helpful to Ruskin at the time, had it been then impressed upon him. And then we come to the history of that illness after overwork which sent Ruskin and his parents abroad again for an indefinite period, travelling away by Rouen and Tours, by the Rhone to Avignon, thence by the Riviera to Florence and the South, in search of health. There is also this epitaph upon Oxford: "Oxford taught me as much Greek as she could, and though I think she might have also told me that fritillaries grew in Iffley meadow, it was better that she left me to find them for myself. I must get on," he continues, "to the days of opening sight and effective labor, and to the scenes of nobler

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education, which all men who keep their hearts open receive in the end of days."

It is always interesting to ascertain when a great man begins his life's work; but, after all, it is scarcely the printing of the book or the framing of the picture which puts a date to the hour in which the mind ripens or carries out its conception; and the casual mention in *Præterita* of the publication of *Modern Painters* shows how much of thought and feeling had already gone toward the book, of which the actual publishing seemed the least memorable part to the author. Speaking of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, he only says: "It took the best part of the winter's leisure," and dismisses the subject with, "The said first volume must have been out by my father's birthday; its success was assured by the end of the year."

The book made its mark then and there. Those qualities which Ruskin prefers to call his analytical qualities seem to others to be a happy combination of intuition, of industry, and vivid imagination. Though the graduate's principles and teachings were variously esteemed, every one acknowledged their importance, and it seems but justice to Mr. Ruskin to suggest that he was not altogether accountable for the seriousness with which his admirers have sometimes accepted his eloquent paradoxes and humors. It is hardly fair perhaps to look back at the by-gone criticisms of this startling and eloquent publication. Reviewers writing long after, with experience and knowledge of the road, can drive their team steadily, cracking their long whips with a sense of dignity and final authority which is admirable for retrospective commonplace; but how are they to rein in a Pegasus who has inadvertently found himself harnessed to the old coach, and who puts out his wings and flies straight up into the air? Pegasus in his flight does not hesitate to kick out right and left, overturning as he goes the various "Van Somethings and Bac Somethings," with other shrines that we would more gladly sacrifice. *Blackwood* of those days took up the battle in an overbearing and angry spirit. The reviewer comes to the defence of the giants and windmills this new Don Quixote is attacking right and left—Claude, Salvator, Cuyp, Berghem, Ruysdael, etc. "You cannot judge with judgment if you have not the sun in your spirit and passion in your heart," cries the young champion, dealing his thrusts. But this is not language to be applied to such authorities as those of *Blackwood* then, or perhaps of the *Edinburgh* nowadays; and the critics in return strike at the graduate with the sun in their eyes, and with passion in their words if not in their hearts.

A second article which appeared in *Blackwood* some years later was far more within the limits of fair and measured criticism, allowing the book to be the work of a man of power, thinking independently, feeling strongly, and with "a mortal aversion to be in a crowd." Meanwhile *Fraser*, in its article on the second edition, declares that "the Oxford graduate has sought a reputation even in the Canon's mouth, has scaled the wall of the Castle of Prejudice, and from its embattled parapet waves us to follow." The graduate's volume "prompts us to leave the conventional for the true, and quitting the cant of gallery connoisseurship, to find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." And in this, indeed, lies the wonderful charm and value of Ruskin's writing. To Ruskin every natural thing, every flower and stone, seems mystically and wonderfully revealed, and as we read on sometimes an almost new sense seems our own for a time. From the *Ethics of the Dust* to the *Stones of Venice*, from the *Springs of Wandel* to *Deucalion*, there is nothing which has once attracted him which he does not study with love and intuition, nothing he does not use with admiration. This applies chiefly to his love for Nature. For the more human part in art his feeling is different altogether, and there his instinct for destruction is often as fierce as his gift for construction is exquisite when he treats of Nature and her silent belongings.

IX.

The writer of this little essay certainly cannot pretend either to the knowledge or to the infallibility of an art critic, and she has therefore ventured to take Ruskin from her own point of view only, as a teacher, as a writer of the English language, as a poet in his own measure. How is it possible to a man writing, as he says, "with passion," with all the vibrating chords of a thousand interests and revelations, to be the temperate and dispassionate awarder of that bare justice which is

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all an orthodox critic should bestow? Many things, indeed, leave him altogether silent and apparently irresponsive; he does not always contradict the verdict of generations, but he accepts it without enthusiasm. The instinctive form which beauty takes for him is that of Nature and her direct influence upon himself. His attitude toward Greek art is curiously characteristic of this; so were his first impressions of Rome.

Very long afterward Ruskin said of his mother's house-keeping arrangements: "I don't think the reader has yet been informed that I inherited to the full my mother's love of tidiness and cleanliness, and that in Switzerland, next to her eternal snows, what I most admired was her white sleeves."

Was it Ruskin's love of order, then, which caused him to suffer so much in Rome, where he waywardly painted the rags fluttering in a by-street, and would not give a thought to the ancient churches and statues and pictures and ruins. Was it his love of tidiness or his sincerity which made him at first write almost cruelly of Italy, of Florence, and of the Uffizi, of Siena and its cathedral, "costly confectionery, faithless vanity"? The first sight of St. Peter's, he tells us, was to him little more than a gray milestone, announcing twenty miles yet of stony road. He ascertained that the stanze could not give him any pleasure. "What the Forum or Capitol had been he did not in the least care. Raphael's 'Transfiguration' and Domenichino's 'St. Jerome' he pronounced, without the smallest hesitation—Domenichino's a bad picture, and Raphael's an ugly one" (which verdict I can remember my own father endorsing, as far as the Raphael was concerned). I ought also in fairness to add that, later on, many of Ruskins's unqualified early criticisms are entirely modified and swept away.

For the second volume of *Modern Painters*, "not meant to be in the least like what it is," Ruskin wanted "more Chamouni"; and further on, feeling that he must know more of Italy, see Pau and Florence again, before writing another word, he tells his indulgent parents of his wish. Turner, of all people, strongly opposed the journey, the Continent being then in an angry and disturbed condition; but papa and mamma seem to have agreed. And so the new life began for him as we read in the chapters headed Campo Santo and Macugnaga. "Serious, enthusiastic, worship and wonder and work; up at six, drawing, studying, thinking; breaking bread and drinking wine at intervals: homeward the moment the sun went down." "The days that began in the cloister of the Campo Santo usually ended by my getting upon the roof of Santa Maria della Spina, and sitting in the sunlight that transfused the warm marble of its pinnacles till the unabated brightness went down beyond the arches of the Ponte a Mare, the few footsteps and voices of the twilight silent in the streets, and the city and her mountains stood mute as a dream beyond the soft eddying of Arno." We may judge by these illustrations to his life what sort of material it was that Ruskin himself put into his noble books. Where is it that he writes of the temples not made with hands, but riveted of hearts, and *that* kind of "marble crimson veined" is indeed eternal!

It was between the publication of the first and second volumes of *Modern Painters* that Ruskin came under Carlyle's influence. Long years afterward Carlyle himself, writing to Emerson, says: "There is nothing going on among us as notable to me as those fierce lightning-bolts Ruskin is copiously and desperately pouring into the black world of Anarchy all around him. No other man in England that I meet has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have. Unhappily he is not a strong man—one might say a weak man rather—and has not the least prudence of management, though if he can hold out for another fifteen years or so, he may produce, even in this way, a great effect or so. God grant it, say I."

I heard a pretty account once from Mr. Alfred Lyttelton of a visit paid by Ruskin to Carlyle in the old familiar room in Cheyne Walk, with the old picture of Cromwell on the wall, and Mrs. Carlyle's little tables and pretty knick-knacks still in their quiet order. Mr. Ruskin had been ill not long before, and as he talked on of something he cared about, Mr. Lyttelton said his eyes lighted up, and he seemed agitated and moved. Carlyle stopped him short, saying the subject was too interesting. "You must take care," he said, with that infinite kindness which

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Carlyle could show; "you will be making yourself ill once more." And Ruskin, quite simply, like a child, stopped short. "You are right," he said, calling Carlyle "master," and then went on to talk of something else, as dull, no doubt, as anything could be that Ruskin and Carlyle could talk about together.

In the first volume of *Præterita* there is one particular passage about Carlyle to which many of us will demur.

Ruskin himself this time is now quoting from the Emerson correspondence, and he says: "I find at page 18 this to me entirely disputable, and to my thought, so far as undisputed, much blamable and pitiable exclamation of my master's: 'Not till we can think that here and there one is thinking of us, one is loving us, does this waste earth become a peopled garden.' My training, as the reader has perhaps enough perceived, produced in me the precisely opposite sentiment. My times of happiness had always been when nobody was thinking of me. . . .The garden at home was no waste place to me because I did not suppose myself an object of interest either to the ants or the butterflies, and the only qualification of the delight of my evening walk at Champagnole was the sense that my father and mother *were* thinking of me, and would be frightened if I was ten minutes late for tea. . . .

"I don't mean in the least that I could have done without them. They were to me much more than Carlyle's wife to him. . . .But that the rest of the world was waste to him unless he had admirers in it is a sorry state of sentiment enough, and I am somewhat tempted for once to admire the exactly opposite temper of my own solitude. My entire delight was in observing without being observed; if I could have been invisible, all the better. I was absolutely interested in men and in their ways as I was interested in marmots and chamois and in trouts. . . .The living habitation of the world, the grazing and nesting in it, the spiritual power of the air, the rocks, the waters—to be in the midst of it, and rejoice, and wonder at it; . . . .this was the essential love of nature in me, this the root of all that I have usefully become."

As I have already said, this peculiar sense of solemn responsibility to nature and to mankind, and irresponsibility to individuals, is most specially to be noted in Ruskin; more specially in the young Ruskin, who writes as people of strong imaginations write when the impulse is on them, realizing at the moment but one aspect of a feeling. But though he writes in this detached and lofty fashion, every page of his memoir vibrates with the warm light of a united home, where exist mutual love, confidence, sympathy, without which half the charm of the whole picture would be gone.

X.

At Macugnaga, Ruskin, maturing his second volume, seems to have lived in good company, with a couple of Shakespeare's plays and his own thoughts, but not to have enjoyed his solitude so much as might have been expected from his theories. Mr. Boxall and Mr. Hardinge presently joined him for a time, and then came another serious illness, after which the second volume of *Modern Painters* was published, in 1846.

This second volume concerns the schools of Italy and its histories of art, and raised as much indignation as the first had done, though less irritation. Critics thanked Heaven openly that they were publicans and still able to admire, not Pharisees rejecting right and left. Then followed another beautiful sermon and more parables. "The book I called *The Seven Lamps* was to show that certain right states of temper and moral feeling were the magic powers by which all good architecture, without exception, had been produced." *The Stones of Venice* appeared between the years 1851 and 1853, and had from beginning to end no other aim than to show that the Gothic architecture of Venice had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of pure national faith and of domestic virtue, and that its Renaissance architecture had arisen out of, and indicated in all its features, a state of concealed national infidelity and of domestic corruption.

Again and again, as we read our Ruskin, the truth of his father's saying occurs to one, "He should have been a bishop!" Everything has a moral to him and a meaning. "In these books of mine, their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or in human hope," he says in *Modern Painters* (Vol. V.). The law of perfectness is one of his favorite texts, one that he would have us all pur-

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sue. He culls and he chooses at will, dwelling upon each detail which illustrates his own vast and lovely conception of things as they should be—as they *might* be for us if we were all Ruskins; and the chief danger for his disciples is that of seeing details too vividly, and missing the whole. There is also all the extraordinary influence of his personality in his teaching. Oracles such as are Mill and Spencer veil their faces when they utter. Poets and orators like Ruskin uncover their heads as they address their congregations.

Ruskin has not only words at his command, but delicate hands. Look at the sketches and drawings in the latter volumes of *Modern Painters*. How eloquent and graceful they are, whether it is indicated motion or shadow, whether clouds or spiral leaf and upspringing branch!

When Ruskin records his past, it is as often as not by the sketches he has taken along the way that he marks his progress. And how true the saying is that nothing else—no descriptions—ever bring back a former state of mind and being as an old sketch will do! Sometimes one's old self actually seems to come up and take it out of one's hand. Only last night, apropos of these sketches of Ruskin's, and of a new portfolio of them lately published, I heard no less an authority than the Slade Professor at Cambridge saying that, with all the credit Professor Ruskin has justly won as a master of English diction, he has scarcely gained as much as he deserved for the exquisite character of his actual drawing.

As one looks down the list of Ruskin's writings* one can roughly read the story of his life. In the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* his papers on political economy appeared, and it must have been about that time that he entered into his partnership with Miss Octavia Hill, resulting in one of the most important and interesting movements of the day.

There is a short article by Miss Hill in a by-gone *Fortnightly Review*, describing the beginning of what has led to so much. The article is called "Cottage Property in London." The said cottages, begrimed, and overcrowded by the dreary London peasantry, were whitewashed and drained with the help of Mr. Ruskin's £700, and relet again by Miss Hill to the poor people themselves, of whom she always writes with admirable discernment and sympathy. As she tells of her tenants, of their fortitude, their power of hope, their simple, entire confidence, their extraordinary patience, Miss Hill speaks with the knowledge that people bring whose genius is in the work into which they throw their hearts, and Mr. Ruskin was the first to recognize her gift.

"I had not great ideas of what must be done," she says. "My strongest endeavors were to be used to rouse habits of industry and effort. The plan was one which depended on just governing more than on helping. The first point was to secure such power as would enable me to insist on some essential sanitary arrangements. I laid the scheme before Mr. Ruskin, who entered

* It may be convenient to give the following list of Mr Ruskin's works, taken from *Men of the Time*, and from the fly-leaves of Mr. George Allen:

Poems. Friendship's Offering. 1835 to 1843.
Modern Painters. Vol. I., 1843.
Modern Painters. Vol. II., 1846.
Art. Quarterly Review, June, 1847, Lord Lindsay's Christian Art; March, 1848, Eastlake on the History of Painting.
Seven Lamps of Architecture.
King of the Golden River. 1849. Illustrated by R. Doyle.
Stones of Venice. Vol. III., '51–'53. 1851.
Lectures on Architecture and Painting. 1853.
Giotto and his Works in Padua, 1854, for the Arundel Society.
Notes on the Royal Academy. Five parts. 1855 to 1859.
Modern Painters. Vol. III., 1856.
Modern Painters. Vol. IV., 1856.
Notes on the Turner Collection. 1857.
Political Economy of Art. 1857. Two Lectures. 1859–1860.
The Two Paths. (Lectures on Art.)
Modern Painters. Vol. V., 1860.
Sir Joshua Holbein. Cornhill Magazine. 1860.
Unto this Last. Cornhill Magazine. 1860–1862.
Munera Pulveris. Fraser's Magazine. 1862–1863.
Notes on the Alps.
Cestus of Aglaia. 1865.
Sesame and Lilies. 1865.
Ethics of the Dust. 1865.
Crown of Wild Olive. 1866.
Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne.
Queen of the Air. 1869.
Lectures on Art. 1871 to 1878.
Fors Clavigera.
Aratra Pentelice. 1872.
The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret. 1872.
The Eagle's Nest. 1872.
Ariadne Florentina. 1873–1876.
Love's Meinie. 1873.
Val d' Arno. 1874.
Proserpina. 1875–1876.
Deucalion. 1875–1878.
Mornings in Florence. 1875–1877.
Bibliotheca Pastorum. 1877.
Præterita. (Still publishing.) 1888.

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into it most warmly. He at once came forward with all the money necessary, and took the whole risk of the undertaking upon himself. He showed me, however, that it would be far more useful if it could be made to pay—that a working-man ought to be able to pay for his own house."....

I found a letter among my father's papers the other day which must have been written by Mr. Ruskin about this time, and as it bears upon one of his many theories, and is interesting and characteristic, I will insert it here. It concerned an old friend of my father's, Monsieur Louis Marvy, who spent one winter in Young Street. He was an engraver by profession; he had, as I believe, been mixed up in some of the revolutionary episodes of 1848. He was a very charming and gentle person, in delicate health. He used to work hour after hour at his plates. He lived quietly in our house, chiefly absorbed by his work. He died quite young, not long after his return to France. Mr. Ruskin's letter refers in a measure to this by-gone episode, and I have his permission to transcribe it:

"DENMARK HILL, 21*st December*, 1860.

"DEAR MR. THACKERAY,—I think (or should think if I did not know) that you are quite right in this general law about lecturing, though, until I knew it, I did not feel able to refuse the letter of request asked of me.

"The mode in which you direct your charity puts me in mind of a matter that has lain long on my mind, though I never have had the time or face to talk to you of it.

"In somebody's drawing-room ages ago you were speaking accidentally of M. de Marvy. I expressed my great obligation to him, on which you said that I could now prove my gratitude, if I chose, to his widow, which choice I then not accepting, have ever since remembered the circumstance as one peculiarly likely to add, so far as it went, to the general impression on your mind of the hollowness of people's sayings and hardness of their hearts.

"The fact is, I give what I give almost in an opposite way to yours. I think there are many people who will relieve hopeless distress for one who will help at a hopeful pinch, and when I have choice I nearly always give where I think the money will be fruitful rather than merely helpful. I would lecture for a school when I would *not* for a distressed author, and would have helped De Marvy to perfect his invention, but not—unless I had no other object—his widow after he was gone. In a word, I like to prop the falling more than to feed the fallen. This, if you ever find out anything of my private life, you will know to be true; but I shall never feel comfortable, nevertheless, about that Marvy business unless you send to me for ten pounds for the next author, or artist, or widow of either, whom you want to help.

"And with this weight at last off my mind, I pray you to believe me always faithfully, respectfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

"All best wishes of the season to you and your daughters."

And my father's daughter may be perhaps forgiven for adding that there are few among us who will not sympathize as much with Mr. Ruskin when he breaks his theories as when he keeps to them. I don't know if it is fair to quote the story I heard at Coniston, long after, of the man who had grossly lied and cheated at Brantwood for years, and whose wages Mr. Ruskin went on paying, because he could not give him a character, and could not let him and his children starve.

XI.

It may be here as well to say a few words of Mr. Ruskin's public work. In the statement of the purposes of St. George's Guild published by him he explains the two chief objects of the society:—Firstly, agricultural work, reclaiming waste lands, and the encouragement of manual labor without the help of steam ("a cruel and furious waste of fuel to do what every stream and breeze are ready to do"); Secondly, the building of museums and schools of art and study. "I continually see subscriptions of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand pounds for new churches. Now a good clergyman never wants a church. He can say all his parishioners essentially need to hear in any of his parishioners' best parlors or upper chambers, or, if these are not large enough, in the market-place or harvest-field. What does he want with altars—was the Lord's Supper eaten on one?—what with pews—useless rents for the pride of them; what with font and pulpit that the next way-side brook or mossy bank cannot give him?"....In order to form wholesome habits they (the young) must be placed under wholesome conditions. For the pursuit of any intellectual inquiry to advantage not only leisure must be granted them, but quiet.... The words "school," "college," "university," rightly understood, imply the leisure necessary for learning, the companionship necessary for sympathy, and wilfulness restrained by the daily vigilance and firmness of tutors and masters.

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The writer has not seen the museum at Sheffield, but happening to admire the work of a young water-color painter only a day ago, and to ask where he had studied, she was told that he had studied with nature for a teacher; but that besides working in this great academy he had also greatly profited by Mr. Ruskin's museum at Sheffield, where the most interesting and valuable art treasures are to be found in a couple of rooms opening on each side of the door of a road-side cottage. At one time Mr. Ruskin intended to build an art museum for Sheffield, and commissioned Mr. William Marshall to prepare the plans. I do not know why this scheme was never carried beyond the designs. We all know of his noble and patriotic gifts to Oxford, where he has been twice elected Slade Professor of Fine Arts. Cambridge also made signals of respect and admiration, and he was elected Rede Lecturer in 1867. But it is difficult to imagine Ruskin at Cambridge; Oxford seems to belong far more to his genius, to his emotional gifts, his playful mediæval and romantic views of life. I have heard of him entertaining his guests as hospitably in his rooms at All-Souls' as at Brantwood by the waters of the lake. A friend described to us the well-served breakfast, ample beyond all appetite of host or guest, and Ruskin, fearing to disappoint the cook, sending friendly and appreciative messages. "A very nice relish for breakfast, sir," says the scout, offering some particular dish. "A very nice relish at any time," says Ruskin, kindly, refusing, "and tell the cook I said so."

The following note of welcome shows what trouble Brantwood takes for its friends:

"KING'S ARMS, LANCASTER, *Saturday.*

"DEAR MR. ——,—I have left orders to make you comfortable; it is just possible, after these two days of darkness, you may even have a gleam of sun on Monday morning.

"Eleven train to Carnforth Junction, where change carriages for Ulverstone, where getting out, you will, I doubt not, see a dark post-chaise, into which getting, an hour and a half's pleasant drive brings you to Brantwood, where I hope you may be not uncomfortable whatever the weather.

"Yours faithfully,
J. RUSKIN."

Not the least among Ruskin's gifts to his fellow-men are the beautiful copies of beautiful pictures which he has had executed for the students at Sheffield and elsewhere: the best copies that the best talent art and knowledge could produce, bestowed with like liberality and sympathy upon those who have no means of reaching the originals. The following letters relating to this work will be found interesting. One is struck by the care for the work and the interest in the worker, to whose great kindness I owe this record:

"OXFORD, *20th May*, 1873.

"MY DEAR ——,—I have your interesting letter, with the (to me very charming) little sketch of 'The Peace.' By the Virtues *on the left* I meant what perhaps my memory fails in placing there—on the left-hand wall, standing with your back to the window. 'The Peace' is opposite window, isn't it? I can only say, do any face that strikes you. In this composition I care more for completeness of record than for accurate copying. There is nothing in it that I esteem exquisite as painting; but all is invaluable as design and emotion. Do it as thoroughly as you can pleasantly to yourself. For me, the Justice and Concord are the importantest. As you have got to work comfortably on it, don't hurry. Do it satisfactorily; and then to Assisi, where quite possibly I may join you, though not for a month or six weeks.

"Keep me well in knowledge of your health and movements (writing now to Coniston), and believe me

"Very faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN."

....."I shall soon be writing to the good monks at Assisi; give them my love always.

"Do not spare fees to custodes, and put them down separately to me.

"People talk so absurdly about bribing. An Italian cannot know at first anything about an Englishman but that he is either stingy or generous. The money gift really opens his heart, if he has one. You can do it in that case without money, indeed, eventually, but it is amazing how many people can have good (as well as bad) brought out of them by gifts, and no otherwise."

"LONDON, *15th June*, 1873.

"MY DEAR ——,—I am very glad to have your letters, and to see that you are on the whole well, and happy in your work. One's friends never do write to one when one's at Siena; somehow it is impossible to suppose a letter ever gets there.

"You may stay at your work there as long as you find necessary for easy completion. It will be long before I get to Assisi.

"I don't care about anything in the Villa Spanocchi. All my pleasant thoughts of it—or any other place nearly—are gone. Do 'The Peace' as thoroughly as possible, now you are at it.

"I have intense sympathy with you about

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Sunday, but fancy my conscience was unusually morbid. I am never comfortable on the day. Of course the general shop-shutting and dismalness in England adds to the effect of it.

"Your day is admirably laid out, except that in your walk after four you go to look at pictures. You ought to rest in changed thoughts as much as possible, to get out on the green banks and brows, and think of nothing but what the leaves and winds say.

"I have nothing to tell you of myself that is pleasant; not much that is specially otherwise. The weather has been frightful in London. It was better at Coniston, but it appalls me; it is a plague of darkness such as I never believed nature could inflict or suffer.

"Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN."

"HERNE HILL, 23*d April*, 1882.

....."That is a good passage of Leonardo's, but if you had read my Oxford lectures you would find their whole initiatory line and shade practice is (with distinct announcement of his authority) based on his book. I had read every word of it with care before I finished *Mod. P.*"

XII.

Sir Charles Newton writes on one occasion: "I spent last night with Ruskin, and very delightful it was. He is now taking that larger view of art which I always expected he would, and begins to regard Greek art from the point of view in which it ought to be looked at, and was regarded by the Greeks themselves." This letter was shown me by Mr. George Watts, who has often described his discussions with Ruskin during their long and intimate companionship. That Ruskin is remorseless all his friends must allow, but he is remorseless to himself as soon as a conviction is borne in upon him. Here is a charming example of a recantation in a letter to Mr. Burne-Jones.

"VENICE, 13*th May*, 1869.

"MY DEAREST NED,—There's nothing here like Carpaccio! There's a little bit of humble-pie for you!

"Well, the fact was, I had never once looked at him, having classed him in glance and thought with Gentile Bellini and other men of the more or less incipient and hard schools, and Tintoret went better with clouds and hills. But this Carpaccio is a new world to me.... I've only seen the Academy ones yet, and am going this morning (—— cloudless light) to your St. George of the Schiavoni; but I must send this word first to catch post.

"From your loving J. R.

"I don't give up my Tintoret, but his dissolution of expression into drapery and shadow is too licentious for me now."

It is to Mr. Watts I also owe the following letters, which are so interesting in themselves, and do such honor to the candor and love of truth of the recipients, that I will set them down without comment. The letters recall that past vision of Little Holland House and its gardens, where for many years Watts, "the Signore," as his friends all call him, dwelt on, recording the generation of noble people passing by, as well as the beautiful ideals of his own mind, working day after day quietly from dawn of light to afternoon in that home of so much vivid life and original color, whose Mistress has only now passed us by, leaving all her kind deeds and happy, gracious ways shining like a track on the waters behind her.

"SATURDAY EVENING, 29*th September*, 1860.

"DEAR WATTS,—I am very glad to have your letter to-night, having been down-hearted lately and unable to write to my friends, yet glad of being remembered by them. I have kept a kind letter of Mrs. Prinsep's by me ever so long. It came too late to be answered before the birthday of which it told me.

"I will come and sit whenever and wherever and as long as you like. I have nothing whatever to do, and don't mean to have. I hope to be at National Gallery on Tuesday [erased], Wednesday [erased; see end of note], and Thursday afternoons, two to four, not exactly working, but wondering. I entirely feel with you that there is no dodge in Titian. It is simply right doing with a care and dexterity alike unpractised among us nowadays. It is drawing with paint as tenderly as you do with chalk.... I suspect that Titian depended on states and times in coloring more than we do —that he left such and such colors for such and such times always before retouching, and so on; but this you would not call dodge—would you? —but merely perfect knowledge of means. It struck me in looking at your group with child in the Academy that you depended too much on blending and too little on handling color; that you were not simple enough nor quick enough to do all you felt; nevertheless it was very beautiful. I should think you were tormented a little by having too much feeling.

"If it is fine to-morrow I have promised to take a drive, but the *second* fine day, whatever that may be this week, I shall be at Trafalgar Square."

"*February* 5, 1861.

"MY DEAR WATTS,—Kind thanks for writing to ask for me. I am not unwell materially, but furiously sulky and very quiet over my work, and mean to be so, and having been hitherto a rather voluble and demonstrative person, people think I'm ill. I'm not cheerful, certainly, and don't see how anybody in their senses can be.

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"I did not say—did I?—that you were not to aim at all qualities; but not all *at once*. Titian was born of strong race, and with every conceivable human advantage, and probably before he was twelve years old knew all that could be done with oil-painting. *We* are under every conceivable human disadvantage, and we must be content to go slowly. If you try at present to get all Titian's qualities, you will assuredly get none. You not only *have* seen Titians and Correggios which united all, but I don't suppose you ever saw a true Titian or Correggio which did *not* unite all. But that does not in the least warrant you in trying at once to do the same—you have many things to discover which they learned with their alphabet, many things to cure yourself of which their master never allowed them to fall into habit of. For instance, from long drawing with chalk point you have got a mottled and broken execution, and have no power of properly modulating the brush. Well, the way to cure yourself of that is not by trying for Titian or Correggio, whose modulations are so exquisite that they perpetually blend invisibly with the point-work, but take a piece of absolute modulation—the head of the kneeling figure in Sir Joshua's 'Three Graces' at Kensington, for instance—and do it twenty times over and over again, restricting yourself wholly to his number of touches and thereabouts. Then you will feel exactly where you are, and what is the obstacle in that direction to be vanquished; you will feel progress every day, and be happy in it; while when you try for everything, you never know what is stopping you. Again, the chalk drawing has materially damaged your perception of the subtlest qualities of local color. When a form is shown by a light of one color and a reflex of another, both equal in depth, if we are drawing in chalk we must exaggerate either one or the other, or the form must be invisible. The habit of exaggeration is fatal to the color vision; to conquer it you should paint the purest and subtlest colored objects on a small scale till you can realize them thoroughly. I say on a *small* scale; otherwise the eye does not come to feel the value of points of hue. This exercise, nearly the reverse of the modulation exercise, could not be healthily carried on together with it. And so on with others.

"I write with an apparently presumptuous positiveness, but my own personal experience of every sort of feebleness is so great that I have a right to do so on points connected with it.

"Sincere regard to all friends.

"Ever affectionately yours,

J. R."

"Denmark Hill, S.,

"*Wednesday, 25th July*, 1866.

"My dear Watts,—I heard to-day from Edward* that he thought you would like to come and see me—or me to come to you.

* Mr. E. Burne-Jones.

"You have not been here for ever so long. Can you come out any day to breakfast?—and we'll have a nice talk—or would you rather I should come in the afternoon? I rarely stir in the morning. I want to see you. I've been very ill and sad lately, or should have managed it.

"Mrs. Prinsep wrote me a kind letter some time ago, dated from some 'Bay' or other. I answered to the somewhat vague address; please tell her I did so, or she may have thought what was in the letter had hurt me, and that I had not answered; but I am glad of the hint, though I am not permitted in any way to act upon it.

"Send me just a line to say what day you could come, or see me.

"Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

"G. T. Watts, Esq.

"Ned says you have been doing beautiful things. And therefore I should like to come, as you won't exhibit and leave Maclise's 'Death of Nelson' to edify the public of taste, but I think you would enjoy *one* picture here."

And so, as one thinks of it all, of the people living round about us shaping their own and other people's lives, one admires and wonders at this unending variety of understanding, of teaching, of talking, of writing, of opinion. Few things strike one more among the chief men who come to the front—not by chance, but by force of hard work and natural right—than their good-fellowship, their trust in one another, and their genuine appreciation of each other's powers, whatever their opinions may be. It is the more commonly the second-rate among us who are jealous and impatient. And this is indeed the secret of the rule of those Captains of our race who *are* Captains by reason of their swifter knowledge and insight, their greater courage and fairness.

We have all been reading lately of generous Darwin and his friends. Genuine excellence is distinguished by this mark, that it *belongs to all mankind*, says Goethe, writing to Carlyle. Carlyle himself, with his flashing wit and his passionate flashing words, ever admires and discriminates even while he grumbles. Ruskin has *phases* of impression, but his noble instinct is for the truth, although the examples he gives at times seem so changeable, and his systems of instruction almost hopeless for students who have to live during their short lives after all; to pay their way and their long bills as well as to study their art. Ruskin's own peculiar system is in reality almost

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more of a trial of patience than of skill; he has a series of pitfalls for unwary students, among which the white jam pots he used to prescribe to those of Oxford may be counted. But though his practice may be fanciful, his light is a beacon indeed; amid storms and clouds and metaphors and contradictions, you will find it steadily flashing from the rock upon which it is set. The rays fall upon uncertain waves, change their color, turn and return, dazzle or escape you altogether; but the longer you look at them, the more you realize their truth and their beauty. You can't take up a book with any one of the fanciful charming names, whether the *Queen of the Air*, or *Sesame and Lilies*, or the *Crown of Wild Olive*, that you don't find conscience and good common-sense wrapped up and hidden among the flowers. The shrewdness, the wisdom of it all strikes us as much as the variety of his interests.

"A few words," he says somewhere, "well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting equivocally in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes, masked words — unjust stewards of men's ideas."

How true is this sentence concerning the idle and the busy: "All rich people are not idle. There are the idle rich and the idle poor, as there are the busy rich and the busy poor. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year; many a man of fortune is busier than his errand-boy."

Here is his definition of a true church: "Wherever one hand meets another helpfully—that is the Holy or Mother Church which ever is or ever shall be."

About books: "Will you go and gossip with your house-maid or your stable-boy when you may talk with queens and kings? But we cannot read unless our minds are fit. Avarice, injustice, vulgarity, base excitement, all unfit us. Beware of reading in order to say, 'Thus Milton thought,' rather than, 'Thus I thought in misreading Milton.'"

Here is another hint respecting books for women: "Whether novels or history or poetry be read, they should be chosen not for what is *out* of them, but for what is *in* them. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt and hide itself in a powerful book never does any harm to a noble girl, but the emptiness of an author oppresses her and his amiable folly degrades her." On education, as on the relations between men and women, he has a thousand delightful things to say. "Keep a fairy or two for your children," says kind Ruskin; and doubtless acting upon this friendly hint, the School Board has adopted that charming history of the *King of the Golden River* as a standard prize book.

It is pretty to read of the way in which Ruskin adjusts the different offices of the husband and the wife. The woman's a guiding, not a determining function. The man is the doer, the creator; the woman's power is for rule and not for battle. Her great function is *praise;* she enters into no contest, but adjudges the crown.

XIII.

I am told by Mr. Allen that Mr. Ruskin thinks that the book which will stand the longest is the *Crown of Wild Olive. Sesame and Lilies* is, and most deservedly so, a favorite book with the public. Who can ever forget the closing passages, in which the poet, looking round about, seeing the need of the children even greater than that of their elders, bids women go forth into the garden and tend the flowerets lying broken, with their fresh leaves torn; set them in order in their little beds, fence them from the fierce wind—"flowers with eyes like yours, with thoughts like yours." Was ever a lesson more tenderly given?

Whatever he touches he has this instinct for striking the true note of it all. How true is this description of Holman Hunt: "To Rossetti the Old and New Testaments were only the greatest poems he knew. But to Holman Hunt the story of the New Testament, when once his mind entirely fastened on it, became what it was to an old Puritan, ... not merely a Reality, not merely the greatest of Realities, but the only Reality."

I have perhaps quoted too much already, but I cannot help giving a passage from the *Stones of Venice*, which is written in a different key, a very grave and noble one. He says: "The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn, but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit they are charged to defend. The passions of

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which the end is the continuance of the race, the indignation which is to arm it against injustice or strengthen it to resist wanton injury, and the fear which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honorable and beautiful so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world."

Another lesson which Ruskin would impress upon us all is one more easy to grasp, and it applies to the whole conduct of life, whether in art, or in nature and natural phenomena. "The seed the sower sows grows up according to its kind: let us sow good seed with care and liberality." When Ruskin tells us that modesty, piety, humility, and a number of somewhat unexpected attributes are to be found in the curl of a leaf, in the painted background of a picture, in the arch of a window, a moment's thought will show how true his words are. Qualities take different forms in their exercise; Modesty in design would mean care and accuracy; Humility would mean interest in the object copied, not a vulgar desire for self-glorification and for rapid effect; Piety represents that sweet sense which some call sentiment.

Then again listen to Ruskin writing upon a different theme, that of Shakespeare's chivalry. "Note broadly in the outset that Shakespeare has no heroes, whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose. Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless, conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity. Then observe, secondly, the catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom or virtue of a woman."

One of Shakespeare's heroines (a Helen happily belonging to our own time) has dedicated to Ruskin one of her charming renderings of her not forgotten parts. "She" (Lady Martin) "has shown her beautiful sympathy with character in choosing Beatrice," Ruskin writes in return to Sir Theodore Martin, "and she may be assured that I am indeed listening with all my heart to every word she will say." And then again to Lady Martin herself: "I thought I knew Beatrice of any lady by heart, but you have made her still more real and dear to me, especially by the little sentences in which you speak of your own feelings in certain moments in acting her. You have made me wretched because Beatrice is not at Brantwood."... "I should like a pomegranate or two in Juliet's balcony," he adds. I take up another letter to Sir Theodore Martin at hazard, and read: "You are happy at Llangollen in this season. The ferns and grass of its hills are far more beautifully and softly opposed than on ours." How few of us know how to *think* with such vividness!—we think of a valley, of a mountain, of the skies beyond it, but we don't instinctively see the details; we don't contrast the hue of the ferns and of the turf of Cumberland and of Wales, perceiving it all with that instantaneous conception which is genius in short.

NOTE.—This note is from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 28, 1887, and was compiled from information given by Mr. Allen, to show what the comparative sale of Mr. Ruskin's books had been for 1886:

	Volumes.
Sesame and Lilies (small edition)	2122
Frondes Agrestes	1273
Stones of Venice (large edition)	939
Unto this Last	874
Ethics of the Dust	808
Fors Clavigera (volumes of)	730
Seven Lamps of Architecture	668
Modern Painters, Vol. II. (small edition)	652
Stones of Venice (small travellers' edition, in two vols.)	each 675
On the Old Road	597
King of the Golden River	388

Of the books issuing in parts, the following figures will be interesting:

	Parts.
Præterita (20 parts issued)	63,386
The Art of England (7 parts issued)	1,929
Road-side Songs of Tuscany (10 parts issued)	1,459
Proserpina	921

The *King of the Golden River*, it may be interesting to add, is largely bought by the London School Board for prizes. Mr. Ruskin's *Letter to Young Girls* has also a large sale, 264 packets (containing 3168 copies in all) having been sold during last year.

With regard to the "Revised Series" of Mr. Ruskin's works, the following were the sales during 1886:

Sesame and Lilies	272	Munera Pulveris	73
Crown of Wild Olive	188	*Val d'Arno	54
Queen of the Air	108	*Aratra Pentelice	53
Eagle's Nest	104	A Joy Forever	51
Two Paths	96	*Ariadne Florentina	40
Time and Tide	89		

This series, it should be stated, is a very expensive one, the ordinary volumes costing 13*s.* each (unbound), the illustrated (marked above with an asterisk), 22*s.* 6*d.* The unillustrated volumes are, however, all in course of being issued in cheap form, similar to the small *Sesame and Lilies*, of which over 2000 copies were sold last year. *Præterita* is steadily increasing in popularity. Last year 3169 copies of each part were sold on an average. Mr. Allen is now printing for first edition 5000 copies of each.

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I once heard a well-known man of science speaking of Ruskin; some one had asked him whether Ruskin or Goethe had done most for science. Sir John Lubbock replied that Ruskin undoubtedly had done very much more valuable work than Goethe; and that without any pretensions to profound scientific knowledge, he had an extraordinary natural gift for observation, and seemed to know by instinct *what* to observe, what was important amidst so much that was fanciful and poetical; and then he went on to quote the description of the swallow from *Love's Meinie*, one of the loveliest things imaginable, and which it would not be difficult to apply to Ruskin's own genius —so swift, so unerring in its flight, so incalculable, so harmonious and fascinating always.

Mr. Ruskin is a figure standing out distinguished among the many figures and characters which make up the *dramatis personæ* of our time; and this being so, legends gather round him as clouds gather round the peak of his own Coniston Old Man. One story I have vaguely heard which describes a Haroun-al-Raschid expedition of his through the streets of London, a flight from the mosque to the jeweller's store, where the loveliest gems are heaped before him, of which he can best tell the secrets. Then from the jeweller's store to the pastry-cook's, where in an inner room a table is spread, not with the cream tarts of fiction, but with the British fare of roast mutton and potatoes, and where, as the poet lunches, salting his food meanwhile with his enchanting talk, little by little all the people already in the shop leaving their buns and sandwiches, gather round to listen. Another legend, which I cannot vouch for either, but which seems suitable somehow, begins with a dream, in which Ruskin dreamt himself a Franciscan friar. Now I am told that when he was at Rome there was a beggar on the steps of the Pincio who begged of Mr. Ruskin every day as he passed, and who always received something. On one occasion the grateful beggar suddenly caught the outstretched hand and kissed it. Mr. Ruskin stopped short, drew his hand hastily away, and then, with a sudden impulse, bending forward, kissed the beggar's cheek. The next day the man came to Mr. Ruskin's lodging to find him, bringing a gift, which he offered with tears in his eyes. It was a relic, he said, a shred of brown cloth which had once formed part of the robe of St. Francis. Mr. Ruskin remembered his dream when the poor beggar brought forth his relic, and thence, so I am told, came his pilgrimage to the convent of St. Francis of Assisi, where he beheld those frescos by Giotto which seemed to him more lovely than anything Tintoret himself had ever produced. I personally should like to believe that the mendicant was himself St. Francis appearing in the garb of a beggar to his great disciple.

We are all apt to feel at times that meat is more than life, and the raiment more than the soul: at such times let us turn to Ruskin. He sees the glorious world as we have never known it, or have perhaps forgotten to look upon it. He takes the first example to hand; the stones, which he makes into bread; the dust and scraps and dry sticks and moss which are lying to his hand; he is so penetrated with the glory and beauty of it all, of the harmony into which we are set, that it signifies little to him upon what subject he preaches, and by what examples he illustrates his meaning; there is a blessing upon his words, and surely the fragments which remain are worthy of the twelve baskets of the Apostles.

It seemed to me one day last summer as if in truth Ruskin's actual page was shining before me as I waited on the slope of Blackdown Moor in Surrey. It was the day of the Naval Review, and as I rested in a blackberry-bordered field, I could see the tossing land-waves alive with summer and summer toil, the laborers patiently pacing and repacing the furrows, the hay-carts unloading; other hedges again dividing harvest from harvest, labor from labor; and in the far distance a dazzling plain with gleams of white like the breakers of the sea, and overhead a midsummer vault of blue, across which a hawk was darting in glorious serenity. One of Ruskin's books was lying open on the grass, and the very page seemed to slide forth to fill the air; now and then a faint breeze would shake the leaves and the countless points and blossoms upon the trees and hedges still in my Ruskin land round about; while from time to time could be heard the distant echo of the Portsmouth guns saluting the Queen as she passed among her ships.

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AN IGNOBLE MARTYR.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

OLD Aaron Pettit, who had tried to live for ten years with half of his body dead from paralysis, had given up at last. He was altogether dead now, and laid away out of sight in the three-cornered lot where the Pettits had been buried since colonial days. The graveyard was a triangle cut out of the wheat field by a certain Osee Pettit in 1695. Many a time had Aaron, while ploughing, stopped to lean over the fence and calculate how many bushels of grain the land thus given up to the dead men would have yielded.

"They can keep it. I'll not plough it up," he would mumble to himself with conscious virtue. "But land was to be hed for the fencin' then, evidently, or no Pettit would have put corpses in it that might as well have lain in the churchyard."

Now Aaron himself was in the wasted triangle, and as his daughter Jane saw his coffin lowered into it she felt a wrench of pity for him, because he never again could see the wheat grow in the lot around him, nor count how many dollars profit it would yield that year to pay the interest on the mortgage. It was natural that she should feel that he was really dead in just that way, for the wheat lot was the only field owned by the Pettits, and that mortgage their only active interest in life.

When the funeral was over, the neighbors, as is the custom in South Leedom, came back to the house, and sat in silence for half an hour in the little parlor. The undertaker had given the silver plate from the coffin lid to Jane, as the oldest child, and she hung it up now with a sad pride over the mantel-shelf. There were six other coffin plates there, the only decorations on the parlor wall.

Her younger brother, who had left "the mourners" and was in the kitchen, called her out impatiently. "Are you going to leave that horrible thing up there, Jenny?" he said.

"Horrible!" said Jane, aghast. "It is very handsome, Bowles. It cost three dollars and sixty-three cents. And why should I show disrespect to father?"

"Oh, if it is counted disrespect!—Jane, can't we give these people a cup of tea? There are the Waces, they have come ten miles, and they have to go back without any dinner. And the Fords. Some tea and dough-nuts." He looked anxiously into her face.

The heat rose into Jane's cheeks, and her eyes shone. There was something delightful to her in this bold proposal, for she had, unknown to herself, a hospitable soul. She had never seen a stranger break bread under their roof. But on such an occasion as this—

"What would mother say?" she whispered. "Oh, no, no, Bowles! I can't do it. There are ten of them"—peering into the parlor—"ten. It would take a quarter of a pound of tea; and then the sugar. Oh no, we couldn't afford it!" and she went back and sat down again with the mourners, comforting herself that nobody would expect to be fed. In North Leedom the folks did not eat in each others' houses. It would have been thought a wicked waste to "treat to victuals," as, it was reported, was the common custom in larger towns.

This was no time, Jane felt, for her to appear eccentric or extravagant; and it would have been extravagant. Tea and cakes for ten would have made a big break in the money to be saved for the fall payment on the mortgage.

The Pettits during the next week took up the thread of their daily life unbroken. The little four-roomed house had, of course, a thorough cleaning. Undertakers and neighbors had left dust behind them. Mrs. Pettit had prayed for grace to help her bear the pains which death had left; but dirt she would not put up with. The furniture was all taken out in the yard to be sunned; the stair carpet, with its hundred neat patches, was washed, dried, and tacked down again. The furniture in the house was of the cheapest kind, but it had belonged to Mrs. Pettit's grandmother, and had always been cared for with a tender reverence, not because of its associations, but for its money value. Indeed, so much of the lives of the Pettit women for generations had gone into the care of these speckless chairs and tables that one might suspect a likeness between the condition of their souls and that of the filthy Feejeean who worships the string of bones which he polishes incessantly.

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Bowles despised the tables and chairs. But the mortgage! That was another thing—a thing so serious that it seemed to overshadow, to choke his whole life. John Pettit, his grandfather, in some great emergency, had put the house under a mortgage, had worked for thirty years to clear it off, and died, leaving the task to Aaron. Aaron had accepted it as a sacred trust; every penny he could save had gone to it. Now he was dead, and there was still a thousand dollars due on it.

Mrs. Pettit was too nearly blind to work. Jane sewed on men's seersucker coats for a factory in Boston. She was paid sixty cents a dozen for them. This paid the taxes and bought their clothes.

Bowles knew that his mother and sister and all of the village expected him to take up the payment of this mortgage as the work of his life.

The minister, old Mr. Himms, had said as much to him after the funeral.

"It is a noble ambition, my boy," he said, "for a man to own the home of his fathers free of debt. In our New England towns there are thousands of men and women struggling in dire poverty all their lives with this aim before them."

"This aim!" What aim?

Bowles, sitting one Sunday evening under the old elm-tree as the sun was going down, looked at the ugly, bare little house and hated it. Had life nothing more for him than that?

He looked about him. North Leedom was made up of just such ugly, clean, bare houses. There were no trees on the sidewalks, no flowers in the yards. The people were poor, and they had reduced economy to an art so hard and cruel that it dominated them now in body and soul. To save was no longer a disagreeable necessity for them; it had become the highest of duties.

The Pettits had always crept along in the same rut with their neighbors. They would not buy food sufficient to satisfy their craving stomachs. With each generation they grew leaner and weaker; the sallow skin clung more tightly to their bones; the men became victims of dyspepsia, the women of nervous prostration.

Each generation, too, carried the niggard economy a little farther. They "could not afford time" for flowers nor for music; they could not afford to buy books nor newspapers. They came at last in their fierce zeal for saving to begrudge smiles and welcomes to each other or kisses and hugs to their children. They stripped their lives of all the little kindly amenities, the generosities of feeling and word which make life elsewhere cheerful and tender.

Bowles Pettit, thinking over the lives of his neighbors and family, tried to judge fairly of his own. But he was ashamed to find that he could scarcely think at all, he was so hungry. He was a big, raw-boned, growing boy; the nervous strain of the last week had been severe on him. He needed food, and he knew he would not have enough to-day. He could not remember the day when he had had enough. He knew how it would be. Presently the cracked tea bell would ring, and he would go in to eat a small slice of cold, soggy pie, washed down with a glass of cold water. To-morrow morning for breakfast more cold pie and a dough-nut. For dinner, potatoes and cold milk only. On Mondays, when Jane had to make a fire for the washing, a pound of cheap meat was boiled, which furnished dinner for three days.

Bowles had no trade. He was what was called in North Leedom "a helper." He could do a bit of carpenter or mason work, or paint a door, or plough a field when called upon, for which he received a few pennies. There was no opening in the dead village for any regular business. It was out of these occasional few pennies that he must support the family and save the thousand dollars for the mortgage.

There was a slight quiver on the boy's cleft chin as he sat staring at the mortgaged house. He had the eager brain and fine instincts of the New-Englander. It was not a dull beast of burden on whom this yoke for life was to be laid, but a nervous, high-bred animal, fit for the race-course.

"Ah-ha, Bowles, my son!" a subdued voice whispered over the fence.

He started up. It was Mr. Rameaux, an agent for some orange planters in Louisiana, who had found boarding for his little daughter in North Leedom that summer, while he travelled about the country. He was so short and stout that his fat smiling face barely reached to the top of the fence. He thrust his chubby ringed fingers through the rails and wrung the lad's hands.

"My dear boy, I came down from Boston this afternoon, and Lola met me with

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this terrible news. What can I say? Your worthy father! *Il est chez le bon Dieu!* But you—poor child! It is thirty years since my own father left me, and still—I—" He choked, and real tears stood in the twinkling black eyes.

Bowles pulled him through the gate. The boy said nothing. He had not shed a tear when his father died. He had never learned how to talk or to shed tears. But this little man's volubility, his gestures, his juicy rich voice, with its kindly and sweet inflections, affected Bowles as the sudden sight of tropical plants might a half-frozen Laplander. He had hung about Rameaux all summer whenever he was in the village.

"I came to make my condolences to madame *votre mère*. And Lola—she also"—dragging after him a child in a white gown and huge red sash, of the age when girls are principally made up of eyes, legs, and curiosity.

Together they entered the kitchen, where Mrs. Pettit and Jane sat knitting, one on either side of the cold black stove. The little man poured forth his "condolences" to the widow. Aaron's virtues, her own grief, the joys of heaven, the love of *le bon Dieu*, were all jumbled *en masse*, and hurled at her with affectionate zeal. Jane dropped her knitting in her lap; a red heat rose in her thin cheeks as she listened. But Mrs. Pettit's large gray eyes scanned the pursy little agent with cold disapproval. What did the man mean? None of Aaron's neighbors, not she herself, had wept for him, or talked much of his virtues, or his entrance into heaven. Why should this play-acting fellow be sorry for her? She resented his affectionate tone, his fat body, his red necktie, the unnecessary width of brim of his felt hat. It was all unnecessary, redundant—a waste.

She waited until he stopped for breath, then nodded without a word, and taking up her knitting, began to count the stitches. Rameaux, shocked and discomfited, stood pulling at his mustache and shuffling uneasily from one foot to the other. Lola, in the mean time, had crept to Jane's side, and put her arm around her waist.

The Rameaux were not of good caste in Louisiana; they were not well-bred people. The agent's oaths and jokes, when alone with men, were not always of the cleanest. But they came from a community where men carried the kindness and pity of their hearts ready for constant use in their eyes and lips. Even the ungainly child now was giving to Jane eager caresses such as she had never in her life received from father or mother.

"Your father is dead," Lola whispered. "My mamma died two—two years—" and then she burst into sobs, and dropped her head on the woman's lap. Jane, with a scared glance at her mother, patted her gently.

"Poor lonely little thing!" she thought. Then she noticed that the child's gaudy sash was spotted with grease, and that the holes in her black stockings were drawn up with white thread. "Tut! tut! poor *dear* child!" she whispered, a motherly throb rising in her own flat breast.

Mr. Rameaux, bewildered at his rebuff, was turning to the door, but Bowles stopped him.

"You promised to speak to her," he whispered, excitedly.

"Not now, my boy."

"Yes, now! Now!"

The little man dropped into a chair, fanning himself with his ridiculous hat. He too was excited. He spoke to Mrs. Pettit, but his eyes wandered to Jane. "Madam, there is a subject— Your son, Mr. Bowles here, and I have talked of it. If I may intrude upon your grief— But I must first tell you something of my home."

"Indeed? Your home, Mr. Rammy," said Mrs. Pettit, in her dry, shrill tone, "is the least of my concerns." Then she turned her back on him. "Light the candle, Jane."

Rameaux rose, red and angry.

"Mother," said Bowles, sharply, "I wish you to listen to this man."

There was a meaning in his voice new to her. She stared at him, and at the agent, who, after a moment's hesitation, went on, growing fluent as an auctioneer as he proceeded.

"There was a reason for speaking of Lamonte to you, madam. It is a village near the gulf. That is a rich country—the ground, fat, black; the trees, giants; the woods full of birds, and the waters of fish. A man has but to set his traps and drop his lines and lie down to sleep, and nature feeds him. And the air—so warm and sweet!" He took a step nearer to Jane, who was listening. His eyes were on hers. They were kind eyes, he thought—mother's eyes. Miss Jane had a soft

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voice too. Her cheeks were lean, but there was a pretty color coming and going in them, and the lips were red and kissable. He and Lola had a lonely life of it. "The air," he repeated, awkward and bewildered, "is sweet with flowers. You would like my house, Miss Jane, on the beach. At night the wind in the magnolias and the waves plashing on the shore make a very pleasant sound—a—very pleasant sound." He quite broke down here, but his little black eyes held hers, and it seemed to her that he was still talking rapidly, passionately saying something that she never had listened to before.

"You told me about the place before, Mr. Rammy," she stammered. "You said that the flowers—"

"Hola! chut! I had forgotten!" he exclaimed, tugging at his pocket. "I sent for these. They came to-day. You said you never had seen any." He pulled out a small paper box. When she opened it, a strange and wonderful fragrance startled the chill New England air.

"Orange blossoms!" explained Rameaux, with a significant chuckle.

Jane said nothing. She took her box to the window. The blood grew cold in all of her gaunt body. What did it mean?

She had scarcely ever thought of love. She had known but two women of her age in the village who had been courted and married. The others had all grown into old maids like herself. She never had thought that *she*— He had paid thirty cents postage on that box! And for her!

That wonderful life down there—little work, and plenty to eat!—the warm, sweet air! the plashing waves! In the mean time, the strange, creamy flowers, with their heavy fragrance, seemed actually to talk to her of this life and this man.

What was that he was saying? Urging her mother to sell the house and go to Lamonte, where there was a fine chance for Bowles!

"There is no opening for the boy here, madam," he persisted. "I speak as a business man. Lamonte is a live place. I go to start a cypress-wood mill, a cotton-seed-oil factory. It is a boom. A young man with Northern energy shall make money fast. Or, if she would not sell the homestead, why not rent it? Bowles, once settled in Lamonte, in two years — in two months perhaps, if this boom lasted—could clear off the mortgage." Rameaux spoke as he did when driving a bargain—clearly, and to the point. "I will give you this to consider," he said. "I will state the matter now to Miss Jane from another point of the view." He strode quickly across to her, and led her authoritatively out of the kitchen.

"Mother, do you understand?" said Bowles, in a high, sharp tone. "I can make money there hand over hand. I will clear off the mortgage dretful fast. I won't have to drudge here like a nigger slave till I'm as old as father."

The face which Mrs. Pettit turned on him was set and strained as it had not been when she looked at her husband dead.

"You want to—*go*?" she said.

"Yes, I want to go. I must get out of here. I want enough to do; I want enough to eat!"

She looked at the hunger-bitten face and starving eyes of the boy, a tragic sight enough if she had understood it. But she was simply bewildered. Most of the people in North Leedom had that clayey color and the restless look which result from ill-fed body and strong brain condemned for life to work upon trifles. But they did not know what ailed them. Nor did Mrs. Pettit.

"Want to leave North Leedom?" she repeated, with a contemptuous laugh. "Sech fancies! You always was ridickelous, Bowles, but I didn't think you was quite sech a fool. Draw some water, child. It's high time we was lockin' up an' makin' ready for bed," looking at Lola, who was coiled up on a chair, her big black eyes curiously turning from one to the other.

The door into the yard opened, and Jane came hurrying in. Her mother stared at her. She had never seen her face burn nor her eyes shine in that way, except when she had the typhoid fever twelve years ago.

"Lola," she said, going up to the girl and catching her by the shoulders—"Lola!"

"Yes," said Lola, standing up.

Miss Jane pulled the child toward her as if to kiss her. Her thin face worked; she panted for breath. She caught sight of her mother's amazed face, and pushed Lola away.

"Your—your papa wants you, dear," she said, in a low whisper, every tone of

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which was a caress. "I'll take you to him."

"You stop right here, Jane. Bowles can take his daater to the play-actor," snapped Mrs. Pettit.

Miss Jane dared not disobey. She was thirty, but she was as submissive and timid as when she was six. But she did follow Lola out on to the porch. The girl stopped her there peremptorily, and stretching up on her tiptoes, threw her arms around her neck.

"You're coming home with us? Papa said so. Yes? Oh, goody! You'll come?"

"Hush-h!"

Miss Jane dropped on her knees in the dark, and strained the child tight to her breast. The blood burned hotly through her whole body as she pressed a light shamed kiss upon her lips, and then springing up, ran back into the kitchen.

Bowles walked sulkily with Lola down to the road where her father was waiting. She thrust her arm in his and hung on it; she rolled her beautiful eyes coquettishly; she spoke to him with profound awe and timidity. Lola, like many Southern girls of her class, had given much of her short life to thoughts of "the boys," and of how to manage them. She managed Bowles now completely. Her homage thrilled him with triumph and self-conceit, which her father's eager talk increased. His mother treated him as a child. These people appreciated him, recognized him as the shrewd Northern man who would make money hand over hand in the South. He laughed loudly with Rameaux, even tried to joke a little.

His sister, through the kitchen window, saw them standing by the gate. The moon had risen. Lola leaned sleepily against the fence. Rameaux's sultry black eyes, while he talked to Bowles, searched every window in the house.

"*For me?*"

Miss Jane's knees shook under her. She hurried to her mother, who was beginning to grope her way up the stairs, and took the candle from her, trembling so that she could scarcely speak. It seemed as if she must cry and laugh out loud.

"Mr. Rameaux tells me that his house is all on one floor. You will have no stairs to climb if you go there, mother," she said.

Mrs. Pettit stared at her. "*I* go? Bowles's brain is addled enough, but he's not so mad as that."

She had reached her room by this time. Jane hurried in after her.

"Mother, it's not Bowles; it's me. If there was a chance for me to go down yonder and give you a comfortable providin', would you go?"

Mrs. Pettit paid no attention to her. She was unbuttoning her shoes, and had found a thin place in one of them. She rubbed it with alarm, held it close to her purblind eyes, set it down with a groan. "It ought to hev lasted two year more," she muttered.

"Would you go?" said Jane, speaking with a breathless gasp. "You should have as many shoes as you chose, and the hot air even in winter, and full and plenty to eat and wear."

Mrs. Pettit turned her dull calm face on her. "Why, Jane Pettit! You've been listenin' to that Rammy's crazy talk too! For a fool, give me an old maid!" She took up the worn shoe anxiously again. "Think of *me* goin' outside of North Leedom!" she said, with a hoarse, rasping laugh.

Miss Jane, as she looked at her, could not think of it. It was an impossibility; as impossible as to make the dead alive.

"Tut! tut! It's worn near through to the counter."

"Give it to me. I'll mend it," said Miss Jane.

"Your hands are like ice," said her mother, as she took the shoe. "You'd better get to bed. There's that lot of coats to begin on in the morning. You'll have to be up by four."

"Yes," said Jane. She carried the shoe down stairs. The coats lay in heaps in the corner, tied together by twine. Their raw edges stuck out. Jane thought they would not have been so hateful if it had not been for those raw edges.

Bowles was waiting for her. His eyes shone; he looked bigger and stouter than before; the very down on his lip seemed coarser and browner.

"You are going too," he said. "Rameaux told me. Lord! such luck to come to us!"

"Mother will never go, Bowles."

"Then leave her. Other sons and daughters marry and go away. Cousin Sarah can take care of her. We'll pay the mortgage, and pay Sarah for tendin' her. Mother's rugged. She may live twenty year yet. 'Tisn't fair you should slave forever."

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He said much more, but Jane scarcely heard him. She sat in the kitchen without moving long after he had gone to bed. Somehow the raw-edged seersucker coats seemed to fill up her mind, and to bulk down, down, through her whole life. Rameaux had pointed to them angrily last night, and said, "Send that trash back tomorrow."

He wanted her to marry him to-morrow; to pack up their things, and start for Louisiana next Monday. He would stop in New York to buy her some gowns to please his own taste. "A red silk gown and a black-plumed hat."

"Think of me in red silk and plumes!" thought Miss Jane, tears of sheer delight standing in her eyes.

Her mother coughed hard, and called to her several times, while she sat there, to bring her medicine. She always needed care in the night. Cousin Sarah was a high-tempered woman and slept heavily.

When Bowles came down in the morning, he found his slice of leaden pie and greasy dough-nut, as usual, on a plate on the bare table. Jane was at the machine, a heap of finished seersucker coats beside her.

"I guess you were at work all night?" he said.

"I couldn't sleep," she answered.

"Are you goin' to finish all them things?"

She nodded, turning her wheel faster.

He looked at her face for a minute or two, and then, for some reason, walked behind her, where he could not see it. "Jane," he said, "are you always goin' on makin' coats?"

The wheel stopped, the thread broke. Bowles waited, silent.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. Then she threaded her needle again.

"What else should she do?" said Mrs. Pettit, coming into the kitchen.

Neither of her children answered her; but presently Jane got up suddenly, and going to her, gave her a fond hug and kiss.

Mrs. Pettit started, amazed. It was a new thing in her life; but, on the whole, she liked it.

Ten days later Bowles left North Leedom for Louisiana. His hopes were more than answered there. Lamonte did have the promised boom, and he made money fast. In a few years he married Lola. But long before that time he paid off the mortgage. He did it for Jane's sake. Had not his life been successful, while her's was a miserable failure? His heart ached with pity for her.

But we are not sure that her life was at all miserable. From that night in which she made her choice, a singular change came over her. For thirty years she had done her dull duty faithfully, because, in fact, there was nothing else to do.

Then, as it seemed to her, the gates were opened, the kingdoms of the world were laid at her feet.

Of her own will she had given them up.

God only knew what the sacrifice cost her, but after it she was a different and a live creature. She was like a woman who has given birth to a child. She had struck her note in life, and it was not a mean one. She now looked out on the world with authoritative, understanding eyes; even her step became firm and decided.

When one climbs a height, the pure air expands the lungs ever after. We always carry with us down in the valley the wide outlook which we have seen but once.

Jane had now a life quite outside of North Leedom and the raw-edged coats. When the pain and soreness had passed, her struggle began to exert pleasant and tender influences on her. Stout, jolly Rameaux, with his twinkling black eyes and black mustache, began to take on the graces and charms of all the heroes of romance. When she read in the magazines a poem or love story, her eyes would fill with a tender light, and she would whisper, "I, too; I, too!" When she saw mothers caress their children, she fancied she felt Lola's head again on her breast, and her heart throbbed with happiness.

After her mother died, she tried to bring into her life some of the things of which Bowles had told her of his home in Lamonte. She planted roses in the yard; she covered her table with a white cloth; and sometimes a bit of savory meat found its way there. She visited her neighbors; she read novels; she joked in a scared way.

On the occasion of her one visit to New Bedford she went alone to a retail shop, and, blushing, asked to be shown some crimson silk and black-plumed hats. She fingered them wistfully.

"Are they for a young lady?" asked the shop-woman.

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"Yes—for a young lady," said Jane, in a low voice. She held them a moment longer, and then, with a sigh, went out.

Soon after this, Bowles, who was a bad correspondent, suddenly appeared one day, bringing one of his girls, Jenny, with him. "Yes, she looks peaked," he said that night as they sat on the porch, after Jane had lovingly put the child to sleep in her own bed. "The doctor said she ought to have bracing air for a year or two. I told him I'd bring her to you. We've got four, and she's your namesake. She does not look like the Pettits, though."

"Her eyes are like Lola's father's," said Jane, hesitating. "Is Mr. Rameaux well?"

"God bless me! Didn't I tell you the old gentleman was gone? Died in Cuba last spring."

"Died—last spring?"

Bowles, who was about to add that too much bad whiskey had hastened his end, caught sight of her face, and with a sudden remembrance stopped short, and softly whistled to himself.

"Yes, in Cuba," he said, awkwardly. "Well, Jane, I was all right in bringing Jenny to you? You'll take care of the chick?"

"As if she were my own," she said. "I thank you, Bowles."

Soon afterward she went to her own room, and kneeling by the bed, kissed the child's face and hands passionately.

"She is very like him," she thought, opening, as she did every night, a little box in which were some yellow flowers. She fancied there was still a faint fragrance breathing from them. "We will know each other in heaven," she said, with a sigh, as she closed the box.

But it may be as well, perhaps, that in this too she will be disappointed.

A DREAM VICTORY.

BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

I.

ONCE in a dream I came unto a place
Where through the sunlight green boughs met o'erhead.
Love, there I saw thee lying as one dead,
Beneath the trees, the sunlight on thy face.
Thy lips, as last I kissed them, still were red;
The smile I knew, they had not ceased to wear;
The old-time sheen still lingered on thy hair;
And looking on thee in my dream, I said:
"Lo, she is dead while still the world is fair.
She never knew what sorrow dwells in truth,
Nor felt the ache of love, nor learned what ruth
Comes after life has touched the lips of care.
Her life but kissed the beauty of her youth!
Lo, I am glad."—I said it standing there.

Then spoke an angel, in white samite clad,
Who seemed the watcher there, "Since thine the grace
To look on death and yet hold life more sad,
Give now, brave heart, thy love one last embrace."
Then I again, in that most lovely place,
Whose calm was infinite, said, "I am glad."

II.

The moveless hands, that oft in days of old
Had slipped my clasp to hold me to thy heart,
I took once more, and yet I felt no smart
To know my touch could quicken not their cold;

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That to the lips my lips could give no breath,
  Nor my heart's throbbing set the heart a-beat;
  But from the hair's sheen e'en to the feet
All that of thee was mine I gave to death.

And then again I said, "Yea, I am glad."
  My soul seemed filled in that most lovely place,
  Whose calm was infinite, with strength and grace;
Too still my heart was even to be sad.

III.

But sudden, as pierced by a knife,
  The heart seemed severed in twain;
  I sucked in my lips with the pain,
And I cried: "She was mine in life!
She died, and I knew not when;
  She is dead with no last good-byes!
  Oh, lift up the lids from her eyes;
Let them mirror my face again!"

In a passion of tears I cried,
  With sobs that my being shook,
  "For me was her last earth-look,
And I was not there when she died!"

The dead gave never a sign,
  And the angel guarding the place
  Turned on me a sorrowful face;
But I cried out the more, "She was mine!"

In pity the angel spoke:
  "Poor child, to grant the thing
  Thou cravest the spirit would bring
To the body from which it broke;
For the soul was the light divine
  That shone through her eyes on thee."
  Still I cried, in blind agony,
"The last look of her eyes is mine!"

IV.

As leading me sob-shaken to thy side,
  Right sorrowful the angel answered then,
  "Reclaim thy gift, take thee thine own again;
Since thou hast chosen, by thy choice abide."

Again I looked upon thee lying there
  In the vast calmness of that sunlit place;
  I marked the old-time smile upon thy face,
The old-time sheen still glinting through thy hair.
And o'er my sobbing passion sudden fell,
  E'en as the eyelids veiled thy lustrous eyes,
  A sense of deep and wondrous mysteries.
I whispered faint, "She sleepeth; it is well—
Yea, it is well." The words seemed in my heart
  To strike a hurt beyond the power of balm,
  As knelt I, circled by that perfect calm,
One moment at thy side, then drew apart.

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Yet with the hurt a strange new strength was mine,
That I could turn away and leave thee there.
Then spoke the angel, with a smile most rare:
"The lesson thou didst lack makes love divine.
Who truly loveth doth for love's sake give
E'en that he loveth; self he doth not know.
Since now, brave heart, thy dead self lieth low,
To thy old life return; thy love doth live!"

V.

Since I passed from those dream-still skies,
From the infinite calm of that place,
Dear love, to the light of thy face,
With the soul looking out through thine eyes,
I am troubled to know if I keep
The lesson I learned in my heart—
If awake I could suffer the smart
Of the strength that was mine in sleep.

OUR INVALID WIVES.

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

IT was at Blue Ridge Springs, one of the most charming of American spas, that we four disconsolate specimens of masculine humanity first met. Gloom was not, however, our normal condition; for Ikey Harper was a jovial tenor and first violinist of one of the most roistering glee clubs; Mr. Gibletts was a lover of good living and a modest applauder of other men's jokes, though rarely able himself to set the table in a roar; Colonel Aydler was the most gallant of ladies' men, one for whom flirtation seemed only an involuntary compliment paid impartially to every representative of femininity; while I, the remaining member of the quartette, though not a special devotee of "women, wine, or song," and therefore, according to Martin Luther's dictum, a decided fool, was not usually a dismal one.

That we were disconsolate now was owing to the fact that the four women occupying respectively the dearest relations to each of us had fallen into that "permanent state of disrepair" which Howells considers "the final lot of most American women." My own wife was suffering from nervous prostration; Mrs. Aydler was a paralytic; Mrs. Gibletts proclaimed herself a martyr to three incurable diseases—chronic asthma, liver complaint, and heart-disease; while Ikey Harper's intended (alas! she was not his wife, and might never be), the lovely Jasmine Desmarest, was in consumption. There were other members of the sanitarium, but with these eight my story chiefly lies. We formed a set by ourselves, dancing a grotesque sort of quadrille, the figures solemn and slow sometimes as a funeral march, and at others whirling in as mad a waltz as leaves in an autumn whirlwind.

Colonel Aydler and Mr. Gibletts were with us only from time to time, but the rest of us could be found almost invariably after breakfast at one end of the veranda. Miss Jasmine reclined in a gayly netted Brazilian hammock, her graceful figure draped in the soft folds of a white cashmere *robe de chambre*, and outlined against a crimson satin eider-down puff, which supported her drooping shoulders.

I have never seen a more beautiful creature. We were all fascinated by her, and formed a little circle about the hammock. My wife, whose most alarming symptom had been listlessness and a total want of interest in passing affairs, manifested an unwonted eagerness in securing her position each morning on a comfortable couch placed just opposite Miss Jasmine's hammock, where she could gaze admiringly at the lovely face. My wife has a sweet face of her own, but one bearing the same relation to Miss Jasmine's as that existing between a sprig of mign-

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onette and a night-blooming cereus. Ikey Harper sat frequently upon the steps, smoking reflectively, or yielding his hands while Jasmine's mother wound unnumbered skeins of worsted. I read aloud from novel or poem, and Mrs. Aydler flitted backward and forward in her wheel chair. It was a characteristic of that woman that she could not rest. I am convinced that Julio, her footman, accomplished a sufficient number of miles in the course of the day to have assured him the belt at any of our walking matches. Perhaps it was the direct result of her crippled condition that, being denied direct personal movement, she should attempt to supply its place by incessant change of scene. She paused frequently at our little group—longer here than anywhere else in her route—but the story would hardly be well begun before Mrs. Aydler would give a little flirt of farewell with her fan, which was always followed by a squeak of the wheels and a deprecatory pant on the part of Julio, like the wheeze of a starting engine, and Mrs. Aydler's equipage would vanish around the corner. We enjoyed her little visits, and were apt to lay down the book as we saw her approaching, for her conversation was far more bright and witty than anything we read; she gestured bewitchingly with her finely formed, much-beringed fingers, and her face was a gold mine of smiles and gayety in that region of sad, pain-scorched countenances. Perhaps it did not cost her much to be cheerful, for her malady was a painless one, and her temperament so vivacious that it would have caused her positive distress to be grave, or even serious. She was the only lady at the cure who indulged in full dress, appearing regularly each day in three different costumes, which were so varied by her French maid Finette as to supply eighteen different ones weekly.

With all her familiarity, we were very little acquainted with her, for she never spoke of herself, forming a marked and agreeable contrast in this particular to Mrs. Gibletts, who spoke of herself uninterruptedly. Why Mrs. Gibletts should have joined our coterie was for us long a mystery. Ikey Harper explained it at last: the woman wanted an audience, and no one in our corner of the veranda had the necessary force to put her out. Every morning after breakfast the waiter spread her reclining chair between Miss Jasmine's hammock and my wife's couch, and here she would gently ripple on, unbosoming herself as to the condition of her heart, her lungs, and her liver, until the voice of the reader gradually drowned her confidences.

"I don't think," she invariably began, "that Dr. Herts at all understands my case. To think of his advising a person so afflicted with asthma as I am to climb up to the pagoda of observation on Indian Leap Cliffs every morning before breakfast!"

"One has an excellent view of the Lovers' Seat from the cliffs," remarked Ikey Harper. "I was up there this morning with my field-glass, and I could sweep all the romantic spots for miles around. I kept up a private detective business on three different couples."

"And I've no doubt Mrs. Aydler was one of 'em," interjected Mrs. Gibletts. "I saw her footman wheeling her off up the road only an hour after sunrise. She treats that poor creature like a coolie slave. He was all loaded down with a basket and trowel for wild flowers, and a Japanese parasol. She had on a wickedly becoming little white tarlatan shade hat, with a garland of morning-glories dangling down on her shoulders; think of it, in a woman of her age! I believe she always dresses with an eye to what some man will think of her. What an unblushing flirt she is, to be sure! I really think some one ought to tell the colonel. Now tell us truly, Mr. Harper, didn't she meet some one up in the woods?"

"Certainly not," replied Ikey Harper, with some emphasis. "When I met Mrs. Aydler there was no one with her but Julio, and he was digging ferns at her direction. She is really very learned in regard to ferns. I learned more about botany in five minutes than I did in my entire college course."

Mrs. Gibletts pursed up her little mouth. "When *you* met Mrs. Aydler," she remarked. "I take back all that I said. Of course she did not have anybody in view when she put on that exceedingly juvenile and coquettish hat."

Mr. Harper reddened angrily, and did not deign a reply. Miss Jasmine spoke for him, in sweet, liquid tones: "Ikey is so modest that he can never understand that any woman ever bestows a passing thought upon him. They have bribed me into approval of their adventure by bringing

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me some of the most lovely mosses and vines; my window is a bit of the very heart of the woods. Mrs. Aydler is certainly a very charming person, and I think the colonel likes to see the admiration she creates."

"Of course he does; it gives him more excuse for his marked attentions to other ladies," snapped Mrs. Gibletts.

It was Jasmine's turn to blush now, for Colonel Aydler was her ardent admirer, as indeed who amongst us was not; but she did not retort, for at that instant Mrs. Aydler rolled into sight, propelled by the patient Julio. She looked particularly charming at this instant, I thought, her hair waved elaborately from her face in multitudinous formal ripples, and crowned by a jaunty cap—a combination of a point-lace handkerchief, a blue ribbon, and a spray of wild pink azalea. She had the faculty, it seemed to me, of extracting the charm out of the artificial and the natural, and of appropriating each alike. She wore a delicate blue morning dress, trimmed about the neck and down the front with a fluffy band of pink curlew feathers—a selection of tints, my wife maintained, suggestive of the French opera; but when I asked her of what Mrs. Gibletts's brown wrapper reminded her, with its gaudy embroidery of red and white roses, she could think only of a portière or fancy table-cloth. Mrs. Aydler held a telegram in her hand, and her face sparkled with pleasure. "The colonel is coming down to-morrow to spend a week with us," she said. "He will bring his horses and an easy phaeton, and hopes for the privilege of many pleasant drives with Miss Jasmine."

Ikey Harper looked hardly as well pleased, but he replied, with nervous alacrity: "Oh, certainly! I have always thought that easy driving would do Jasmine good."

"I must not deprive you, dear Mrs. Aydler," murmured Jasmine.

"I will accept it as a favor," replied Mrs. Aydler; "for if you do not entertain the colonel in his drives he will expect it of me, and I much prefer an excursion in my own chariot, like this morning's," and she smiled markedly at Ikey Harper.

An awkward silence succeeded this remark; then came the little wave of the fan, the squeak, and the pant, and the blue and the pink drifted away like a sunset cloud. At the same time an individual in bloomer costume appeared from the interior of the sanitarium to announce that Miss Jasmine's Turkish bath was ready. Ikey Harper threw away his cigar, assisted her into the house, paused irresolutely, and then sauntered down the veranda in the direction of the sunset cloud.

Mrs. Gibletts shook her head and clasped her fat hands solemnly. "It's all very well for Colonel and Mrs. Aydler to proclaim their indifference to one another if they choose, but they ought not to try to separate such a lovely pair of lovers as Miss Jasmine and Ikey Harper."

My wife looked pained. "Do you really think it is as bad as that?" she asked. "I admire Mrs. Aydler so much that I cannot think her capable of a single unkind thing."

"See what your opinion of her capabilities are a week from to-day," exclaimed Mrs. Gibletts, oracularly; and then, having devoted as much time to others as she could spare, even to the dear delight of picking flaws in their characters, she returned to a disquisition on liver complaint in general, and the eccentricities of her own liver in particular.

The week began in a way which seemed to confirm Mrs. Gibletts's prophecy. Colonel Aydler's team was a handsome tandem, the phaeton a luxurious canopy-topped marquise. The entire front of the hotel was lined with interested faces as Miss Jasmine took her seat. Mrs. Aydler's maid ran down the steps with an armful of wraps, which her mistress insisted on sending. Ikey Harper himself tucked her in, and bowed politely as they started; then he turned to me. "Your wife does not seem to be down this morning. What do you say to a walk?"

I accepted his invitation, not explaining that brooding on Mrs. Gibletts's insinuations had given my sympathetic little wife a severe nervous headache. I was anxious to assure her that all was serene between Miss Jasmine and her intended, and so encouraged the confidences which Mr. Harper seemed nowise loath to make.

"Jasmine's a superb girl," he began; "no matter where we go, she's sure to create just about such a sensation. I always encourage her accepting attention; she enjoys society, and, poor girl, she might just as well have all the fun she can; it won't be for long."

"You are very considerate," I began.

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"Considerate! Oh, you know how it is yourself. One has to be considerate with an invalid, because they are always inconsiderate; it's Jasmine's only fault that she hasn't any consideration. I say, isn't it a confounded shame that such a beautiful girl as she is has got to die?"

Something of coolness in the tone in which the question was put irritated me. "Perhaps she may recover," I suggested.

"Not the least chance of it; one lung entirely gone. She is living now on nerve. When a girl gets a fixed idea in her head, she will carry it out in the very teeth of death and the doctors. Plenty of such instances; you may ask any of the medical men. Take, for example, a lady suffering from some incurable disease—cancer, consumption, it does not matter what. A fixed idea takes possession of her; it keeps her alive; she would probably have died in six weeks without it; but now cancer, consumption, and the undertaker have all got to wait; that child must be born, and born it is, and she dies with perfect complacency two hours afterward."

"For an unmarried man it strikes me that you possess an astonishingly correct understanding of such matters."

"Well, you see, I've studied up the subject. I've had the apprehension of having an invalid wife hanging over my head for the last five years, and I've looked into the matter seriously. Now there's your wife, she doesn't seem to have any particular object in living; you'd better look sharp, she'll surprise you one of these days by up and dying."

"Pardon me, sir," I replied, with some asperity; "we are following out the prescription of our physician. Complete rest, no excitement of any kind."

"All a confounded mistake!" asserted Ikey. "Excitement is just what ladies live on. How long has your wife been sick?"

"Only a few weeks this time. She had a far more serious attack last year."

"And between last year and these few weeks, I'll warrant you she has been living on the worst kind of excitement."

"On the contrary, we have led a very quiet life. She is suffering at present from overwork, having just completed a novel in which she has been deeply absorbed for ten months past."

"I told you so. She would have died before, but she has said to herself that novel has got to be finished, even if the first copy that comes from the press is bound in crape and laid on my coffin. And the novel is finished, you tell me, and there she lies as flat as a collapsed balloon. You'd better hurry up and fee the critics to pitch into the book, and declare that the ideas are all stolen, and that she never can produce another, or she never will, that's all. These women can't live without excitement."

"Your view of the case, Mr. Harper, seems to me exceedingly original. May I ask what particular fixed idea it is that is keeping Miss Jasmine alive at the present moment?"

"Why, getting married, of course. She's all wrapped up in that, and has been for three years past. Our wedding day was set for three years ago last Christmas. Her physician came to me. 'My dear fellow,' said he, 'she can't endure the ceremony. She'll drop dead on her way from the altar to the church door.' But he didn't know Jasmine. She'd have stood it out until every guest had left, and the policeman had carried the wedding presents around to the bank. I don't know but I might even have got her on board the European steamer. She's dead set on going to Europe for a wedding tour. But I wasn't going to kill her in that way. As long as we can keep up the excitement of going to be married, she'll live, and I am not going to be responsible for her murder."

"So you don't intend *ever* to marry her?" I asked, my eyes opening widely with astonishment.

"I wouldn't have such a thing on my conscience for any amount of money," said Ikey Harper, solemnly. "That girl is heiress to one of the finest plantations in the State; but her fortune is not the slightest temptation. I would not have the finishing up of Jasmine on my hands for untold millions."

I had never regarded Ikey Harper in the light of a hero, and the self-abnegation necessary for the voluntary resignation of a beloved object seemed to me something too great for his moral calibre. My incredulous mind leaped immediately to the conclusion that Ikey had magnified his own generosity, and was simply a little frightened at the irksome prospect of an invalid wife. When he first proposed to Miss Jasmine she was not an invalid; the engagement was an old, old story; and though he was not quite equal to the

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baseness of breaking it off, he dreaded the marriage, and was resolved to postpone it as long as possible. I pitied Miss Jasmine with all my heart.

A few days later my wife had a similar confidential chat with Miss Jasmine. She was intensely interested in the love affairs of young people generally—a characteristic, I find, which is common to young married ladies whose own heart histories have been happy ones. She showed more of animation as she reported her conversation to me than I had seen her exhibit for a month previous.

"I love her more than ever," she said, "and I am more than ever anxious about her since she has admitted me to her confidence. She is so gentle, so pure, and she stands on the verge of a great danger. She says that she and Ikey Harper have grown up from childhood together, that she cannot remember the time when he was not her boy lover, but that she never thought seriously of returning his affection until about the time that she began to fear that she had inherited consumption from her father. Then her life seemed so short as to be little worth for any purpose of self-gratification, and she thought that if she could confer any happiness on him by devoting what was left of it and the fortune she would leave to his interests, it were surely best to do so. He had been most kind, she said, most considerate, never pressing his claims, but insisting on waiting until she was better, when all along she had been convinced that there would never be any better. But now there had come a change; something, whether the air or the waters of Blue Ridge Springs, or the new treatment, she was not sure what, had given her an unwonted exhilaration, and she was sure that she was stronger."

My wife said that as she looked at her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes she could not help sharing her conviction, though she knew perfectly well how delusive such hopes often proved.

"I feel," Jasmine had said, "an enthusiasm in life which I have never felt before. I have always been content to die, and have rather wondered why people were so wild to live. But now life seems filled with such noble possibilities, and I seem to have done nothing but play with existence. I have not taken the great gift of a soul seriously, and have been too willing to let it slip out of my hands. I believe with this new appreciation of life a new lease of it is granted. It seems to me that God would be cruel if it were not so, and God is never cruel. I feel sure that I am born anew to a long, long life of happiness and usefulness. My old nurse said to me: 'Honey, you's got religion; bress de Lord, dis chile has libbed long 'nuff to see it! You's fitten to die now, Miss Jasmine; de Lord 'll jus' b'ar you in his arms to dat hebben ob joy an' sweetness at de daybreak.' Perhaps she is right, and I have got religion; but I feel as if I was fit now to live, and as if the day had dawned, and I had already reached a heaven of joy and sweetness."

"All this," said I to my wife, "seems to indicate a very desirable frame of mind, and I hardly perceive what the danger is by which you fancy Miss Jasmine is threatened."

"Men are so dull," exclaimed my wife. "Do hand me that bottle of nux." (My wife always takes nux when most men would indulge in a big, big D. It operates like a charm upon her nerves, and is a capital moral agent as well, offering an excellent substitute for profanity.) "Don't you see, my dear," she continued—"isn't it so clear that the wayfaring man though a—what's his name?—can understand that though religion and returning health may both have something to do with it, the main agent in the change that has come over Jasmine is love?"

"Suppose it is. It seems to me quite the proper thing that an engaged girl should be in love."

"One, two, three, five pellets, please. But she is not in love with Ikey Harper; she's in love with Colonel Aydler."

I whistled. "That alters the question," I conceded. "But how do you know it? Did you ask her?"

"Ask her if she cares for a married man! We women do not give or take such insults. Besides, what was the need of asking when the thing itself is as plain as the nose on your face?"

"My dear, I am perfectly aware that I am a plain man, and that my nose especially has no claims for beauty; pray regard me for the present as a sister woman, and do not insult me. What do you propose to do under the circumstance, for I never knew any occasion that you were not equal to."

"Base flattery! What do you think I ought to do?"

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"There's no ought in the matter; at least I cannot see that it is any concern of ours; but knowing you as I do, I am sure that by some peculiar magic of your own you will have Miss Jasmine and Ikey Harper married in short metre."

"I am afraid it is beyond my magic," said my wife, with a quaver of despondency in her voice. "Jasmine closed her confidences by telling me that she had broken her engagement with Ikey Harper yesterday evening."

"You don't mean it!"

"When we saw them promenading together in the oleander walk, and thought they looked so lover-like, and that all was as it should be."

"Ikey did not look like a rejected man as they entered the hotel. I assure you I never saw him appear so rapturously happy, and I could have sworn that I heard a kiss as he left her at her door."

"It is all the doings of that horrid Mrs. Aydler."

"But I thought that you and Mrs. Aydler were the dearest of friends. She is certainly a perfect lady."

"You men think that because a woman dresses elegantly and smiles at you, she is necessarily perfect. Just ask Colonel Aydler for his opinion of her. That woman is a viper. She is tired of the colonel and wants to get a divorce from him, and she wants to make Jasmine her pretext, and Ikey Harper is her next matrimonial venture."

"My dear, such sentiments are entirely too venomous to have originated in your mind. Who and what has suggested them?"

"Facts and Mrs. Gibletts. Mrs. Gibletts has watched her movements and has followed her on her botanical excursions, which have invariably resulted in a meeting with Ikey Harper."

"I infer that the condition of Mrs. Gibletts's lungs and heart must be materially improved, or she would not be equal to such long excursions."

"You never could bear Mrs. Gibletts or believe a word she said; but do me the favor to consult Colonel Aydler, and see what he thinks of his paragon of a wife."

"That is exactly what he thinks her."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I was speaking to the colonel about Mrs. Aydler to-day, and that was the very word he used, and he further indulged in such extravagant language in relation to her that I should have thought him a lover just before a proposal, and not a husband on the eve of divorce. I am positive that whatever may be the state of affairs between our young friends, the colonel and Mrs. Aydler are all right."

My wife bestowed several vindictive punches on her pillow, and indulged in a certain paradoxical remark, not at all to my mind descriptive of the situation:

"It's funny."

"Yes; for in spite of his enthusiasm in regard to his wife, I admit that his attentions to Miss Jasmine have been very marked, and if he had been an unmarried man we would all have said that they could not be understood."

"I don't care," replied my wife—another paradoxical remark, for she did care immensely—"I don't care. The whole thing is *very* funny."

It was on the last evening of the week which Colonel Aydler had announced that he intended to spend with us that I found my wife shaking the creases out of her long-folded black silk.

"Mrs. Aydler has invited us to spend the evening at her rooms," she replied to my glance of inquiry.

"But your headache?"

"Never mind about my headache. The people here have talked quite enough about Jasmine and the colonel. Mrs. Aydler and Ikey Harper will be at the piano all the evening, and the colonel would have nothing else to do but to flirt with Jasmine, for she has invited no one else but the Giblettses, and Mrs. Gibletts will not accept, for the two women abhor each other. Now if we go, we can make up a whist table, and everybody will know that the colonel has not had a chance to get a word of nonsense in edgewise. I mean to be a protector to the poor child."

"A very good idea," I said, "since our friend Ikey has resigned the position."

"Ikey Harper is one of the most devoted and considerate men I ever met," my wife exclaimed, with some warmth. "It is Jasmine's indifference which makes him stand aloof. Of course he does not wish to intrude his attentions when she shows so plainly that she prefers those of another gentleman."

"Then, if Jasmine does not wish to be protected, why intrude your attentions?"

"Because I mean to save her in spite of herself."

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When we arrived at Mrs. Aydler's rooms, Miss Jasmine was not there; but, contrary to our expectations, the Giblettses had accepted the invitation. The colonel was conversing gallantly with Mrs. Gibletts, whose husband was disconsolately turning the leaves of a herbarium, without listening to Mrs. Aydler's kind explanations. He surrendered his place to my wife with an air of relief, and button-holing me, led me into a conversation on the rather trite subject of invalid wives.

"I'm a martyr, sir," he explained; "and I would like to compare notes with you, for I see you are another. My domestic peace has been ruined, and my only consolation is the sympathy of my fellow-sufferers. Sympathy, sir, is the oil-can that greases up the driving wheels of life. I have reduced this complicated subject of the invalidism of American ladies to a theory, or rather I am so reducing it, and to accomplish this object I am collecting the theories of all other observers. Your wife, I perceive, is addicted to nerves. I regard nerves, sir, as one of our most malignant and unhopeful maladies, and you have my full commiseration. What stage, may I ask, have you reached? Does she talk about what you are to do or have done when she is gone?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gibletts," I interrupted; "however ill my wife may really be, she has always taken a hopeful view of her own condition, as I also prefer to do, and our domestic peace has not been, as you seem to infer, wrecked by her ill health; on the contrary, she was never more precious to me than now."

"Ah, I see! I see!" exclaimed the unhappy man; "her digestion is good. She doesn't spoil your dinners. Now Mrs. Gibletts used to be as fond as I am of a cozy little breakfast of scollops, tripe, oyster patties, lobster salad, sausages, pickled oysters, mince-pie, fritters, plum-pudding, and such comfortable little dishes, and of a good solid dinner of eight courses with wine, and a Delmonico lunch thrown in. But dyspepsia has changed all that, and now breakfast consists of a plate of cracked wheat; dinner of oatmeal porridge, with Graham iron-clads and baked sweet apples —did Providence ever construct a more insipid object than a baked sweet apple?— the whole washed down with a wineglass of cod-liver oil."

"But you are surely not obliged to confine yourself to this bill of fare, even if your wife is."

"I know it; but how unchristian it looks for a man to be indulging in *pâté de foie gras* while his wife luxuriates on baked sweet apple! Besides, no matter what I eat, the very sight of that cod-liver oil bottle so sickens me that I lose all appetite at once. You, sir, assert that your domestic peace is still untouched; you see how naturally I conclude that your wife, with all her nerves, is still a woman of good digestion. I invite you both to a picnic lunch with us on top of the east ridge. Mrs. Gibletts will be present, and will pack one basket with iron-clads and the cod-liver oil, but I will contrive that it shall be left behind."

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Jasmine, exquisite in pale blue, her heavy hair filleted in the style of the Empire. Mrs. Aydler at once made her comfortable among the cushions of a tête-à-tête, whose corresponding seat the colonel immediately monopolized. Then the whist table was opened, and, much to my wife's disgust, she found herself, with Mr. Gibletts as a partner, started on a long perspective of games against Mrs. Gibletts and myself. Mrs. Aydler and Ikey Harper, as she had foreseen, established themselves at the piano (Mrs. Aydler's wheeled chair was so arranged that it could be lowered or elevated to any required position), and we soon heard her running accompaniment to his clear "Angels ever bright and fair"; changing presently to Rubinstein's "Oh! thou art like a flower." It seemed to us that the songs were intended especially for Jasmine; but whether this was so or not, she did not hear them; her attention was entirely taken up by Colonel Aydler's gently modulated voice. I could catch the tones only, but my wife, I could see, heard enough of the conversation to render her extremely uncomfortable. She played badly, and I saw that the pressure of excitement which she was under was rapidly becoming unendurable.

At length Colonel Aydler rose. "I will go to my room and get it," we all heard him say, and he left the room.

It was characteristic of the "funny" relation existing between Colonel Aydler and his wife that his room was in the wing of the hotel furthest removed from her apartments, and it was consequently

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some little time before he returned. My wife rose abruptly, and begged Miss Jasmine to take her place at the card-table, with an insistence which seemed to me a little peculiar; but Jasmine was quite as decided she did not care to play, and so the game was given up, my wife taking the seat lately occupied by the colonel.

"She has one of her headaches; you must excuse her," I remarked to Mr. Gibletts.

"Don't mention it," that worthy replied; "as if I hadn't been blessed with an invalid wife long enough not to mind their little unreasonablenesses."

When Colonel Aydler returned, my wife retained her seat with an obstinacy which argued an ulterior motive; evidently Colonel Aydler had improved his opportunity of talking nonsense to Miss Jasmine, and my wife was determined that the thing had gone quite far enough. Whatever were the colonel's faults, he was evidently a man of great good-nature, for drawing up an arm-chair he conversed wittily with both the ladies, and seemingly waited another opportunity. The musicians, having finished their repertoire, joined the circle, refreshments were served, and the conversation became general and—harmless. A gleam of triumph shone in my wife's eyes as she watched the minute and hour hand joining each other on the gold-enamelled XI. on the face of Mrs. Aydler's Louis Seize clock. Jasmine's mother had already made several ineffectual hints relative to the lateness of the hour. My wife would foil the colonel yet, and see him return baffled to the city. But the colonel was not to be foiled so easily.

"Will you step out on the balcony a few moments with me, Miss Jasmine?" he said, as Mrs. Desmarest again insisted that it was quite time that all respectable people were in bed.

My wife was desperate. "It seems to me that such a proceeding would be fatal for Jasmine," she said.

"What is this mysterious business which demands so much secrecy?" inquired Mrs. Aydler, smilingly. "We are all friends here, colonel; can you not transact it in our presence?"

"That is for Jasmine to say," replied the colonel.

"Murder will out," laughed Jasmine; "you will all know it some time. I am willing you should know it now."

The colonel produced a tiny box from his vest pocket, and opening it, placed upon Jasmine's finger a resplendent solitaire.

"My darling girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Aydler, with an affectionate embrace, "is it really so?"

The rest of us were aghast. Mrs. Gibletts rose solemnly; she alone felt herself equal to the occasion. "Mrs. Aydler," she asked, "are you insane, or have you become a convert to Mormonism?"

"Neither, my dear Mrs. Gibletts, I assure you."

"May I ask, then, the signification of this ring?"

"It means that my darling friend Jasmine Desmarest is engaged to marry the colonel."

"Engaged to marry a married man!"

"Certainly not; the colonel has so far resisted all our efforts to make him happy by obstinately remaining a bachelor."

Mrs. Gibletts turned her stony stare upon the colonel. "Colonel Aydler, if this person is not your wife, who is she, and how is it that she is introduced in respectable society as Mrs. Aydler?"

"She is the widow, madam, of my only brother."

This remark created intense sensation. Mrs. Gibletts left instantly, without the ceremony of a farewell to her hostess. My wife, who had remained rigid since the appearance of the ring, became suddenly limp, and it was not until I had produced the bottle of nux from one of my inner pockets that she became distinctly conscious of passing events. Mrs. Aydler, Jasmine, and the colonel were in convulsions of laughter, during which Mrs. Aydler suddenly, to our extreme astonishment, rose from her chair and took three steps without assistance; then, remembering that she had not done so for years, her confidence and strength failed her together, and she fell precipitately into Ikey Harper's arms. Then ensued more laughter, and Ikey and the colonel insisted that Mrs. Aydler should attempt to walk, supported by each of them. It proved the first of a series of walking lessons, which were crowned with unhoped-for success. It is three years since we met at Blue Ridge. She walks extremely well now, though from long habit she leans always upon her husband's arm, and that husband, you have doubtless guessed, is Ikey Harper. By a strange combination of circumstances, Mrs. Gibletts, my wife, and

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I were the only persons who had misunderstood the relationship existing between the colonel and Mrs. Aydler. Jasmine and Ikey Harper, with all her other acquaintances, had understood from the first that she was the colonel's sister-in-law. My wife regards it as an emphatic lesson in minding her own business; but I cannot regret the affair, since it has revived her interest in life; she is at work on her third novel, and no one would guess that she had ever been a victim of nervous prostration. Colonel Aydler and his wife are still abroad, and Jasmine is no longer regarded as consumptive.

I lunched with Mr. Gibletts last week; his wife alone is not in improved health. "It's the old story of her lungs, her heart, and her liver. You couldn't get her to the top of the Blue Ridge now," he said to me, "not to see twenty Ikey Harpers elope with forty Mrs. Aydlers."

"UNANSWERED."

BY FLORENCE HENNIKER.

DO you remember the time of our meeting,
When the lilacs bloomed by the red stone wall?
The laughter low, and the half-shy greeting,
And the thrush's song in the lime-tree tall?
Ah me! for the spring-tide so fair and fleeting,
The time of lilacs, when Love was all!

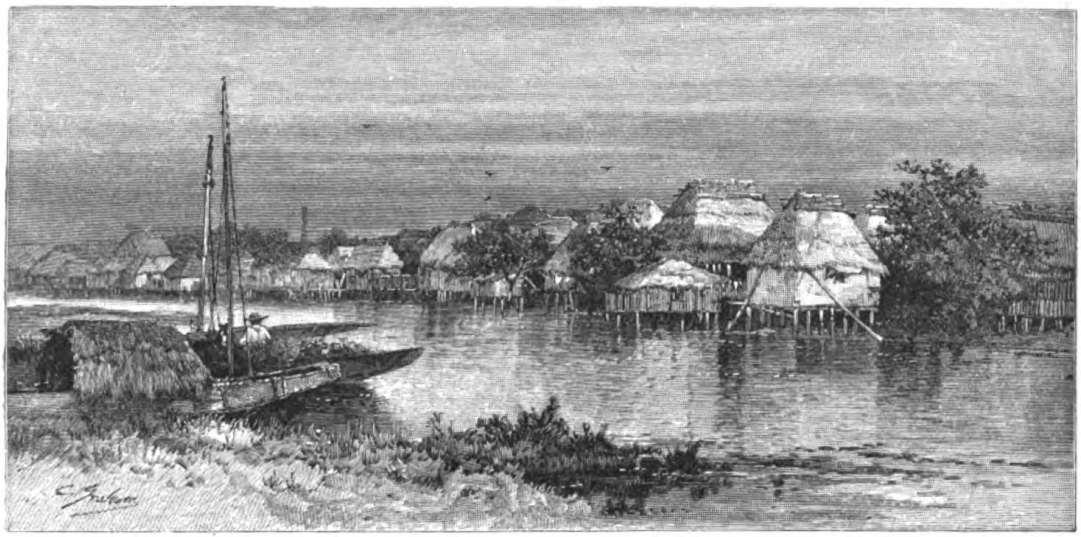
Do you remember the last leave-taking
By the white chalk cliffs in the wind and rain;
The sad, dry eyes, and the cold hand-shaking,
And our faces blanched with a silent pain?
Was I right when I thought your heart was breaking?
Who knows?—for we never have met again.

Now, it seems sometimes it were almost madness
To think, as I look at the starry sky,
You have knowledge *there* of my grief or gladness,
In the strange new life that you lead on high.
Can you pity our human wrongs and sadness,
The folly and frailty of such as I?

Would your eyes meet mine with divine compassion
If they met once more in the far-off land?
I am weary of sin, and worn with passion,
And scarcely worthy to touch your hand.
Would you speak again in the old, sweet fashion,
And say you forgive me, and understand?

Oh, my Love, I trust if I ever found you
In that fairer world where the pure souls rest,
That my yearning arms might again surround you,
And my head be pillowed upon your breast;
And, though saints and angels were dwelling around you,
You would still remember—and love me best!

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INDIAN HUTS ON THE PASIG RIVER, NEAR MANILA.

MANILA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

BY DR. SAMUEL KNEELAND.

THE Philippine Islands exhibit characters unique, as far as I know; a strange mixture of tropical indolence and Northern enterprise, of Spanish conservatism and English energy, of European luxury and Chinese frugality.

The best way to reach these islands is from the north, so that the impression left by the temperate, dormant civilizations of Japan and China may be strongly contrasted with that of the more active Spaniard and the tropical Malay; but, by whatever route they be approached, the traveller must expect and will generally receive rough treatment from the waves of the China seas, agitated by the north or south monsoon. After the sensation of novelty has worn away in a few weeks' residence, the most noticeable feeling is a delightful sense of serenity, almost peculiar to these islands. The mother country looks after the temporal welfare; the mother church cares for the soul; and the mother earth, though at times a little shaky, satisfies the physical wants of man in great profusion, at small expense, and with trifling labor.

The popular idea about these islands, named after Philip II. of Spain, is that they are an insignificant group in the Pacific, whence come hemp, sugar, and cheroots; they are the least known of European colonies, yet in extent, population, healthful climate, fertility, and inexhaustible natural resources they merit special attention, certainly from American nations, with whom in early times there was an intimate connection. Their extent is about 1050 miles from north to south, and 700 from east to west; the China seas on the north, south, and west, and the Pacific on the east. They are very numerous, but only about forty are of any importance; of these, Luzon, of which Manila is the capital, is the largest, being 350 by 175 miles. They were discovered by Magellan in 1521, and Manila was founded by Legaspi in 1571, since which time they have practically belonged to Spain.

Their conquest and retention were effected in a remarkable way. Legaspi had with him six St. Augustin monks; with these devoted priests and a handful of soldiers the work was done. This was quite in contrast with the treatment of the natives of the Spanish-American colonies by Cortez and Pizarro. No love of conquest nor of gold led to their discovery, but a sincere desire to convert the heathen; without armies, cruelty, or persecution, the gentle and persevering persuasion and example of these monks won the confidence of this docile and peaceful people.

The bay of Manila, distant from Hong-

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Kong about 650 miles in a southeasterly direction, is one of the most spacious and beautiful in the world. Its distant mountain surroundings are fine, but its shores are low, the vegetation comparatively scanty, redeemed from monotony by groups of bamboos and palms. A near approach is far from pleasing, after the neatness of Hong-Kong, the tropical luxuriance of Singapore, or the virgin vegetation of the southern islands of the group. Leaving the free English ports, the custom-house and passport requisitions are annoying; the dark walls, the filthy moat, the noisome river, and the narrow streets of the old city render the first impressions of the stranger disagreeable. It is only after a sojourn of some weeks that the gayety, brightness, and hospitality of the residents are appreciated.

The old city of Manila resembles a dilapidated fortress, surrounded by crumbling stone walls 300 years old, and wide but shallow moat, used now as a wallowing place for the carabaos, or water-buffaloes, which are the principal beasts of burden and of draught. The gates are never closed, nor the drawbridges raised, and probably rust from long disuse would render the process at present impossible. Rounding the stone piers which project into the muddy stream of the river Pasig, on one of which is an apology for a fort, and on the other a light-house, you come into a fleet of small steamers and sailing craft, which indicate the extensive coasting trade of the port. Several creeks branch from the river, forming a much-used net-work of communication with the distant suburbs and villages up to the base of the mountains; the throng passing over the many bridges, the innumerable canoes threading their way in every direction, and the unceasing clatter of vehicles show that you are in a great centre of industry.

Around the walls and by the edge of the bay is the *calzada*—a fashionable drive lined with almond-trees—which every evening presents a gay scene of carriages filled with cavaliers and ladies without head-dress. There is usually no dust, the air is balmy, and the heat is tempered by the sea-breeze. A native band discourses excellent music several times a week. There are very few equestrians, except among the English and American residents, on account of the heat. The Manila ponies are well proportioned and strong, but rather too small and short-limbed for the ponderous riders who would fain cultivate the turf. There is, however, an annual eruption in the spring of the equine fever in a mild form, in which most of the Manila bloods participate. In the streets, from morning to midnight, the crowd is great and the scene animated. It is the most Europeanized city of the East, a tropical compound of Naples and Venice, modified by Chinese thrift, English energy, Spanish slowness, and Indian jolly indifference. Of the nearly 300,000 people in the province the greater part are Tagals—mostly laborers, agriculturists, and boatmen; there are at least 25,000 Chinese—petty merchants, mechanics, and manufacturers; many mestizos, or half-breeds between the two, with the physical type and vices of both races; not more than 5000 Spaniards, peninsular and Philippine; with about 500 other Europeans, to whom may be added perhaps twenty-five Americans.

One of the most novel sights to the traveller coming from China is the large two-wheeled dray for merchandise drawn by one to three carabaos, or water-buffaloes, seen everywhere in city and country. This is an ungainly, ox-like animal, one-third larger than our cattle, of a dark leaden color, with whitish feet, scanty and coarse hair, carrying the head low, with large flattened horns extending almost horizontally backward. This slow, powerful, and docile creature is guided by a ring through the nose, to which is attached a cord leading backward to the driver, who is either on its back or on the shafts. The weight of the load is borne on the neck by means of a rude wooden yoke, which by friction renders the part perfectly callous. It is invaluable to the natives, whose agriculture in the rice and grass fields would be impossible without it. Elephant-like, it delights to wallow in the mud, and to submerge itself, leaving only the tip of the nose above water. It drags the rude plough of the country and all heavy loads, pulling with ease and precision knee-deep in mud. Its meat is unfit for food, and its skin of little value except for common sandals. The milk of the female (*caravalla*) is very generally used for cow's milk.

The best streets are the Escolta and the Rosario, in both of which there are excellent shops, in which almost anything can

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be purchased at a reasonable price. The latter, and indeed much of the former, is occupied by Chinese merchants, chiefly from Amoy, who undersell other nations, as their expenses are smaller and they are content with less profit. The appearance of the lower part of the Escolta is well shown in our engraving—its relative width, the characters of the tile-covered, open houses, with projecting upper story and sliding windows. The sidewalks are shaded by very welcome canopies. The soldiers and priests met at every turn indicate the military and ecclesiastical powers of the much-governed city, here not openly antagonistic. The principal public buildings therefore are the churches and their dependencies and barracks. The churches are the most conspicuous objects seen from the dead level of the city's surroundings. A close examination reveals little worth seeing. They are solid, plain-looking buildings, out of repair, crumbling from age, and sadly shaken by recent earthquakes. They contain many ornaments of gold and silver, glittering candlesticks, and painted arches. Of works of art there are none. During the Christmas holidays the processions, pomp, and glitter which render the Romish creed so fascinating to semi-civilized peoples, by day and night, render the streets bright by long trains of priests with sacred symbols and chanting monks. The priests, as a class, are as intelligent and charitable as their brethren elsewhere, and many have added much to the exact sciences which require patient and minute investigation. They have great power over the simple-minded natives, which they use for good. They are, as everywhere, obedient and faithful to their Church. The Archbishop is more powerful than the Governor-General in the provinces, and his subordinates more numerous than the army. Take away the priests, and the natives would be ungovernable, and the land would either relapse into barbarism or fall into the hands of some Protestant nation, which would make of it one of the most productive of earthly paradises. No doubt the friars have great defects, as they and their system are human, but they are identified with the well-being of the country. There are no Capuchins in the Philippines, only Dominicans, Augustins, Franciscans, and Jesuits. These are taken from all ranks of society, and if from Spain, unless in exceptional cases, never return to the peninsula. They may be said to represent here patriotism, secondary to the Church; civilization to the Indian, to a limited extent; education, but not of a very thorough kind; and permanence of the Spanish rule.

The ruins of the churches in Manila and its suburbs are eminently picturesque; they are peculiarly impressive, as the cause has been so unusual and its effects so terrible. One stands in awe in the presence of a force which may become active at any moment—sudden, incomprehensible, giving no warning, all-powerful for destruction, against which no foresight can provide or precaution avail; the very strength and solidity of his masonry, in which man generally trusts for safety, are the elements of danger when the earthquake comes. In the old Jesuit



ESCOLTA STREET.

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Church, the walls, black with age, are surrounded by the green of tropical vegetation, which hides and beautifies the tottering structure; the ruined arches and crumbling cloisters are not surpassed and rarely equalled by anything in Egypt, Greece, or Rome; the dim twilight of the silent chambers, now tenanted only by bats, lizards, and unclean things, contrasts strangely with the noises of the adjacent streets, whose people soon forget the mysterious power which slumbers beneath them.

From November to April the temperature, though often reaching 82° Fahr., is not oppressive; the nights and early mornings are generally cool. In the rainy season, from May to November, the heat is like that of our dog-days, enervating and unhealthy for strangers; when the thermometer indicates 65°, or even 68°, it feels chilly, and a blanket at night is comfortable. Notwithstanding the heat and moisture of this season, endemic diseases are rare, and the free perspiration, though debilitating, seems in the main beneficial; the air is pure, and the climate, with ordinary precautions, may be called a healthy one, especially in the high lands and near the sea; cholera has been epidemic several times, the last in the autumn of 1882, but in no worse form than in temperate and even cold countries.

In such a climate dwellings must be constructed with a view of shutting out the sun's heat, and at the same time securing light and ventilation; and another element which must be regarded is safety in case of earthquakes. Glass is unknown for windows, all of which slide on all sides of the house; the frames are ordinarily about six feet high and three or four wide; and the panes, two inches square, are plates of the shell of a flat translucent oyster (*placuna*); these, called *conchas*, admit light, but shut out the glare and heat of the sun, are not easily broken, and readily replaced, securing privacy from inquisitive eyes. This is the structure of the upper two-thirds of the rooms; the lower third, always of wood, consists of sliding panels, ornamented on the outside. The floors are of polished or waxed hard woods; there are no carpets nor curtains nor upholstery to collect dust and harbor insects, rendering the cares of house-keeping comparatively light, and the life specially attractive to a bachelor. The furniture and bedsteads are cane-bottomed; mattresses are unused, straw mattings being soft enough and delightfully cool. Wrapped in his pajahmas, and protected by his net, with the covering of a linen sheet, and a blanket at the feet, in case the temperature of early morning falls to 68°, one may sleep in perfect comfort. With windows partly open, with no light except that of the pale green lantern of the fire-fly, with no sound but the sharp squeak of the lizards on the ceiling, or perhaps the buzzing of baffled mosquitoes, and the occasional whir of an erratic bat, one may lie down to pleasant dreams, which only the always-to-be-expected earthquake may disturb.

The illumination of the streets is by kerosene, as gas-pipes are impracticable in their unstable soil. In dwellings and shops, candles or swinging lamps of cocoanut oil (*luces*) are used for safety, as the earthquake impresses its conditions upon every occupation and rank of society. The native houses are made of bamboo, and thatched with the leaves of the nipa-palm; it is fortunate that they cost but little, and can be easily replaced after the conflagrations which frequently arise from kerosene accidents.

Life in the old city, with its scanty population, presents slight interest for the traveller. The streets are narrow and dark, cleanly, trod chiefly by priests, government employés, and Chinese shopkeepers, who also occupy the solid, gloomy houses. There is none of the new city activity, which clusters not about churches, convents, offices, hospitals, and schools; the prospect is one of barren decay, and society is made up of religious orders and petty cliques. The peninsular Spaniards look down upon those born in the islands, and the latter upon the mestizos, or half-breeds and Indians. These strata of society mingle for a time under the agitations of the day, like oil and water, but very soon separate into their respective classes; concerted action, therefore, on political questions is almost impossible—a condition of things encouraged by the ruling powers. The only point upon which there seems to be unity in official matters is hatred and jealousy of the foreigner, especially of the Chinese.

Though the theatres are poor, concerts rare, with no public library, there are many balls, and on almost every Sunday

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a cock-fight. Cock-pits are licensed by government, and yield a large annual income throughout the islands, though constantly decreasing. The battles are allowed on Sundays and feast-days, and in thrust of the poorest bird. The long steel spur which each bird wears on the left leg puts a lucky coward on a par with the bravest and strongest. Attempts have been made to suppress this national



CATHEDRAL TOWER, PROSTRATED BY THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1880.

public from after high mass to sunset. The bets are by law limited to $50, but in fact are often very much higher. An Indian will raise his bird for months, with the care of a father, and then stake all he is worth on the issue of a fight, which is decided in less than a minute, and which may depend on a chance vice, but always with the result of creating a social revolution and serious riots; so the government, as with the sale of intoxicating drinks with us, finding it impossible to stop it, has turned it into a source of revenue, under such restrictions that it does not offend public propriety. A crowd is always in attendance, and the

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scene is gay with booths, noisy from the incessant crowing of the cocks, tied by the leg in long rows, and lively from the chattering and gesticulations of their owners as they make their bets. As much as $50 has been paid for a bird, which, caressed as a pet, goes abroad on the arm of his master, who smooths his neck, and lovingly fingers his tail feathers; it is to him what the horse is to the jockey, or the dog to the hunter.



TAGAL MAN.

The revenues of the islands are furnished by a direct tax (*tributo*) on every Indian, half-breed, and Chinese, and from tobacco, export duties, customs, and income tax, and are expended on the colony, the only product going to Spain on government account being a large amount of leaf tobacco. The principal exports to the United States, Europe, and Australia are hemp, sugar, tobacco and cigars, coffee, cocoa, dye-woods, hides, rice, hats, and grass cloth.

Erect forms and homely faces are the rule in the Tagal women, and notably among those who come in every morning from the villages surrounding Manila to sell vegetables and fruits; but their dress is exceedingly picturesque, from the brightness of the colors. It consists of a short *camisa* of light material, usually white as snow, of fine hemp or sinamay, and often of considerable value; a skirt (*sarong* or *saya*) extending from the waist to the feet, of bright colors; this is covered to or below the knees by the *tapiz*, a square fold of dark material, drawn so tightly around the hips and limbs that walking is often confined to short steps. This contrasts with the gaudy saya to advantage. It is generally not worn in the other provinces, and never by Spanish mestizas. The camisa and skirt do not always meet, revealing more of the person than we should consider proper. A kerchief around the shoulders, of stiffened but often fine material, extending to the head, gives them a hunched and ungraceful appearance. The feet are bare, covered only by heelless slippers, held on by the little toe outside. Shoddy is bad enough, but slipshoddy is fatal to tidiness in woman and neatness in man. Their feet are small, and to heighten the effect of the red-lined slippers, they sometimes paint their bare heels with vermilion. Most of the children are dressed only in their tight-fitting skins. The dress of the men consists of a light shirt, of more or less fine material of white or gray color, worn outside of and overhanging the trousers. It seems as if the latter had been adopted before the shirt, which they thought, perhaps wisely, had better be an outer garment. The hat (*salacot*) is of a hemispherical or pointed shape, made from native reeds, grasses, and bamboo—an excellent protection from sun and rain. These hats vary in price from twenty cents to several dollars, and are sometimes richly ornamented with silver.

The mestizos are the most energetic and wealthiest races of the Philippines, whether Spanish or Chinese.

One of the most interesting of the sights of Manila is the *cigarreras*, or cigar girls. About sunset any week-day you may see coming out of a long low building near one of the bridges, and wending their way by twos and threes, many hundred women, clad in the simple but picturesque costume of the Indian, of all ages from twelve to fifty, most of them having fine eyes, hair, and figure, but homely faces.

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These are the cigar girls, who work in the government or private factories. Most of them are Chinese mestizas, as indicated by the obliquity of the eyes, though they have the Malay width of cheeks. The number of the cigar-makers in and around the city is about 22,000, of whom only 1500 are men. The outside of the cigar is made of one or two leaves, beaten flat by small smooth stones. They are filled with smaller pieces, rolled, and cemented on the edges with a pink paste. They are cut to the same length by scissors. The work is done on wooden tables, raised less than a foot from the floor of large, light, and well-ventilated rooms. Several hundred are employed in each room, ten on each side of tables about a yard wide, as near together as possible, with a narrow passageway along the middle. All squat on their heels, or sit on bamboo stools about two inches high. No one but a Tagal could maintain such a position for hours at a time. They use nothing but their fingers, the hammers, the scissors, and the paste. The noise made by these stone pestles on the wooden tables is almost deafening, in the midst of which they keep up a constant chatter, until hushed by the approach of the inspector. They come in the morning, and go home at night, often to considerable distances, on foot or in boats, and are a very merry, happy set.



CIGAR GIRL.

Tobacco has always been, and probably ever will be, the most important product of the Philippines, as far as the government is concerned. The old laws compelled the Indian to raise it in certain regions, where the necessaries of life are obtained with difficulty, to the exclusion of his own crops, and under severe penalties. After January, 1883, the cultivation, sale, and manufacture of tobacco were made free. This freedom stimulates production and secures finer quality, as each planter raises the best he can, and waits for a fair price. Better cigars are made, but at a higher rate. The work of the factories is done by individuals, and the demand for the raw material has been unprecedented and unnatural. Skilled labor and machinery and ample capital will soon extend this native industry.

Utter stagnation of the faith is prevented by the *fiestas*, or religious festivals, which every village keeps on the day consecrated to its patron saint, under the management of the priests, who are taken from all classes, from Spaniard to pure Indian, according to the spiritual wants of the parish. Every day bears the name of some saint to whom honor must be paid, and every person has for protector or patron the one whose name he bears. This *naïve* festival, which takes the place of his birthday, is celebrated by balls and rejoicings, to which all having that name are specially invited. In the village festivals the houses are decorated and illuminated, arches of flowers bearing lanterns are thrown over the streets, bands of music occupy the squares; dances, theatres, and fireworks keep the crowds in good-humor. Every one has open house, and entertains according to his means; quarrelling and drunkenness are unknown, as ardent spirits are not to be obtained, at least publicly.

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A STREET IN THE SUBURBS WITH NIPA COTTAGES.

The present natives of the Philippines are undoubtedly of Malay origin; they have the same character, form, and habits as the barbarous branches of the same race, but their features are more pleasing; those of the southern islands look more like Malays than do the Tagals of Luzon, who are more or less mixed with Chinese, Japanese, and Negritos.

As a race they are finely formed, of good stature, copper-colored, with abundant straight coarse black hair, without beard; the head is well shaped, flattened behind; cheeks prominent, nose flattish, face long, chin narrow; mouth large, with thick lips and strong white teeth; eyes black and lustrous; limbs and feet small. Five or six millions, possibly more, in number, they are lightly taxed, working little to obtain food, with many festivals of a semi-religious character, fond of music, dancing, cock-fighting, and lotteries, the last two being carried on in licensed establishments. They are usually servants, laborers, government employés, and petty officials; they rarely occupy positions of responsibility, as, however accustomed to the usages of civilization, they are much like children — rash, inconstant, thoughtless, improvident, indisposed to labor, and ready to play. Their love of pomp and show is seen in their dress, houses, and religious ceremonies. Though fond of money, and often industrious, they are averse as a race to work for it. Nature supplies the Indian with rice, fruits, roots, and fish, and his skin is his principal garment. He has little inducement to work, and his idea of property is much like that of Plato's Republic. His village is his world, and the sports, pleasures, and sorrows of his neighbors are his own; his house is always open, and his table free to friend and stranger; he has no conception of private as distinct from public well-being.

The Indian is a philosopher; his wants are few and easily supplied; he leads a life of quiet simplicity, in his delightful climate, under the palms. In the cozy hut on the banks of a river fringed by bamboos and bananas, and surrounded by trees, fruits, and flowers, there may be found many a Paul and Virginia, many

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a dusky family whom it would be a pity to disturb by the strife, the envy, the greed, and the vices of civilization. But, alas! this Arcadian simplicity cannot long coexist with European influences.

Their family ties are close, but peculiar in many of their ideas of what we should call propriety. The custom of all ages and both sexes occupying a single apartment by day and night is conducive neither to cleanliness nor morality. They are trusty and respectful servants, fearless in danger, and good soldiers and sailors, fertile in expedients, using with much skill their natural advantages. They think little of death beyond a splendid funeral; they have no living faith in the scapularies they wear, but believe in secret in the superstitions of their race, and that their ancestors dwell in the woods and jungles.

The common native houses are made of bamboo and canes, thatched with the leaves of the nipa palm, and supported on wooden posts; the dwelling of a newly married couple would probably not weigh more than five hundred pounds. These human nests are often located in the most enchanting spots on the bank of a shaded river, with enclosed duck pond and bath-house, and canoe and nets near by.

THE RESTORED HEAD OF IRIS IN THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.

BY DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

SINCE the excavations carried on by the German government at Olympia from 1875 to 1881, the most important work undertaken in the field of classical archæology has been the exploration of the Acropolis by the Greek government under the direction of M. Kavvadias. These excavations extended over three years, and were brought to a satisfactory conclusion at the beginning of last year. Apart from the value of the interesting objects that have been unearthed, the thoroughness and finality of the work as it has been executed during these excavations are of the greatest scientific value to the study of archæology. For we can safely say that no works of antiquity now lie hidden beneath the surface of the citadel of ancient Athens. In every instance the diggers penetrated down to the primitive rock, and there will thus be no further need of again disturbing the surface of the Acropolis. All the information that lay buried under the surface, whether artistic, epigraphical, or topographical, has been carefully noted, the portable objects removed to the museums, the earth again filled in; only those portions remaining open to view where some interesting vestige, such as a staircase or a gateway, was disclosed.

The depth to which these excavators had to dig varied considerably in the different parts of the citadel. In some parts the original rock is visible on the surface; in others it was necessary to dig to a depth of fourteen metres before the primitive rock was reached. The Acropolis thus presented a very different aspect to the primitive Pelasgian or Cyclopean settlers from what it bore when the Athenians gathered there during the Panathenaic festival in the age of Pericles, or from its appearance in the present day. In those remote times it also was a bold rocky elevation, a natural citadel, which invited the early settler to seek shelter from his foes on its heights, guarded by steep declines on either side; but its summit was rough and uneven, varying in its height at different points. There can now be no doubt that at different periods in the history of Athens attempts were made to produce a more even surface, and to fortify and protect the sides, with a view to preventing the attack of enemies. But the most complete and radical improvement was undertaken and carried through with admirable skill by Cimon, after the Persian invasion in the beginning of the fifth century B.C. He not only filled in the ground, so as to give to the whole of the Acropolis a comparatively even surface, but by building extensive walls of perfect masonry round the sides, and filling in the gaps thus formed between the walls and the rock, the area was considerably increased. Luckily for us, in filling up the surface, Cimon's workmen utilized some of the débris which the Persian invader had left behind him after the siege and burning of Athens under Xerxes. I shall on some future occasion

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have to consider the general nature of the remains thus roughly interred, with a view to ascertaining the much disputed nature of some of these finds.

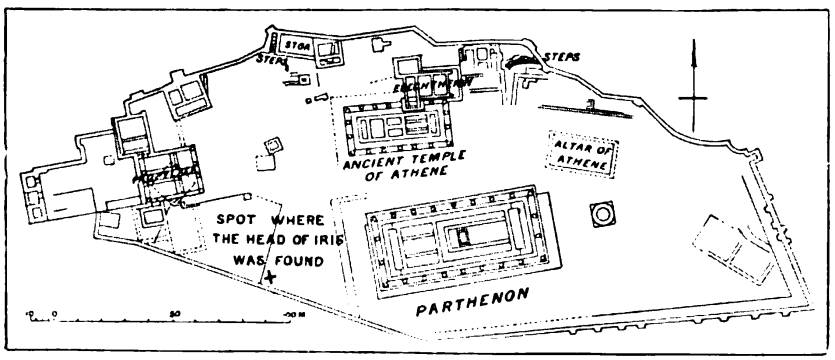
Above the Cimonian layer again there were traces of a disturbance of the surface to a depth of one or two metres, and the objects found in this top layer did not only belong to a classical period subsequent to the time of Cimon, but even there were found portions of a Byzantine church, of cisterns, and the foundation of a rude wall, the top of which has always been visible in modern times, acting as a rampart. This wall, barbaric in character, differs greatly from the beautiful masonry of the Cimonian wall, to the top of which this is added. It is made up of bricks, rough stones, and refuse. Its date has been a matter of uncertainty, authorities not agreeing whether it be Byzantine, Frankish, or Turkish. The discovery which forms the chief interest of this article serves to fix the date of this wall to the Byzantine period of the Acropolis.

The rich harvest of objects of antique art and handicraft comprises from thirty-six to forty marble statues of the archaic period. Among these a series of quaint female figures, daintily holding the seam of their upper garments in their left hands, in the typical attitude formerly ascribed to figures of Hope (Spes), is of greatest interest, as their interpretation presents one of the most difficult problems to the archæologist. One of them has been fitted on to a base by the German archæologist Studniczka, bearing an inscription according to which the work would be that of Antenor, a sculptor living in the second half of the sixth century B.C.

Of great archæological interest are also the very early statues and groups of a soft Poros stone, copiously ornamented with color, which, when they were found, had retained all its early brilliancy. These bear some resemblance to the sculptures discovered at Assos, in Asia Minor, by the American excavators Mr. Thatcher Clarke and his companions; and taking into account the number of inscriptions with the names of artists from the islands of Asia Minor, M. Kavvadias is of opinion that these Poros sculptures mark the introduction of Asiatic (Ionic) art into Attica by way of the islands.

In bronze over fifty articles have been found, the most important of which are a perfectly preserved large head; a statuette of Athene; repoussé figures, forming the ornaments of the shields, statuettes of athletes and warriors. Over one hundred terra-cottas were discovered, and over one thousand fragments of vases, some with important signatures, while among the three hundred inscriptions some are of considerable historical and palæographical interest. Moreover, the results as regards Greek and post-Hellenic architecture can hardly be estimated, and will furnish material for study for many a year to come.

A happy climax to these discoveries was furnished by the find of but a small fragment of sculptured marble during the very last days of the excavations; for, as will be shown, this fragment contained a missing portion of the frieze of the Parthenon. Just at the point where the barbaric wall above referred to rises from the Cimonian wall, this small fragment of marble relief was found. It is a piece of Pentelic marble, 0.275 of a metre in the widest portion, 0.22 of a metre in height in the highest portion. The slab is 0.155 of a metre thick in the thickest part, exclusive of relief, and the highest relief is 0.05 of a metre. The fracture in the back is very uneven, comparatively thin at the back of the head, and thickest at the top left angle; at this corner there is a facing of about an inch in width, running round the edge of the left side, which is



PLAN OF THE ACROPOLIS.

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WORK OF EXCAVATION ON THE ACROPOLIS.

not visible in our plate, and surrounding the rougher surface within it. It became evident at once that this formed part of a frieze block, manifesting the same working of the sides where block joined block as is found in the slabs of the frieze of the Parthenon, which are 54 centimetres in thickness. The face of this marble fragment contains a head in low relief turned to the left, where a curved, flattish elevation, rising from the back and shoulder of the figure, runs upward to the left edge of the fragment. The left edge and top were thus cleanly cut, and therefore this formed the upper corner of some relief. The head, in excellent preservation (only the tip of the nose has been broken away), manifested that breadth and simplicity of style which would lead the expert at once to ascribe it to the fifth century B.C. Yet hitherto the objects found at this depth had all formed part of the Cimonian work, above alluded to, and thus belonged to a period prior to the Persian invasion; and thus, when M. Kavvadias announced the discovery as being a portion of the frieze of the Parthenon, considerable doubt was felt by others, and when expressed to him, caused him to waver also. Perhaps to him the fact that the wing was mistaken for the neck of a horse, thus leading some to believe at first sight that the figure formed part of the group of riders in the frieze, may have led to this premature ascription, upon which a doubt was cast when the head was recognized as belonging to a female figure. At this point M. Kavvadias, with his colleague, confessed his doubts to me (though his first surmise proved to be correct), and called upon me to examine the fragment. I had the good fortune to recognize at once that the marked technique of low relief, with edges almost undercut, running straight down to the background, was that of the Parthenon frieze, as well as the whole style and artistic feeling in the head itself, and I fortunately could recall to mind the group of gods, with the standing winged figure of Iris, as it now

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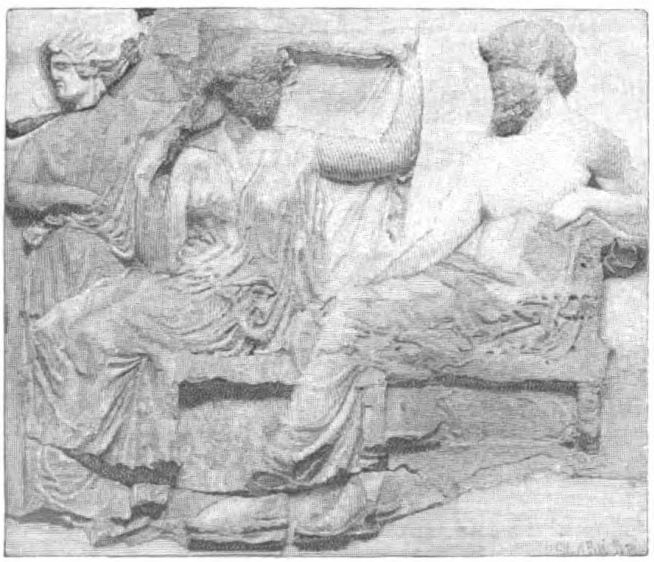
Athene. Hephaistos. Poseidon. Dionysos. Demeter. Aphrodite. Eros.

GODS ON THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.

exists in the frieze in an imperfect state among the Elgin marbles in the British Museum. I seemed to recall the very outlines of the gap caused by the absence of the head from this graceful figure, and I felt morally convinced that this was the head of Iris, by means of which this most interesting group would be restored to comparative perfection.

The frieze of the Parthenon formed a continuous band of sculpture in low relief, which ran round the outer wall of the enclosed rectangular portion of the temple, the *cella* with the *pronaos* and the *tamiœion*. Like every peripteric temple (one surrounded by columns), the rectangular temple proper, with its halls closed in by walls on all sides, was surrounded by a colonnade which supported the roof and projected over the walls of the actual temple. The distance from the walls to the columns (exclusive of these) varies from 2.96 to 3.57 metres (9.7 to 11.7 feet). This space was paved with white marble, and afforded shady walks to the visitors to the Acropolis. The frieze could be seen, when standing in this colonnade, running round the wall of the temple proper at a height of 11.9 metres (39 feet) above the pavement. It was 159.42 metres (522.8 feet) in length, of which 21.18 metres (69.5 feet) covered both front and back, while the sides each required 58.53 metres (191.9 feet) for their decoration.

The subject represented on this masterpiece of relief-work is acknowledged by nearly all authorities to be the procession on the occasion of the Panathenaic Festival. Most readers must have come across some reproductions of the horsemen represented in this procession. Besides the horsemen and charioteers, musicians, men and women carrying offerings to the goddess Athene, dignified magistrates, and beautiful youths, grouped with the greatest variety and still in most complete harmony of composition, all tend to convey the most exalted picture of ancient life, in presenting an actual procession as the Greeks of the age of Pericles saw it defiling to do honor to their patron goddess.



Iris. Hera. Zeus.

GROUP WITH HEAD OF IRIS RESTORED.

But, with a truly Greek feeling, they have made their gods and goddesses actual participants in the joy of the people united to do them honor; and thus the climax of the whole scene is to be found in the

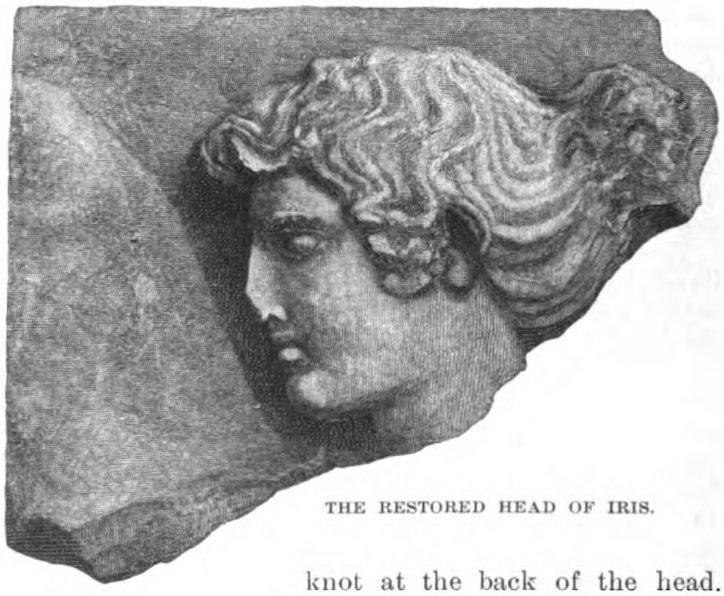
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assembly of gods seated in dignified repose, and occupying the centre of the front or eastern portion of the frieze.

The most central group represents what has been supposed to be the offering of the cloak to the goddess, which the boy is handing to the priest or magistrate. More recent authorities consider this to represent a scene of preparation on the part of priest and priestess for the sacrifice of the offerings led in the procession itself. To the right and left of this central scene follow the gods and goddesses.

There is considerable difference of opinion among leading archæologists as to the actual names of these divinities. I can here only give the names which appear to me most likely. To our left, starting from the boy with the cloak, is Athene (Roman Minerva) herself; beside her the bearded male figure leaning on a staff is Hephaistos (the Roman Vulcan); then the bearded Poseidon (the Roman Neptune); then the youthful Dionysos (the Roman Bacchus); then a Demeter (Roman Ceres); and then follows Aphrodite (Venus), with the youthful Eros (Cupid). On the other side of the central group (to our left), the first bearded figure, seated on a more elaborate throne, is the king of gods, Zeus (Jupiter), beside whom is seated his divine spouse Hera (Juno). Beside her stands a youthful female figure, one of whose wings is visible, while the fracture of the corner of this slab has left this figure without a head. This is Iris, the attendant upon the supreme Zeus and Hera. It will now be made evident that the fragment discovered on the Acropolis is a most invaluable supplement to this portion of the frieze.

The head and neck of our fragment are turned toward the left, worked in profile, with a very slight turn toward the front, as if to make room for a flat elevation rising beside the head. This elevation was evidently a wing, and in the original was no doubt painted to indicate its detail drawing. The modelling of the head and neck is of that broad simple character which marks Pheidian art; and yet, retaining this broad style, the artist has been able to add a singular grace and charm to the nobility of character. The modelling of the hair is not over-elaborate, in simple broadish ridges, and yet varied in the flow of line, conveying well its peculiar texture. It is similar in this respect to the excellent head of Demeter in this same frieze, yet the peculiar mode of wearing the hair is one which marks a more youthful figure. The hair falls over the brow in short curls, and over the temples, and it had been hanging loosely down the back, till, with her left hand, Iris collected it into a knot at the back of the head. This is the action of the figure in the moment represented by the sculptor.



THE RESTORED HEAD OF IRIS.

In the extant marble in the British Museum we see on the right side of Iris traces of a wing and the uplifted left arm. Now the wing here corresponds exactly to the right wing on our fragment; and when the fragment was placed on the cast of the relief from the British Museum, the wrist of the upraised hand of Iris corresponded to the extant remains of the fingers of the hand clearly to be seen collecting the hair into a knot on the head on our fragment. The little finger and the third finger have been injured somewhat, but the middle finger is quite intact. They are distinctly seen when looked at from above, but can be distinguished with sufficient clearness in the front view here given in the engraving.

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In the restoration made by Stuart and copied by Worsley the head is wrongly turned toward our right; but when the slight remaining fragment of the neck in the Iris of the British Museum is examined, it will be seen that the head was turned to our left, and this our fragment now places beyond a doubt. Henning's restoration is more correct in this respect.

The Greek authorities kindly sent the cast of the fragment in its whole thickness, showing all the fractures in the back. When this was placed on the torso of the original figure of Iris at the British Museum, the fractured surface in the cast and in the marble frieze fitted completely in the back, though some of the delicate edges of the fragment had been chipped off in the front. The remaining point in the neck in the torso corresponded exactly to the line of the extant neck in the fragment. The upraised arm, wrist, and hand of the torso corresponded exactly to the fingers on the hair of her head. In short, the identification is placed beyond all possible doubt.

The figure is now nearly restored to its original appearance. The discrepancy between the actual height of the relief in the head and the torso to which it belongs is instructive, as showing the degree to which the ravages of time have affected the surface of the figure in the frieze during the exposure of centuries, for our fragment projects an appreciable distance above the more corroded surface of the neck in the British Museum slab. It is thus evident that the fragment has remained buried and protected from the ravages which the other portions of the frieze were subjected to for so many centuries, and is in a state not far removed from its original perfection. The question now remains to be answered, at what period in the history of the Parthenon and the Acropolis was this head immured in the wall whence the Greek excavators took it last winter?

To ascertain this we must recall the main events in the history of the Parthenon. It was completed and dedicated to the virgin daughter of Zeus in the year 438 B.C. It was in the fifth or sixth century of our era that it was converted into a Christian church. Such is the strength and persistency of tradition that though the ancient Greek and the Christian faiths were in direct opposition to one another, the original pagan destination of the temple reacted upon the nature of its dedication in Christian times. The goddess Athene is both the Goddess of Wisdom and the virgin daughter of Zeus, thus the temple was at first dedicated to Saintly Wisdom (St. Sophia), and subsequently to the Virgin Mary. At the beginning of the thirteenth century it was converted from a Greek orthodox into a Roman Catholic church, and in 1458 it was turned into a Turkish mosque. At this period a slender minaret was built on the western portion of the southern wall.

Thus it remained in comparatively perfect preservation until the latter part of the seventeenth century, when all nationalities seemed to combine in destroying it. It was in September of the year 1687, during the war between the republic of Venice and Turkey, that the Venetian general, subsequently Doge, Francesco Morosini, after having conquered the whole of the Morea, advanced northward, and resolved to invest Athens, whither the Turkish forces had retreated. His army consisted chiefly of mercenary troops of all nationalities, under the immediate command of Count Koenigsmark, a Swedish general, born in Westphalia. In the night of the 21st of September Koenigsmark landed 10,000 men at the Piræus, and finding the Turks had deserted the town, and had withdrawn to the Acropolis, he entered the town, laid siege to and began to bombard the Acropolis. The firing was without much effect until, upon hearing that the Turks had stored powder in the Parthenon, on the 26th of September, 1687, at seven o'clock in the evening, a German lieutenant, under the command of De Vannis, succeeded in sending a shell through the roof of the Parthenon, which ignited the powder, and rent the great temple asunder, heaping fragments on either side.

When the temple was converted from a Greek temple into a Christian church the entrance was transplanted from the east to the west, and an apse was built at the east end. Now the building of this apse necessitated the taking down of the central slab of the frieze, extending from the Iris to the Hephaistos, inclusive of both. In 1672 one Pierre Babin, in a letter to the Abbé Pécoil, after describing the frieze, mentions one slab as not being in its place, but behind the door of the temple (the mosque). The French artist Carrey, who made drawings of the whole

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frieze in 1674, did not see it, and omits it from his drawings. In 1765 Chandler mentions this slab as being let into the wall of the fortress. He refers to it as the piece which probably ranged in the centre of the cell, and contained "a venerable person with a beard reading in a large volume which is partly supported by a boy"—no doubt the priest with the boy and cloak. In 1785 Worsley saw it lying on the ground before the east front of the temple; while, according to Visconti, it is again immured in a house, whence Lord Elgin's workmen took it. Thus the slab remained for about thirteen centuries detached from its place. When, in building the apse for the Christian church, this heavy block was taken down, the top corners were probably chipped off; the right one contained no figure; the left one, this head of Iris. Now it is unlikely that this small fragment would have remained about in such excellent preservation for any length of time. And thus shortly after the removal of the slab it was probably used in the building of the wall in which it was found. It will furthermore be seen that by this discovery the uncertainty in ascribing the date to the barbaric wall, referred to above, has been removed; the wall must have been built in the Byzantine time.

After the find I at once concluded that there were possibly some other fragments —perhaps of the Parthenon—immured in the upper portion of this same wall, and as I had just been appointed a member of the National Committee to confer with the Greek authorities on the work that remained to be done on the Acropolis, I proposed—and my proposal was accepted —that this wall be carefully taken down, examined, and built up again from the same material. This has since been done, and though hitherto no fragments of sculpture appear to have been found, the wall contained one of the most interesting inscriptions relative to the Parthenon, namely, an account of the expenditure on the gold and ivory of the great statue of Athene by Pheidias. I do not believe that we need give up the hope of discovering or identifying further fragments of Parthenon sculpture. Mr. A. H. Smith (of Trinity College, Cambridge, now of the British Museum) has just made a computation of the missing fragments of the frieze of the Parthenon, and tells me that there are over forty feet not accounted for. This fact alone ought to stir archæological eagerness to gain a reward, in the feeling afforded by the chase after and the successful attainment of such jewels of the past, which hardly any other scientific pursuit can offer.

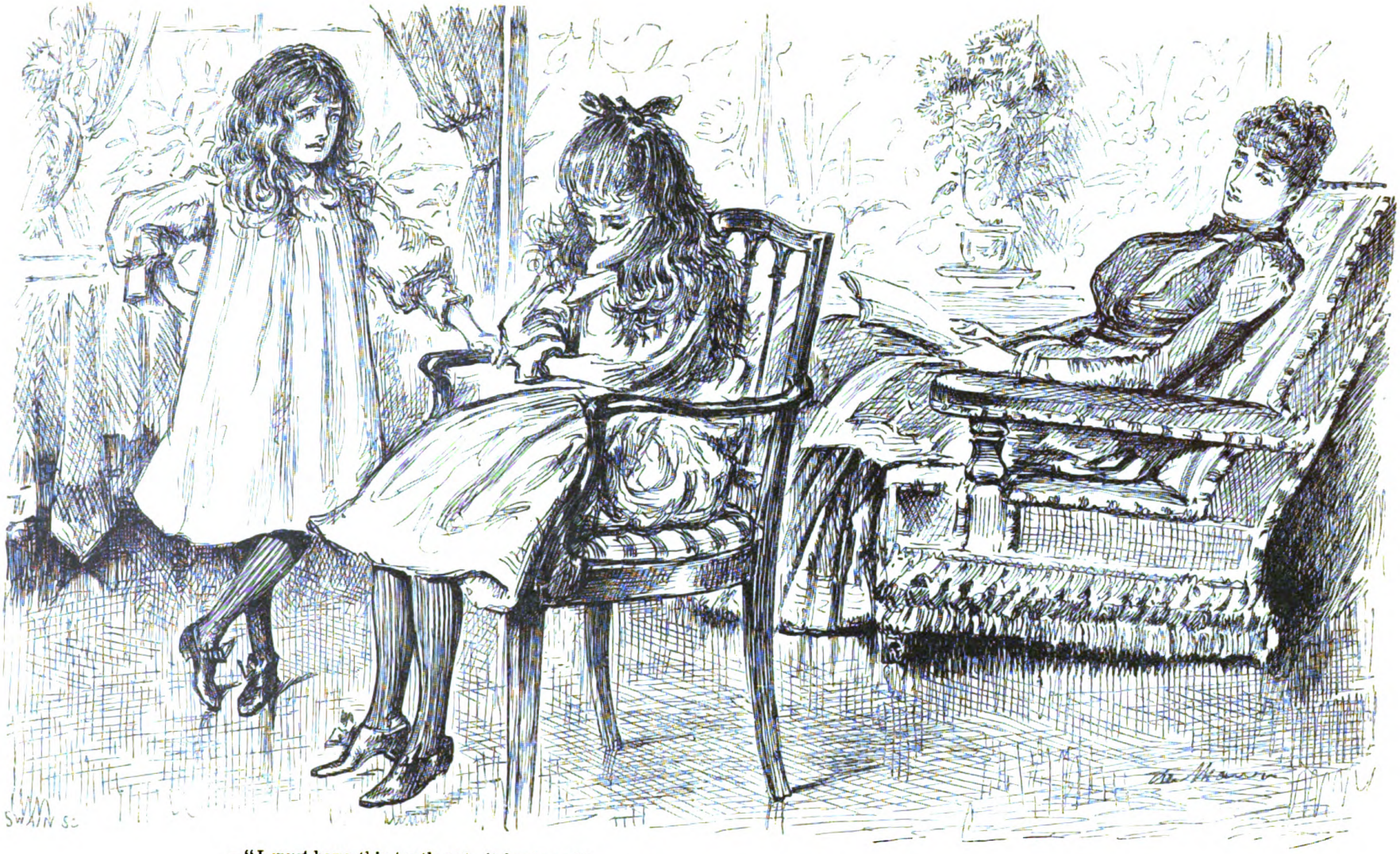
There exists some curious misconception of the spirit of the study of antiquity, which I once before endeavored to counteract. It is based upon the inference that there exists an intimate relation between the character of the study and the nature of the object studied; so that the study of botany would be peaceful, gentle, interesting, exhilarating, and refining; the study of medicine, wildly engrossing, perhaps coarsening; the study of astronomy, mystically elevating; the study of the quick, quickening; the study of the dead, deadening. And it is not to be wondered at if the study of antiquities is generally supposed to be dry as dust, devoid of that thrilling interest, that touch with human sympathy, that glow of enthusiastic requital, which rewards the votary of the Muses. For it deals with the dry bones of the past, the ossillary sinuosities that have withstood the beating winters of ages, that stare forth coldly and lifelessly, having lost the muscular and nervous tissue of the life and events that time has eaten away and dissolved into oblivion.

Yet there is a law of contrast as well as of analogy; and the analogy, moreover, may be only superficial. There may be "just the touch of that fiery acid, and there's repristination." The bony structure may remain unchanged, and enable him who studies its forms and functions to reconstruct even the living tissue that once covered it, while the study of the living form which is no more may often lead imagination to run riot. And when art herself has stepped in "while hearts beat fast and brains high-blooded ticked some centuries ago," and thus turned to firm and unchanging consistency the forms and thoughts and feelings that live but for a day, there may be more true life in stone than in the sound of the waving reeds, and the shout of dying men, when heard re-echoing through the riotous brain of truth-ignoring posterity. It will then be found that archæology is not a dead study, and that the pursuit of its secrets is far from being dry and uninteresting; but full of life, and thrilling in its successful efforts.

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—"I *must* have this tooth out—it hurts so!"
—"Oh—*please* don't—or *I* shall have to wear it—as I do *all* your left-off things."—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is more than forty years since Margaret Fuller first gave distinction to the literary notices and reviews of the New York *Tribune*. Miss Fuller was a woman of extraordinary scholarly attainments and intellectual independence, the friend of Emerson and of the "transcendental" leaders, and her critical papers were the best then published, and were fitly succeeded by those of her scholarly friend George Ripley. It was her review in the *Tribune* of Browning's early dramas and the "Bells and Pomegranates" that introduced him to such general knowledge and appreciation among cultivated readers in this country that it is not less true of Browning than of Carlyle that he was first better known in America than at home.

It was but about four years before the publication of Miss Fuller's paper that the Boston issue of Tennyson's two volumes had delighted the youth of the time with the consciousness of the appearance of a new English poet. The eagerness and enthusiasm with which Browning was welcomed soon after were more limited in extent, but they were even more ardent, and the devoted zeal of Mr. Levi Thaxter as a Browning missionary and pioneer forecast the interest from which the Browning societies of later days have sprung. When Matthew Arnold was told in a small and remote farming village in New England that there had been a lecture upon Browning in the town the week before, he stopped in amazement, and said, "Well, that is the most surprising and significant fact I have heard in America."

It was in those early days of Browning's fame, and in the studio of the sculptor Powers in Florence, that the youthful Easy Chair took up a visiting card, and, reading the name Mr. Robert Browning, asked, with eager earnestness, whether it was Browning the poet. Powers turned his large, calm, lustrous eyes upon the youth, and answered, with some surprise at the warmth of the question:

"It is a young Englishman, recently married, who is here with his wife, an invalid. He often comes to the studio."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the youth, "it must be Browning and Elizabeth Barrett."

Powers, with the half-bewildered air of one suddenly made conscious that he had been entertaining angels unawares, said, reflectively, "I think we must have them to tea."

The youth begged to take the card which bore the poet's address, and hastening to his room near the Piazza Novella, he wrote a note asking permission for a young American to call and pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Browning, but wrote it in terms which, however warm, would yet permit it to be put aside if it seemed impertinent, or if for any reason such a call were not desired. The next morning betimes the note was despatched, and a half-hour had not passed when there was a brisk rap at the Easy Chair's door. He opened it, and saw a young man, who briskly inquired,

"Is Mr. Easy Chair here?"

"That is my name."

"I am Robert Browning."

Browning shook hands heartily with his young American admirer, and thanked him for his note. The poet was then about thirty-five. His figure was not large, but compact, erect, and active; the face smooth, the hair dark; the aspect that of active intelligence, and of a man of the world. He was in no way eccentric, either in manner or appearance. He talked freely, with great vivacity, and delightfully, rising and walking about the room as his talk sparkled on. He heard, with evident pleasure, but with entire simplicity and manliness, of the American interest in his works and in those of Mrs. Browning, and the Easy Chair gave him a copy of Miss Fuller's paper in the *Tribune*. It was a bright and, to the Easy Chair, a wonderfully happy hour. As he went, the poet said that Mrs. Browning would certainly expect to give Mr. Easy Chair a cup of tea in the evening, and with a brisk and gay good-by, Browning was gone.

The Easy Chair blithely hied him to the Café Doné, and ordered of the flower girl the most perfect of nosegays, with such fervor that she smiled, and when she brought the flowers in the afternoon, said, with sympathy and meaning: "Eccola, signore! per la donna bellissima!"

It was not in the Casa Guidi that the Brownings were then living, but in an apartment in the Via della Scala, not far from the place or square most familiar to

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strangers in Florence—the Piazza Trinità. Through several rooms the Easy Chair passed, Browning leading the way, until at the end they entered a smaller room arranged with an air of English comfort, where at a table, bending over a tea-urn, sat a slight lady, her long curls drooping forward. "Here," said Browning, addressing her with a tender diminutive, "here is Mr. Easy Chair." And as the bright eyes but wan face of the lady turned toward him, and she put out her hand, Mr. Easy Chair recalled the first words of her verse he had ever known:

"'Onora, Onora!' her mother is calling.
She sits at the lattice, and hears the dew falling,
Drop after drop from the sycamore laden
With dew as with blossom, and calls home the maiden.
'Night cometh, Onora!'"

The most kindly welcome and pleasant chat followed, Browning's gayety dashing and flashing in, with a sense of profuse and bubbling vitality, glancing at a hundred topics; and when there was some allusion to his "Sordello," he asked, quickly, with an amused smile, "Have you read it?" The Easy Chair pleaded that he had not seen it. "So much the better. Nobody understands it. Don't read it, except in the revised form which is coming." The revised form has come long ago, and the Easy Chair has read, and probably supposes that he understands. But Thackeray used to say that he did not read Browning because he could not comprehend him, adding, ruefully, "I have no head above my eyes."

A few days later—

"O day of days! O perfect day!"—

the Easy Chair went with Mr. and Mrs. Browning to Vallombrosa, and the one incident most clearly remembered is that of Browning's seating himself at the organ in the chapel, and playing—some Gregorian chant, perhaps, or hymn of Pergolesi's. It was enough to the enchanted eyes of his young companion that they saw him who was already a great English poet sitting at the organ where the young Milton had sat, and touching the very keys which Milton's hand had pressed.

It was midsummer in Italy, but the high narrow streets of Florence stretch a protecting shade over the lingering pilgrim, and from such companionship as that of the Via della Scala even Venice long wooed in vain. But at last, reluctantly, although the fascinating way lay through Bologna and Ferrara, the journey began toward Venice; and in that city, so early and always dear to Browning, whose romantic life and story most deeply touched and stirred his imagination, and in which he lately died, the Easy Chair received from the poet a glimpse of his earliest impressions.

Writing from Casa Guidi, in Florence, on the 9th of August, 1847—Casa Guidi, upon which a tablet records that there Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning lived, and *Casa Guidi Windows*, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and *Aurora Leigh* were written—Browning says:

"The people of the house there [Via della Scala] told us honestly on the morning of your departure that they could only receive us for a single month, at the expiration of which were to begin certain whitewashings and repaintings. We continued our quest, therefore, and at last found out this cool, airy apartment, which we shall occupy for another month or six weeks, whatever be our subsequent plans, for Rome, or for the Venice you describe. . . .

"I spent a month of entire delight there some eight years ago, and tho' nothing I have since seen has effaced the impressions of my visit, yet your fresher feelings *bring out* whatever looks faint or dubious in them, as a gentle sponging might revive the gone glory of some old picture. (You must know I have seen an exquisite copy of a Giorgione, the original of which—so I was told—grew only visible and intelligible when thus wetted.) I am glad the railroad and gas-lighting do Venice no more wrong, and that you find all the old strange quietness, and—ought I to be glad of this, too?—depopulation; for of late years we have heard a great deal of the returning life and prosperity of the place; and Mr. Valery, I observe, retracts his earlier bodements of a speedy extinction of what little glimmer of light he still saw.

"As for me, I remember that the accounts of the depreciation of the value of houses, coupled with the indifference of the inhabitants of them, were enough to set one dreaming (in one's gondola!) of getting to be as rich as Rothschild, buying all Venice, turning out everybody, and ensconcing one's self in the Doge's palace, among the dropping gold ornaments and flakes of what was lustrous color in Titian's or Tintoret's time, waiting for the proper consummation of all things and the sea's advent.

"But do you really find the air so light and pure in this by right mephitic time of August, with those close *calles*, pestilential lagunes, etc., etc., and all that our informants frighten us with? Should a winter in Venice prove no more formidable in its way than it seems a summer does, why, we may have cause to regret our determination to give up our original plans. I am sure your kindness will tell us, should it be enabled, any good news of the winter and spring climate—if weak lungs may brave it with impunity." . . .

To this letter of Browning's, written in his young manhood—he was then thirty-

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five—about the Venice which always charmed him, may be well added the words of the Lady of Mura, written only a few weeks before the poet's death. Asolo is a sequestered town, which Browning said that he discovered, and in which he fell under the glamour of very Italy. In the prologue to his last volume, written in September before the letter that follows, the poet says:

"How many a year, my Asolo,
Since—one step just from sea to land—
I found you, loved, yet feared you so—
For natural objects seemed to stand
Palpably fire-clothed!"

The letter says:

"I have bought in ancient Asolo a narrow, tall tower, into which in the last century (very early) a house was built, and this curious place I have selected for villeggiatura when the scirocco is too strong in Venice for health or comfort. It was here that Browning fifty years ago was inspired to write 'Sordello' and 'Pippa Passes,' so to me it has that charm added to many others. It is such a rough and out-of-the-way little place that you may only know it by name. There is no hotel, no railway, no factory, no sign of modern civilization. It is on a hill, which has an ancient ruined fortress at the top, and was an old Roman settlement, with the usual Roman *mise en scène*, baths, amphitheatre, etc., in the days of Pliny, who somewhere mentions it.

"Near my tower, which is built in the ancient wall of the mediæval town, is the tower of Caterina Cornaro, and one sees from most of my windows, so high are they, the whole Marca Trevigiana, with its tragic and dramatic associations of the early Middle Ages; the Eccelini, the Azzi, the incessant wars in which towns were treated by the tyrants like shuttlecocks in the game of battledoor.

"Browning and his sister have been here for the last six weeks, and you may fancy how intensely the poet enjoys revisiting after so many years the scenes of his youthful inspirations. He was only twenty-five or six when he first discovered Asolo. . . . Few young people are so gay and cheerful as he and his dear old sister." . . .

It is a pleasant last glimpse of Browning at Asolo, where the master-spell of Italy first touched his genius, and whither at the end he came—"*asolare*, to disport in the open air, amuse one's self at random"—at heart and in temper of the same unquenched and unquenchable vitality as on that summer day long ago when he sat where Milton had sat, and pressed, as Milton had pressed, the keys of the organ at Vallombrosa.

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?
And did he speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?—
How strange it seems and new!"

THE poet of the Little Brother of the Rich, whose delightful humor warmly commends his plea, depicts the cheerful resignation with which the bounty of good fortune may be received. But there is another view. It is that of the spirit and the manner in which that bounty should be dispensed. It is unquestionable that good fortune tests character quite as much as ill fortune, although we should all prefer the former test to the latter. If, as the witty Frenchman said, we are easily resigned to the misfortune of others, we are still more easily resigned to our own good fortune, and willingly accept the trials of character and all other trials which it may impose.

Good fortune, however, is a tropic in which the hardier virtues poorly thrive. If in this city we should look for unusual genius or courage, for the conviction and enthusiasm and devotion which lift mankind and lead the forlorn hope of the world; if we should seek the great inventors and reformers and human benefactors of every kind—should we hasten to the clubs, or the palaces, or hail the most sumptuous equipages in the Park? It is because good fortune is a tropic that the oldest wisdom tells us how hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom.

The beneficent enterprises, the restless germs of growth from which spring a larger happiness, seldom originate in prosperity. Hervey's memoirs are the record of the most fortunate society in England during the eighteenth century. But there is not a more repulsive story of a society more hopeless. The other side of life, the less fortunate, Lecky shows us, but it is not so black as Hervey's. In France, at the same time, the masters of good fortune, mad with the reckless selfishness which it tends to breed, were bringing in the French Revolution. "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times," says Dickens, in the opening of his most powerful work, *The Tale of Two Cities*, and how bad the times were the searching light of Carlyle's marvellous history shows.

Was it the gilded circle of Versailles, with its morning star, the young and ill-fated Queen whom Burke, with pathetic music, describes, that made that best of times? Yet was it not the magnificent and inhuman orgy of good fortune which made that worst of times? The group in the *Œil de Bœuf*, or the *Petit Trianon*, playing in the gardens of Versailles its pretty pastoral masquerade of shepherds and shepherdesses, was doubtless resigned

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to the misfortunes of actual shepherds and shepherdesses starving upon scant black-bread, or would have been resigned if it had ever thought of them. But if the children of those actual shepherds are now more contented and more comfortable, do they owe their better fortune to Versailles? Was there ever a more trenchant and terrible, because truthful, criticism than that of Thomas Paine upon those glowing and dazzling periods of Burke—in pitying the soiled plumage he forgot the dying bird?

The French Revolution changed the relation of public sentiment to the possession of great riches. During the bloody terror, to be rich, or to bear a title which marked the class of good fortune, was to be "suspect." The French Revolution has made good fortune in the form of great riches permanently suspect, and with the happiest results, as we see them in America. Napoleon's motto—a career or an opportunity for every talent—has been thus far made more real in the republic of which he took small account than in any other country at any time. Nowhere has good fortune, in the sense in which the words are chiefly used, been so easily secured as here, and nowhere are its duties more clearly discerned, or their discharge more definitely anticipated or even generally required.

The American Crœsus and Midas are not permitted by public opinion to live for themselves alone. They are not suffered to be content with resignation to the misfortune or ill fortune of others. A healthy and vigorous public sentiment regards them as almoners and stewards of their own good fortune. If they are not expected to lead in the higher paths, they are rigorously expected to aid such leadership. If they are known only for fine houses and lavish feasts and a fabulous extravagance of selfish enjoyment, the public conscience is not bewildered by the glitter of an ostentatious display of crude gold, but instinctively awaits some generous noble public use of good fortune, and no American suffers more in general estimation than the rich man who is known to devote his good fortune only to self-indulgence, in whatever form. He is no longer permitted to be resigned to the misfortunes of others; he must relieve them. At last there is a happy spell which will enable the camel to go through the eye of the needle.

There is nothing more characteristic of American life than the humane use of great wealth. It is not, therefore, surprising that nowhere are the questions of its accumulation and distribution more generally and intelligently considered. Mr. Bellamy's Looking Forward, which he curiously calls *Looking Backward*, is an illustration of this spirit. It is a millennial vision, too mechanical, perhaps, and destructive of much that makes social life most precious, but a vision of the equalization of good fortune. He would leave no ill fortune to be resigned to, and in the world of Bellamy, Montesquieu would become unintelligible.

Even in clubs the gilded youth are not altogether content to survey between their polished boots at the plate-glass window the struggles of less fortunate mankind, but enlist in some charitable enterprise. Young women, not wholly content to be resigned to sorrows which they do not share, as little sisters of the poor go forth upon Samaritan errands. Even Mr. Warner's heroine in *A Little Journey in the World*, sinking in the deep waters of gilded selfishness, feels the need of a show of sympathy to justify her riches to the public conscience. If Cato the censor should sternly ask, *cui bono*, what good does this amateur and dainty touching with the finger-tips accomplish in the relief of human misery, the answer is plain. The sympathetic sense of misery is the augury of its succor. Not to be resigned to the misfortunes of others is not only to begin to help them, but to consider how they may be prevented.

The little brothers of the rich are an immense fraternity. With kind persistence they prod the conscience of good fortune, and pry open its hand and reveal to it endless opportunities of activity. They write upon the walls of palaces, in the dining-rooms, in the chambers, words that burn like those above the table of Nebuchadnezzar, except that the tense and the improvement are changed: "O Good Fortune, thou art weighing in the balance. Pray God that thou be not found wanting!" It is that exhortation which characterizes our time and our country. It is obedience to it which would make it the happiest time and country in history.

EVEN the Pan-Americans protest that the streets of New York are dirty. It is very comical, but it is true, that all our

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marvellous prosperity, our genius of invention, our quickness of wit, and profusion of resource; all our patriotism and pride, our great traditions of liberty and heroism, our free soil, free speech, and free press; and all the force and intelligence of our free government—cannot keep the streets of New York clean. Miss Edwards, the most courteous and friendly of visitors, is compelled to say: "I found on all sides nothing but holes of mud, gutters, and dirt piles, an endless rush and a block of street traffic. There are so many dangers and the state of the highways is such as to make it incomprehensible to English people that enterprising Americans would long endure it."

Miss Edwards is familiar with the dirt of Egypt, which is universal and intolerable, but even that does not mollify or alleviate the awful impression of dirty New York. Then a Pan-American, perhaps from Bogota, from Callao, from Lima, from Santiago, from Buenos Ayres, from Rio de Janeiro, from Guayaquil—cities in which we had not supposed impeccable highways to be—politely flagellates us, and ignominiously discrowns Broadway. "It was impossible not to notice the deplorable condition of the streets. Our carriages plunged terribly into the holes which at frequent intervals were met with, and the wheels at every turn sent whirls of mud, which compelled the passers-by to keep at a respectful distance."

We may indeed reply that this is the fling of a Pan-American. And who, forsooth, is a Pan-American? Is he the superior—nay, does he presume to be the peer—of a North American? Are we not notoriously the greatest nation in the world? Does not our population reduplicate incalculably? Have we not carried civilization from sea to sea? Have we not the largest lakes, the longest rivers, the broadest prairies, the greatest cataract, in the world? And shall the minions of monarchies and the pigmies of tuppenny temporary republics snap their ridiculous fingers at us, and presume to say that the streets of New York are dirty? The idea is preposterous. It is contemptible. Moreover, it is insulting, and the streets of New York are—

It is plain sailing—or slipping, as chance may determine whether we go in the water or the mud—so far, but it is a little difficult to end that sentence in the same key. Let us try another, possibly a little less perfervid. The population of the United States is some sixty millions. Taken altogether they form undoubtedly the most intelligent community, with the highest average well-being, in the world. They are self-governing down to aldermen and coroners. More than in any country at any time in history, the will of the majority of the adult male population determines the government. The city of New York is one of the three or four chief cities of the world. It is confessedly the metropolis of this blessed and absolutely self-governing country, and the streets of New York can't be kept clean.

Is there any possible method of describing the unquestionable greatness and undoubted glory of the country, its resplendent history and its miraculous achievements, in an ascending and cumulative series of epithets and epigrams which shall end truthfully in the resounding allegation, "and the streets of New York are kept clean"? Indeed, is not this little joker worse than that of the thimble? Does he not grin at us from every pile of mud, and laugh out of every hole, and snicker and sneer on every side of the unremoved and apparently irremovable dirt and disorder?

It is absurd, as the boys say, to "blame" this situation upon somebody else—some street commissioner, or scavenger, or other officer, or employé. Nobody is ever guilty of misrule in this country but the rulers, and the rulers are the people. The citizens of New York elect the city officers who are to do the city work which the citizens pay for. They give some of those officers authority to dismiss others who are derelict in their duty, and the Governor can deal with the chief officers who do not obey the command of the people. If the taxes are outrageously heavy, if the money is squandered, if the streets are dirty and city government a farce, nobody is to blame but the citizens. They have as good a government as they choose, and the kind of government they desire.

Then they desire dirty streets? Certainly. That is to say, they don't desire clean streets strongly enough to secure them. Then popular government has failed in cities? Rather there are some things in cities in which popular government is not especially interested. If there are two hundred and fifty thousand

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voters in the city of New York, how many of them really care enough for clean streets and proper municipal administration to spend time and trouble to secure them?

Consider the lilies of the field — that is to say, look at the aldermen and the municipal officers, the representatives in the State Legislature and in Congress that the city of New York elects. Do they represent what we call its intelligence and character? Yet undeniably they are representatives of the majority of the voters, and if that majority be corrupt or stupid, it is either because there are more knaves and fools than intelligent and honest citizens among the voters, or because such citizens do not care to take the trouble to vote and to be represented; in which case the Aldermen and Co. that we see are, morally speaking, true representatives of the city.

The minions of monarchies and the pigmies of tuppeny temporary republics, as they bump and wallow and flounder, bespattered and contemptuous, through the streets of New York, may truly say that they are such streets as the citizens desire, because if the people desired clean streets, unless popular government be a failure, they would have them. If the Mayor did not appoint officers who would clean the streets, they would require the Governor to deal with the Mayor.

Does it necessarily follow, because popular government is, upon the whole, the best government, that the governing people desire all good things that government can supply? Liberty they want, and equality, and fair play; but do they, because they are self-governing, desire beautiful buildings and clean streets? Might not a good-natured despot of fine taste and sanitary enlightenment and a sense of order give his dominions nobler public works and a better municipal administration than a republic which is neither tuppeny nor temporary, but in which there is easy and indolent indifference to public beauty and public order?

"Above all," said the English bishop to the young catechumen, "don't mistake zeal for knowledge." Above all, says the good genius of America, don't confound national bumptiousness with patriotism.

Editor's Study.

I.

A SUGGESTIVE contribution to recent magazine literature is the Hon. E. J. Phelps's paper on "The Age of Words." Mr. Phelps, though four years our minister at the Court of St. James, is so little vitiated by the maxims of diplomacy that he does not, even in an age of words, employ language to conceal thought, but what he thinks of certain rather important matters, he lets us know plainly in what he says. Perhaps the subject of his essay is not quite new; we all know how the age of words was discountenanced by Thomas Carlyle in a great many octavos; and from time to time we have heard from other voluble people that there is too much talking. Mr. Phelps makes the same complaint; but we are not sure that he makes it very much more reasonably. It seems to us that there is not more talking than is needed, but that the wrong people do the talking.

Mr. Phelps has so lately arrived home from a foreign country that he may be supposed not yet to have adjusted his perceptions to conditions in which speech is so generally silvern, so habitually worth eighty cents on the dollar, as ours. Even where he prolongs a strain often heard in the organ harmonies of this Study, and laments that the reading of fiction should form the only reading of so many people, we fancy that he is suffering from the recollection of English novels rather than from an immediate experience of our own. He has unmistakably in mind the decaying literature of the British Isles, when he says that "the everlasting repetition....of the story of the imaginary courtship and marriage of fictitious and impossible young men and women; and when all conceivable incidents that could attend this happy narrative are used up, and the exhausted imagination of the narrator refuses any further supply, then in their place an endless flow of commonplace and vapid conversation, tending to the same matrimonial result, until it is clear that the parties, if they were real, would talk themselves to death—this is the staple of what is now

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called fiction." We cordially agree with Mr. Phelps that these are the characteristics of the vastly greater number of English novels; and we believe with him, that for "the large class who derive their ideas of life and the world from this source,....and enter upon married life with ideas and expectations so false and theories so absurd, nothing but disappointment and unhappiness can follow."

Nevertheless, we think that if Mr. Phelps had been writing more directly from the documents he would not have denounced these traits and these effects as peculiar to the modern novel, even the modern English novel, purposeless and flabby and false as it mostly is. If he had cared to look a little into the history of fiction he would have learned that formerly the novel of the highest grade presented ideals which are now chiefly to be found in the novel of the lowest grade; and that the modern novel of the realistic or intellectual school has for its supreme aim the exact portrayal of the motives as well as the facts of life. It is because the English novelists and their imitators mainly hold by the romantic tradition that they are so mischievous, or when not mischievous, so extremely debilitating. If Mr. Phelps would acquaint himself with the great novelists of the Continent, he would see that fiction was never before so constant to the final inspiration and object of the noblest of the arts.

II.

We did not mean, however, to dispute so long concerning this point, though in an age of words it might be allowable to do so. What we were really trying to get at, with a much more damaging purpose, was Mr. Phelps's apparent misconception of the nature, and the ends and aims of the literary life. We are all the more eager to demolish this, because it seems to be the misconception of many other worthy people who, in an age of words, are apt to let their talking outrun their thinking; and if we seem at times to be personal, in the application of the truth which is in us, we beg to assure the sufferers beforehand that we shall only be so illustratively. We shall by no means hold Mr. Phelps chiefly accountable for words that, in an age of them, happen to have come out of the point of his pen, for they are words that have the air of having met the eye before, not just in their present order, perhaps, but certainly to their present effect. "Book-making," says he, "has become a trade. Profit is its chief end. The day of studious and self-denying lives, devoted to study and thought, and regardless of gain, are almost gone by," he says; and though we could have wished here a little closer agreement between his verb and its nominative, we are not going yet to gainsay him. "Literature is no longer cultivated upon a little oatmeal; nor for its own sake upon any fare. Men do not write because they are charged with a message to humanity that has been mellowed and tempered by long reflection, by communion with nature and the higher influences of the soul.... Reputation depends on good management much more than on merit. Not so were the enduring achievements of the human intellect brought forth. They were not the product of any age of words. They were chiefly out of the great silences, when thought was mightier than speech, when words were fit but few. There has been noise always in the world, no doubt, and it has died away for the most part into everlasting stillness. It is only the silences that have become vocal, whose voices remain and will remain."

This is what Mr. Phelps says (with some regrettable duplication of his relative pronouns at last), and we will not deny that his utterances are such as would carry conviction to any party of gentlemen after dinner. The Study can imagine itself so full of Veuve Cliquecot, or Moët et Chandon, or the Grand Vin Sec, as to applaud them to the echo. But in the cold light of the next morning, amid the throbs of a retributive headache, we think it would ask itself, How is the parturition of an achievement possible? How can thought be mightier than speech; or what superior potency is there in merely thinking without speaking? When was thought mightier than speech, and how did the fact become known? How can a silence become vocal, and how can a voice remain? The Study would puzzle over these figurative expressions which seemed so brilliant and so convincing last night; but if it found no truth in them we suspect it would not rest satisfied with its discovery. We are afraid it would want to ask Mr. Phelps how and when book-making became a mere trade, and just at what moment authors began to be recreant to their high

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calling; it would demand the proof that literary reputation now depends more on good management than on merit. We do not believe that he would have his witnesses in court; and we are quite sure he would not be ready with evidence that the great achievements came out of the great silences. There was a great silence in English literature between Chaucer and Spenser, and the enduring achievement that came out of it was the immortal poetry of one Gower, whose first name we cannot remember. Did Shakespeare's plays come out of a great silence? No, but amidst the "melodious burst" of such minstrelsy as Beaumont and Fletcher's, Marlowe's, Greene's, Drayton's, Webster's, Jonson's, and the like. Did the "Divine Comedy" come out of a great silence? Petrarch and Boccaccio were the contemporaries of Dante. Did *Don Quixote* come out of a great silence? Cervantes wrote while Calderon and Lope and the other masters of the Spanish drama were making their "noises" about him. Did "Faust" come out of a great silence? Schiller was the friend and fellow-townsman of Goethe, and all Germany was "flooded over with eddying song" from a score of throats. Did Longfellow sing "to one clear harp in divers tones" in a great silence? Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Poe, Bryant, formed such a choir about him as we may not hear again in centuries. Perhaps the thoughts of all these great men would have been mightier if they had never been put into words; though we do not think so.

III.

But what is merely an affair of literary history may be safely left to take care of itself. It is the question of a decadence in the motives and aims of the literary life which we think deserves some little serious consideration, and we are quite ready to affirm that these motives and aims have never been higher. Possibly Mr. Phelps may be able to name some "bella età dell' oro" when they were not essentially what they are now; but we do not believe it. They never were different, and in the nature of things they never can be different, for they are now, as always, the motives and the aims of a self-devoted love of literary art. Of all the men and women now practising this noble art, however unfitly and ineffectually, we believe there is not one who has taken it up except for the love of it. They may often have been deceived in the hope of that just reward of their toil which all men look forward to, but they are not writers for the love of gain, at the worst, but writers for the love of letters; otherwise they would have been railroad men, and stock-brokers, and dry-goods merchants, and liquor sellers, and corner grocers, and lawyers: few of them are so poor of wit as not to be able to succeed in callings which men make money by.

The fact that some literary men earn enough to live comfortably has nothing to do with the question whether profit is the chief end of authorship or not. They have a right to live comfortably by their art, just as a physician or a minister has a right to live comfortably by his unselfish calling. In the mean time, we say that Mr. James, for example, writes his novels from the love of letters and the hope of recognition and the need of living, just as Fielding and Richardson and Scott and Thackeray and George Eliot and Trollope wrote their novels, and as Boccaccio and Cervantes and Goethe wrote theirs. On their level, which is by no means a low one, Mr. Bronson Howard, Mr. Denman Thompson, and Mr. Edward Harrigan give us their different plays from exactly the same love of the drama and of fame, and the same reasonable hope of pecuniary return that governed Euripides and Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Molière. The fruition of that hope does not make it their chief end; it is the last and the least of the ends they work for. Mr. McMaster and Mr. Fiske write their histories from the same motives that inspired Thucydides and Tacitus; and if Mr. Phelps really believes that the day of studious and self-denying lives is gone by, we will instance that of Mr. Francis Parkman, whose great and beautiful work in history has certainly not been carried on as a paying enterprise.

Let us clear our minds of cant, if possible, and own that there never was a time when literature was indifferent to the butcher's bill. Money is no fit reward for it, we allow, and we can conceive of a state of things in which the hope of it would not enter; but in the economic chaos of competitive society, there is no other way for authors to live. What we cannot conceive of is the age of the great silences, when authors kept their mighty thoughts to themselves, "regardless of

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gain," till they could not help "bringing forth enduring achievements," and we do not believe it ever existed outside of rhetoric hard up for a rounded period.

IV.

"Povera e nuda vai, Filosofia,"

says Petrarch; but we venture to think, Never willingly, poor girl! Philosophy, like other ladies, likes to be in the fashion, and we do not blame her. Neither does Mr. Phelps, we suspect, at the bottom of his heart. She may be

"Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,"

but that pretty costume will not keep her from the cold in our climate, and there never was a time or a place in the world, since the love of her began, that it was not with her lovers as it is now. Never did they forego more for her sake; for in our conditions, where the prizes of material success are so great, it is bitterer than ever to take the second premiums.

Of all the silly superstitions that have survived out of the credulous past, none is sillier than the notion that literature ought to work for nothing and find itself. The most prosperous writer in our country probably gets no more for his work than tens of thousands of lawyers and doctors each receive; but in a civilization where every office rendered to the commonwealth is paid for, where every conceivable service from man to man has its wage, it is felt that the author if paid at all ought to be underpaid; that he is the only laborer unworthy of his hire. We will allow that if you take the word of literary men about one another they are mostly unworthy of their hire; in their jealousies and envies they have themselves much to blame for the common feeling concerning them. But, after all, how many authors among us keep their carriages, or have three kinds of wine at table, out of their disgraceful gains? Mr. Phelps says that book-making has become a trade, and that profit is its chief end. For the present we will not deny this, but we warn all those intending to go into the business with a view to profit as the chief end, that there is not much money for the amount of work in it. In spite of Mr. Phelps's confidence, however, there is probably no man or woman in the country intending to go into it with that view. Those who love literature have at least wit enough to know that they will never become rich by it; and that probably they will always remain poor. They know that if by some rare fortune a man writes a book of permanent pecuniary value, his grateful country will, after forty-two years, anticipate his wish to become a public benefactor, and will confiscate his property in it, throwing it open to any of his fellow-citizens who may like to steal it. Nevertheless, literary men do hope to live by literature, because they pursue it as their happiness, and because it is often impracticable to borrow and always disagreeable to starve; but they know they have not the right to expect much more; and they are willing, as such men and women in all times have been willing, to lead those "studious and self-denying lives" which Mr. Phelps says are now almost things of the past; though he would not have said so, we think, if he had looked about him in a university town like New Haven, where there is probably as much devotion to the humanities "regardless of gain" as ever there was among the same number of scholars anywhere in the world. If he cannot find such lives at Yale, we assure him he can find them at Harvard, at Johns Hopkins, at Cornell, at Ann Arbor, at Dartmouth. Or, if the humanities must be subdivided, we believe that he will find very much the same devotion to their art in the people who write our magazine poetry and fiction and criticism; and among those who write the newspaper articles; and even among those who write the interviews and the police reports. In no other industry could the same talent be so poorly paid; and we may safely say that from this point of view they are all "regardless of gain," high and low, great and small. No author believes that any reputation he achieves will "depend on good management much more than on merit." He understands that without a good deal of some kind of merit, he can achieve no reputation; and that what seems mere trash is somehow much more than trash if it wins even a passing popularity for its author. He may envy its author, but he will be slow to declare it absolutely wanting in the right to be.

V.

This literary man will also have other hesitations where Mr. Phelps appears to have none. He will not defy us to say where "our poets, our dramatists, our historians, our essayists, our philosophers,

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our really capable critics" are, nor will he brave us to name many "living writers who have contributed anything that will live in after-time, or whose names will be likely to be remembered when they have been dead fifty years." As to these last he will understand that immortality is becoming always more and more difficult, and that there are many people writing now who would easily survive their death fifty years if they were living in any century before this. He will know that taste is now so advanced, and literary skill so diffused, and the literary sense so highly developed, that two-thirds of the British Classics in poetry and fiction would be rejected by a conscientious editor, not because they were wanting in sensation, as Mr. Phelps seems to think, but because they were wanting in form, or wanting in truth, or wanting in art, or wanting in humanity, or wanting in common decency. "The past literature of our language is splendid and unsurpassed," he tells us; but this is true only in a restricted sense. It is splendid in certain names, which again are splendid in certain lights; but, like all other literatures, it has vast masses and spaces of dulness in it; and it is surpassed by several other literatures in easily namable characteristics. It is indeed of mighty bulk; but if it were thoroughly winnowed by modern criticism it would show, like the discourse of Gratiano, a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff.

VI.

As for our present dearth of writers, it seems to us the effect of imagination disheartening itself to make a point, rather than a fact of literary history. We are always in a period of transition, and, if we are to confine the question to America, we should say that in the article of poets, though we have now passed the time in which our great cycle of poets flourished, we still have Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Whitman, Trowbridge, and Stoddard among us; that Stedman and Aldrich are in the prime of their power; and when you come to younger poets, we have a group whose work is as distinguished and as distinctive in promise as that of almost any group of the past, which finally gave us a splendid and unsurpassed literature. If we mention only Messrs. John Boyle O'Reilly, G. P. Lathrop, R. W. Gilder, James Whitcomb Riley, H. H. Boyesen, J. Madison Cawein, the Canadian Lampman, H. C. Bunner, Edgar Fawcett, Maurice Thompson, it is because their names come to mind as we write, and not because there are not also others who if they had done in another time what they have done in ours would easily have achieved a place in the British Classics. Our dramatists are yet mainly to come, but the work of some now writing is upon the only lines that give a foundation of enduring solidity, the lines of the truth which is also beauty; and several have achieved very remarkable success by work that has an authentic and native excellence. We cannot be supposed poor in historians when Mr. Parkman, the greatest historian whom America has produced, (we wish he had a better taste in fiction!) is still weaving that web of glowing colors in which the picturesque past of our continent magically reappears. We need not dwell upon the monumental labors of Mr. Herbert Bancroft and his coadjutors in the annals of the Pacific coast; but surely we may be proud of Messrs. McMaster and Fiske, in their several ways; and Mr. Henry Adams has just given us two volumes of American history which are not less important than any ever written. The scientific spirit, blent with a fervor and force of his own, characterizes the studies of Mr. Roosevelt in pioneer history; and at this moment Messrs. Hay and Nicolay, in their life of Lincoln, are completing a historical work sufficient in magnitude and thoroughness to command the admiration of any age or country. We only touch a few facts of the case, and what shall we say to a gentleman who asks for our essayists in the presence of Messrs. Higginson, Curtis, and Warner, Burroughs, Scudder, and Woodberry, whose culture, whose grace, whose humor is shared in degree by clever magazinists not to be named for number? As for philosophers, the Study has not so much knowledge of them as it could desire; but it has supposed that Mr. John Fiske had a European reputation in that sort, that Professor William James and Professor Josiah Royce were men of the first quality as metaphysicians, and that there were able thinkers and writers in the different departments of philosophy at several American universities besides Harvard. Perhaps there are some at Yale.

Capable critics are always rather rare

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birds. But we had imagined that Mr. Lowell was rather a capable critic; Mr. Stedman is a critic of very great capability; and we will mention Mr. T. S. Perry, as the author of a study of *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, which in learning, insight, and a breadth and depth of critical science is of a sort simply impossible to the crude conceptions of earlier criticism—as far beyond that as antiseptic surgery is beyond the old methods. In all our periodicals, quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily, men are writing criticism which is really capable, which is mostly honest and impartial, and considering their cruel trade, humane. They have as yet too little grasp of principles; their perspective is often bad, and their taste is sometimes not good. But generally they have right feeling and that love of literature without which no one writes even criticism. Under the chastening influences of the Study, we hope that they will more and more realize that their function is not to legislate for literature, but to observe and register its facts. In the mean time, they are, on the whole, producing an average of better criticism than we have had in the past.

VII.

In fine, we say in all seriousness, that in this new country, drunk with prosperity and besotted as it is with material ideals, the literary standard is as high as ever it was in the world; and that the literary performance is of an excellence which is only not conspicuous because it is so general. If any one doubts it, let him compare an average piece of fiction in the *Atlantic Monthly*, or the *Century*, or *Scribner's*, or *Harper's* with an average piece of fiction in *Blackwood's*, or *Fraser's*, or *Tinsley's* of fifty years ago; or an average essay in one of our periodicals with an average essay of the best English time; or an average poem of our day with an average poem of the "splendid and unsurpassed literature of the past"; or an average review in the Sunday papers with the "really capable criticism" of the heyday of English reviewing.

It is easy to cry down the present in favor of the past; but we think Mr. Phelps, if he had "mellowed and tempered" his "message to humanity" by somewhat larger reflection, would not have been quite so ready to pronounce this an age of words in any ill sense. We have ourselves the belief that it is the age of words because it is also the age of thoughts, and that the ages of great silences were epochs in which men's tongues were still because their lives were dull and their heads were empty, and they mostly did not know how to read and write.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of January.—The official declaration of the vote cast for Governor of each of the following States at the November (1889) elections was: Iowa, Boies (Democrat), 180,111; Massachusetts, Brackett (Republican), 127,357; Mississippi, Stone (Democrat), 84,929; New Jersey, Abbett (Democrat), 138,245; Ohio, Campbell (Democrat), 379,423; Virginia, McKinney (Democrat), 162,654.

The Senate, December 18, 1889, confirmed the nomination of David J. Brewer as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The Legislature of Montana elected (January 1st and 2d) Wilbur F. Sanders and T. C. Power as United States Senators.

Carlos I. was proclaimed King of Portugal at Lisbon December 28th.

Lord Salisbury presented an ultimatum to Portugal January 11th, demanding the withdrawal of all the Portuguese forces and officials of every kind from the African provinces in dispute, saying that a failure on the part of Portugal to answer within the next twenty-four hours would result in the withdrawal of the English legation. Portugal on the following day yielded to the demands, under protest, reserving all rights of the Portuguese Crown in those territories. The Portuguese Cabinet resigned January 13th.

The French Chamber of Deputies, December 17th, refused the proposition of an amnesty to Boulanger, by a vote of 338 to 61.

The provisional Brazilian government issued a decree, December 21st, banishing the ex-Emperor Dom Pedro, together with the royal family. The grant previously offered to the Emperor and his civil allowance were cancelled.

The Spanish ministry resigned January 8d. Señor Sagasta, finding it impossible to constitute a new cabinet, resigned January 7th.

DISASTERS.

December 13, 1889.—Explosion in Belmez mines, Spain. Ten men killed.

December 18*th*.—Advices received of the wreck of the bark *Tenby Castle* at Holyhead. Eleven persons drowned.

December 20*th*.—Collision of British steamers *Cleddy* and *Isle of Cyprus* off the Isle of Wight. Thirteen persons drowned.

December 22*d*.—Sixteen lives lost by a cave-in in the Lane Mine at Angel's Camp, California.

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January 1, 1890.—Twenty-six boys suffocated by a fire in a charity school in the Forest Gate district, London.

January 9*th*.—Sixteen men drowned by the rising of the water in a bridge caisson at Louisville, Kentucky.

OBITUARY.

December 12, 1889.—In Venice, Robert Browning, poet, in his seventy-seventh year.—In Far Rockaway, New York, Edward N. Dickerson, lawyer, in his sixty-fifth year.

December 14*th*.—In Vienna, Cardinal Celestin Ganglbauer, Archbishop of Vienna, aged seventy-two years.

December 15*th*.—In New York, Robert B. Minturn, merchant, aged fifty-four years.

December 18*th*.—In Berlin, Wilhelm von Giesebrecht, historian, aged seventy-five years.

December 23*d*.—In Atlanta, Georgia, Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, aged thirty-eight years.

December 28*th*.—In Oporto, Spain, Therese-Christine-Marie, ex-Empress of Brazil, aged sixty-seven years.—In London, Charles Mackay, LL.D., author, aged seventy-seven years.—In New York, Robert Carter, publisher, aged eighty-two years.

January 1, 1890.—In Albany, New York, Henry R. Pierson, Ph.D., Chancellor of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, aged seventy years.—In Paris, Commander William Starr Dana, United States Navy, aged forty-six years.

January 2*d*.—In Philadelphia, George Henry Boker, author, aged sixty-six years.—In Madrid, Julian Gayarré, tenor, aged about forty years.

January 3*d*.—In Jena, Professor Karl August Hase, of the University of Jena, aged eighty-nine years.

January 4*th*.—In Berlin, Professor Wilhelm Conrad Hermann Mueller, philologist, aged seventy-eight years.—In Prague, Prince Charles William Phillip, head of the house of Auersperg, aged seventy-five years.

January 5*th*.—In Hamilton, New York, Ebenezer Dodge, D.D., Ph.D., aged seventy years.

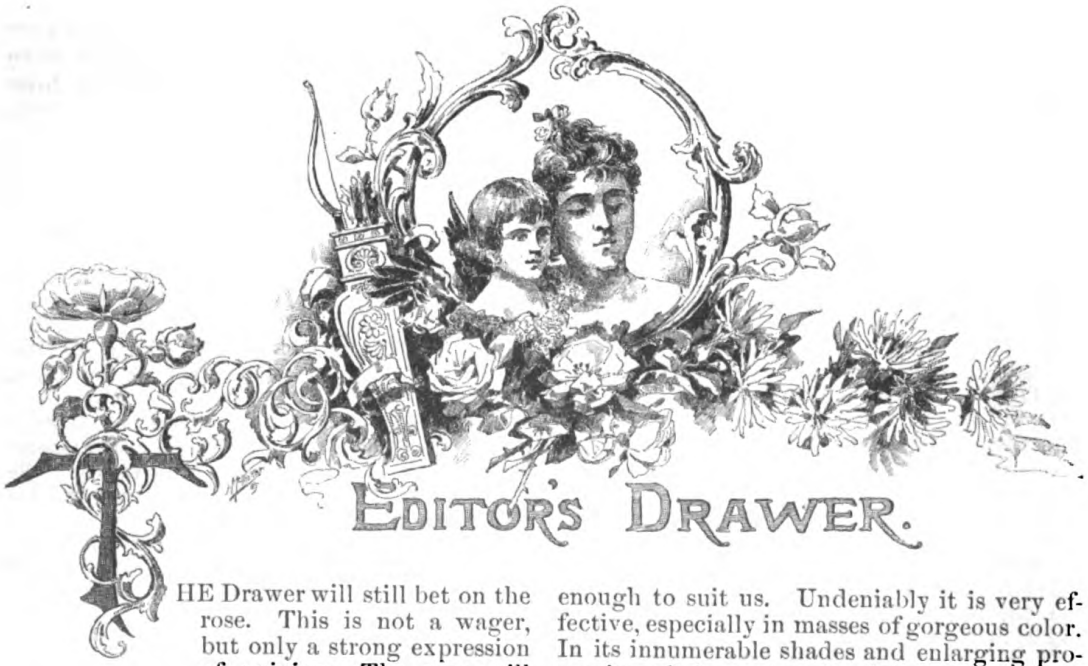
January 7*th*.—In Berlin, Augusta, Empress Dowager of Germany, aged seventy-eight years.

January 8*th*.—In London, Westland Marston, poet and dramatist, aged seventy years.—In Washington, D. C., Rear-Admiral William Radford, United States Navy, aged eighty-one years.

January 9*th*.—In Washington, D. C., William Darrah Kelley, Congressman, aged seventy-five years.—In Madrid, Giorgio Ronconi, barytone, aged eighty years.

January 10*th*.—In Wurtzburg, Dr. Anton von Troeltsch, M.D., aged sixty years.—In Munich, John Joseph Ignatius Doellinger, theologian and historian, aged ninety years.—In New York, Amzi S. Dodd, pioneer baggage expressman, aged fifty-seven years.

January 11*th*.—In Lockport, New York, James Franklin Fitt, author, aged fifty years.



THE Drawer will still bet on the rose. This is not a wager, but only a strong expression of opinion. The rose will win. It does not look so now. To all appearances, this is the age of the chrysanthemum. What this gaudy flower will be, daily expanding and varying to suit the whim of fashion, no one can tell. It may be made to bloom like the cabbage; it may spread out like an umbrella—it can never be large enough nor showy enough to suit us. Undeniably it is very effective, especially in masses of gorgeous color. In its innumerable shades and enlarging proportions, it is a triumph of the gardener. It is a rival to the aniline dyes and to the marabout feathers. It goes along with all the conceits and fantastic unrest of the decorative art. Indeed, but for the discovery of the capacities of the chrysanthemum, modern life would have experienced a fatal hitch in its development. It helps out our age of plush with a flame of color. There is nothing shamefaced

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or retiring about it, and it already takes all provinces for its own. One would be only half married—civilly, and not fashionably—without a chrysanthemum wedding; and it lights the way to the tomb. The maiden wears a bunch of it in her corsage in token of her blooming expectations, and the young man flaunts it on his coat lapel in an effort to be at once effective and in the mode. Young love that used to express its timid desire with the violet, or, in its ardor, with the carnation, now seeks to bring its emotions to light by the help of the chrysanthemum. And it can express every shade of feeling, from the rich yellow of prosperous wooing to the brick-colored weariness of life that is hardly distinguishable from the liver complaint. It is a little stringy for a *boutonnière*, but it fills the modern-trained eye as no other flower can fill it. We used to say that a girl was as sweet as a rose; we have forgotten that language. We used to call those tender additions to society, on the eve of their advent into that world which is always so eager to receive fresh young life, "rose-buds": we say now simply "buds," but we mean chrysanthemum buds. They are as beautiful as ever; they excite the same exquisite interest; perhaps in their maiden hearts they are one or another variety of that flower which bears such a sweet perfume in all literature; but can it make no difference in character whether a young girl comes out into the garish world as a rose or as a chrysanthemum? Is her life set to the note of display, of color and show, with little sweetness, or to that retiring modesty which needs a little encouragement before it fully reveals its beauty and its perfume? If one were to pass his life in moving in a palace car from one plush hotel to another, a bunch of chrysanthemums in his hand would seem to be a good symbol of his life. There are aged people who can remember that they used to choose various roses, as to their color, odor, and degree of unfolding, to express the delicate shades of advancing passion and of devotion. What can one do with this new favorite? Is not a bunch of chrysanthemums a sort of take-it-or-leave-it declaration, boldly and showily made, an offer without discrimination, a tender without romance? A young man will catch the whole family with this flaming message, but where is that sentiment that once set the maiden heart in a flutter? Will she press a chrysanthemum, and keep it till the faint perfume reminds her of the sweetest moment of her life?

Are we exaggerating this astonishing rise, development, and spread of the chrysanthemum? As a fashion it is not so extraordinary as the hoop-skirt, or as the neck ruff, which is again rising as a background to the lovely head. But the remarkable thing about it is that heretofore in all nations and times, and in all changes of fashion in dress, the rose has held its own as the queen of flowers and as the finest expression of sentiment. But here comes a flaunting thing with no desirable perfume, looking as if it were cut with scissors out of tissue-paper, but capable of taking infinite varieties of color, and growing as big as a curtain tassel, that literally captures the world, and spreads all over the globe, like the Canada thistle. The florists have no eye for anything else, and the biggest floral prizes are awarded for the production of its eccentricities. Is the rage for this flower typical of this fast and flaring age?

The Drawer is not an enemy to the chrysanthemum, nor to the sunflower, nor to any other gorgeous production of nature. But it has an old-fashioned love for the modest and unobtrusive virtues, and an abiding faith that they will win over the strained and strident displays of life. There is the violet: all efforts of cultivation fail to make it as big as the peony, and it would be no more dear to the heart if it were quadrupled in size. We do, indeed, know that satisfying beauty and refinement are apt to escape us when we strive too much and force nature into extraordinary display, and we know how difficult it is to get mere bigness and show without vulgarity. Cultivation has its limits. After we have produced it, we find that the biggest rose even is not the most precious; and lovely as woman is, we instinctively in our admiration put a limit to her size. There being, then, certain laws that ultimately fetch us all up standing, so to speak, it does seem probable that the chrysanthemum rage will end in a gorgeous sunset of its splendor—that fashion will tire of it, and that the rose, with its secret heart of love; the rose, with its exquisite form; the rose, with its capacity of shyly and reluctantly unfolding its beauty; the rose, with that odor of the first garden exhaled and yet kept down through all the ages of sin—will become again the fashion, and be more passionately admired for its temporary banishment. Perhaps the poet will then come back again and sing. What poet could now sing of the "awful chrysanthemum of dawn"?

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC.

WHO devotes to the margins and binding
Of a book every hour and minute,
Has a very small chance of e'er finding
Aught of good that is printed within it.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

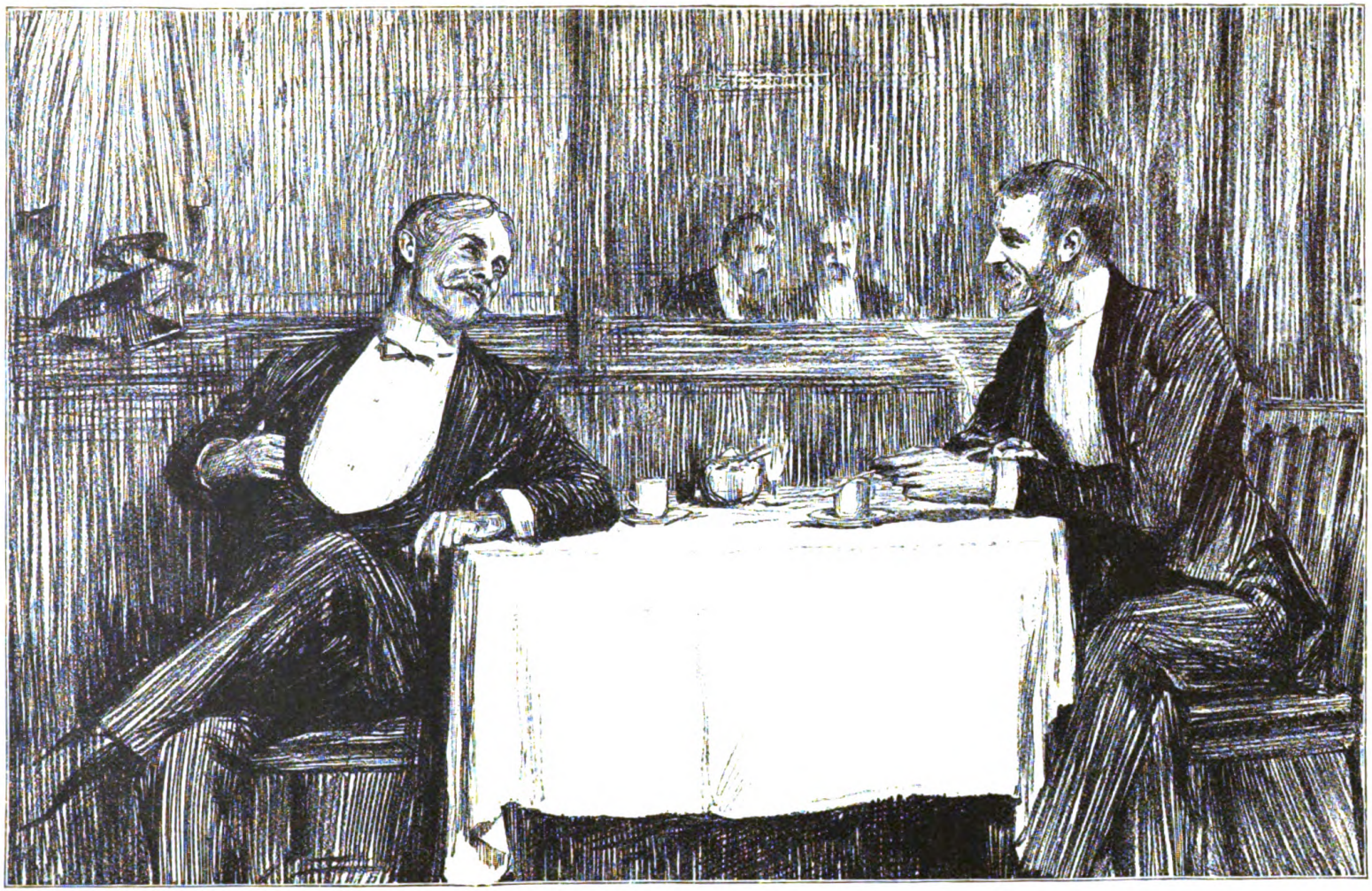
NO IMPROVEMENT.

AN old lady who witnessed a production of *The Merchant of Venice* many years ago went again recently to see the story of Shylock enacted upon the stage. Upon her return home she was asked how she liked it. "Waal," said she, "Venice seemed to have been spruced up some since the first time I saw it, but Shylock's just the same mean, ordinary thing he was forty year ago."

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AFTER THE COFFEE.—Drawn by Albert E. Sterner.

Bronson. "I overheard Count Impecune proposing to Alice last night. He said, 'Mees Hendterson, I hear you haf a big heart. Ees eet larch and chenerous enough to accomodate one so unworthy as myself?'"

Withers. "And what did Alice say?"

Bronson. "She asked him how much he wanted."

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A CURIOUS EPISODE OF THE WAR.

A VETERAN of the —— Connecticut Regiment of Volunteers keeps at home a handsome uniform of a Confederate officer which was never worn but by himself, and to which he owes some months or years of liberty, if not life itself.

He was a tailor before the civil war, and when he was captured on a Southern battle-field this fact reached the ears of the commander of the prisoners' barracks.

"Egad! I'll have the Yankee goose-pusher make me a new suit," said the officer, gazing at his dingy uniform.

The finest gray cloth, gold-lace, and bright buttons were brought to the tailor prisoner, who worked cheerfully away at the welcome employment. On the evening the suit was to be delivered, however, a bright idea occurred to him, and soon what was to all appearances a spruce Confederate officer walked past the guards, and was seen no more in that part of Dixie. History kindly draws the veil over the expletives vented on the "nutmeg Yankee" for not only gaining his liberty—he earned that—but for taking that precious suit, which cost so many hundred dollars of good Confederate money!

WAS FAMILIAR WITH HIM.

ONE of the best "old Regular Army" stories used to be told by Lieutenant George Derby, of the long-forgotten "Topographical Engineers." He was one of America's humorists, and died of insanity during the first year of the rebellion, I think.

Before our civil war the army had no cavalry—so called; all mounted troops were "dragoons," with the exception of one regiment, "The Rifles."

Then, as now, the uniform of the "dragoons" was a gorgeous yellow. The fatigue dress, of course, as all know who are familiar with army matters, is the ordinary every-day suit without ornament—plain blue trousers, blouse, and forage-cap.

In one of the companies of the old dragoons stationed in Florida nearly half a century ago there was an Irishman, a private soldier, a religious devotee, who spent nearly all the time he was off duty in zealous contemplation. His favorite place for meditation was under the shade of some large gum or live-oak in the forest, far away from the noise and profanity of the barracks. There, undisturbed by anything worldly, he gave himself up to his beads and his books with all the earnestness of a hermit.

One morning, while engaged in his usual devotions, a "yellow-jacket"—which persistent insect, as every one knows, is gorgeously striped and banded in the dragoon's favorite color when in full dress—came buzzing around the head of the soldier. He had never seen one before, and presently it stung him severely over the eye. Upon this the alarmed fellow rushed precipitately to his quarters howling with pain.

The next day, at the same hour, found him at his favorite spot, where, before he had been reading many minutes, a "tumble-bug"—that common plain brown and harmless beetle—put in an appearance, and commenced his loud humming around the soldier's head. He looked up suddenly, and closing his book as he saw the insect, hurried away from the place, remarking, as he started to run, while shaking his fist at the innocent cause of his fright, "*Be jabers, yees naden't think I don't know yees in yees fatagues!*"

A CANNIBAL BISHOP.

EVERY one knows the story of the Frenchman who, while sitting with his face close to the open window of an English railway car, heard a sudden shout of, "Look out!" and popping out his head accordingly, received a tremendous bump on the forehead from the projecting pole of a scaffolding which the train was just passing; whereupon monsieur exclaimed, indignantly: "Inglisman big fool! He say 'look out!' when he mean 'look in!'"

A similar misconception occurred during the siege of Sebastopol, when an English Guardsman was "brought up" for having given a severe thrashing to a French grenadier, the Englishman's only explanation being that "he *would* 'ave it, and so I just 'ad to give it him." It appeared on inquiry that the Guardsman had accosted the other in what *he* supposed to be French, and that the puzzled Frenchman had exclaimed in bewilderment, "Comment?" (How?) which John Bull mistook for "Come on." "Come on yourself, then," he roared, "if you *will* 'ave it!" and forthwith the fisticuffs began in earnest.

But more startling than all was the mistake made by a Queen of Denmark during her visit to the Danish colony of Iceland, where the good old bishop exerted himself to the utmost to show her everything that was worth seeing. The Queen paid many compliments to her host, and having learned that he was a family man, graciously inquired how many children he had.

Now it happened that the Danish word for "children" was almost identical in sound with the Icelandic word for "sheep"; so the worthy bishop—whose knowledge of Danish was not so complete as it might have been—understood her Majesty to ask how many *sheep* he owned, and promptly answered, "Two hundred."

"Two hundred children!" cried the Queen, astounded. "How can you possibly maintain such a number?"

"Easily enough, please your Majesty," replied the hyperborean prelate, with a cheerful smile. "In the summer I turn them out upon the hills to graze, and when winter comes I kill and eat them!" DAVID KER.

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PIERROT'S VALENTINE.

BY MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

His loving heart had never learned
The hopelessness of high ambition;
He thought, poor Pierrot, love could win
A way to loftiest position.

Nor first nor last of lovers he
To promise that beyond his art,
Vowing the unattainable
To win his chosen lady's heart.

"Dear Columbine," he smiling wrote,
"My valor soars this world above.
I will do that ne'er done before
That I may win my sweetheart's love.

"Above the high cathedral spires
Hangs the big moon: it shall be thine.
I'll climb and fetch it down to you
If you will be my valentine."

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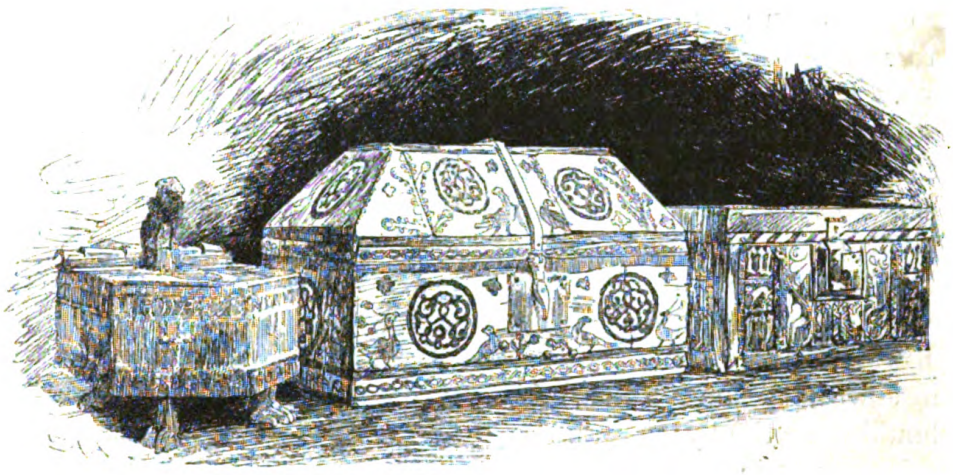


SHYLOCK. "And for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much monies?"
—*Act I., Scene III.*

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"A RIB of Shakespeare would have made a Milton; the same portions of Milton, all poets born ever since." So says Landor, in an odd hyperbole. The Miltonic rib which supplied material for Victor Hugo, Shelley, Scott, Wordsworth, and Keats must have been of antediluvian proportions, nor will foreign countries readily subordinate their poets thus to Shakespeare. The purpose of the following essays on the comedies of that poet is indeed modest; they are only settings for the designs in Mr. Abbey's much more daring effort, the illustration of the comedies by pictures. To try to illustrate Shakespeare is like trying to act his plays; it is impossible but that the observer, with his own Shakespearian ideals (more or less distinct) on his brain, should often be disappointed. The actor's or the painter's Falstaff or Shylock may not be his, and perhaps the spectator is but least likely to be satisfied when his own ideal is very vague and blurred. The illustration of books has usually been most successful when the drawings, as in Dickens's and Thackeray's novels, accompanied the first editions. We all read about Mr. Pickwick with H. K. Browne's Mr. Pickwick before our eyes. Colonel Newcome was introduced to us at once by the pen of Thackeray and the pencil of Doyle. No Shakespearian play, as a rule, came before us first with pictures in

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it, though the middle-aged may have derived impressions from the art of Kenny Meadows and of Gilbert. Then the modern artist who draws pictures for the comedies has our own imaginations for his rival, and these are hard to beat. One advantage the modern artist can secure by industry and research, namely, accuracy of costume. But that was exactly the point to which Shakespeare was indifferent, and I presume that almost all his persons, mediæval or contemporary, or even antique sometimes, appeared before him in the Elizabethan dress. Hamlet and Laertes, historically speaking, should fight with the short swords, I fancy, and the axe, and should wear the byrnies, and carry bucklers. But in Shakespeare they use rapiers, and are not unacquainted with the passado, and the punto reverso. His modern illustrators must be more scientific than Shakespeare, and set before us his persons in their habit as they lived, and among the scenes with which they were familiar. Meanwhile the task of the essayist is to trace the sources of the play, to examine the materials which Shakespeare used, to consider how far, if at all, he adhered to local accuracy, and, generally, to venture shyly his humble criticisms on "the supreme head of song." Even in Ben Jonson's day it is certain that Shakespeare was already worshipped *beyond* "this side of idolatry." The general idolatry, a respectful attitude in itself, must not blind us to Shakespeare's defects. These he had, as the French continually remind us; he wrote many and many a passage which, with Ben Jonson, we could wish that he had blotted. To the Bible, and to Shakespeare, it is difficult for English-speaking men to come, without an amount of ancient familiarity and ingrained reverence that somewhat blunt the edge of our appreciation. Could any one of us now read them for the first time, with what other eyes would he read, with what an increase of delight, but also with what a perplexed surprise! We cannot recover that maidenhood of our minds, and, in turning Shakespeare's page afresh, can, at most, do our best not to fall into conventional raptures, nor to be the victims of a patriotic *engouement*. Shakespeare is so great, and in his own life was so indifferent to men's estimate of his works, that we need not think ourselves irreverent for speaking our minds with freedom. We need not make ourselves provincial over Shakespeare, nor treat him, for example, as certain Australian critics treat Mr. Henry Kendall, the first antipodean poet. It cannot be necessary to praise Shakespeare, as some have praised Homer, "too much like barbarians." With so much of preface as to the humble scope of essays which pretend to no learning, we may begin the study of the *Merchant of Venice*.

The *Merchant of Venice* is a comedy which carries a kind of magic in its very name. The mere title must have disposed men in Shakespeare's time to expectant admiration, and so it still disposes us. If there be a place on this earth shining, to the untravelled fancy, like the delicate sea-green straits of sky, between cloudy forts and palaces of gold and purple and amber, which the sunset builds, it is Venice. Every man, perhaps, has a City of the Soul of his own, some town of which his spirit is a native, and where he finds or would find himself peculiarly at home. One discovers his true nativity in Athens, another

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EXEUNT SALARINO AND SALANIO.—*Act I., Scene I.*

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among the cloisters of Oxford, a third in the immemorial antiquity of Rome, but they who have not seen her, and many who have seen her, are still persuaded that Venice is the city of their dreams. In Shakespeare's age she was fascinating for many reasons: she was the home of orderly freedom; her constitution was the admiration of politicians; she was a bulwark of the West and of the Faith against the Turk; the Athens of the late Middle Ages, with Lepanto for her Salamis. In her the romance of adventure and the romance of wealth were at one; her Marco Polo was a traveller more marvellous than even Genoa's Columbus; her palaces, watching themselves in her still waterways, were a wonder of the world; she was the child of Faith and Freedom, the Bride of the Adriatic. To "swim in a gondola" was the ambition of the wandering fancy, and St. Mark's, with the golden splendor of the storied walls, was a kind of Mecca of the West.

Then in mixing the name of his comedy with the name of Venice, Shakespeare furnished the play with a charm beyond its own, and half won the hearts of his hearers before the curtain rose. Thanks in part to the scene he has chosen, this drama possesses a magic rare even in the comedies of him whose *Midsummer-Night's Dream* was dreamed in Athens, and whose Rosalind roams in the forest of Arden. Remembering all this, it seems curious to us moderns that in the *Merchant of Venice* there is not a touch to show that Shakespeare had ever visited the town, not a touch of what we now call "local color." Jessica and Lorenzo are said to have been seen "in a gondola." The Rialto, and the "tranect, the common ferry which trades to Venice," are mentioned; but commentators scuffle over the question, "what was the tranect?" whether it was the *traghetto*, or ferry, or not. And that is all. Some commentators draw a different conclusion: they think that Shakespeare could not mention a gondola and the Rialto, and old Gobbo's present of "a pair of doves," without having seen Venice. As well might one say that an author has visited Stamboul because he writes of harems and chibouques and odalisques. We cannot prove that Shakespeare was never in North Italy, but it is clear that he might have written *The Merchant of Venice* without seeing the city of St. Mark. Here we touch a point in which the mind of Shakespeare and of his age differs absolutely from ours. If a modern author were writing a play about Venice, it would be full of "local color"; allusions to the Doge's Palace, to history, to the Cathedral of St. Mark, to his Lion, to the Grand Canal, and the Lido, and the Bridge of Sighs, would be common in every scene. Compare Byron's *Marino Faliero*, or Mr. Swinburne's. But these are nothing to Shakespeare, whose interest is in men and women, and who from Venice borrows only the magic of the name and the associations, and the splendor of the summer moonlight.

"This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

For his scenes he is content with "a street," "a court of justice," "a room in Shylock's house":—they show you the house at Venice, as in duty bound, and as they show Juliet's, a shabby place, at Verona. But we may be pretty certain that Shakespeare never "made a note of it," nor, I think, is there a line in the play to prove that he ever was in Italy. About the

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PORTIA. "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world."
—*Act I., Scene II.*

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date of the events, as conceived of by him, it is only certain that it falls between his own time and the discovery of Mexico, to which Antonio traded. Here, as everywhere, he is the least pedantic of poets, no more concerned with local color and local costume than Titian was about the garments worn and the implements used in Palestine by the apostles. Mr. Abbey has diligently sought out, in his designs, the kind of costume worn by Venetians of that age, and the red cap that marked the Jew. But it was all one to Shakespeare.

The same lordly indifference declares itself in the plot and action and sentiments of the comedy. Shakespeare probably worked on a much older canvas, a piece called *The Jew*, representing "the greediness of worldly chusers and bloody minds of usurers," as Gosson writes in the *School of Abuse* (1579), published many years before Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. *The Jew* is lost—*vile damnum*, probably—but if we had it we might better understand certain compromises which must have been forced on Shakespeare. He was not working on fresh material, but on topics already familiar. He only gave charm, poetry, romance, to an elder drama, and had to put up with certain traditional conditions. This makes it even more difficult than usual to discover what was his own opinion as to the moral and artistic problems of the play. The plot combines at least two very old stories, stories of the ancient traditional sort, and the necessities of the stage compelled certain changes in these to be made. Why, for example, is Antonio so devoted to Bassanio?

The original story ranges better, I think, with Mr. Abbey's drawings of Antonio than the play does itself. Mr. Abbey's Antonio has a Venetian type of face, it is true, studied from an authentic portrait. But the face, to my mind, is of an older and a less melancholy man than Shakespeare's Antonio. Now, in the story (published in *Il Pecorone*, 1558) the person who takes Antonio's rôle *is* an elderly man, the godfather and guardian of Bassanio. For a favorite godchild and ward, a man of this Antonio's age will do more than most merchants will do for a friend; indeed, sentimental friendships were rare "on the Rialto." In the old story Bassanio loses two of his godfather's argosies on bets to the lady of Belmont, who will marry any man that can keep awake on his bridal night, but who takes his wealth if he slumbers untimely. The idea is an old one, and is found in some Scotch ballads. The third time Bassanio avoids the sleeping draught which drowsed him twice before, and wins the lady, but he tarries at Belmont so long that Antonio (I use the names as in the play) loses the wager of the pound of flesh to the Jew. Bassanio hurries home, the lady of Belmont plays the lawyer's part, the incident of the ring follows, and all ends well. To avoid the dramatically impossible points of this legend, the author of the old play, *The Jew*, must have introduced the other most ancient story of the three caskets and the "worldly chusers"—an expedient followed by Shakespeare. But, as the plot is now constructed, we rather lack a motive for Antonio's devotion to Bassanio. Nor have we, as the play stands, a motive for Antonio's melancholy. "In sooth, I know not why I am so sad," he says. Was there a motive, which Shakespeare rejected, in *The Jew?* He is always gloomy. When he ex-

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PORTIA. "Away then: I am lock'd in one of them; if you do love me, you will find me out."—*Act III., Scene II.*

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pects death at Shylock's hands, he says:

"I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground."

Again:

"For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom."

Again, at the close, in the humorous feud about the rings:

"I am the *unhappy* subject of these quarrels."

Indeed, Antonio is as melancholy as Master Stephen, and thus his devotion loses a little of its merit. He is contradictory enough, too, in his courtesy to all others and his discourtesy to Shylock, which went beyond even mediæval churlishness where Jews were concerned. Perhaps we are to suppose that the villany of the Jew in expecting interest for money lent had exasperated Antonio, just as the Jew hated Antonio for lending money out of "Christian courtesy," and so making money cheap. But the practical behavior of William Shakespeare in regard to his debtors appears to demonstrate that he himself did not believe money to be "a breed of barren metal" according to the Aristotelian theory. Never does Shakespeare satisfy our personal curiosities.

"Others abide our questions, thou art free."

Were his sympathies with the Hebrew? Was Shylock a tragic character? Certainly he belongs to low comedy in his alternate clamors for his ducats and his daughter. Yet in the noble scene,

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,"

Mr. Abbey has justly given the Jew the *beau rôle*, and he towers above the Europeans with the port of a prophet, or of a free Bedouin. Again, Shakespeare will lower, on occasion, Shylock to the level of Fagin, the "merry old gentleman" of Dickens, who may have had in his mind,

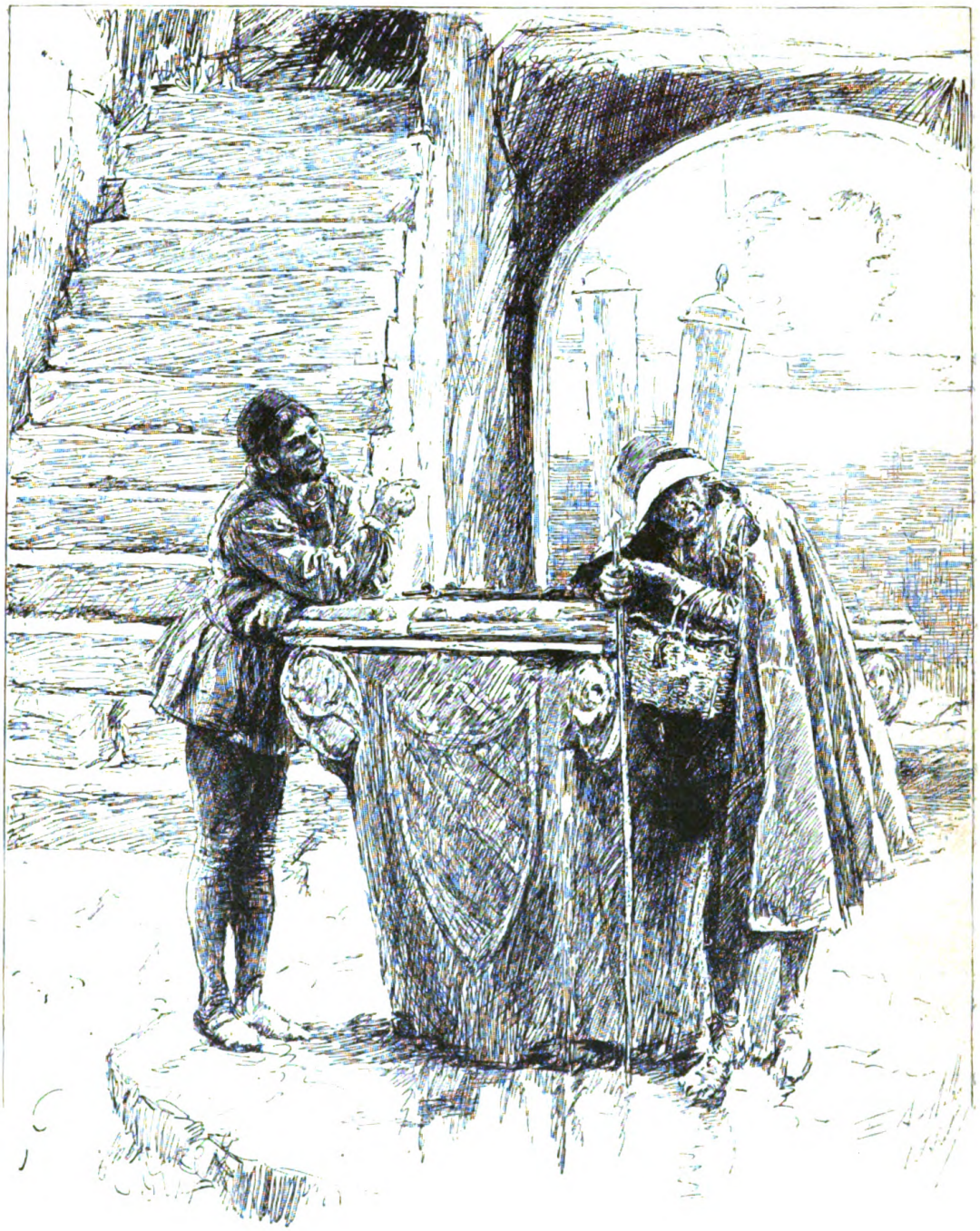
"in a *merry* sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,"

and,

——"meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for *this merry bond*."

Does the poet pity Shylock when the airy castle of his revenge topples about his ears? He has not, of course, a word of reproof for Jessica, whose conduct can hardly be styled honest or amiable when she "gilds herself with some more ducats." Here spoiling the Jew seems as good sport as of old to the Jews seemed spoiling the Egyptians. Jessica and Lorenzo, far from being treated as culprits, have all the sympathy and liking that the stage always gives to love and youth. It is they who walk immortal, like Elysian souls of reunited lovers, in the unsetting moonlight on that terrace in Belmont. It is they who speak the most magical words that ever were written by a man's pen; they who dwell in the paradise of lovers with Thisbe and Dido and Medea. Shakespeare has lent himself wholly to the tide on which float love and youth; he is not thinking of morals and of a wronged and robbed old Hebrew parent; he is given over to the triumph of young blood, and beauty, and poetry. Lorenzo and Jessica are no longer themselves in Belmont, but stand transfigured; they are types of charmed desire, the delight of living, the delight of the eye, the earthly beatific vision. So vain it is, in this play, to ask Shakespeare for a moral; you might as well ask the sun for a theory of color, or the moon for a lecture on spectrum analysis. Shakespeare's genius glows impartially on

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LAUNCELOT. "Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning."
—*Act II., Scene II.*

all things and every one; the "new sun" of human life was he in his day and since his day, as Homer was called "the new sun of the life of Hellas."

The plot of the *Merchant of Venice*, as has been said, is not of Shakespeare's best, for he had to do with unmanageable materials. The joy of an Elizabethan audience, however, must have been great when the Jew, after all his fury of words, and in the very consummation of his hatred, was balked, disgraced, ruined. The people did not love a Jew, and though Jews

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were nominally forbidden to enter England, it is probable that there were plenty of specimens of the tribe in the city. A daring philosopher has even hinted that Queen Elizabeth's Cecil was of Jewish descent, that Robert Cecil is Robert de Sicile, Robert of Sicily, the Hebrew. However this may be, the play has an Aristotelian tying and undoing of the knot of the plot, and every lover wins his lady. As to the characters, it has already been remarked that Antonio is not quite intelligible; he has hardly arrived *sub luminis oras*—within the region of light where most of Shakespeare's people dwell. Jessica and Lorenzo are but gay, light-hearted, lucky lovers, whose joy blossoms into poetry.

Perhaps it must be admitted, if we are to be honest, that Shakespeare has often been happier in his low comedy than in the scene between Launcelot and Gobbo. For myself, I find the dialogue little more diverting than the feats of the humorous Irishman or luckless naturalist who is commonly introduced to lighten the monotony of peril in boys' books of adventures. M. Jules Lemaître has reproached Shakespeare for his love of Malapropisms. Those of Dogberry and many of his other low comedy parts are hig ly diverting buffoonery. But about Launcelot one feels much as Louis XV. felt: "Je n'aime pas les bouffons qui ne me font rire." Launcelot's "nice derangements of epitaphs" by no means always make one laugh, and the "merry devil," as Jessica styles him, is occasionally rather a sorry jester.

Gobbo is a picturesque natural figure as Mr. Abbey has drawn him, but not much diversion is to be wrung from his high-gravel blindness. Perhaps Launcelot is most entertaining with the "simple 'scapes" written in his palm, and the "eleven widows and nine maids, a simple coming in for one man." No doubt more laughter could have been extracted from Launcelot if a detachment of the widows and maids could have been introduced on the scene: if Launcelot, in short, had been in love. But the stage was already crowded enough with loving couples, and Launcelot could not be afforded "an ill-favored thing but his own." Salanio and Salarino are but "walking gentlemen," and Gratiano can make nobody forget Mercutio, though he "speaks an infinite deal of nothing."

Turning to the women, the *Merchant of Venice* is found excellent even among Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Hazlitt, in a breezy manner, says that "Portia is not a very great favorite with us; neither are we in love with her maid, Nerissa." One cannot be in love with everybody, and Mr. Hazlitt's heart was already engaged in an ancillary affection. In Portia he discerns "a certain degree of affectation and pedantry," which is perhaps the quality that induces another commentator to call her the most "intellectual" of Shakespeare's women. The lady whose "little body is aweary of this great world" does not appear a pedant to one reader at least, and Portia's gibes at her wooers are but such as women use, even though they "know it is a sin to be a mocker." If Portia objects to the Englishman's insular ignorance of languages, that is not from pedantry, but because she could not converse with him. Moreover, Portia is very frankly in love with the Venetian of her choice, and of so noble a character is she that she does not detest his

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GRATIANO. "My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours."—*Act III., Scene II.*

friend Antonio. Nay, she speeds Bassanio about Antonio's business in the first hour of their acknowledged love; she wins Antonio's suit; she saves his life; and she does it all with a gallant and girlish grace worthy of the unmatched Rosalind herself. A pedantic lady would not have devised her mischievous trick with the rings. Portia is eloquent, merry, beautiful, rich, mischievous, kind, and noble.

Mr. Abbey has drawn Portia with an "intellectual" face, to be sure, but with a face that is beautiful enough, and unfit for the spectacles of our learned ladies. There is a something in the counterfeit presentment that reminds one of George Sand in her early portraits. But Portia had humor, and George Sand, as she was well aware, had none. In fact Portia is so fascinating that perhaps we can hardly be just to Bassanio. What had he done to deserve this paragon? As to Nerissa, we may be in love both with her and with her pretty modest figure in the drawings. She

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is not the most vivacious of Shakespeare's ladies in waiting, but she is among the most agreeable, this "kind of boy, this little scrubbed boy." Was it because boys acted ladies' parts that so many of Shakespeare's women travesty themselves in doublet and hose? In this one play all three women masquerade in boyish attire. Jessica herself, in her incongruous poetry, says the right thing about Portia:

"Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

So we may run through the *dramatis personæ*, liking or disliking, ap-



BASSANIO. "A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave." [*Kissing her.*]
—*Act III., Scene II.*

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JESSICA. "Nay, but ask my opinion too of that."—*Act III., Scene V.*

proving or cavilling; but is it not true that they are living people, and yet people who only live in dreams? Can we ever hope to see them on the stage as we see them in our fancy? Old Gobbo, the dusky Prince of Morocco, the walking gentlemen—it is easy to "make up" like them, and to bring *them* before us on the stage. But the witchery of Jessica, the romance and the recklessness; the dignity, the sweetness, and, in turn, the mischief of Portia—what women are to represent them? And what man is to make us behold Shylock, his indignation, his ferocity, his comedy, his touch of pathos, his Hebraic gravity, his mercantile greed?

Dr. Johnson maintained that many of Shakespeare's plays are the worse

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for being acted. I am inclined to go further than the doctor, and to maintain that they are *all* better when rehearsed only on the private stage and within the tabernacle of the reader's mind. I am glad to say that I never saw the *Merchant of Venice* acted, and that on my delight of it nothing that is of the stage stagy can intrude. I do not see Shylock with a familiar nose and accustomed legs, and with maddening mannerisms of pronunciation. Jessica hath no provincial skittishness, and Portia wears the face and speaks with the voice of no woman in this world. They are daughters of dreams, not bound to flesh and blood; they wear forms purely spiritual, fairer, younger, more delicately nurtured, than any ladies in or out of "the profession." They speak to us and greet us with soundless voices, like the blessed in the paradise of Plotinus, whose intercourse is all intuitive—a sympathy of souls, unstrained through any of the senses. It is thus that the fairy creatures of Shakespeare's genius play to us on the stage of the inmost fancy; his words suffice for us — more magical, more potent to raise impalpable forms and impossible beauties, than the fabled spell of Solomon.

To say all this, of course, is to be wofully out of the fashion of Shakespearian revival. It is to confess one's self hopelessly untheatrical; it may be even that one is treasonable toward Shakespeare, who certainly wrote only for the stage. But I take refuge in the authority of the orthodox Dr. Johnson, himself a dramatic author. The poetry of Shakespeare seems to me to die in the glare of the foot-lights, and in the mannerisms of stage pronunciation. Did you ever see a Juliet, a Portia, a Rosalind, on the stage that won your heart, that was the Rosalind or the Juliet of the soul?

A very pretty, clever, well-dressed lady you may see; but you can see better in the poet's pages without leaving home. Nay, I am half inclined to think that you can even see a better Venice. For the Venice we visit to-day is all unlike the city of Shakespeare's time, whether he ever saw it himself or never saw it. Beautiful it still is; but it is larger; it is very modern; it has iron-clads lying in its waters, and steam-tugs puffing in its canals. Its palaces are hotels or curiosity shops; its famous church is haunted by the most unholy *laquais de place.* Indeed, as one thinks of Venice, two things rise most clearly on the mind. First, the long sweep of salt-marsh bordering on the sea through which the railway winds to the station. I was lying half asleep (having been very ill) in the railway carriage, when, wakening, and seeing the stretch of endless marsh, and the sea-birds, I thought for a moment that I had been spirited back to Scotland and to the sea-swamps as you approach St. Andrews. And the other picture I best remember is the long, delicate outline of the snow-crowned hills to the north, beyond the sea. These are beauties unmade by man, and by time unalterable—by time which has changed the streets, harmed the glorious church, robbed the merchants of their wealth, the people of their varied dress, even the women of their noble forms and the golden hair that Bellini painted. Time takes much away, but he leaves the memory, the magic; he leaves the spell of Shakespeare resting always on the Bride of the Adriatic.

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PORTIA. "It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven."—*Act IV., Trial Scene.*

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THOMAS YOUNG, M.D., F.R.S.

BY REV. WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN.

"IT is a curious fact," says Mr. Emerson, "that a certain enormity of culture makes a man invisible to his contemporaries. From time to time in history men are born a whole age too soon. Probably the men were so great, so self-fed, that recognition of them by others was not necessary to them." Of no man who has died in this century is this remark truer than of Thomas Young, who may be styled, without exaggeration, the most learned, profound, variously accomplished scholar and man of science that has appeared in our age—perhaps in any

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age. Arago intimates that possibly eight or ten of his contemporaries might have been able rightly to value and appreciate the man and his work, and suggests that the suffrages of Fame must be weighed, not counted: the applause of a million is usually not worth as much as the praise of one competent man.

As early as 1815 Humboldt attested that "there is no field of human knowledge which Dr. Young has not cultivated with success; wherever he passed, his path is marked with discoveries." I have heard that Helmholtz has said: "The greatest discovery I ever made was that of the genius and writings of Thomas Young; I consider him the greatest man of science that has appeared in the history of this planet." Professor Tyndall, when in this country, said something to this effect: "If a horizontal line were drawn from the top of Sir Isaac Newton's genius, stretching to our own day, it would leave immeasurably below it every head that has since appeared excepting that of Thomas Young; and if it declined at all to reach his, the declination would be very slight."

Thomas Young was born at Milverton, in Somersetshire, England, on the 13th of June, 1773. He was therefore only nineteen years of age when, in 1792, he took lodgings in Westminster for the purpose of prosecuting his medical and anatomical studies. In the autumn of 1793 he entered himself as a pupil at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and devoted himself systematically to the preparatory studies of his future profession. Giving himself with enthusiasm to the study of the eye and of vision, he embodied some striking original views in a memoir which was read before the Royal Society, and published in their *Philosophical Transactions*. The merit of this paper was so great that it gained for its author the honor of membership in that illustrious body at the early age of twenty-one. He was soon after elected to be its corresponding secretary, a position which he filled with distinction for the rest of his life. Young's paper no sooner appeared than the celebrated anatomist and physiologist, John Hunter, claimed the discovery announced in it as his own, but Young was acquitted of the charge of plagiarism.

In 1794 he made the acquaintance of the Duke of Richmond, then holding a high place in the government. His Grace was so much pleased with Young that he offered to make him his private secretary. This tempting offer and the advantages which it opened were declined.

I cannot forbear to quote Arago on this incident. "Young happily had a consciousness of his own powers. He perceived in himself the germ of those brilliant discoveries which have since adorned his name; he preferred the laborious but independent career of the man of letters to the golden chains exhibited so temptingly to his eyes."

Young chose to pursue his medical studies at Edinburgh, and afterward at Göttingen. On his way to the northern capital he visited Erasmus Darwin, who said of him, "He unites the scholar with the philosopher, and the cultivation of modern arts with the simplicity of ancient manners."

While in Edinburgh he mixed largely in society, not merely amongst his fellow-students, but among the professors of the university and the principal inhabitants of a city and neighborhood proverbial for hospitality. He began the study of music, and took lessons on the flute, and thoroughly mastered the theory of the one and to some extent the practice of the other. He took private lessons in dancing, and repeatedly attended performances at the theatre. The story is told that some friends calling after one of his dancing lessons found him tracing minutely with rule and compasses the route gone through by the performers, and the improvements he thought might be made in the figures. After the close of his studies in Edinburgh he proceeded to Göttingen, where in due time he took his degree of M.D., closely applying himself the while to dancing, horsemanship, music, drawing, history, and philosophy, as well as to medicine.

The first time he mounted a horse, in company with a grandson of Mr. Barclay, the rider who preceded them leaped a high fence. Young wished to imitate him, but fell at ten paces. He remounted without saying a word, made a second attempt, was again unseated, but this time was not thrown further than on the horse's neck, to which he clung. At the third trial he succeeded in executing what another had done before him. This experiment was repeated at Edinburgh and Göttingen, and carried to an extent almost incredible. In one of these cities Young

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entered into a trial of skill with a celebrated rope-dancer; in the other (in each case the result of a challenge) he acquired the art of executing feats on horseback with remarkable agility, even in the midst of consummate *artistes*. Thus, those who are fond of drawing contrasts may on the one side represent to themselves the timid Newton never riding in a carriage, so much did the fear of being upset preoccupy him, without holding to both doors with extended arms; and on the other, his distinguished rival galloping on the backs of two horses with all the confidence of an equestrian by profession.

Many of his memoirs testify to the profound knowledge which he had happily acquired of the theory of music. He carried out also to a great extent the talent of executing it; and I believe it is certain that of all known instruments, even including the Scottish bagpipe, only one or two could be mentioned on which he could not play. During his stay in Germany his taste for painting was carefully schooled. The magnificent collection at Dresden absorbed his attention entirely; for he aspired not solely to the easy credit of connecting together without mistake the name of such or such an artist with such or such a painting; the defects and the characteristic qualities of the greatest masters, their frequent changes of manner, the material objects which they introduced into their works, the modifications which those objects and the colors underwent in the progress of time, among other points, occupied him in succession. Young, in one word, studied painting in Saxony, as he had before studied languages in his own country, and as he afterward studied the sciences. Everything he undertook was a subject of profound meditation and research.

Almost immediately on his return to England he was admitted as a Fellow Commoner of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in order to take his English degree of M.D. The statutes, which were framed in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, were rigorous and unalterable in all that regards the time and form of graduation. Thus six entire years must elapse between the admission of a student and the degree of M.B., and five more before he was allowed to attain the mature honor of the Doctorate; and the University possessed no power, unless in virtue of a special mandate of the crown, to reduce the length of these intervals. Young, therefore, was not admitted to the degree of M.B. until the year 1803, when he was thirty years of age, nor to that of M.D. until five years afterward; he had begun the practice of his profession in virtue of his German degree before the expiration of the first of these periods, but did not attain the honor of the Fellowship of the College of Physicians before the conclusion of the second. He was introduced to his college by its head, Dr. Farmer, as "a pupil capable of reading lectures to his preceptors"; and once in the college combination-room silenced the famous but pompous Dr. Samuel Parr by an apt quotation from Bentley. When Young left the room, Parr asked who he was, and said, "A smart young man that"; a phrase which an Englishman to-day would declare to involve an Americanism.

Whilst residing in Cambridge, Young prepared a memoir entitled "Outlines and Experiments respecting Sound and Light." Some of the conclusions and speculations to which these investigations lead are of great theoretical importance, not merely as tending to correct many prevalent errors and misconceptions respecting the propagation of sound, but especially as establishing the great principle of the interference of sounds, and the explanation of the phenomena of beats and of the grave harmonics which is founded upon it—a principle which speedily conducted him to the discovery of the kindred principle of optical interferences, "which has proved," says Sir John Herschel, "the key to all the more abstruse and puzzling properties of light, and which would alone have sufficed to place its author in the highest rank of scientific immortality, even were his other almost innumerable claims to such a distinction disregarded."

In a letter to *Nicholson's Philosophical Journal* for 1801, he made the first public announcement of the extension of the principle of interference from sound to light, and the consequent establishment of its propagation by undulation.

The first memoir, "On the Theory of Light and Colors," in which this discovery was developed, was read to the Royal Society on the 12th of the following November. It was succeeded by a second, entitled "An Account of some Cases of the Production of Colors," which was

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read on the 1st July, 1802; and by a third, entitled "Experiments and Calculations relative to Physical Optics," read on the 24th November, 1803. The publication of these three memoirs constitutes the first great epoch in the history of his optical discoveries. After the completion of the first of these memoirs, which had employed so much of his time, and which gave rise to so many important speculations, Young established himself in London, attending the hospital very closely, and began the practice of his profession at 48 Welbeck Street, where he remained for five-and-twenty years, spending his summers, however, at Worthing-by-the-Sea, a pleasant resort not far from Brighton, and in those days much visited by good society.

It was a fortunate circumstance for the fame of Dr. Young that he never gained much practice as a physician; and though some of the best years of his life were diverted to professional duties and occupations, he was enabled to devote many more to those literary and scientific pursuits in which few could compete with him.

The first subjects which occupied him were the essays under the signature of "The Leptologist" and the "Memoir on the Mechanism of the Eye," to which allusion has been already made. Upon this last production he put forth all his powers. The optical and anatomical investigations which it contains are of no ordinary difficulty and importance, more especially the happy adaptation of an instrument called the optometer, originally invented by Dr. Porterfield, for accurately measuring the focal distance of the eye both in a vertical and horizontal plane, which in many eyes are unequal to each other; the determination of the refractive power of a variable medium, and its application to the constitution of the crystalline lens; the indication of the nice and accurate adjustment of every part of the eye for viewing at the same time the greatest possible range of objects without confusion; the measurement of the collective dispersion of colored rays in the eye; and ingenious and multiplied experiments for ascertaining, in some cases beyond the reach of controversy, what parts of the eye are changed and what are not when passing from the view of near to distant objects, and conversely.

In the year 1800 the Royal Institution was founded, chiefly through the exertions of the well-known Sir Benjamin Thompson—Count Rumford. It was designed as a great metropolitan school of science, where lectures should be given, models of useful instruments exhibited, and collections of books on science, and of chemical and philosophical apparatus, formed on a most magnificent scale. In the following year Dr. Young was called to the chair of natural philosophy in this institution, and in conjunction with Mr., afterward Sir Humphry, Davy, filling the chair of chemistry, edited its journal. The lectures which he gave there were afterward published, and were divided into three parts, containing twenty lectures each. The first including mechanics, theoretical and practical; second, hydrostatics, hydrodynamics, acoustics, and optics; the third, astronomy, the theory of the tides, the properties of matter, cohesion, electricity, and magnetism, the theory of heat and climatology. They form altogether the most comprehensive system of natural philosophy that has ever been published in England; equally remarkable for precision and accuracy in the enunciation of the vast multitude of propositions and facts which they contain, for the boldness with which they enter upon the discussion of the most abstruse and difficult subjects, and for the addition or suggestion of new matter or new views in almost every department of philosophy.

It has been remarked that no writer on any branch of science which these lectures treat of can safely neglect them, so rich is the mine of knowledge which they contain, and it is a well-known fact that many important propositions and discoveries have been more or less clearly indicated in them which have been recognized or pointed out when other philosophers discovered them independently or announced them as their own. One striking example of such an anticipation is furnished by his statement of the radiation of heat and deposition of dew, afterward worked out and appropriated by Dr. Wells. Young likened himself, and it would seem with justice, to Cassandra, who always told the truth, but was seldom understood and never believed.

The science of physical optics is so abstruse as to forbid even an attempt in this place to present a summary of the researches and their results of Sir Isaac

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Newton, Huygens, and the other illustrious men who devoted so much time and pains to this interesting and important field of inquiry, or to state the undulatory theory of light discovered and announced by Young, and afterward independently announced by Fresnel, the French engineer, who did what Young could not—make it known to and received by the scientific men of Europe—and who so handsomely acknowledged Young's priority of discovery, while maintaining the independence and originality of his own methods and their beautiful consequences. Those who desire to pursue the subject may do so in Young's writings, and if these be not at hand or found too difficult, a lucid statement of the whole matter may be read in Dr. Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*. Let me quote this passage from Sir John Herschel: "A doctrine which we owe almost entirely to the ingenuity of Dr. Young, though some of its features may be pretty distinctly traced in the writings of Hooke (the most ingenious man perhaps of his age), and though Newton himself occasionally indulged in speculations bearing a certain relation to it. But the unpursued speculations of Newton and the *aperçus* of Hooke, however distinct, must not be put in competition, and, indeed, ought scarcely to be mentioned, with the elegant, simple, and comprehensive theory of Young—a theory which, if not founded in nature, is certainly one of the happiest fictions that the genius of man has invented to group together natural phenomena, as well as most fortunate in the unexpected support it has received from all classes of new phenomena, is, in fact, with all its applications and details, a succession of *felicities*, insomuch that we may be almost induced to say, if it be not true, it deserves to be so." There is now no sufficient ground even for the fragment of doubt which is here insinuated. The evidence upon which this theory rests, though inferior in completeness, is hardly less so in force, to that which exists for the theory of gravitation. The part played by the famous apple in the "theory of gravitation" was performed for the "undulatory theory of light" by the soap-bubbles, with their beautifully colored rings, of which all children are so enamoured.

The world is to-day justly amazed at the influence wielded at the beginning of this century by the shallowness, flippancy, and slapdash style of the *Edinburgh Review* and its group of writers, most of them now growing very obscure. Not even Jeffrey himself impressed his sharp and narrow qualities upon the *Review* so much as did the blatant ferocity and arrogant egotism of Henry Brougham, afterward Lord High Chancellor of England. Lord Campbell's *mot* about his brother Scotchman will be remembered when many other things have been forgotten, "That if he had known a little law he would have known something about everything." Dr. Young had taken occasion in one of his papers a few years earlier to speak of Brougham and one of his scientific essays in what the latter thought to be a disparaging and patronizing way, and as the fierce and turbulent young borderer had a memory "like a row of pegs" to hang grudges on, he was not slow in taking a merciless revenge. No sooner had Young's "Memoir on Light" appeared than Brougham rushed to attack him with the fierce savagery of his cattle-stealing, house-burning, marauding forebears. Of all the disgraceful papers to be found in the *Edinburgh* at this period, I suppose none deserves such odium as those furnished by Brougham on Young. It would be difficult to refer to another example where the irresponsible power of anonymous criticism has been so unscrupulously exercised, or where the effects which it produced were so long and so injuriously felt. It is safe to say that the truculent reviewer managed to keep fast for a generation most British men of science in the toils of their fond duncery that what Sir Isaac Newton had failed to do could not be accomplished by any man, thus preventing their recognition and even notice of Thomas Young; Brougham's derisive pooh-pooh and snap of the fingers consigned the reputation of one of the greatest men of science that has lived to a limbo from which it has scarcely even yet emerged. Dr. Young answered the attack of his reviewer in a vigorous, manly, and convincing manner. Only one copy of his pamphlet, however, was sold, and no private means were used to secure its circulation; it produced, therefore, no effect whatsoever in correcting the impressions which had been produced upon the public mind by Brougham's attacks. It was reserved for Arago and Fresnel to become at a much later period

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the expositors and interpreters of these memoirs, and to rescue them from the neglect which they had so long and so unjustly experienced from his own countrymen.

This tribute from Helmholtz is interesting. It is from his lectures on "The Recent Progress of the Theory of Vision." "The theory of colors, with all its marvellous and complicated relations, was a riddle which Goethe in vain attempted to solve; nor were we physicists and physiologists more successful. I include myself in the number; for I long toiled at the task without getting any nearer my object, until I at last discovered that a wonderfully simple solution had been presented at the beginning of this century, and had been in print ever since for any one to read who chose. This solution was found and published by the same Thomas Young who first showed the right method of arriving at the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. He was one of the most acute men who ever lived, but had the misfortune to be too far in advance of his contemporaries. They looked on him with astonishment, but could not follow his bold speculations, and thus a mass of his most important thoughts remained buried and forgotten in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, until a later generation by slow degrees arrived at the rediscovery of his discoveries, and came to appreciate the force of his arguments and the accuracy of his conclusions."

On the 20th of December, 1804, he read to the Royal Society a memoir on the "Cohesion of Fluids," which was published in their *Transactions* for the following year. The investigations which it contains are amongst the most original and important of the contributions which he made to physical science, but being conducted entirely without the aid of figures or symbolical reasoning, are extremely obscure. A long time consequently elapsed before their value was fully appreciated. The famous La Place seems to have appropriated some of the fruits of Young's labors in this field, at first without acknowledgment, and even when later on he gave Young credit, it was stinted and grudging.

Earnestly as he strove to win recognition in his profession, and highly as he deserved its first honors and emoluments, he never became a popular physician, for here as elsewhere he was far in advance of his age. Those were the days of "heroic treatment" in medicine, while his views and methods agreed with the best practice of to-day.

Upon the publication in 1807 of his lectures on philosophy in two quarto volumes of 750 pages each, he applied himself to the preparation of a course on medicine which should do for that science what the other had done for Nature and her laws. His medical lectures were delivered at the Middlesex Hospital, but had very small audiences, as the tax which they made upon the brains of the hearers was too great for most students. He expanded and published them in 1813 as an *Introduction to Medical Literature*, including a system of "Practical Nosology." It is a work of great labor, and bears much the same relation to the medical that his lectures bear to the mathematical and physical sciences.

The "Sketch of Animal Chemistry" which is given in the appendix of this work was translated from the Swedish of Berzelius by the aid of a grammar and a dictionary, without any previous acquaintance with the language. The illustrious chemist gratefully acknowledged the service, and expressed his admiration of the skill and correctness with which the task had been executed.

The last of his medical publications was *A Practical and Historical Essay on Consumptive Diseases*, which appeared in 1815. It is a condensed and admirably arranged abstract of everything that had been said and done with regard to consumption. It was written and published within a period of nine months from the time it was begun, and is a work of great interest and value.

Knowing that the public is apt to hold in light esteem a professional man who concerns himself with studies and pursuits apart from his special line, Dr. Young withheld his name from most of his publications, whether original or translated, in general science. He contributed numerous articles to *Nicholson's Journal*, the *Imperial* and *Quarterly Reviews*, the *Retrospect*, and other periodical publications, including his "Theory of the Tides," one of the most considerable of his scientific labors. It was this voluntary withdrawal of his name from public observation, notwithstanding the variety and importance of his researches, which left nearly undisturbed the impression pro-

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duced by the intemperate abuse of the *Edinburgh Review*.

More than fourteen years had elapsed since Dr. Young quitted Edinburgh—where he first became known in connection with Greek literature by the selections from the *Anthologia* which he made for the second volume of the *Analecta* of Professor Dalzel, and the notes by which they are accompanied—when an article appeared in the *Quarterly Review* which excited more than common attention amongst scholars and men of letters. The subject of it was the Herculanensia, a splendid work, containing several learned and philological and antiquarian dissertations relating to Herculaneum and the condition of the region in its neighborhood. The appearance of this article, equally remarkable for its critical acuteness and vigorous writing, at once placed its author, in the estimation of the public, in the first class of the scholars of the age. The editor of the *Review*, in a letter to George Ellis, says, "Young's article is certainly above all praise."

A corrupt passage to be restored; a mutilated, rude, or badly spelled inscription to be completed, or corrected, or interpreted; an alphabet or meaning to be extracted from an unknown language by a careful analysis of its different parts, by connecting what is unknown with what is known, or with such documents as his various learning could supply—were always labors of predilection with him. His review of the Herculanensia had made his qualifications for such tasks generally known; and from that time to the end of his life inscriptions from all quarters, especially in Greek and the hieroglyphical and cursive characters of ancient Egypt, were referred to him for discussion or interpretation. In seven years from 1816 he contributed to the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* sixty-three articles, of which forty-six were biographical. Among the rest, that on "Egypt" was much the most considerable; but the articles on "Bridge," "Cohesion," "Chromatics," and especially that on "Tides," are hardly surpassed in originality and importance by any works on these subjects which have appeared in any age.

In 1814 a slight incident drew his attention to Egyptian hieroglyphics, and between May and November of that year he subjected the three inscriptions of the well-known Rosetta stone to a most laborious analysis, which ended in a conjectural translation of the second of the three. Of the three inscriptions upon this stone, the first is in the hieroglyphical or sacred, and the second in the enchorial or native characters of Egypt, whilst the third is in Greek.

The interesting path thus opened, although it led into such an intricate labyrinth, was followed by Young with his accustomed energy and diligence. Leading students of the Continent, as well as in England—Porson and Heyne, Silvestre de Sacy and Ackerbladt—had found themselves entangled in the inextricable maze when Young began his explorations. The article "Egypt"—which was undertaken, as we have seen, for the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and written in 1818, though not published until the year following—contained a general view of the results both of his critical and historical labors; it has been pronounced "to be the greatest effort of scholarship and ingenuity of which modern literature can boast."

This is not the place to discuss the rival claims of Young and Champollion to the priority of discovery in the dim fields of Egyptian interpretation. The cause of Champollion was warmly espoused by his countrymen, who crowned him with applause, emoluments, and honors; while, as was usual with him, Young had few voices on his side in England; and even yet in this, as in so many other departments, his genius and labors have been awarded the scantiest and tardiest recognition. The article "Egypt," which contained the principal record of Young's researches in hieroglyphical literature, was addressed, not to learned, but to general readers, and it exhibited, therefore, a very imperfect view of the vast mass of materials which he had collected, and of the patient and skilful analysis to which they had been subjected. These manuscripts were all written before the preparation of that article, and nearly five years before the appearance of Champollion's letter to M. Dacier, and it is obvious from an inspection of them that they had received no subsequent additions. The whole of the intervening period, in fact, had been fully occupied in writing nearly seventy articles for the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as well as by a great variety of public

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and other engagements. His biographer, Dr. Peacock, says: "It was only after a perusal of his unpublished manuscripts that I became fully aware how very imperfectly the published writings of Dr. Young represented either the extent or the character of his researches, or the real progress he had made in the discovery of phonetic hieroglyphics many years before Champollion had made his appearance in the field. It seemed to be the fate of Dr. Young, in everything relating to his hieroglyphical researches, to be plundered, misrepresented, or misunderstood."

About 1810 the Lords of the Admiralty sought his aid to decide upon the value of some suggested improvements in naval architecture; in 1811 he was elected one of the physicians of St. George's Hospital; in 1818 he was appointed secretary to a commission for ascertaining the length of the seconds pendulum, for comparing the French and English standards with each other, and for considering whether it would be practicable and advisable to establish throughout the empire a more uniform system of weights and measures. In 1818 he was appointed superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac* and secretary of the Board of Longitude, with a salary of four hundred pounds per annum, which he considered sufficient to justify his appearing henceforward before the public in his proper character of a man of science, without regarding the possible loss of professional income which might result from his doing so. The results which followed from his appointment showed that the opinion entertained of the universality and soundness of his attainments was not misplaced, and we find him discharging the new duties which devolved upon him, including a very extensive astronomical correspondence, with a mastery of the subject as complete and technical as if the study of that science had formed the chief business of his life.

In the interval of twelve years which elapsed between the publication of his "Reply to the *Edinburgh Review*" and the appearance of Fresnel's first "Memoir on Diffraction," in 1816, the name of Dr. Young was ostensibly connected with no important experimental or theoretical optical investigations. In fact, his previous labors upon the subject seemed to have been absolutely forgotten, and it would be difficult to point out a single allusion made to them in any optical work or a memoir published during that period, either at home or abroad. In the intermediate period La Place had published his celebrated memoir on the double refraction of Iceland spar; Malus had discovered the polarization of light by reflection, and was engaged in a brilliant series of researches connecting his discovery with the optical properties of crystalline bodies, when a premature death brought his labors to a close; Brewster was enriching every department of experimental optics with most remarkable speculations and discoveries; Arago had found the colors of crystalline plates produced by polarized light, and though less fertile than some of his contemporaries in the number of his contributions to the science, he was second to none of them in the critical sagacity with which he analyzed their labors; Biot was combining theoretical and practical researches with a success and ingenuity which seemed to promise him the first place amongst optical discoverers, when it was his misfortune to waste his energies and compromise his reputation in the proposition and obstinate maintenance of his theory of movable polarization.

But in the mean time Young, though he engaged in no continuous optical investigations, and preserved strictly the *incognito* which he considered to be due to his profession, was neither an idle nor an unconcerned observer of what was passing around him. Occasionally, and at distant intervals, he endeavored to connect his own views of the nature of light with some of the rich harvest of results which, chiefly through the labors of Brewster, had followed the discoveries of Malus. Meanwhile a young French officer of engineers, inferior to none of those who had preceded him in experimental and mathematical skill and in inventiveness, had recently appeared on the scene, who was destined in the course of a few years to connect these scattered and apparently incongruous phenomena by a consistent theory, and give a new aspect to the whole face of optical science. This was Fresnel, who thus wrote to Young: "When we believe that we have made a discovery, it is not without regret that we find that another has made it before us; and I will frankly confess to you, sir, that such was the feeling experienced

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when Arago showed me that there were only a small number of observations really new in my original memoir. But if anything could console me for not having had the advantage of priority, it is that it has brought me in contact with a philosopher who has enriched physical science with so great a number of important discoveries—a circumstance which has not a little contributed to increase my own confidence in the theory which I have adopted." The discussion which arose out of Fresnel's memoir, and the ample references to Dr. Young's writings which it contained, were the means of calling the attention of men of science in France both to the undulatory theory and to its author.

Arago tells the pretty story as to how he himself became possessed of the information which he imparted to Fresnel. "In the year 1816 I visited England in company with my learned friend Gay Lussac. Fresnel had recently made his début in the career of the sciences, in the most brilliant manner, by his 'Memoir on Diffraction.' This work, which in our opinion contained a capital experiment irreconcilable with the Newtonian theory of light, became naturally the first subject of our conversation with Dr. Young. We were astonished at the number of restrictions which he imposed upon our commendations of it, when at last he declared that the experiment which we valued so highly was to be found since 1807 in his *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*. This assertion appeared to us unfounded, and a long and very minute discussion followed. Mrs. Young was present, without offering to take any part in it, as the fear of the ridicule implied in the sobriquet of *bas bleu* makes English ladies reserved in the presence of strangers. Our neglect of propriety never struck us until the moment when Mrs. Young quitted the room somewhat precipitately. We were beginning to make our apologies to her husband, when we saw her return with an enormous quarto volume under her arm. It was the first volume of the *Lectures on Natural Philosophy*. She placed it on the table, opened the book, without saying a word, at page 387, and showed with her finger a figure where the curvilinear course of the diffracted bands, which was the subject of the discussion, is found to be established theoretically."

There were few subjects of public interest where investigations involving a difficult application of mathematical and mechanical principles were concerned in which Young's assistance was not required. Life-assurance was beginning to excite a wide and deep interest, and as he was invited to the subject he spent much time and pains upon elaborate calculations to ascertain the value of life, upon which to base, in accordance with sound principles, annuities and assurance. His course of life, considered apart from the variety of his occupations, was remarkably uniform. He resided in London from November to June, and at Worthing from July to the end of October. His professional engagements restricted his visits elsewhere within very narrow limits.

In writing to a friend who complained of *ennui* and a want of resolution to employ himself, he says: "About this time last year"—the letter is dated December, 1820—"I was giving myself a holiday of a few weeks, and I fell into a sort of fidgety languor, and fancied I was growing old. It wore off very soon, however, and I am convinced there is no remedy so effectual for this and other intellectual diseases as plenty of work, without anxiety and fatigue. This autumn I have been, in fact, going on with a work which then almost frightened me at having undertaken, and am already printing the first part of it. I am also writing over again my article on 'Languages,' in the *Quarterly Review*, with many additions, for the next Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica;* and a biographical memoir on Lagrange, which will be almost as long, requiring a list of one hundred different papers on the most abstruse parts of mathematics. I have then the business of the Board of Longitude to manage, and some of the Royal Society's. The arctic expedition is now settled, but we are fitting our astronomer for the Cape with all his books and instruments. Then there is a Committee of Elegant Extracts to consider the tonnage of ships, appointed by the Royal Society, the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, and the Treasury, which will not take long, but I shall have the onus. Then there is my hospital, to speak nothing of my private patients, who are very discreet at this time of the year. I must shortly do a little more to the hieroglyphics, and after one number more I shall be able to judge if the thing is worth continuing or not. I have learned more or

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less perfectly a tolerable variety of things, but there are two I have never yet learned—to get up and to go to bed. It is now past twelve o'clock, but I shall write an hour longer."

In the year 1826 he removed from his house in Welbeck Street to another in Park Square, which had been built under his own directions, and fitted up with great elegance and taste.

On the 6th of August of the following year he was elected one of the eight foreign associates of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, in the place of Volta—the highest honor that can be conferred on a man of science. Davy and Wollaston were already members; their places and that of Young were afterward not less worthily filled by Brown, Faraday, and Brewster.

In a letter written in the autumn of 1828 he says: "As for myself, I am perfectly content with the life I lead: walking on business of routine every day from eleven to two; the rest of the day sitting over my hieroglyphics or mathematics, and conversing in my library with people beyond the Alps or the Mediterranean. I have lost all ambition for a more bustling life or more active scenes, and I believe I am as happy as a person so old in soul is capable of being. In mental faculties I am not yet so old, and I amuse myself almost daily with some petty *bonnes fortunes* among some of the nine sisters."

In February, 1829, his health began to give way, and by April his friends and physicians became alarmed at his symptoms. Though under the pressure of severe illness, nothing could surpass the kindness of his affections to all around him. He said that he had completed all the works on which he was engaged, with the exception of the rudiments of an Egyptian dictionary, which he had brought near to its completion, and which he was extremely anxious to finish. It was then in the hands of the lithographers, and he not only continued to give directions concerning it, but labored at it with a pencil when, confined to his bed, he was unable to hold a pen. To a friend who expostulated with him on the danger of fatiguing himself, he replied it was no fatigue; that it was a work which, if he should live, it would be a satisfaction to have finished; but otherwise, which seemed most probable, it would still be a great satisfaction never to have spent an idle day in his life.

His illness continued, with some slight variations, but he was gradually sinking into greater and greater weakness, till the morning of the 10th of May, when he expired without a struggle, having hardly completed his fifty-sixth year. The disease proved to be an ossification of the aorta, which must have been in progress for many years. His remains were deposited in the vault of his wife's family in the church of Farnborough, Kent.

As a physician, a linguist, an archæologist, a mathematician, scholar, and philosopher in their most difficult and abstruse investigations, Thomas Young has added to almost every department of human knowledge that which will be remembered to after-times.

Arago says: "Who would not imagine that he had before him the register of the labors of several academies, and not those of a single individual, on hearing, for instance, the following list of titles: 'Memoir on the Establishments where Iron is Wrought;' 'Essays on Music and Painting;' 'Remarks on the Habits of Spiders and the Theory of Fabricius;' 'On the Stability of Arches of Bridges;' 'On the Atmosphere of the Moon;' 'Description of a new Species of Opercularia;' 'Mathematical Theory of Epicycloidal Curves;' 'Restoration and Translation of Different Greek Inscriptions;' 'On the Means of Strengthening the Construction of Ships of the Line;' 'On the Play of the Heart and of Arteries in the Phenomena of Circulation;' 'Theory of Tides;' 'On the Diseases of the Chest;' 'On the Friction of Axes of Machines;' 'On the Yellow-Fever;' 'On the Calculation of Eclipses;' 'Essays on Grammar,' etc."

This list, it should be borne in mind, is intended by Arago merely as a specimen of the vast catalogue which might be made of Young's writings.

Although Westminster Abbey does not hold his dust, Dean Buckland allowed Young's devoted widow to place within its famous walls a profile medallion of him executed by Chantrey, and beneath it a slab containing an inscription written by his life-long friehd Hudson Gurney.

When we consider the grandeur of his genius, the multifarious greatness of his works, the simplicity and sublimity of his character, we are amazed at the indifference of mankind, which has suffered his name to rest in comparative obscurity.

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THE TRAGEDY OF HUMPBACK.

BY MARY G. McCLELLAND.

AWAY in southwestern Virginia, in the heart of the mountain system, old Humpback lifts his bald forehead high above surrounding peaks, and holds it sharp and clear against the horizon, save when clouds gather, turbanwise, and softly veil the grimness of his outlines. Around him group the lesser peaks which form, as it were, the rivets of that grand chain whereof the great "bald" mountains are the links.

It was the middle of November. The corn had all been gathered, and the yellow stalks stood in straggling rows in the fields and patches on the mountain-sides. Here and there a cow or a lean steer walked slowly up and down and gleaned the scattered blades of fodder. In the fence corners the blackberry and sassafras bushes still showed dashes of color where tufts of leaves more tenacious than their fellows clung to the parent stem, loath to admit that the glory of autumn was over. The sky was hazy and the distances long and languid. The weedy wagon road which formed the connecting link between the high regions and civilization, as represented by the little town of Austinville, away beyond the range, wound along the mountain-side, past the clearing in which Dave Donald's cabin stood, crossed the ravine, lifted itself to the shoulder of old Humpback, and so went down to the country on the other side.

On the porch, in a split-bottomed rocking-chair that creaked as it moved, sat Mrs. Donald, a long, lean, sallow-faced woman, who looked as if she might have been carved out of skim-milk cheese with a knife having a jagged edge. Her hair was covered by a cotton handkerchief, the ends of which were secured in a knot beneath her chin; but the face, despite its sallowness and wrinkles, was not unpleasing, for about the mouth lurked a touch of humor, and the eyes were soft and pathetic. She was a copious talker, and as her chair swayed backward and forward her words flowed with a monotonous steadiness that was not unlike the movement of a canal.

Her audience was a slim girl with a freckled face and reddish hair, who had fetched out a dish of scraps, left from the mid-day meal, for the refreshment of two ungainly, flop-eared hound puppies, and was seated on the rough block that served for a step, watching that the dogs treated each other with fairness. Presently she raised her eyes and let them wander over toward Humpback, where the sun was making shadow pictures with the rocks and the bare branches of the oaks and hemlocks. She leaned slightly forward, and shaded her eyes with one sunburned hand, and gazed intently at something away in the distance.

"What air thet yer viewin', Edie?" questioned the elder woman, leaning forward also.

"'Tain't nothin' 'cept old Tom Martin on ther gray mar' comin' over Humpback," the girl replied, in a soft, slow drawl. "He don't do nothin' 'cept ride erbout ther mountings nowadays, up an' down, an' here an' thar, like er haunt whar's dead an' restless. Ther people say he hevn't full knowledge lef', an' thet he's all mixed up an' luny."

The elder woman sighed. "He used ter be er likely chap enough when I war growin' up," she said. "He were pow'rful yearnest, an' took things hard, frum measles ter religion; an' he allus hed er b'ilin' temper. But thar warn't no rale harm in Tom 'twell Cynthy Taylor got hold on him. Thet gal war wuss ter Tom en thunder is ter sweet milk. She turned him sour through en through; then, when he took religion, ther whey all dried up too, an' 'twan't nothin' but ther hard curd lef'."

The horseman had crossed the ravine and was coming along the road toward the clearing. He was a tall, spare man, much bent and very gray, and he slouched in his saddle as he rode. The bridle hung loose in his hand, and the old horse jogged along at any gait that suited him. "Death on ther pale horse," the rough, rustic youths had dubbed the pair; but the simile was too violent. So pale, so still, so shadowy they appeared that they seemed rather the ghost of Death and Death's grim charger.

He did not raise his head as he passed, nor glance aside, nor exchange a word of neighborly greeting. His eyes gazed out between his horse's ears, and his right hand mechanically stroked the long, un-

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kempt gray beard that flowed over his breast. His slouch hat was pulled forward, and his grizzled locks rested on the collar of his old gray coat.

The girl's eyes followed him pitifully. "They do say ez how he air good ter folks in trouble," she said. "When Amos Peters broke his leg in gutherin' corn time, an' nobody ter holp him with ther crap, Tom Martin came down off'n Humpback en pulled it all, en hauled it, an' shucked it out fur 'em, an' wouldn't take no pay, nor so much ez er meal er vittles in ther house, nor er thankee, nor nothin'. An' when ther Reads war down sick with ther fever, Tom holped them, too; an' Dick Read 'lowed ter me thet no doctor couldn't er cured 'em no quicker. When Sal White's little gal got lost, ye'r afore las', out gutherin' huckleberries, an' ther folk s'arched ther mountings through an' couldn't find her, 'twere old Tom war fetched her home at las', skeer' e'en-ermost ter death, but with nary scratch upon her."

"Yes; 'twere Cynthy's doin'," Mrs. Donald repeated; "but er body couldn't ezackly blame her nother. She war jest er foolish gal, an' what she done, she done outer foolishness an' sperrits. She never *meant* no harm; but she done it all ther same. Lord, what er gal Cynthy was—full er fun en frolic, an' tricky ez er kitten! Outdacious! Why, she'd fa'rly turn ther mountings over when she got ready fur er frolic. Cynthy war jest scand'lous; an' she war mighty pretty, too—ez pretty ez er peach blow.

"Ther heft er ther boys was co'tin' Cynthy by times she turned of fifteen, an' they used to come from near an' far, even from Austinville, arter her. But ther wuss ones an' ther hottes' were Nat Brixley an' young Tom Martin. Nat he war a stiff-lipped chap, an' he never let Cynthy know how much sto' he sot by her no more'n he could help; but Tom, fur all his temper, war ez sappy ez er pokeweed. He took all she chose ter put upon him straight erlong, an' t'wan't nothin' thet gal wouldn't do, an' didn't.

"I mind o' some er the tricks she used ter play him. Tom war a sort er dull fellow, mighty slow 'bout ketchin' holt o' anything, an' thet was what aigged her on. 'Twas so easy to raise er laugh on Tom. When Sal Taylor merried Peter White they hed er sort ov infa'r at Rube Taylor's, an' mos' o' ther neighbors got er bid. Thar war a sight o' ther young folks thar, an' 'mong 'em Tom an' Nat. At supper them two got side o' Cynthy, one one side, an' one t'other. Arter all hed sot down some o' ther boys fur er prodjeck blowed out all ther lights sudden like, an' Nat Brixley hollered out, 'Every man ketch what he loves best an' hold on,' an' put his arm roun' ther back o' Cynthy's cheer. Thar war er lot o' sniggerin' 'mongst 'em all, an' then ther candles war lit, an' lo an' beholds! every single man in ther room hed his han' 'pon the 'ooman he liked best, 'ceptin' 'twas Tom Martin, an' he hed leaned forred an' jobbed his fork into er fat roas' shote whar was settin' in front ov him, an' was holdin' on fur life.

"They raised er mighty laugh on him, an' Cynthy were the wust ov all. She like ter worried him plumb out'n his senses 'bout ther pig. Tom thought thar was gwine ter be er scramble fur ther vittles. Tom warn't quick much. An' they sed ez how Cynthy put ther boys up ter blowin' out ther candles.

"The wuss trick she ever played him, though, war endurin' ther time ov ther pertracted meetin' at Thinshade meetin'-house. Brother Timothy Fletcher were kyarin' ov it on, with one er two mo' ter help him, an' Brother Timothy hed er gif' fur exhortin' thet fa'rly h'isted you off'n yer feet. Sinners war rank in ther mountings thet ye'r, an' Brother Timothy jus' gript on ter ther scythe o' pray'r an' mowed 'em down like er man whar's cradlin' wheat. Ther mourners' bench were so full thet they were 'bleeged ter hev two, an' er sight o' folks foun' thar salvation endurin' ov ther week. One Sunday ther 'citement ris up on its hind legs. Brother Timothy hed come down out'n ther pul*pet*, an' was walkin' up an' down, prayin' an' wrasslin' an' zortin' ther sinners ter come through. Tom Martin were pow'rful struck. He'd been under conviction an' seekin' fur better'n er week, an' 'peared thet mornin' he jes lit right through. Heaven wa'n't nothin' ter him! He jus' popped up 'pon er bench, an' laid off 'bout jedgment-day an' ther throne o' grace same ez Brother Timothy could er done.

"'Twas pow'rful affectin' ter them whar know'd him an' what er temper he hed got, an' ther folks 'lowed ter one 'nother that ther sperrit o' grace war workin' in Tom. He went roun' amongst ther wo-

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men, an' put his arm roun' some on 'em an' begged an' prayed 'em ter come ter the mourners' bench, an' some of 'em went. Well, when he got roun' ter Cynthy she dodged back behind her brother, an' flung up her head at him, an' 'lowed thet she didn't need no holdin', when she got ready ter get religion she reckoned she'd have strenck enough ter hold it up. An' Nat Brixley axed him how come he didn't help Mis' Colley through, whar war old enough ter be his grannie, an' nary toof left in her head, seein' thet she war feeble like an' hed ben seekin' better'n er week. Then ther boys sniggered, an' Cynthy did too, an' Tom went white in ther face, but he never said nothin'.

"Arter while preachin' was over, an' all ther folks come out. Them whar was campin' close by begun ter study 'bout supper, an' them whar was gwine home, 'bout startin'. Thar was right smart horses en wagons in ther clearin' befo' ther' meetin'-house door, an' foremost of 'em all was ther clay-bank filly Tom Martin was ridin'. Well, what mus' thet Cynthy do but set up thet little freckled-faced limb o' Satan, Bill Brixley, ter slip roun' unbeknownst an' cut Tom's stirrup leathers e'en-ermost in two, close up under the saddle skirts. Tom he come out, still exhortin', with ther religion inside of him so new 'twas bubbling up like yeast. He put his hand 'pon ther saddle-bow an' h'isted up his foot. Nat Brixley war standin' thar, an' he sez, sez he, 'You-uns hev got er right-handed grip on salvation this time, 'ain't yer, Tom?' An' Tom made answer: 'I believes yer. I've got h'isted on ter ther Rock at las'. Thar ain't no mo' stumblin' an' no mo' downfallin' fur Tom Martin.' Then he stuck his toe in ther stirrup, an' hefted up his t'other leg ter fling it 'cross ther filly; then thar come er sort o' *zip-zap*, sharp, like er pop-gun, an' Tom made er grab at ther filly's mane an' missed it, an' keeled right over on his back in the road. His heels flew up when his head butt agin ther groun', an' hit the filly er crack thet sont her down ther mounting like somebody had shot her out'n er musket.

"I don't never remember ter seed er man so mad; er 'coon in er holler log wid ther dog barkin' in at ther hole air er downright fool compared ter him. His religion were new, an' hadn't got settled down ter be no consolation yet, which air happen ther reason fur him breakin' loose ther way he done. He whirled right in an' cussed! I all but looked fur ther a'r to tu'n blue an' smell o' sulphur. Couldn't nobody do nothin' wid him. He flung out his fist an' whanged Nat Brixley 'side of ther jaw twell 'twar er wonder he hed any mo' toofs lef' then ole Mis' Colley. Nat balled up his fists ther minute he cotch his breath, an' come at Tom like er ram. Ther men-folks hed cornsider'ble work ter part 'em. 'Twar just scand'lous.

"Arter that Tom he sot in fur er right bad spell; he quit comin' ter meetin' an' gwine amongst ther neighbors, an' got short an' sour. He kep' hisse'f to hisse'f over thar at thet lonesome place o' his'n on Humpback, an' never hed nothin' ter say ter nobody. When Cynthy married Nat Brixley, folks sort ov misdoubted thar'd be er fuss; but thar warn't. Tom never come ter ther weddin', nor axed no odds, nor took no intruss; he jus' kept hisse'f *to* hisse'f, an' arter while folks forgot ter be oneasy.

"Somehow it look' like nothin' 'tall didn't prosper 'long ov Nat an' Cynthy. Nat war er good hand too, an' it look cu'ous how come he didn't get along no better; but he didn't. Bad luck sort er followed him. He bought er piece o' lan', an' arter he'd 'most done payin' fur it, Lawyer Jones he foun' out ther title wa'n't no 'count, an' some folks over ter Austinville sued fur it, bekase it hed belongst to thar gran'daddy or somethin', an' got it back. Cynthy worked hard; but losin' ther home sorter daunted her. *She* 'lowed ter me 'twar Tom tole Lawyer Jones 'bout ther title; but I don' know. Nobody else never sed so, an' 'twould er been er low-lived trick. They lived er-bout awhile, fus' here an' then thar, an' seed er sight o' trouble. Cynthy lost one o' her chil'en (she hed three by then), an' thet discouraged her mo'. T'wa'n't nothin' nobody could do ter help much, fur Nat was proud ez Lucifer hisse'f, an' Cynthy was ez bad. Times was wus with 'em then anybody know'd twell arterwards.

"When they hed been married nigh six ye'r, Nat he fotch his family up here on Humpback ter live, an' rented er piece o' groun' from Tom Martin. Cynthy war agin it, but Nat he war headstrong an' wouldn't listen to her. Nat hed er yoke o' steers, an' they was ter wuk on sheers—one half fur the yother. Things got along

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right peacible 'twell pullin' corn time, an' then ther devil sort ov humped hisse'f an' took er hand.

"Nat was pow'rful hard run thet fall, an' he wanted Tom to divide ther corn in ther shuck, so ez he could get his'n at once. But Tom he wouldn't 'gree to it. He 'lowed thet warn't no fa'r way ter do, an' hilt onter ther corn bein' shucked out an' sorted—good corn from nubbins. Ther crap had been guthered into thet ole terbacker-house in ther middle o' Tom's big field, an' thar was a padlock on ther door, an' Tom he toted ther key. Nat went arter him some three or fo' times ter whirl in an' shuck out ther crap, but Tom shilly-shallied an' put him off. At las' things got so low wid Nat thet thar warn't er dust o' meal in ther house, an' ther chil'en war frettin' fur vittles. He went ter Tom an' told him how 'twas, ez man ter man. Tom sot his teeth, an' 'lowed thet they'd hed thar turn an' 'twas his'n now, an' thet thar shouldn't nary grain o' thet corn be touched twell he got ready. Then he sorter flung out thet ef Cynthy chose ter come over ter his house an' ax fur it, thar was meat an' meal plentiful.

"Tom war on horseback, ridin' of thet same gray mar' thet were er filly then, fur the men hed met up in ther road. Nat caught ther horse by ther bit an' swo' he'd er ruther see Cynthy dead in ther road, an' ther chil'en too, then see 'em beholden ter Tom Martin's charity fur a meal o' vittles.' An' he 'lowed thet half o' thet corn war *his'n*, an' thet he'd hev his own ef he'd got ter break in ther terbacker-house an' take it. An' Tom 'lowed thet ef he come ter any o' thet sort o' foolishness he'd find hisse'f in Austinville jail afore he got through. Nat struck at Tom with his stick, but missed him, an' Tom jerked ther mar's head loose an' rid off an' lef' him.

"Well, nobody never did know how 'twas done, an' some said one thing an' some said the yother, an' ther lawyers quarrelled over it, an' 'twar printed in ther papers, but nothin's knowed fur sartain. Some boys whar was out 'coon-huntin' heard er shot 'long 'bout daybreak, an' when they come on through Tom Martin's field they seed ther terbacker-house door wide open. They went an' looked in. Thar was er little pile er corn shucked out, off in er corner to itse'f, whar Nat hed divided it, an' thar was ther full bag leanin' 'gin ther side o' the house, an' thar was Nat layin' face downward on ther corn pile—stone dead."

The woman's voice shook. "They kayr'd him home," she went on presently, "an' laid him 'pon ther bed whar ther baby war layin' sleepin', an' Cynthy never cried nor made no fuss. She jus' leaned agin ther side o' ther bed with her head agin his breast an' his hand in both o' hern. The onliest soun' she made war when ther baby waked up, an' sot up on ther bed an' put her han's on her daddy's face, an' then in his coat pocket to see ef he had fetched her anything. When she pulled her little hand out 'twas full o' corn, an' some grains fell an' rolled down ter the floor. Cynthy flung her two hands up over her head an' wrung 'em together, an' moaned once, like er wild creeter ther dogs hev worried."

Tears were dropping slowly on the narrator's coarse check apron. Edie's head was bent low, and her breast heaved. From the distance came the sound of a horse's hoof striking against a stone.

"Thar was talk o' lynchin', ther feelin' war so strong agin Tom Martin; but when they went up on Humpback they foun' he'd gone straight ter Austinville an' gin hisse'f up. Thar was a trial, an' ther lawyers argufied an' 'sputed, an' ther verdict come in manslaughter, an' Tom war sont ter jail fur ten ye'r.

"Cynthy never got over it. She wilted away, an' died ther nex' spring, an' ther chil'en were sont ter Nat's kinfolks over in Kanetucky. Arter while ther war bruk out an' men got skeerce, an' thar come an order ter let all them out o' jail whar would 'gree ter jine ther army. Tom Martin war turned out with ther balance, an' arter ther fightin' war over he come back here ter Humpback."

The girl raised her tear-stained face, and said, wistfully: "It hev been 'lowed ter me he fit well in ther army; an' thet arter ther battles he would go 'mongst ther dead an' wounded an' do what he could. Pete White hev sed ez how Tom saved his life at Shiloh."

The sound of the horse's hoof drew nearer, dull and muffled on the weed-grown road. The gray mare passed, and the worn old man slouched forward in the saddle, gazing out into the distance. The sun was setting, and the evening shadows gathered like a soft, dark mantle over Humpback.

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JACK O' DREAMS.

BY ARCHIBALD GORDON.

I.

THERE is naught in the voice of a god
That, hearing it, any would know it.
Shall all of you, then, understand
The song of the soul of the poet?
Go, untangle the ciphers of elves
That are woven in traceried hedges;
Learn to play on your tenderest lute
The midsummer croon of the sedges;
Pile on gold all the fabulous fruits
That in dreams the parched Arab has tasted;
Bind fast to a vanishing star
The spirit world-weary and wasted;
Trip truly the mystical measure
The fairy folk dance in July;
Go, count the uncountable treasure,
Hill-hidden, that gnomes have laid by;
Float awhile in ethereal languor
On the breath of a blossoming rose;
Awake with the wondering echoes
When the trumpet of Camelot blows;
For the murmurous music of summer
Have the ear of the volatile bee;
When the swallow would be a new-comer,
Wing and wing with him traverse the sea;
Match the flicker of lamps on the altar
With the undulant psalm of the choir;
And knot the three knots in the halter
That chokes the dry throat of desire.
This done, when you hear it you'll know it:
The voice of God—and his poet.

II.

Natheless, though he's bound to bed
Long must he have travellèd,
Fared in countries new and strange
Far beyond our earthly range,
He to whom the poet's speech
Is an easy thing to teach.
He has seen the crocodile
Writhing in the yellow Nile.
And has heard in jungle haunt
The challenge of the elephant.
He has watched the caravan
Flow from ancient Teheran
Through the drear and desert land
That lies this side of Samarcand.
He has heard the tiger call
From her thicket in Bengal,
And has every serpent known
That genders by the Amazon.
Rode he, with his pilgrim pack,
Mecca bound, on camel-back,
And, enwrapt in fleece of snow,
Sledded with the Esquimaux;
Fed the censers round the throne
Of Buddha, in remote Ceylon,
And watched the sated vultures play
About thy Silent Towers, Bombay!
He has all the highways trod
That lead to Nijni-Novgorod;
Drifted in a carven boat
With the kilted Cypriote;
Swelled the shrill, defiant cheer
Of the Bosnian mountaineer;
Listened, with uplifted eye,
To the muezzin's bidding cry;
And let his pitying shadow fall
Upon the Hebrews' Wailing Wall.
He has felt upon his cheek
The breeze that blows at Mozambique.
He has leapt the dread crevasse
Of the Switzer's mountain pass,
And with loose and listless rein
Scoured the pampa's boundless plain.
To him was the secret told
Of the Inca's vanished gold,

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And he knows just where is hid
The rusty spoil of Captain Kidd.
Every star that studs the sky,
  Every sea 'twixt pole and pole,
The Was, the Is, the By-and-By,
  All are mirrored in his soul—
His to whom the poet's speech
Is an easy thing to teach.
(Nay, but never, never seek it
Merely that yourselves may speak it.
Poet's speech has double spell—
Charm from heaven, curse from hell!)

III.

To him the shriek of a horse
  That was shattered to shreds by a shell
Is the same as the trooper's cry
  When the man and the beast both fell.
To him the bird's soft eye,
  Upturned in the glaze of death,
Is as sad as the stare of a child
  That gasps for one more breath.
To him the terrified moth
  That frets in a cobweb snare
Is as fearful a thing for a man to see
  As the murderer's mute despair
When, out in the bleak jail yard,
  He parts with his last fierce hope,
And already half dead of the horror of death,
  Reels under the dangling rope.
"For the fates and the hates and the loves of our kind"
  (He says) "are the same as the rest;
And who of us all knows enough to declare
  Which the Maker of All loves best?"

And so, when he comes to die, and the seal of perpetual silence,
  As one seals a vessel of wine, is set on his ashen lips,
There is peace in his failing heart, in his ear a benediction,
  For the voices of all creation keep him company in the eclipse.

GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

IX.—A SUIT OF CLOTHES.

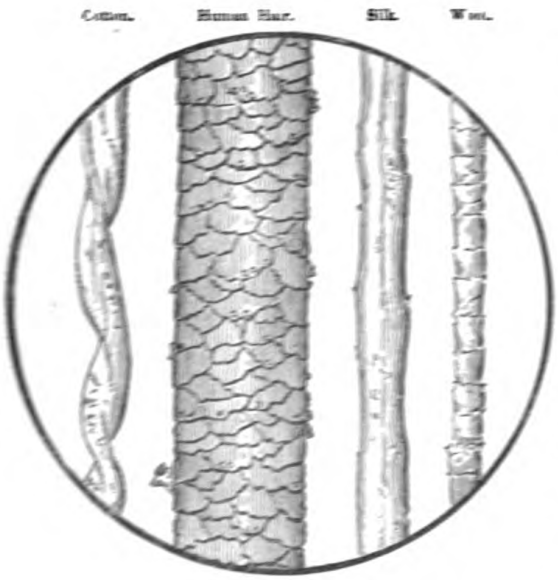
BY R. R. BOWKER.

WHERE the road from that vale of roses, ever lovely Glengariff, pierces the crest of the Caha Mountains through a tunnel which gives entrance to the valley of Kenmare, I found one day, in a poor hut of sods, an old man working at the loom. His half of the hut, just large enough for the rude machine, had no light or air except from the small door, and here he worked from six to six, longer in the long days, weaving into Irish homespun a rough yarn, hand-carded from the wool of the neighboring sheep. He got "tuppence a yard" for his slow weaving, and wove from ten to twelve yards a day, earning less than fifty cents. His loom cost a couple of pounds; its fittings as much more; it had not even the first improvement, for he still threw his shuttle by hand, and did not know that there was any better way.

Ten days before, I had been in Lawrence, at the great Pacific Mills, where, in the spacious, well-lighted, well-aired rooms, 210,000 spindles, 6500 looms, employing millions of dollars capital and over 5000 workers, now produce above 70,000,000 yards of textiles, cotton and woollen, a year. Between this hill-side hut in Ireland and the great Yankee factory is the whole gamut of the industrial development of the past hundred years. A year's work of the old man is done in a few hours by one of these looms, of which a smart girl can tend four; the carding and spinning of the woman and the weaving of the

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man are divided among twoscore machines and as many workers: each worker earns about double the money, in fewer hours and under better conditions, and yet the weaving of the cloth costs less money per yard. It is worth while to follow this extraordinary development, resulting in a vast increase of product, an improvement in quality, a lessening of



NATURAL FIBRES.

Cotton showing twist. Human hair, coarse. Silk showing double filament. Wool, fine. All magnified 250 diameters.

cost, an increase in wages, and a bettering of the conditions of living—all accomplished within about one hundred years.

The use of wool has no history, for there is no history without it. After leaves and skins, cloth of wool, felted or woven, was undoubtedly the first covering of mankind, and until a hundred years ago that earliest art of the hand-loom by which the wrappings of Egyptian mummies or the textiles found in the buried lake villages of Switzerland were made had not been superseded by "modern improvements." The very word "wool," through the German *wolle* or earlier *wolna*, from the Aryan *warna*, a covering or fleece, or *war*, to cover, tells the story; and the words "weave," from the Aryan *wabh*, and "wear," through the Teutonic *was* or *war*, seem to trace back to a like root.

Wool is a kind of hair. The hair is a plant rooted in the skin. Its root is a cone, connected with the sensitive layer of the skin, whence it draws sustenance. Its life is not identical with the life of the body, for hair grows more or less after death. This "root of the hair" exudes the hair pulp, which is formed into cells containing the pigment giving color to the hair, and each row of these cells forms a ring. As the ring of cells is pushed away from the skin by the giving out of fresh pulp from the root, the cells dry, and scales are formed, almost like the scales of a fish. A hair seen through a microscope is thus a long tube formed by a sheath made up of these rings of scales. The human hair is usually long, straight, and regular, and the scales are so fine and so close together that the edge appears like the teeth of a very fine saw. Goat's hair has a more rapid growth and longer cells, so that it is less regular and straight, and shows little of the tooth-like edge. The hair of sheep of the common sort is also irregular, with a tendency to curl or wave, but with marked tooth-like edges. This is wool, and it is the tendency to twist and the barbed projections which give this fibre its peculiar advantages. The hair of the negro, with its tendency to kink or curl, is mockingly called "wool," because it to this extent resembles the hair of the sheep. Curly hair is, as a matter of fact, less perfect than straight hair. But through all this range—of the human plant, goat's hair, and sheep's wool—nature shows such close gradations that it would be difficult to draw an exact line between hair and wool, or in this respect to separate the sheep from the goats. Witness the Angora goat, whose fleece, known as mohair, is reckoned a superior wool, and the Peruvian alpaca, or llama. The microscope distinguishes very clearly, however, between wool and silk, the fibre of which is an even double filament of gum exuded by the silk-worm; and between wool and the vegetable fibres, such as cotton, which, growing as a tube, dries into a half-twisted ribbon, having no barbed edge. The root of the hair has a natural tendency to dry up as warm weather approaches, allowing the hair to fall free from the skin; thus animals "shed their coats." But when hair is cut, as with human beings, or the fleece sheared, as in the case of sheep, nature adapts itself to the demand upon it, and growth is continuous. The number of these fibres is wonderful.

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On the pelt of a full-blood ram, Dr. Cutting, of the Vermont Board of Agriculture, reckoned with his microscope 222,300 to the square inch; an ordinary open-wool sheep will have one-thirtieth as many.

The cultivated sheep, yielding the fine, regular wools for which modern machinery calls, has been, like that machinery, virtually the development of the last hundred years, and with the modern race-horse, furnishes the most extraordinary examples of zoonomy as an intelligent art. Of these wools two distinct orders are recognized. The longer staples, in which also the fibre is straighter and the barbs less marked, are called "combing wools," because they are straightened out, much as hair is, by combs, and laid flat together for spinning into the smooth, hard, tightly twisted yarns which make the fine, hard-finished fabrics called "worsteds"—so named from the village of Worstead, in Norfolk, where Flemish weavers, brought over by Edward III. about 1331, made this kind of goods. The shorter staples, more curly and with marked barbs, are called "carding wools," because they are treated by cards, like the curry-comb used for horses, before spinning, and these make the "woollens" proper, thicker and softer and more like felt. The shorter wools also make felt, which is produced not by weaving, but by matting or beating together the fibres, until the barbs of the wool catch into each other, and thus make a continuous fabric, somewhat as paper is made. But these wools grade into each other imperceptibly—nature rarely jumps; and the invention of improved combs has brought into use for "worsteds" many staples formerly too short for anything but "woollens." On the other hand, the final result of these gradations is found in wools so various that they may almost be called different fibres, so different are their qualities, instead of being grouped under one word "wool."

The story of the development in Spain of the cultivated "merino" sheep is an interesting one, but cannot be told here. America did not obtain these fine sheep until this century. Our so-called "native" sheep were brought over by the early colonists, the first to Jamestown in 1609, in small flocks of unknown but coarse breeds.



AMERICAN MERINO RAM.

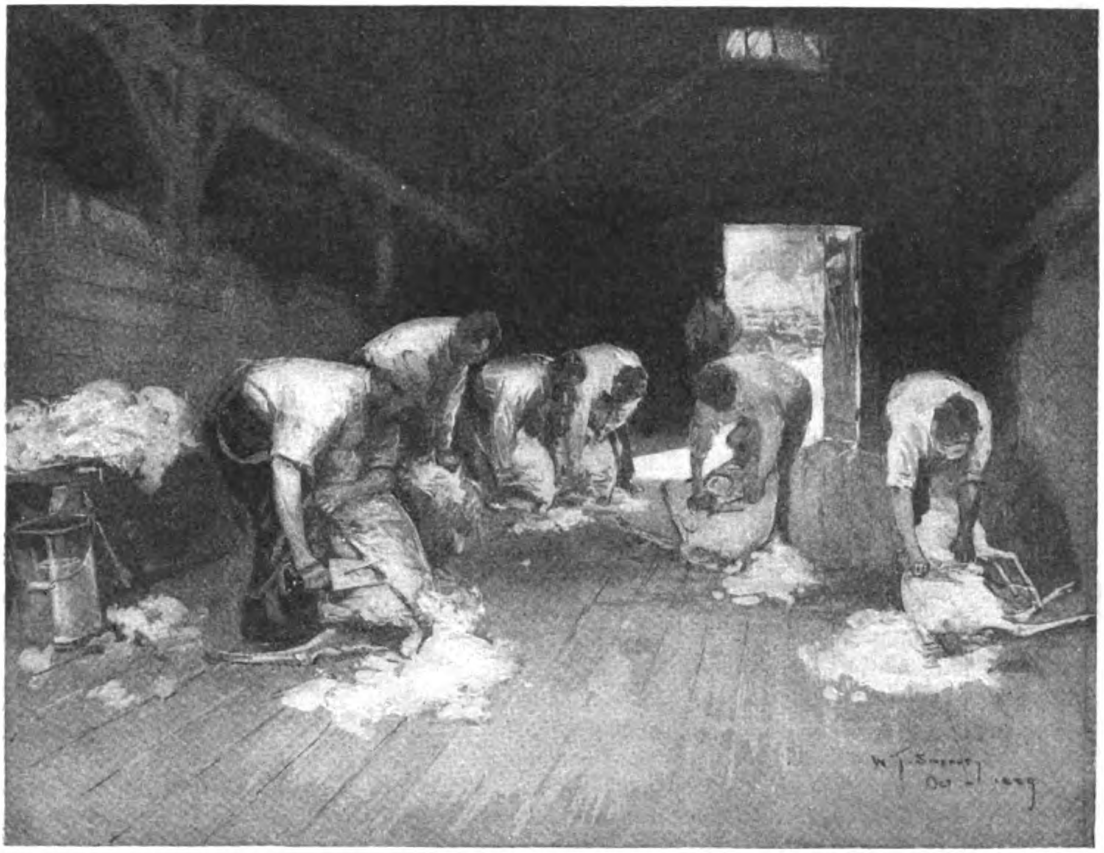
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In Massachusetts they throve particularly well, and in 1645 that colony passed laws to encourage sheep-raising. In 1785 the Society for the Promotion of Agriculture in South Carolina offered a medal for the first flock of "merinos" kept in the State. It was not till 1793, however, that Hon. William Foster, of Massachusetts, smuggled three fine merinos, valued at $1500, from Spain to a friend in Boston—only to be thanked for the delicious mutton he had sent home! About 1801 the ram "Dom Pedro" was imported to a farm on the Hudson River, and a pair of Spanish merinos were obtained also by Mr. Seth Adams, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, afterward of Dresden, Ohio. In 1802 Colonel Humphrey, United States Minister to Spain, sent to his farm in Derby, Connecticut, a considerable flock, and from the wool of this stock President Madison's inauguration coat was made in 1809. The "full-blood" wool brought as much as two dollars a pound, and pairs of these merinos were sold at $3000. A merino craze was the consequence; in 1810–11 a hundred and six cargoes, aggregating 15,767 sheep, mostly Spanish, arrived in the United States, largely the purchases of William Jarvis, of Vermont, Consul at Lisbon, from the fine flocks confiscated and sold by the Spanish Junta. During the embargo of the war of 1812, "full-blood" wool reached $2 50 a pound; but in the collapse which followed, pure merino sheep sold as low as a dollar a head, and many of the best flocks were dispersed. One Stephen Atwood, of Ohio, buying from the Humphrey flock in 1813, bred carefully for half a century, with such success that in 1858 one of his rams yielded a fleece of thirty-two pounds. In 1849 Edwin Hammond, of Vermont, who, like Whitney with his cotton-gin, has added untold millions to the wealth of his country, bought an Atwood ram, the famous "Old Black," and from the Hammond flock the so-called "American merino" was developed, a foot shorter in the neck and six inches in the foreleg, yet weighing twenty-five pounds more than its Spanish progenitors of a half-century back. In 1823–6 a mania for Saxony merinos swept over the country, but our stock is still chiefly of Spanish descent, there being probably a million pure American merinos of that blood. One "American merino" fleece on record showed 36.6 per cent. of the weight of the animal; and the ram "Buckeye," shorn at the "State shearing" in Michigan in 1884, produced a fleece of forty-four pounds. These enormous fleeces, however, are apt to be so full of "yolk," or natural oil, that some have been known to leave less than a quarter of their weight in scoured wool; whereas it is commonly reckoned that unwashed fleeces should yield one-third, and washed fleeces about one-half, of their weight in scoured wool.

It is roughly estimated that the world contains at least half a billion sheep—possibly over 600,000,000 — producing about two billion pounds of wool. The world's crop of wool can only be guessed, but it is certain that the humble sheep contributes at least $300,000,000 annually, in wool, to the wealth of mankind. Our own wool crop, greatest in 1884, when it was estimated at 308,000,000 lbs., was in 1888 265,000,000 lbs. Nearly half the wool we wear is of foreign growth, the figures of 1887 being a crop of 269,000,000 lbs., an import of 114,000,000 lbs., and a contents of 133,000,000 lbs. wool in imported goods.

The variations in the number and geographical distribution of sheep in the United States are very noteworthy. Previous to the war, 1840–1860, the census showed about 20,000,000 sheep, nearly all east of the Mississippi River; the sheep in New England, nearly 4,000,000 in 1840, were but half this in 1860, and the same was true in New York, but the new West more than made up the balance. The Agricultural Report for 1883 gave 50,000,000 (probably an over-estimate), of which but 21,000,000 were east of the Mississippi, over 9,000,000 of the balance being on the Pacific coast. The current Report estimates for 1889 42,599,079 sheep, valued at $90,640,369. The great majority of sheep-raisers in this country, even in the wool State of Ohio, are the farmers who keep from twenty-five to fifty or even a hundred head as a help to the farm. East of the Mississippi the number of flocks reaching a thousand or more is not large. The sheep is one of the small farmer's best servants. It not only produces wool and mutton, but it keeps his fields fertile with manure, cleans them of stubble and weeds, and by causing vegetation to grow upon the hill-side, counteracts the waste of soil "by which the farmer feeds the

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SHEEP-SHEARING.

rivers from the heart of his pocket-book." The sheep-shearing is one of the farm festivals, and takes place in various parts of the country from April to June; in some parts there is also a fall clip. The flock is usually first washed, by being driven one by one into a running stream or a swimming box, where men stand waist-deep ready to catch the sheep, float it off its feet, dip it under water, squeeze out the dirt, and so pass it on along the line. After ten days' or a fortnight's drying, the sheep is ready to be shorn. It is brought into the shearing house and set upon the low shearing table, or fastened into a kind of wooden bowl revolving on a pivot, with a frame like a chair-back attached to which it is tied, or sometimes it is sheared on the floor. Putting his arms around the sheep, the shearer makes a cut in the fleece at the breastbone, thence clips down the belly, shears the left side of the coat up to the backbone, and then turning the animal, shears the right side until the body of the fleece comes off like a loose overcoat. Great care must now be taken to preserve the sheep from cold. The fleeces are baled and shipped to market, or, better, stored in the farmer's "wool house" until one of the many wool buyers who travel through the country-side inspecting and purchasing, makes a satisfactory offer.

In the far West, on the contrary, the sheep are in huge flocks, often quartered on government lands, supplying an exclusive occupation to hundreds of ranchmen. The census of 1880 reported 21 sheep ranches in Texas, New Mexico, and California, aggregating 3,000,000 head, an average of 140,000 to the ranch. It is reckoned in California that 2½ to 4 acres are required per sheep, while on the small farms of the East ten sheep may be fed to the acre of pasture. The California sheep, largely of French merino stock, are of unusual size, known as "rustlers," because they must rustle about for their food. Many of them are from the flock of W. W. Hollister, who in 1852, recognizing

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the adaptability of this new country for sheep growing, returned to Ohio and procured 6000 of the best sheep he could find, of which but a third reached the coast. But the increase was so rapid that in a few years he had over 150,000, and sold above $100,000 worth of wool a year. The long midsummer drought compels a spring migration up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and one may then see great flocks of from 4000 to 8000 head making their month's or six weeks' ascent to the heights. The great sheep-runs become a Botany Bay for all sorts and conditions of men—"diggers," "greasers," and college graduates together. One flock master employed one year "a bishop's son, a banker, an editor, a civil engineer, and a book-keeper," harvesting their "wild oats" while the sheep were cropping theirs, for it is on this plant that the sheep graze. Shearing is done twice a year, largely by Indians, who are said to be "more patient and gentle than Americans," though they shear only three sheep while the Americans shear five. These travel largely in clubs or companies, under command of a captain, who offers their services at five or six cents a fleece with board, or seven cents without. The great wheat farms and vineyards of California gain by having sheep turned in to glean and graze after the harvest, leaving the fields enriched by their manure.

The sheep's coat or "fleece," clipped off him as one piece, is much like a rough sheet of cotton batting. "Pulled wool," plucked from the pelts of dead sheep after loosening by lime, is a poorer stuff, as "dead" are poorer than "live" geese feathers. The fleeces are bundled and made into bales, usually of about 250 pounds in this country, for the great wool markets of London or Boston. The English "wool-stapler" used to be the great man of the trade, at once broker and sorter; but the great American mills usually buy in bales, which go direct to their sorting-rooms. Here the bale is opened, each fleece in turn is spread upon the sorter's bench, and the sorter, with quick eye and hand, parcels the fleece into "qualities," it may be two or three, it may be a dozen, dropping into one basket the fine, soft, best wool of the back and sides, the "picklock"; into another, the short, coarse, poorest, and dirtiest from the shins. Mohairs and Persian wool sometimes contain a peculiar *bacillus*, from diseased sheep, which produces the fatal "wool-sorters' disease"; to avoid this danger, English mills which use these fibres provide the sorter's table or the floor of the sorting-room with a horizontal wire screen, through which the dust is drawn by an exhaust fan. Dirty wool is first treated in American mills in a "cone duster," a box in which the sortings are tumbled about by revolving slats furnished with prongs, which shake out the dust. The wool must now be "scoured" in hot water with soap or a mild alkali to dissolve out the "yolk," or "suint," the natural grease in the wool; and "rinsed" in tepid or cold water to rid it of the soap. The running water of the mill-stream, passing through a tank, used to do the first washing; a huge tub, with a perforated false bottom, the water heated by a jet of steam, served for scouring; out of it projected a sort of washboard, the "scray," with open slats, for draining the wool; and in the "rinsing box," with a copper bottom full of holes, it was rinsed by a rush of clean water—all this not unlike Bridget's methods with her Monday's "wash." A modern machine performs all these operations in succession, receiving the wool from a feeding apron, passing it on, not too swiftly, by a series of rakes or harrows, through tanks of soapy, and afterward clean water, squeezing it by pressing rolls, and delivering it clean and nearly dry at the end. In washing on the sheep's back wool loses commonly a third, and in the scouring at the mill another third of its weight, whence the fact that our wool tariff is doubled for washed, and trebled for scoured wool. But different wools vary much; of some, 25 per cent. only, of others, 40 per cent., remains after scouring. If these processes are ill done, the wool becomes brittle, and will make poor goods.

If it is not to go directly to the dyeing-room, the wool must be carefully and evenly dried, which is done, first, by the ordinary centrifugal drier, revolving so fast that most of the moisture flies off, and then by spreading it over a frame of wire netting, through which dry air is driven by rotary fans, or by passing it for half an hour over and under hot-air pipes in a drying chest, wherein rollers carry it on to a big drum, which turns it over as it feeds to them again. The dried wool is heaped in big bins, white like driven snow.

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Certain wools are full of burs, or thorny seeds, a device of ingenious nature to enable seeds to "catch on" and travel with the sheep till they find a home in which to germinate. These would wear out the machines, and show themselves in the cloth as microscopic points, giving it a prickly feel. They are removed by "burring," in a machine in which the wool, fed against a slatted drum covered with metal points, is spread out thin and loose, and is thus exposed to the fluted blades of the bur-roller, or "knocker-off," which knocks the burs upon a grating below, while the wool, carried further on, is stripped off again by a roller brush. For most wools, a bur-roller attached to the first carding machine suffices for this purpose. Sometimes, especially if the burs are much broken, the vegetable substances are got rid of by dilute acids, which eat them out without injuring the fibre.

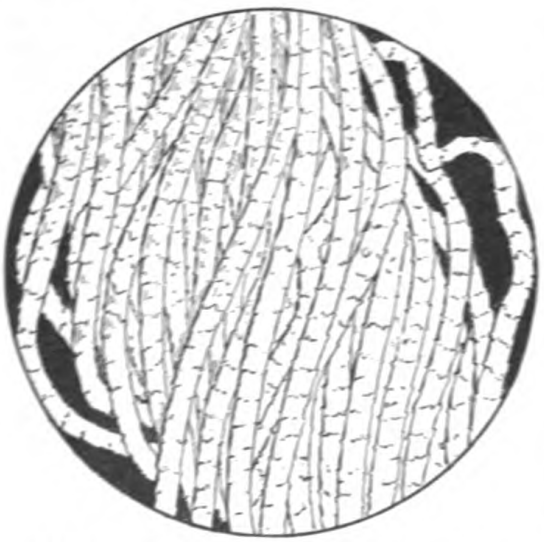
For goods "dyed in the wool," the fibre goes now to the dyeing-room, a great steamy, sloppy place, where half-stripped men are dimly seen, their hands and arms of any color but flesh-color, busy over great vats. The treatment varies with the color. For black cloth, a bath will have been prepared by boiling together bichromate of potash, red tartar, and vitriol. When this has cooled, the wool is put in, boiled for nearly two hours, rinsed, and exposed to the air. Meanwhile hundreds of pounds of chip logwood and of chip fustic, tied up in bags, have been boiled for two hours, to make the dyestuff proper, and when



A WOOL SORTER AT WORK.

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the bags have been taken out and the extract is almost cool, in the wool is plunged for a second boiling. This goes on for an hour or two, according to the depth of black required: the dyer tries it by wringing out a bit and holding it above his head, so that the light may strike through the fibre. When the color is right, the liquor is drawn off, and cold water is run through to rinse the wool. For either blacks, drabs, or slates, or for darkening other colors, logwood is the main reliance: for reds, camwood or hypernic; for yellows, fustic; for blues, indigo and aniline colors. After dyeing, the wool is dried, first by being whirled in a "centrifugal," and next over a "drier," as previously described.



YARN, SHOWING TWISTED FIBRES OF WOOL. Magnified 200 diameters.

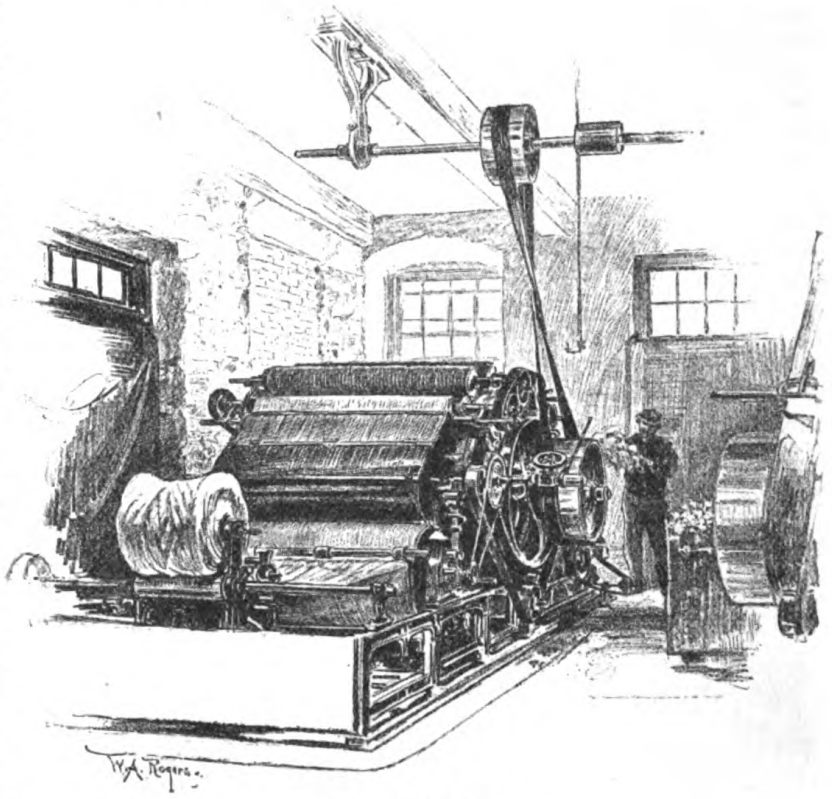
The best judgment is required for the "mix" or "blend," which is an essential part of wool manufacturing. Wool is so various a staple that we ought rather to speak of "wools" as quite different articles: thus most of our American wools require the admixture of foreign wools to make a desired quality of cloth; for the best perhaps 300 pounds of No. 1. Australia with 700 pounds of No. 1 Ohio. For mixing, wools must be sufficiently unlike to give each its own quality toward the result, yet sufficiently alike to go through the carding and spinning evenly together. Wool and silk waste, wool and cotton, wool and "mungo," are also mixed together, and like care must be taken. Many seemingly plain colors, as browns, olives, grays, are produced by "blends" of wool dyed different colors. The mixing of different qualities of wool, sometimes done before washing; or of different fibres, is a comparatively simple matter; the "blend" of colors is more difficult and interesting. The exact proportion necessary to make a desired color is found by weighing out samples of wool of each constituent color, blending together these samples with old-fashioned hand-cards, like curry-combs, and adding one or the other color till the exact shade is reached. This determined, the wool is weighed out in quantity, and "bedded" in layers on the floor of the picker-room; for a blue-gray, a layer of black, a layer of white, a trifle of blue, and so on. The wool is taken up from the edge of the layers, and thus fed to the picker, or teaser, in which the mixing is completed.

Either by sprinkling the layers on the blending floor, or by spraying the wool in its progress through one of the machines, the wool must be "oiled," to replace the natural grease removed in the scouring. Otherwise it is hard and brittle, and the scales are apt to catch into each other, and felt at once. The oil sheathes these scales and prevents this. Lard or olive oil is best: chemically prepared oils are also used, but any free acid left in them is apt to eat into the metal of the machines, the flesh of the workman, and the cloth itself.

To "open out" wool as it comes dry and perhaps matted together from the store-room or the dye-house, to sift out any remaining dyestuff or débris, and to mix the fibre thoroughly, is the office of the opener, or picker, or teaser, or shake-willow, or "fearnaught," as different varieties of the machine are called. In general this machine feeds the wool from a travelling apron or lattice, upon a large drum or spiral blades studded with iron spikes, which work between similar teeth, or "teasers," on small cylinders above. The wool is thus pulled apart or opened, and revolving beaters, making an air blast, further help to open it out and mix it thoroughly, and finally to deliver it in a cloud of white or gray or black snow, into a great closed bin called the gauze-room. The dust has meanwhile fallen through a grating below. To "tease," by-the-way, is an old word, coming to us from the early Teutonic languages, meaning to pull or scratch apart wool, and from this comes our common word *tease*, while

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from the teasel, or weaver's plant, which gives him a natural scratching brush, comes our word *tassel*. In opening and mixing, wool is in some cases put through successive varieties of this same machine. The fibre is now ready to begin its course through the carding machines, on its way to its final transformation into woollens or worsteds.



CARDING MACHINE.

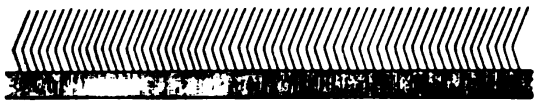
The distinction between woollens and worsteds was formerly very clear. Woollens were the goods of soft feel, like broadcloths and flannels, made of short wools, the fibres of which are but partly straightened out, by "cards" only (which act like the curry-combs used for the short hair of horses), so that the wool remains more or less crossed or tangled, and being spun loose, felts or mats together in weaving or finishing, concealing the pattern of the weaving. Worsteds were the goods of harder feel, like diagonals and baréges, apt to wear "shiny," made of long wools, the fibres of which are fully straightened out by "combs" also (which act like the combs used for human hair), and spun hard-twisted, so that they felt comparatively little in finishing, and show the pattern of the weaving, seeming, as is said, "made in the loom." Of late years the improvement in combing machinery, and particularly the development of the Noble comb, has made possible the use of shorter and shorter staples for combing, and the French system of spinning worsted yarns, avoiding any twist until the last process of spinning, and aiming to produce a soft, clinging fabric, has partly superseded the method of hard-twisting. Thus worsteds and woollens now approach very closely together, the main difference being in the interposition of the comb, and in certain of the finishing processes, admitting, however, of very wide variations in the choice of stock. The distinction is rather of method than result. In former times, the long staple being scarce and the process difficult, worsteds were made abroad only at great disadvantage, and but little made here, for which reason, since 1832, our tariff had put a lower duty on worsted goods than on woollen goods. Great complaint has been made of late years by manufacturers because worsted goods could be brought in at a much lower duty than woollens, and a recent Treasury decision has cut the Gordian knot by ruling that worsted suitings and coatings, the modern soft goods, are to be classed not as worsteds but as woollens, and so "levelling up" the rate.

The "card-room" of a modern woollen mill would be a strange sight to our grandmothers, who spent a busy day carding by hand less wool than one of the great machines will turn out in a minute. It is a long room, down which, in diminishing perspective, the eye sees one after another the huge carding machines turning, turning, turning. Each "set of cards"

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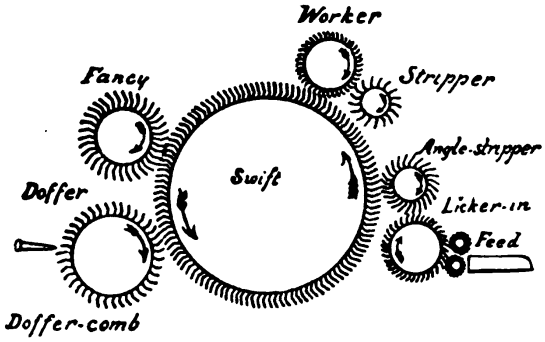
consists usually of three machines, called the first breaker, the second breaker, and the finisher, nearly alike in construction, but each advancing the carding one stage, the product of the one becoming the supply of the next. The English mills use the "scribbler," "intermediate," and "carder," with attached condenser, which nearly correspond. The first breaker is supplied by an ingenious automatic feed, carrying the wool from a hopper into a weighing scale, which tips over the pan as soon as it holds a given weight of wool, and so feeds the machine evenly. This Bramwell feed is an American invention.

In each of the three carders of a set, the important parts are a great cylinder or "swift," and the half-dozen pairs of smaller cylinders — a "worker" and a "stripper" in each pair—arranged about its upper half. All these cylinders are covered



WIRE CARD CLOTHING.

with wire "card clothing," iron or steel bristles, slightly bent, threaded through a foundation of leather or of cotton and India-rubber, like a metallic hair-brush or the old-fashioned hand-cards of our grandams. A "licker-in" roller, similarly clothed, takes the fibre from the feed-rollers and delivers it to the angle-stripper, which places it, in turn, on the

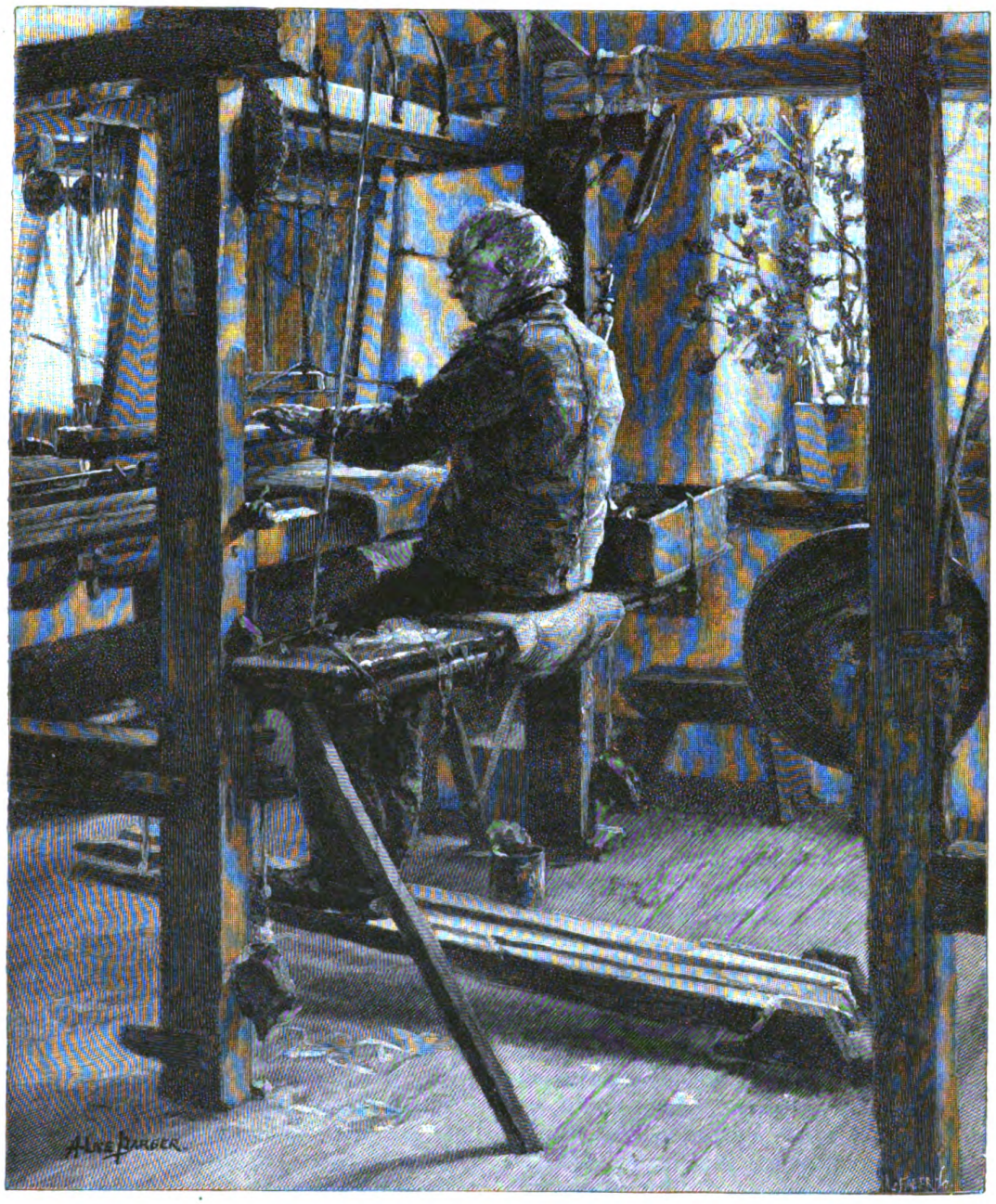


ESSENTIAL PARTS OF CARDING MACHINE.

Only one pair of worker-and-stripper is shown, somewhat enlarged.

wires of the swift. Thence, as the swift revolves, the wool is pulled by the wires of the slower worker, set at a different angle and playing close to the tips of the swift's wires. This pulling and straightening is the single purpose of the huge machine. From the worker, the stripper, acting in much the same way, strips the fibre and returns it to the big swift, to be passed successively through each pair of workers and strippers, each set having finer and finer teeth, and working closer to the swift, until at the other end of the machine, the "fancy," another wired cylinder, brushes up the much bepulled wool from the wires of the swift and makes it ready for the "doffer-roller," whence it is delivered in a continuous film, or stripped off by the oscillating motion of the huge steel "doffer-comb," which delivers it into a tube or "trumpet" revolving slowly, and producing a loose rope, or "sliver," which is automatically wound into cheese-like balls. This is the work of the first breaker, or scribbler. The second, or intermediate, is fed from a number of these balls arranged in a rack, or from a "lap" of slivers wound together by a lapping machine, and repeats the process with somewhat finer cards, turning out a more compact sliver. But, with every precaution, the fibre so fed may be thicker at some than at other parts, and thus make an uneven sliver; moreover, this short wool is not to be kept fully straightened, as if it were for worsted, but needs, after disentanglement, to be criss-crossed again, so that it will felt when the time comes. For these reasons the fibre is fed into the third machine, or finisher, transversely, or "on the bias," by a travelling feed oscillating diagonally to the machine, and depositing the sliver one layer on another. The licker-in of the finisher thus takes the fibre from the edge of the sliver, and at the other end of the finisher the wool is doffed, not by the big comb to make slivers, but usually by "ring doffers" forming part of the "condenser" attachment, which make a coarse "roving." These ring doffers are pairs of leather rings, between which the sheet of fibre passes; the upper ring of one pair, the under ring of the next, have wire clothing, which catches the fibre, so that it is delivered in two sets of strips, one over, one under, instead of in a continuous sheet. These strips are condensed into threads by "rub-rolls," which work to and fro in opposite directions as they revolve, so that as the strips pass between pairs of rollers they are loosely compacted together, as the shoemaker rubs his waxed thread between his palms,

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OLD-TIME WEAVING.

into the roving, which, wound upon long spools, is now ready for the spinning-room.

All these machines are simply the hand-cards of our grandmothers, translating their rubbing motion into rotary motion, to do the work more quickly and on a larger scale. All the machinery of the spinning-rooms is likewise the development of the old-fashioned spinning-wheel. It simply draws out and twists the yarn, making it finer and finer at each step. To spin means indeed to draw out (*spinnen*, from *span*, or *spa*), and our second meaning, of quickly turning, comes from the motion of the spinning-wheel. The mule and other spinning machinery for wool are derived from that devised for cotton, modified to meet the nature of the fibre, which will not stand so continuous a pull. The spinning-room of a great mill, usually the full length and breadth of the upper stories, lighted on every side, pre-

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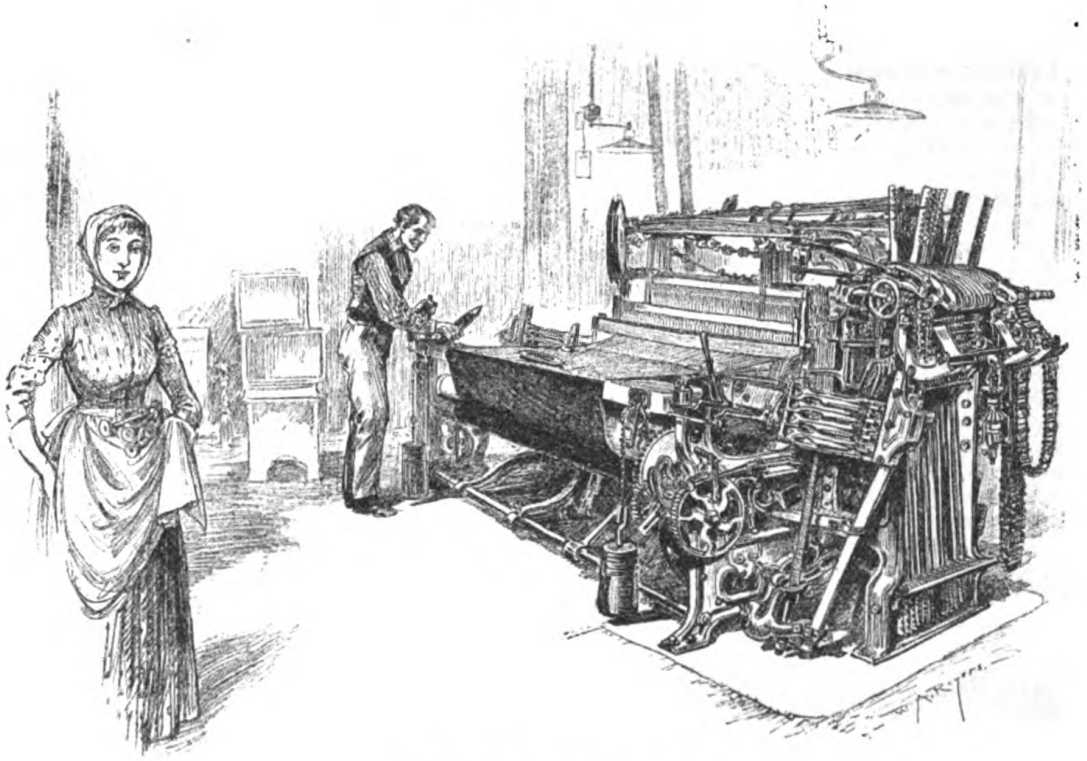
sents a striking contrast to the carding-room with its big, cumbrous machines. The bobbins, to be sure, are spinning about with a great whir, and the spinners must keep a sharp eye and jump quickly for broken threads, but the slow-moving carriage gives the on-looker a feeling of deliberation and almost of rest, which the spinners probably do not share.

The spinning-mule consists of a frame perhaps eighty or a hundred feet long, on which are placed in rows the spools containing the roving. Opposite this is the "carriage," or rather pair of carriages, with the "head-stock" between, carrying in a single or double row several hundred spindles. Each "end" of wool from the roving spools is passed between rollers on the frame, and fastened to the corresponding bobbin, fitting each on its own spindle on the carriage. Each carriage is on a little railway of its own, and when the bobbins are all threaded, it moves away from the frame by motion communicated from the head-stock. The spindles are made to revolve, each whirling the bobbin upon it, the thread is given out by the rollers, and a loose twisting goes on till the carriage is about half its distance off. Then the rollers stop giving out the thread, but the carriage keeps on, and thus draws it out to half its previous thickness. As the carriage reaches the end of its railway the spindles are made to revolve still faster, so that the thread is more and more twisted, requiring the carriage to move automatically a few inches nearer to allow for the consequent shortening. This completed, the spindles are stopped and reversed for a few turns, the carriage moves back all the way to the frame again, the spun thread being automatically wound upon the bobbins on the return, and the process recommences until the bobbins are full or the spools run out. The spindles are then "doffed," or cleared, of the bobbins, and a new set begun. For some lines of goods woollen yarns are doubled, that is, two threads, spun as above, are run to one spindle on a doubling frame, the twisting being always contrary to that of the original threads, to prevent kinks. For some goods the two threads doubled together are of different colors, making "fancy yarns"; sometimes one thread is of wool, the other of silk, cotton, or grass fibre. The yarn may be spun a third time by passing through a twister, another variation of the frame. That for warp, the thread running lengthwise with the cloth, is more twisted than that for weft, or woof, or filling in, the thread running across the piece. If the fibre has not been dyed in the wool, but is to be "dyed in the yarn," it goes to the dye-house in great skeins to pass through the dyeing process. Commonly in England, and frequently in America, the spinner is a distinctive manufacturer, selling the yarns to the weaver. The size of yarns is designated by "counts," or numbers, reckoned by the number of "hanks" (or, in wool, skeins of 560 yards) required to make a pound. Thus, 36's yarn has 36 hanks, or 21,160 yards, to the pound.

The designing-room is the commander-in-chief's office in a woollen-mill, whence the orders in detail are distributed to every department. A design, first drawn on paper in color, then made in a small piece in an experimental weaving-room attached to the designing-room, meets the favor of the selling agents, and perhaps five hundred pieces, three-quarters wide, ten ounces to the yard, of a designated quality, are ordered. The designing-room "lays out" a single pattern of the design on a large scale, analyzing the elements necessary to produce the result—the weave, the variety of yarns for warp and weft, the colors required, the quality and kind of wool, and its admixtures; reckons how many times this pattern is repeated in the width and in the piece; and so determines the relative quantities of material. Orders go thence to the sorting-room, the dye-house, the spinning-room, and the weaving-shed, each order fitting the rest like the parts of a watch.

The pattern in both woollen and worsted goods depends chiefly upon the weave, for these are seldom printed on the surface, as are silks and cottons; but the modern processes of weaving have been developed chiefly in the cotton industry for plain and in the silk for figured weaving, through the Kay shuttle and Cartwright loom and the Jacquard attachment. The process of wool weaving does not vary essentially from that of silk weaving, described in this Magazine for July, 1885, in "A Silk Dress." The one important difference is that after the warp threads have been reeled upon the large drum called the warping-mill, the warp must be passed through a dressing of animal size, starch, or Irish moss, which lays down any fibres protruding from the

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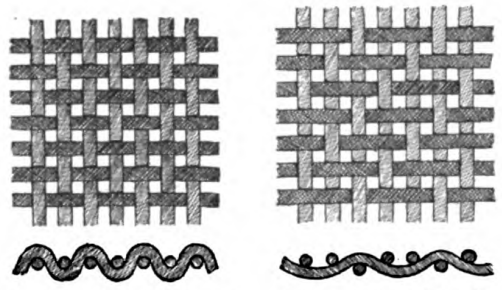


WEAVING ON CHAIN-LOOM.

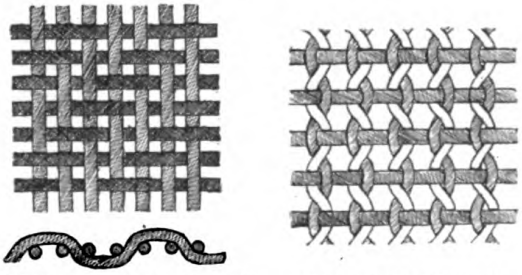
yarn, and makes it smooth and strong, after which it is thoroughly dried. The warp is next wound upon the loom beam, each thread is individually "drawn in" through its place in the reeds of the loom harness, so that it may be lifted in the loom at the right moment for the pattern, and the beam and harness being put in place on the loom, the ends of the warp threads are attached to the roller in front. Each thread of the warp is, of course, as long as the entire length of the weave. Meanwhile the woof thread, wound on bobbins, has been put into the shuttles, and these into the shuttle boxes at the side of the loom. The loom starts, the harness lifts part of the warp threads, the picking stick sends the shuttle across the loom between these and the warp threads left unlifted, the batten drives home the thread left by the shuttle, the lower warp threads are lifted and the upper lowered, the shuttle is thrown back, and so the cloth is woven, at the rate of perhaps eighty "picks," or threads, per minute. The cloth is usually cut from the loom in "cuts" of forty yards each.

Weavers recognize several "fundamental weaves," which permit of infinite combinations and patterns. The "tabby" or "taffeta" weave (from the Persian *taftan*, to twist or spin), making plain cloth, is a simple interlacement of the weft thread over one warp thread and under the next, requiring but two harnesses, one up while the other is down; this is the weave of broadcloth, mousselines de laine, and of the plain cottons whence these "muslins of wool" came. The twill weave produces a diagonal cloth, varying in pattern with the number of harnesses and the order in which they rise. The serge or prunel weave, in which three harnesses are used—two down while one is up—is the simplest twill; the cassimere or Batavia twill has four harnesses, rising in pairs, but in successive order; the sateen, or doeskin, often considered a separate weave, has at least five harnesses, of which four are down while one is up, thus flushing either the warp threads or the woof threads chiefly to the surface, and producing the smooth sheeny effect known as satin. Figured cloths in infinite variety are produced by combinations of these weaves with each other or with plain ground (taffeta) weaving. The cross or gauze weave, said to have originated in Gaza, is totally distinct from either the tabby or twill weaving; in this, one of

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Tabby (plain cloth) weave. Serge or prunel twill.



Cassimere or Batavia twill. Gauze or cross weave.



Double-weft face cloth.



Pile weave, uncut.



Pile weave, cut: velvet.

FUNDAMENTAL WEAVES.

the warp threads is half twisted or full twisted around another warp thread by help of a "doup leash," or extra harness, and is then held in this position by the shoot of the weft thread. The double-cloth weave has additional warp and weft threads, so interlaced that a cloth of two distinct faces is produced, or one of two distinct backs, in which latter case a kind of velvet is produced by cutting the two portions apart. The pile or velvet weave proper is a fifth distinctive method, using wires to uplift the warp thread for a pile, as in making Brussels carpets, yet to be described. The simpler variations are on many looms controlled by a chain harness instead of the Jacquard attachment, the chains, of short rods, being fitted with balls and sinkers, each ball lifting a part of the harness as it goes by on the chain, and each sinker depressing it.

The names by which wool fabrics are known are a confusion worse confounded, and several efforts to classify the nomenclature have only increased the confusion. The weave, or *armure* (the French term for the harness), is one supposed basis; but a Batavia cloth is not of Batavia but of serge weave. Another basis is that of all wool or various mixtures; but here are fresh confusions, as in the case of *poplin*. When the popes possessed Avignon, centuries ago, a silk cloth there made was called *papeline*, in their honor. It was imitated in England as *poplin;* and when, in 1775, French refugees introduced it in Ireland, the Irish poplin became famous as a fabric of silk warp and woollen woof, the large woof threads giving it a reps effect; cotton has now taken the place of the silk, so that the name means anything. Delaine, of course, means "of wool," but has come to designate the wide varieties of "union goods," formerly called cotton delaines, of cotton warp and wool weft, which have become the chief feature of the manufactures of Roubaix (France), Bradford (England), and many of our own mills. For the most part, modern names of fabrics come from the fancy of manufacturers or dealers, and are as meaningless and inconsistent as cooks' French in dinner *menus*.

After woollen goods leave the loom, they have to go through the distinctive process of milling or fulling—the felting together of the fibres. This is peculiar to wool. But first the cloth must be "perched" under the careful eye of the "overlooker," who marks with chalk each little imperfection, and docks the weaver accordingly; pass through the burling-room, where with "burlers"—a kind of tweezers—all lumps, knots, and other imperfections are plucked out as the cloth is drawn slowly over a sloping table in strong light; go to the menders, who stitch in missing warp or woof threads, so far as this has not been done on the loom, and mend flaws with wonderful deftness; and must be measured and weighed. It is also in many cases "scoured," or thoroughly washed again to remove remaining oil, or dirt, or superfluous dye, either as preparatory to fulling or as a substitute for it. The old-fashioned fulling consisted in sprinkling the goods with boiled or liquid soap, folding them in laps, and placing them in the hollow receptacle of the fulling stocks, in which they were milled, or hammered, for two or three days, being taken out five or six

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COMBING: THE NOBLE COMB.

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times for reopening and refolding, until the wool fibre was thoroughly matted together, and the cloth shrunk to the desired width. The modern fulling-mill gathers the cloth, as stitched together at its ends by a portable sewing-machine into an endless belt, in rough folds lengthwise over a large cylinder with flanged edges, between which edges another cylinder works, rubbing the cloth well together as it is carried around and around. Narrow cloths are usually milled down to twenty-seven inches; broad goods, to fifty-four inches or more; some goods are only "half-milled," others are single, double, or even treble milled, reducing the cloth to one-half its original breadth. From one to four hours are now required, instead of nearly as many days. Now the cloth must be rinsed, and dried in the centrifugal extractor, and next "tentered," or dried stretched. The old-fashioned tenter posts and hooks are still to be seen in mill yards, on which the cloth was firmly stretched, and left two or three days to dry in the air. Bad weather played havoc with this process, and nowadays the cloth is tentered by being run over steam-coils on a revolving frame, or on an endless chain, gripped on either side by tenter-hooks or grippers, adjustable to the width of the cloth, to prevent undesired shrinking.

The fulling has been a preparation for the finishing, also peculiar to woollen goods, by which the "nap" is raised and the separate threads of the weaving quite lost to sight. Nature has provided a curious instrument for this process in the weaver's "teasel," a plant having a thistle-like head of thorny hooks pointing downward, which is grown in great quantities in parts of England and France, and extensively in New York State, near Skaneateles, for this sole purpose. The hand-weaver set a number of these on a frame, with which he "raised" the nap by scratching the face of the cloth stretched in front of him on an upright frame, while a companion at the back pushed forward the part on which he worked. The "raising-gig" now does this work. The teasels are mounted on slats, which are placed on a cylinder, against which the cloth is gently pressed by another cylinder, to be scratched by the teasels as they revolve. The teasel heads after a while fill with "flocks" of wool, which are cleared off by hand. A "dewing machine," or attachment, blowing a fine spray, on the principle of the perfume atomizer, is sometimes used to moisten the cloth before gigging.

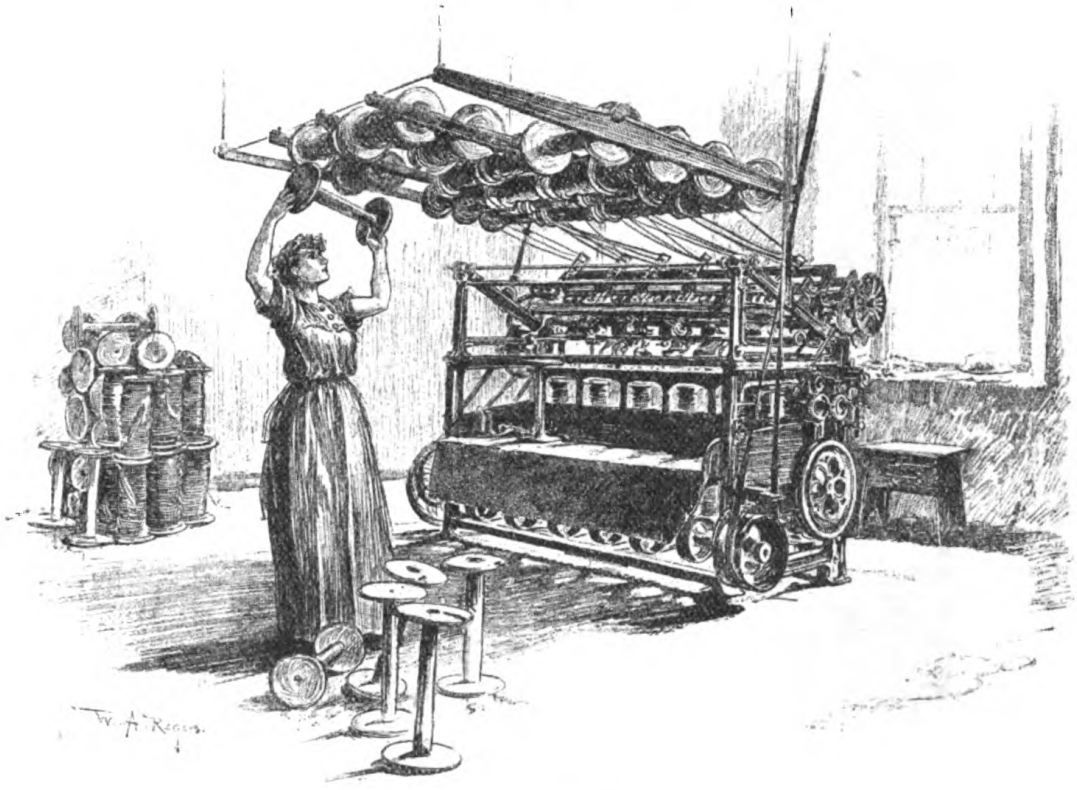


A TEASEL.

If the goods are not to be left rough and furry, they must next be "cropped," or sheared. The croppers took their turn at resisting the introduction of machinery seventy years ago, but, all the same, the machine came. It consists of a series of blades arranged spirally on a cylinder, working against a stationary "ledger blade," or knife edge, which make together a pair of huge scissors, clipping down the cloth as it is pressed lightly against them by rollers. The cloth is run through several times, and the tentering, teasing, and shearing processes are repeated for most cloths, the finest broadcloth undergoing the cropping yet a third time. After the cropping, a brushing and steaming machine, with its revolving brushes and steam-rolls, gives the cloth another dressing, and if it is to be steam-boiled, it is wrapped around perforated metal cylinders and exposed to heat in a steam-chest for several hours. Cloth that is "dyed in the piece" at this stage takes its turn in the dye-house, being run through the dye-kettle in an endless belt over a cylinder, just as in fulling. Finally it must be pressed, but just before this it must pass a final inspection, when any last imperfections are caught, and any defects of color remedied by "specking," or dotting on dye or ink with a wooden instrument like a butcher's skewer. This is a "trick of the trade" which has risen to the dignity of a process, for, especially where there is much admixture of cotton, an inking machine makes assurance doubly sure by printing color over the whole surface. The pressing, which gives its final finish and lustre to fine cloth, was up to ten years ago done by folding the cloth in layers between "press boards," of fine smooth pasteboard, and squeezing a heap of these layers in a hydraulic press between hot plates. The calender machine replaces this system in many modern

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mills, compressing the cloth as it is passed between heated rollers. If it comes out too shiny, it is steamed and brushed again; and now is finished cloth, which, wound on thin boards and duly labelled, is ready for the dry-goods store and the tailor's shop.

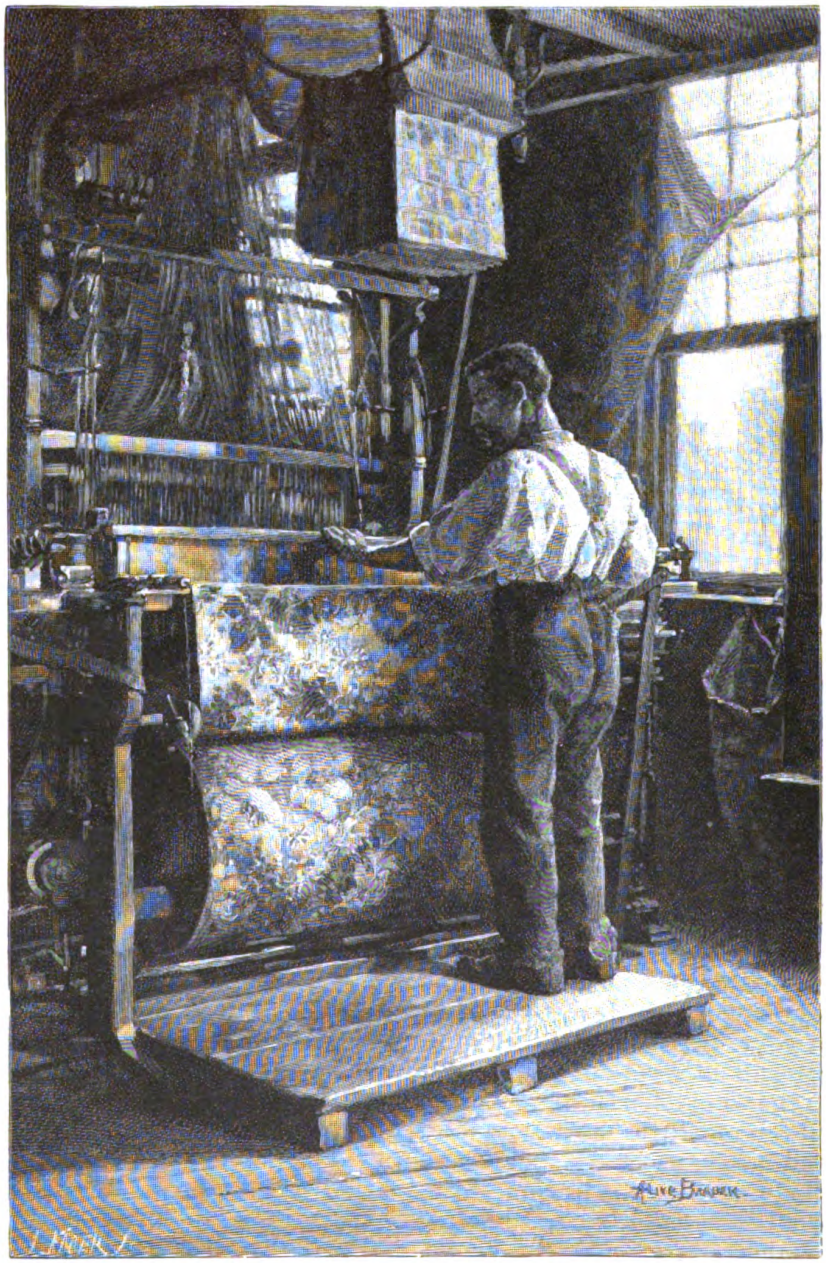


DRAWING MACHINE.

The worsted factory in its earlier processes presents to the observer few points of difference from the woollen-mill, although most of the methods are slightly modified, in view of the final use of the wool. The result of woollen machinery is to leave to the wool its natural tendency to curve and felt together, hence the loose spinning and after-processes. The result of worsted machinery is to spin from the longer wool fibres a straighter, smoother thread, which may be woven more like silk or cotton, and more nearly "finished in the loom." Up to the middle of this century, combing by hand was practically the only way. The comber used a pair of combs made of two or three rows of long steel teeth, on one of which he placed a mass of wool, previously oiled, which he combed off with the other. He then cleared the first comb from the broken remnants of fibre, called "noils," and combed back from off the second comb upon the first again, repeating the process until the "tops," or good fibres, were quite smooth and straight. Each time, of course, the tangled ends, which gave the comb a hold on the threads, remained on it as "noils," so that the "tops" were fewer and shorter at each combing. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, patented in 1790 a mechanical comber, but his results were very wasteful, and it was not until 1846 that Jesse Heilmann, a Frenchman of Mulhouse, patented in England the first practical comber. The Lister comb, patented in 1851, was so like it that a patent suit ensued, which was ended by Lister's purchase of Heilmann's rights for £30,000. The Lister form was the better of the two, and survived. The gist of both inventions was the use of nipping jaws, gripping the end of the fibre, in place of the long teeth which could find a hold only in the tangled ends. The Lister or "nip" comber requires long-staple wool, prepared by a series of machines, usually five or six, called "preparers." Each comprises a set of "fallers,"

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or "gills," toothed bars of metal like big hair combs, taking the fibre from feeding rollers and giving it up to the swifter drawing-rollers. These fallers travel forward in a screw channel, cut so as to give an increasing motion as each faller nears the end of its journey, when it drops or falls (whence the name), just as it delivers the fibre to the drawers. As it falls it is received on a lower screw, working the other way, and is sent back to the starting-point, where it is popped up to the top line again to receive the fibre from the feeders. The fallers act like a line of school-boys jumping off a bank, each after his jump running back to the end of the line again. By this ingenious device the long fibres are pulled straight without being entangled in the least. The first "preparer" receives the opened-out fibre,

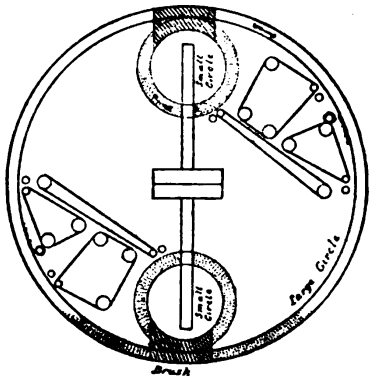


MODERN CARPET LOOM FOR INGRAIN CARPET.

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passes it over coarse fallers, and delivers it in a sheet to the second, with its finer fallers, and so on. The third preparer has a trumpet attachment, making a slightly twisted sliver, and in the fourth the wool is often oiled for the comber. The sliver made by the fifth or sixth preparer, with its fine-tooth fallers, delivered into cans, is fed into the Lister comber upon a similar set of gill bars, between whose teeth the fibre is pressed by a dabbing brush. From these it is taken, not by drawing rollers, but by the nipping jaws, which close upon a tuft, pull it through and out from the gill points, and give it up to a second or carrier nip, which closes upon one end of the tuft as the first nip releases the other. This second nip jerks the tuft over to a revolving circle, with several rows of upright wire points, which take the tuft from the nip and give over the "tops" or long fibres to drawing rollers, while the "noils," or short fibres, remain on the points until taken off farther on by a doffer. Meanwhile the nippers, having let go of the first tuft, have gripped a second, being so timed that the drawing rollers get the tufts overlapping slightly, so that the combed "tops" are delivered in a continuous sliver. This comb effected an enormous saving, but the invention of the Noble or circular comber was an even greater improvement.

The Noble comb makes the work rotary and continuous, and can use much shorter fibre, which has been partly carded instead of "prepared." It is a wheel of four or five feet diameter laid flat on a circular iron stand about two feet high. All around this stand are placed balls of the loose ropes of partly carded wool, each sliver carried through feeding boxes, which feed it against the revolving circle, on which are several rows of upright wire pins, the inner rows finer and closer than the outer. As the sliver is fed upon the large circle, a brush working up and down presses the wool between the pins, while the nipping clamps shut together and permit only a tuft to be carried along by the circle. Just within the inner row of pins a smaller circle revolves in the same direction as the large, with a bristling face of combing pins on its periphery. This smaller circle in turn pulls the fibre from the larger wheel, straightening it out, and gives up the straightened "tops" to a pair of drawing rollers, while the



WORKING PARTS OF NOBLE COMB.

"noils" are taken off by a carding roller or other device. There are two of these small circles at opposite parts of the large wheel, and the "tops" from both are fed together, so as to make a continuous sliver of glossy, straightened fibre. There are still other varieties of combing machines combining these principles.

The combed wool must next go through the series of drawing machines, from five to six, which, taking several slivers, combine them into one finer roving, meanwhile completing the straightening of the fibres, and drawing them out to their full length. The first of these are gill boxes, similar to the preparers, in which the wool is further drawn out by fallers; the later ones in the series have no fallers, but depend altogether on drawing rollers, revolving more rapidly than the feeding rollers, to draw the fibre. The sliver from the combing machine is made into loose balls on a "balling head" attachment; the first, or can gill box, delivers it in a loose coil into cans; the second delivers it upon two spindles, and here it is weighed; the third delivers it upon four spindles, the sliver getting finer and straighter each time; as it leaves the last drawing frame, somewhat twisted and wound upon large spools, it is called "slubbing."

The "slubbing" is now ready for the roving frame, which doubles two slubbings into one, by use of a flyer spindle twists this slightly, and thus gradually increasing the cohesion, gives the "roving" strength enough to stand the strain of spinning. The spinning of worsted differs from that of wool chiefly in its being tighter or harder, ten to twelve turns to the inch being the usual twist for average yarn, made on the throstle

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frame, which is similar in principle to the previous machines. The French system of making worsted yarn avoids making much twist until the spinning frame is reached, using rub-rolls in place of spindles in the early processes. The result is a softer fabric, preserving more of the characteristic qualities of wool, and draping more to the form.

The weaving of worsteds is not dissimilar to that of other textiles, as woollens or cottons, but they are more usually in fancy patterns of weaving, and hence the Jacquard is much used. On this their effect largely depends. Worsteds are often spoken of as "finished in the loom," because they preserve more distinctly the patterns of the weave, and are not so dependent on the after-processes for finish. But they go through most of the processes described for woollens, though they are fulled less, and sometimes are not fulled at all, and burling is of even more importance in worsteds than in woollens. They also require several processes which most woollens do not need—"crabbing," a process of steam scouring applied first to one side of the cloth, then to the other, by rolling it upon large metal cylinders, and then rewinding the cloth reversed, to give it surface preparatory to dyeing; brushing, or dry raising, in place of gigging; and singeing, in which the loose ends of fibre are burned off the face of the cloth by passing it over a red-hot cylinder or in front of a line of gas flames, a picturesque process which looks absolutely destructive, but which results only in giving the fabric a cleaner, brighter surface —the opposite of the soft pile finish of many woollens. But throughout the entire gamut of woollen and worsted production, each fabric, each mill, differs so in method and order of process from most others that it is almost impossible to give either a complete or fully generalized view of the industry at large.

The carpet manufacture is one of the foremost specialties of the woollen industry. The tidy house-keeper of a good many thousand years ago looked about her for a floor covering, and plaited the river reeds or grasses into mats—which some writers take to be the origin of weaving. Our Aryan forefathers were weaving carpets of wool in Persia at the very dawn of history; thence the manufacture spread to India, to Turkey, to Arabia. The returning Crusaders introduced carpets to Europe. But it was not till the days of Henry of Navarre that their manufacture was attempted in France, and it was the great minister of Louis XIV., Colbert, who established at Beauvais the first permanent carpet factory, which still exists. Many Eastern carpets are still made on what is rather a frame than a loom, the pile being short threads or tufts tied into the fabric by the fingers as it is woven, battened by inserting a sort of comb, which is hammered against the loose rows, and cut into a pile by clipping down the ends of the tufts to an even surface. The weaver sits at the back of the fabric and relies on his memory in following the pattern, which partly accounts for certain irregularities in Eastern rugs. The ordinary hand-loom was used in eastern Europe for carpets up to nearly the middle of this century. Meanwhile carpet manufacture had been established in Philadelphia as early as 1791, and it is mentioned in Hamilton's famous Report on Manufactures. The Jacquard attachment was early applied to these looms. More than one American mill attempted prior to 1830 to weave ingrain carpets on power-looms, but it was not until the invention of Mr. E. B. Bigelow, of Boston, in 1842, that a satisfactory automatic loom for carpet-making was produced.

The simplest form of carpet, except the printed drugget and the coarse hemp carpeting, is the Venetian carpeting, made on the common loom, in stripes, two warp threads being brought alternately to the surface, and hiding the weft, which may be of hemp or cotton, between them. It is alike on both sides. Ingrains, of which the Venetian is really a variety, mean carpets dyed in grain, or in the yarn. They are two-ply or three-ply, according to the number of threads used for the warp, and the pattern is produced by a Jacquard attachment. They show on the back the reverse of the pattern on the front. The Kidderminster or Scotch carpets are a heavy variety of ingrain, having properly a worsted warp and woollen weft, but our best American three-plies are said to surpass them. "Union" ingrains have a weft of cotton, and in some cheap carpets even bark fibre is used for filling. The next class of carpets are pile fabrics, made with a backing or foundation, usually of hemp or cotton, having no relation to the

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color of the carpet. They are woven by placing in the loom, in addition to the ordinary warp threads which bind the fabric together, as many more warp threads as there are to be colors in the carpet. These are not wound on a single beam, but each color is wound on as many spools as there are to be threads of that color in the carpet, set in a frame behind the loom. These frames are like large trays, one above another, tilted toward the beam of the loom; if there are five colors, there are five frames, hence "five-frame Brussels" means that five threads of as many colors make the carpet. The warp threads necessary to be brought to the surface at each pick to give the pattern are lifted by the Jacquard, and while they are up, a wire or rod is put in between, so that a loop or pile is formed, these warp threads being several times the length of the ordinary ones. After enough more picks have been woven to fasten the warp thread, the wire is taken out. This is Brussels carpet. In "five-frame" Brussels four threads are in the foundation while one is up, the color shows somewhat at the back, and the backing is strong and firm. Wilton carpet is a Brussels carpet with the loop of the pile cut open, by passing a knife through it, so as to give a soft velvet effect. It is so called from the English town of Wilton where it was first made, and is practically the same as the old French Moquette carpet, also named from the place of manufacture. It is usually made of finer wool and heavier yarn than Brussels, hence is more costly; also it is commonly "three-shoot," that is, the wire is inserted at every third pick, giving an extra weft thread, binding it more firmly together, while Brussels is usually "two-shoot," that is, the loop is made at every second pick.

The difficulty in the way of carpet machinery was in the placing and withdrawing of the wires, which was at first done by hand. Mr. Bigelow had patented, in 1842, an automatic loom for ingrain carpets, which he developed through the co-operation of the Lowell Manufacturing Company; but that company failed to appreciate the significance of his other invention of the Brussels and Wilton power-loom, the germ of which was contained in his loom for weaving coach lace, patented in 1839, though it was not fully developed until 1845. He was therefore compelled to start at Clintonville, Massachusetts, in 1848, the business which developed, in 1854, into the Bigelow Carpet Company. His triumph was fully acknowledged at the London World's Fair of 1851, but unfortunately instead of patenting the general principle, his English solicitor entered only one application of it, leaving the field open to rival adapters. Four words would have saved him fortunes untold. The Bigelow loom shot the wire across the loom, left it in place until twenty or thirty more loops had been woven, then seized the end by pincers, whipped it out, and threw it into place for another shoot. By using hooks, catches, and other devices in place of pincers, his patent was easily evaded by English inventors. But his American patent, which he himself drew, was more comprehensive. He revolutionized the carpet industry, and amassed wealth. In making Wilton or cut-pile carpet by hand the wire was grooved at the top, and along this groove a knife blade, which formed part of a weaver's "trivette," was run—so accurately as to give rise to the expression "as right as a trivet." An ingenious workman bethought him of affixing a knife blade to the end of the wire, so that, as it was withdrawn, it did its own cutting; and this principle was applied in the Wilton power-loom. The original Bigelow loom wove from twenty to thirty yards a day, in place of the yard or two of the velvet hand-weaver; the newest Higgins looms produce seventy-five, and it is a marvel to see the pattern produced and the pile cut before your eyes, as the wires flash in and out.

About 1838 a curious improvement was invented by a Mr. Whytock, of Edinburgh, who printed colors upon the warp threads in such proportions that, when woven by plain pile weaving, the desired pattern appeared on the surface of the carpet. Mr. William Sloan, founder of the American carpet house, wove the first bit of tapestry carpet for him, and the process was first applied by Messrs. Crossley, of Halifax, England, under the name of tapestry carpet. Tapestry Brussels and velvet carpet, instead of having several extra warp threads, have only one, which has previously been printed by the Whytock device, so that this one warp thread, brought continuously to the top by the rods, alone gives the projected pattern. It can therefore be woven without the

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Jacquard, on a plain loom. It shows no color at the back, except where, as a trick of the trade, the jute foundation is somewhat colored, for dealers who like such absurdities. Each thread is separately treated, and before weaving is "set" in its proper place in the pattern by girls, who verify every two yards separately over a design spread before them. The extra labor is great, but the saving in wool and in weaving makes "tapestry" correspondingly cheaper than Brussels, and "velvet" than Wilton.

The original Axminster carpets were made by hand tufting, in whole pieces, like the early Eastern rugs, but the place whence they take their name afterward became the chief seat of the Wilton carpet industry. A so-called "patent Axminster," imitating these, was made by English manufacturers, by first making chenille, or tufted cord, and then weaving this into a kind of tufted carpet by plain weaving. An American manufacturer, Alexander Smith, of Yonkers, conceived the idea of making a loom which should tuft; the idea was worked out by his machinist, Halcyon Smith, and the resultant fabric was patented by them jointly in 1878. It is known here as "Moquette" carpet, a transfer of the old French name to quite another article, and in England as "Royal Axminster." The loom is quite different from anything previously devised; the colored threads are on spools, which make an endless chain over the loom; the foundation is woven in the ordinary manner, and meanwhile those spools which are wanted are automatically brought in place and dropped to the fabric, a tuft is clipped off and laid in the weave, a weft thread fastens it in, and so the wonderful machine, imitating human fingers, makes a tufted carpet without the help of the hand. Other looms, said to be even more remarkable, have since been devised to effect the same result, and their product is usually known as Axminster.

Flannel (from *lana*, wool) seems originally to have designated soft woollen cloth but partly finished, going no further than the gigging process. But the name now covers a considerable variety of textiles, some of them highly dressed, but usually of plain or simple twill weave, and made from wools whose felting, furry qualities give a long nap and great warmth. Many American mills are devoted solely to this fabric, our American wools being especially suited to it. Enormous quantities of standard red flannel, formerly dyed with madder or cochineal, but now with aniline dyes, and of standard blue flannel, dyed with indigo, are used for shirts and for uniforms. About 1859 American mills first produced the blue flannel coating, sheared and finished, in light weight for summer use, now so generally worn; and in light flannels generally we distance the world. Opera flannels, a light cloth highly gigged and finished, piece dyed in fancy colors and hot pressed, were at one time much in demand. The domett flannel, of cotton warp and wool weft, early became a substitute for linsey-woolsey, the rough linen-and-wool homespun, as a cheap goods; at the other end of the scale, fine flannels with silk warp, and all-wool gauzes, have been made here of extraordinary fineness. American flannels are superior in the closer twist of the yarn, diminishing shrinkage.

Felt is a material absolutely distinctive, constituting an entirely separate branch of wool manufacture. It is neither spun nor woven, but simply matted together by the help of the barbs which are the peculiar characteristic of the wool fibre. Machine-made felt is made from carded or partly carded wool steamed or moistened with hot water, and beaten together by rods; the fabric is often surface-printed. Until 1820 felting was literally a handicraft. About 1820 Mr. T. R. Williams, of Rhode Island, devised the mechanical beaters, which enabled him to produce a machine for felting cloth.

The number of mill operatives in the wool industry is not so large as the enormous product might suggest, owing to the extraordinary labor-saving power of textile machines. But an army of hand-workers is indirectly enlisted, the census of 1880, confessedly inadequate in returns of such crafts, recording 133,756 "tailors and tailoresses" (52,098 of them adult women), and 285,401 "milliners, dressmakers, and seamstresses" (mostly women). These greatly exceed the factory hands in all the textile industries. A great number of them of course operate the sewing-machine, in addition to the 7505 entered as such in the census, for the sewing-machine, instead of diminishing the number of workers, has vastly

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increased the demand for work and the day-wages of sewing people. It has made possible, in fact, the development of what is in itself a great American industry, the ready-made clothing trade. The census records 6166 clothing establishments, employing $79,861,696 capital, and 160,813 hands, and turning out $209,548,460 product, as engaged in manufacturing men's clothing, and 562, with $8,207,273 capital, and 25,192 hands, of $32,004,794 product, in women's clothing. This industry has been built up within a generation, in characteristically American fashion, by excellent organization, the use of good material, the most careful attention to cutting and to finishing, a remarkable cheapness, and the most clever advertising, until almost any American can be well dressed at a minimum of cost and trouble. Clothing was formerly roughly cut, one pattern to each size, with ordinary shears—the method still in vogue abroad—and later with a sharp knife. The American "ready-made clothier" now employs the best pattern-maker he can get, who prepares several patterns, long and short, stout and lean, for each size of coat, vest, and trousers, so that any shape of humanity may be fitted; and the Fenno cutting wheel, invented a few years ago by a Bostonian, who is said to make $50,000 royalty from it yearly, a fine circular saw making over 2000 revolutions a minute, enables one cutter to cut through several layers of cloth as rapidly as he can handle the machine. The clothier always works a season or a year ahead, and thus equalizes the work in his factory, or distributes it outside advantageously in what would otherwise be "off times." In New England and elsewhere wagon-loads of cut clothes are distributed among the farm-houses, where wives and daughters are glad to add something to the family income by doing the sewing at small prices, taking their ease within the time at which the wagon is to call for the completed garment. In the great cities much of the work is taken by individual sewing women, who may be seen in street cars and ferry-boats carrying the huge bundles of clothing to and from their homes. But "the sweating system" is known not only in London, for among the Polish Jews huddled together in miserable workshops on the east side of New York the same dreadful plan of paying a miserable part of a piece-price, already low, keeps the men who do the work slaves in the hands of the sub-contractors who get it from the manufacturers. This organization of industry has its usual effects of mingled good and evil: it distributes work through the year to those who would otherwise have it only in the "season," it enables more and better work to be done at higher day-wages and at less piece-cost, where improved processes and machinery can be used, but it crushes the individual hand-worker to "starvation wages" by the awful competition which it invokes. This is perhaps made worse by the willingness of girls on the farms, who are working for pin-money as a by-calling, to make button-holes or sew a seam at a price which those who earn their hard living by their work must then accept as their standard. One of the most interesting developments of the American clothing trade is the railroad service. A leading house has a special train, manned by a staff of measurers, which goes from station to station on a railroad, measuring all the employés for their uniforms.

"A penny saved is a penny earned," said Franklin, and a great part of the progress of manufacture has been in finding use for waste or by-products. The wool industry furnishes a noteworthy example. During the Peninsular wars, when the supply of Spanish wool was cut off, yet all the more wool was demanded for the army, a London "old clo'" Jew, probably named Davis, hit upon the notion of tearing up old blankets and white flannels by curry-combs, and with this stuff "doctored" genuine wool, selling the product at a great profit to the Yorkshire mills. After the war, wool fell, but the inventor found a market for his shreddings as a stuffing for saddles and upholstery. A small farmer and weaver from Batley, Yorkshire, named Benjamin Law, saw this stuff in a London shop window, bought a parcel to take home, and with his brother-in-law, Benjamin Parr, developed from it the great "shoddy" industry of Yorkshire. The word, which comes probably from the shredding or shedding of the cloth, won great notoriety in our war, as a synonym for makeshift imitations—as our own "shoddy aristocracy"—but the material has legitimate use for certain classes of fabrics and for filling, and has been useful in practically increasing the supply of wool, and thus en-

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abling all-wool fabrics to be made cheaper. Law and Parr, having succeeded in utilizing the shredding of "soft" goods, now turned their attention to the "hard" rags of worn-out clothes or the snippings of tailor shops, which were either valueless or sold for a half-farthing a pound to manure the hop gardens of Kent and Surrey. They failed to utilize this material, but the sons of Parr were determined chaps, and one of them declared, in Yorkshire dialect, "It mun go." He saw some "flock" made by grinding up old coats, and after much difficulty succeeded in spinning a yarn from this stuff, for which his ejaculation had furnished the name "mungo," a name now describing a large industry. There remained, however, the rags of the "union goods" of Bradford and Norwich, of cotton warp and wool weft, which had been utilized only for paper by dissolving out the animal fibre with caustic alkali. A ship captain named Corbett, seeing this process at the Exhibition of 1851, thought it would pay better to save the wool, and setting himself to the study of chemistry, he succeeded in destroying the cotton by soaking the rags in dilute sulphuric acid in a lead-lined vat, leaving the wool fibre practically unharmed, in a form which was thence known as "extract" wool. A fourth saving was invented by an American inventor, who utilized the "croppings" made in shearing cloth, by mixing this dust in a strong solution of soap and size. With this a loosely woven fabric is milled, taking up this stuffing into a warm, cheap cloth of some durability. The demand for this actually caused the invention of a machine to grind up other waste into "croppers' dust."

The wool manufacturing industry of the United States, ranking after grist, meat products, and iron, as fourth in importance, is so diffused that the census of 1880 reported factories in thirty-five States, Massachusetts leading nearly all branches in capital and product, Pennsylvania in number of mills, Rhode Island in proportion to population and size. Of the 2689 establishments, 1990 were devoted to woollens (some of them making worsteds also), producing $160,606,721; 76 exclusively to worsteds, and these in but eight States, producing $33,549,942; 26 to felts, in seven States, producing $3,619,652; 43 to wool hats, in five States, producing $8,516,569; 195 to carpets, in seven States, Pennsylvania having 172 of these, but producing less than the 19 mills of New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, the entire product being $31,792,802; 359 to knit goods, in nineteen States, but concentrated chiefly about Cohoes and Amsterdam, New York, and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, producing in all $29,167,227. These several branches aggregated 7581 "sets" of cards, 518 of combs, 2,254,996 spindles, 13,038 knitting machines, and 59,271 looms, of which 7262 (more than half hand-looms) were for carpets. The total capital was $159,091,869; the average number of hands, 161,557; their wages, $47,389,087; the value of materials, $164,371,551; of products, $267,252,913. Taking all wool products together, Philadelphia leads our cities, followed in order by Lawrence, Providence, Lowell, New York, Manchester, Boston.

American manufacture is at the disadvantage of being confined almost entirely to the home market. We have never exported a million dollars' worth of woollens in any year, while Great Britain, by the latest returns at hand, exports $112,000,000; France, $67,000,000; and Germany, $46,000,000. Our next neighbor, Canada, imported from us (1886) only $168,000 worth of woollen goods, while she bought from Great Britain $8,750,000 worth. But our own consumption, as the census figures show, is immense, about five-sixths being of home and one-sixth of foreign manufacture. Of the home manufacture from a quarter to a third of foreign wool is required, so that the American sheep furnishes a little more than half of Uncle Sam's woollen wear.

It is most difficult to compare the prices of woollen goods to-day with those of a century ago, for the reason that even more than the changes of fashion, the improvement in textile fabrics makes the comparison baseless. But the figures show that the product per operative has risen in greater proportion than the wages, and while operatives earn more, better-made goods cost less to the mill and to the wearer. The fact that the Flemish weavers reckoned their product as eightfold the cost of the wool, while the total product of American mills is less than thrice the cost of wool and twice the cost of all materials, tells wonders in itself. The modern Moloch of machinery is not so dreadful as it is supposed to be.

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IN THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

BY FRANCES L. MACE.

IN the gray of Easter even,
When the light begins to fade,
Fly two angels out of heaven,
Veiled in vesper shade.
And they watch by those that sleep,
As they watched Immanuel's rest,
And they comfort all who weep,
As they soothed sad Mary's breast.
Soft they whisper through the night,
"Wait until the morning light!
From your sorrow look away
To the breaking of the day!"

In the Easter dawn victorious,
When the stars in rose-light fade,
Rise those angels, plumed and glorious,
Like the sun arrayed.
And they gather up the flowers
From the purple plains of morning,
Far and wide in bloomy showers,
Graves of midnight woe adorning,—
Saying, singing, "Christ is risen!
Watch no more the open prison;
He has led your loved away
In the breaking of the day!"

DEACON PHEBY'S SELFISH NATUR.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

WE call it the Indian burying-ground. It is a piece of old pine forest along the bank of Gale River, near the spot where that wild and beautiful mountain stream joins its sister waters of Pond Brook.

It seems full of graves, for there are mounds of all sizes and forms, where, I suppose, lie buried ancient trees. But there was never burial-place like this, so filled with color and light and life. In June all the lovely wild flowers of that Northern spring seem to gather there; and each mound is a heap of soft greenness, with bits of bright color here and there. The creamy blossoms of the bunchberry lie close together among their leaves, making a rich mat of white and green; the soft, light plumes of tiarella are waving there, white, flecked sometimes with salmon pink; the cinque-foil creeps in and out among the other plants, and shows its yellow stars; the little smilacina lifts its spike of tiny, fragrant blossoms; and the delicate pink-veined flowers of the oxalis nestle shyly among their trefoil leaves. There, too, the clintonia opens its pale yellow blossoms, and straw-lilies swing their slender bells; the twisted-stalk hangs its rosy cups; the pure white starflower stands lightly on its slender stem, in its circle of leaves; and Indian-hemp shakes its pink coral drops. There are red and white clover, Solomon's-seal, the small yellow sorrel, golden-ragwort, buttercups, gold-thread, and violets. All these, and more too, I have seen and gathered among those graves in a Franconia June. Then there are feathery, graceful ferns; soft, rich mosses of varied tints, from deepest, darkest hue, through olive and golden brown, to palest sea-green; and there are lichens of quiet gray and soft drab touched with scarlet and gold: grasses and sedges wave and sway in the breeze; and the little wood-rushes raise their pretty brown flowers from among their downy leaves. Had ever graves a richer covering?

And there is music there. The wind among the tall pines is like an organ

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sometimes, and the river and brook murmur and babble and rush and tinkle. One can hear the whir and hum and chirp and buzz of insect life; and there is always the singing of the birds.

And there are homes for the living amid these very mounds. The shy hermit-thrush builds her nest there in the grass, and lays her eggs of turquoise blue; the Maryland yellow-throat makes her little home at foot of tussock of sedge or tuft of tall fern, weaving together the blades or leaves over the top to roof her bower; the song and vesper-sparrows hide their tiny dwellings in the grass along the river-side, and the vireos swing their hammocks overhead.

All this is in June, the fair month in which I always seek these Northern hills. But I know that this burying-spot is lovely in all seasons. The summer opens the buds of the wild yellow-lilies along the river-bank; the meadow-rue is then a mass of pure, soft, white bloom; and golden-daisies, with dark centre and shining rays, make brilliant spots of color there. The autumn spreads her gorgeous robe over those mounds, and they are gay with red and yellow, russet, wine, brown, and orange. And last of all comes the pure snow, and lays a soft fleecy covering over all.

There are no stately marble monuments here, or cold white tablets; but at the head and foot of many a mound lies a granite block or bowlder, softened and made beautiful by moss and vine and tiny flower. Or a pine, fir, or hemlock rears itself —a tall, straight column—near some quiet grave. No labored epitaphs, no words which tell of hope, of resurrection, of immortality, are written there; nor are they needed. The bursting chrysalis, setting free the bright-winged butterfly; the little egg, so still and waxen white, but holding within color and motion and song, which shall take wings and soar upward some bright June day; the creeping, sluggish caterpillar patiently spinning its shroud, or digging its own grave in some quiet spot, there to lie through that long Northern winter a frozen, dead thing, but ready with the warmth of early summer to wake and rise and fly in the soft sunny air, a gay, fluttering moth, with feathered wings; the buried seed; the waking flower; the bursting bud—all these are living lessons, and require no letters cut into cold stone to make their meaning clearer.

No massive wall or stiff iron fence shuts in this God's-acre of ours. On one side a bank slopes down into a grassy meadow through which Gale River comes rushing and dashing over its rocky bed; another side is bordered by Pond Brook, a crystal-clear mountain streamlet; along the third is a wild hedge-row of trees, shrubs, and tall herbs—wild-cherry, with tassels of bitter-sweet scent; hazel, with odd green tufts which mean to be nuts some day; shadblow, with leaves of bluish green, white flowers or green berries waiting for the sun to make them red; quivering-poplar with slender white trunks; mountain maple, birch, and alder; and on the fourth side runs a quiet country road, along which pass hay wagons with their fragrant freight, the farmer's cart, the roomy chaise; where merry children go to and from the village school; but where is no sound of hurrying crowds, of traffic, of busy, bustling city life.

It was in this peaceful spot, on a fair June morning, that I first saw the hero of my sketch. He was very unlike a hero as I saw him then. A strange, nondescript figure, I did not at first know if it were man or woman; for he wore over his rough brown coat a small plaid shawl of faded red and black, folded cornerwise with the point behind, and two ends crossing over the breast; a long blue and white checked apron was tied about the waist, and hung nearly to his ankles, almost hiding the shabby, patched trousers; his yellow hair was long, and fell over his shoulders straight and lank, and upon it he wore a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw, tied down over the ears by a dingy blue ribbon.

On a mossy stone between two mounds, one long and narrow, the other looking like a child's grave, sat this quaint creature. It was knitting, and did not look up as I passed, butterfly net in hand, and I tried not to stare too curiously at the singular being. But as soon as I went in-doors I asked eager questions as to its identity.

"Oh, that's only Deacon Pheby," said Eunice Ann. "I thought you'd seen him afore. His folks used to live round here, they say; the Knightses they was. His mother was the widder Knight, and there was two young ones, a boy 'n' a girl. They moved 'way from here 'fore I come, an' I never heerd on 'em till about a year ago, when this queer-lookin' feller come along, an' said he was the widder

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Knight's boy growed up. An' folks says he really is; but seems 's if suthin' 's come over him. For they say he used to be a likely, smart boy, full o' sperrits, cuttin' up an' kitin' round, fishin' an' gunnin' an' trappin' an' sech. But he come back this way, dressed up in women's duds, an' callin' himself Pheby; says his ma's dead an' gone an' the girl too; but he don't tell much about himself, where he's been, or what he's been doin'. He's a good, pious sort too, carries a Test'ment round in his apern pocket, an' most allers has a hymn-book too, an' reads 'em a lot. He's allers pleasant-spoken, an' dreffle nice to dumb creeters an' young ones, an' partikerly to old folks, an' so they've got to callin' him Deacon, an' every one in Francony has a good word for Deacon Pheby, crazy 's he be."

This was all she, Uncle Eben, or any one else could tell me of the strange man. And it was only from himself, after frequent meetings in the Indian burying-ground, where he was a daily visitor, that I learned at last his pathetic story. I had watched him for days before I spoke to him. He seemed so unconscious of my presence—even when I lingered near, looking for wild flowers, butterflies, and moths—so absorbed in his own occupations, that I shrank from intruding. He always brought his knitting—a stocking of coarse blue yarn—but it did not grow very fast. For his time and attention were all devoted to the tending of the two mounds between which he always sat. He kept them so neat and bright, removing each dry, dead leaf, picking up the tassels of birch or willow fallen there, taking away the leafless bramble straying across the sod, lifting and supporting any little plant beaten down by rain or wind. In a dry season he often brought water in an old tin pail to refresh the drooping flowers, and so his graves were always fresh and green.

Our acquaintance began one day, as I ventured to swing my net around his very head, in pursuit of a white admiral butterfly, the first of the season, by his remarking, pleasantly, "This 's a real nice butterflyey, gravesy kind of a place, ain't it, ma'am?"

This broke the ice, and we were soon friends. But it was not on that first day, nor for many days afterward, that I gathered all his story.

"I don't rec'lect father; he was Pel'tiah Knight, from Bungay way. He died when we young ones was babies. Mother never said no great about him, an' I guess he wa'n't much to speak on. An' the fust thing I rec'lect was livin' with mother in the little house out by Sincler's Mill. How we come to be there, whether father'd worked there afore he died or what all, I can't say, for I don't know. 'Tennerate, there we was, jest mother an' Pheby an' me."

He stopped abruptly, gave one of his quick, odd glances up into the tree-tops, patted softly with one hand the longest mound, and then went on: "Yes, ye might 's well know fust 's last, I ain't reely Pheby; I'm t'other one. We was twins—boy an' gal. I was Phebus, an' she was Pheby. There was lots o' twins in Francony 'bout that time, an' some in Lisbon, an' down Lincoln way. An' 'twas kinder the fash'n to name 'em names that sounded 's if they b'longed together—names that hitched well, ye know. There was Leon'das Peabody's babies—they died young—they was both gals, an' they was named Dusty an' Gusty, short for Dusdemony an' Augusty, ye see. An' Mis' Deac'n Quimby, out Sugar Hill way, her pair o' boys was Val'ntine an' Orson, out of a story-book; an' there was Elder Bowles's Judah an' Judy; an' Dock Oakes's Silly an' Quilly, arter the Bible folks, Priscilly an' Aquilly, ye know; an' Mis' Bildad Richardson, she called hers—one o' each kind she had—Pollos an' Polly. They growed up, an' I rec'lect how the boys an' gals in meetin' used to look over to Mis' Richardson's pew an' laugh like, when they was singin' that good old hymn that goes to 'Tell Aunt Rhody the gray goose 's dead,' or 'Mercy, oh,'—

'Some for Poll an'
Some for Pollos,
Some for Cephas,
None agree.'

"Well, 's I said afore, we was named Phebus an' Pheby. We was twins, an' favored each other in looks, but we wa'n't a mite alike in ways, she an' me. For I was jest a boy, with a real selfish boy natur. I set by fishin' an' shootin' an' trappin'. I was allers out-doors, runnin' an' playin', hollerin' an' cuttin' up, full of my play an' my tricks, an' not much use to mother or comfort to her, I callalate. But Pheby, she was jest a soft, lovin', cuddlin' little thing, allers hangin' round mother, coaxin' an' huggin' her, an' keepin' close

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to her—a real house-cosset of a gal. I don't think there was anything so dreffle wicked in me. I was jest a self-seekin' boy, an' I never once thought mother or anybody expected or wanted kissin' an' cuddlin' an' takin' care on, so 'twas all left to Pheby, an' she done it. Mother—well; she was jest a mother, the real kind: there ain't but one real sort, ye know, though there's lots o' make-bleeve ones. I can't put her into talk, somehow—you can't never with mothers, ye know—she was—well, she was jest—mother. I knowed what she was allers, 's soon 's I knowed anything; I felt it inside the hull time, when I was fishin', or playin' ball, or settin' traps, but I s'pose I never showed it much in them days, for I was dreffle selfish, 's I tell ye. But, true 's I live, I jest liked mother." He patted the long green mound again, smiled a queer, tearful kind of smile, and went on: "But seein' 's we was so diffunt, an' I was sech a rough, ha'sh kind of a boy, an' Pheby sech a lovin', coaxin' little creetur, 'twas nat'ral—course 'twas—that mother should like her best, set by her a heap more. An' she done it. She never could bear to have her out of her sight; she wanted to see her an' hear her every blessed minute. I might be off all day long, wadin' Tucker Brook, or fishin' down Gale River in the spring, or shootin' pa'tridges an' squir'ls in the fall, or trappin' rabbits an' minks in the winter, an' mother didn't make no fuss over me when I come home. But let Pheby go blueberryin' with the Quimby gals, or over to Almy Appleby's to play, or even out behind the house to pick dandelion greens, an' mother was allers worryin' an' frettin' an' watchin'. She'd go to the winder an' peek out, an' she'd stand in the door an' watch, an' she'd walk down to the gate, an' she'd call 'Pheby! Pheby!' long before 'twas time to think of her comin' home.

"When I think o' mother, seems 's if I 'most allers see her that one way—standin' on the door-step lookin' out, with her hand held up over her eyes to keep the sunshine out, lookin' an' lookin', kinder pale an' frightened like, watchin' an' waitin' for her little gal. She was allers kinder white an' thin, an' I tell ye she could put a dreffle sight o' lookin'-for an' scariness an' waitin' an' lovin' into them eyes o' hern. They was diffunt eyes from any I ever see; dreffle soft an'—oh, I don't know what they was, not even what color. They wa'n't brown exackly, nor blue quite, nor gray nuther; they was jest mother color, I suppose. I tell you I liked mother.

"An' Pheby, she suited mother another way too; she was kinder pious. Mother was real religious—raised that way. Her folks was all perfessors, 'way back 's fur 's she knowed about 'em. She come from Haverill, an' her gran'f'ther was deacon in the Congr'ational church there. I didn't take much notice on it then; thought mothers was allers pious; 'twas one of the things made 'em mothers. If she hadn't been so I'd 'a' thought 'twas all right—that mothers hadn't oughter be. But seems diffunt now, an' I like to think on't. I can hear her v'ice lots o' times when I'm settin' here—kind of a lonesome v'ice 'twas—singin' about her kitchen work or over her sewin', 'How lost was my condition,' 'Lord, in the mornin',' 'Oh, how happy are they!' 'The Lord into his gardin comes,' 'Broad is the road,' an' 'What var'ous hindrances.' Some of them hymns was pretty scary an' sollum, I can tell ye, for a young one to hear about bedtime. But, my! we never minded it a speck when we heerd 'em in mother's kinder softly v'ice to them queer old motherly tunes. Why, when I had the earache or a stiff neck, I'd drop off to sleep in a jiffy to sech hymns as 'Stop, poor sinner, stop an' think,' or 'My thoughts on awful subjicks roll,' if 'twas mother sung 'em; and if sometimes I heerd a word that scaret me a minute about chains an' brimstun an' groans an' sech, why, the next minute 'twould be 'His lovin'-kindness, His lovin'-kindness, His lovin'-kindness, oh, how sweet!' in that kinder shakin', soft, comfortin' v'ice o' mother's, an' I'd see 'twas all right, an' I'd drop off agin. But I was jest a boy, bent on my own 'musements, an' didn't think o' bein' pious myself; I left that to mother an' Pheby. For Pheby took to it nat'ral. She l'arnt off hymns by the yard, an' she said hull chapters o' Scripter, an' she allers put away her playthings Sat'day nights without bein' told, an' she read tracts bound up together with leather covers, an' Doddridge's *Rise 'n' Progress*. She'd set still for hours over a life of a missionary an' his wives, an' like it too. So she was a dreffle comfort to mother that way 's well 's others; an' bimeby she went through all the ne'ssary things—conviction an' conversion an' all the or-

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thodox 'rangements—an' become a perfessor in the Congr'ational church over to Francony. An' mother was so tickled that Sunday, but 'twas kind of a sollum tickle, an' I felt lonesome an' left out—for I was a mean-sperrited boy—when she an' Pheby set on the door-step after supper, an' talked, an' read the Bible, an' sung,

'Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform.'

Arter that them two was more together 'n ever, an' went off by theirselves, an' staid in their bedroom, an' mother looked at me real sorrerful. An' Pheby, she talked right out plain to me about my sins, an' asked me real pers'nal questions out o' the village hymn-book, like, 'Say, have you a arm like brass that you His will oppose?' an' 'Is this the kind return?' An' she'd say pieces out o' the last end o' the cat'chism about them pious boys in Scripter, how

'Young King Josiah, that blest youth,
He sought the Lord an' loved the truth,'

an' about

'That blessed child, young Timothy,
Did l'arn God's word most heedfully;
It seemed to be his recreation,
Which made him wise unto salvation.'

"So I felt kinder 'shamed, an' staid off an' fished more'n ever, an' showed pretty plain that, 's Pheby said, I had a flinty heart, an' was a stubbun soul. I was a dreffle bad boy, ye see, an' even if I'd sometimes make up my mind to be convarted an' a perfessor, jest to please mother an' take that sorry look out of her eyes, why, the next minute when I was fishin', an' felt a twitch at my line, an' struck a two-pounder, or what felt like one, an' he got off, why, I'd forgit all about meetin's an' mother an' Scripter, an' stay off all day long, an' night too 'most, to git that fish. An' so 'twas—so 'twas.

"But bimeby there come a time when mother decided to move 'way from Sincler's Mill, an' go up into Canady, where she'd got a little piece o' land that had come to her from her folks, an' see if we couldn't do better up there.

"So we packed up our duds an' started. I never shall forgit 's long 's I live how the old place looked 's I left it that day, an' how nice an' snug an' quiet little Francony 'peared as we saw it ahind us, ridin' towards Littleton that mornin'. I was jest a boy then, full o' my games an' my fishin' an' trappin'. I never was a real boy agin. 'Twas a dreffle journey, 'mong strangers, 'way up into that wild part o' Canady. We had a heap o' trouble to find mother's land, an' when we did it was 'way off in the woods, fur from any folks, with jest a shackly old log house on it. We got a man 't the nearest town to drive us there an' fetch our things, an' when he driv' off an' left us, seemed 's if we was outside the world an' all alone. I can't rec'lect much about that time, the gettin' there an' all, 's you'll see, when I tell ye what happened. We'd been trav'lin' in the cars with a lot of em'grunts, dirty, furrern kinder folks, an' I s'pose we ketched it o' them. 'Tennerate we hadn't hardly got into that lonesome, empty little cubby-house afore we all three took sick, an' found out—mother knowed it; she'd seed it afore—we all had that awful thing, small-pox.

"We was all alone; we couldn't go for help or doctors. If we could 'a' done it, mebbe we wouldn't, we was so afraid they'd carry us off an' shet us up somewhere for havin' that dreffle complaint about us. So we jest done 's well 's we could, dosin' with ginger tea an' boneset an' sage an' saffron, for we'd fetched our yarbs along, o' course. I wa'n't 's sick 's t'others: I guess I wouldn't be, for somebody had to keep up an' do. Mother was awful sick an' crazy, and her eyes got in a dreffle state; and Pheby, she jest went into a sorter stupid, sleepy kinder way, an' I couldn't rouse her up for nothin', not to eat or drink or take her physic. An' 'twa'n't more'n a few days when she fell faster asleep, an' I couldn't do nothin' to wake her up, an' poor pritty little Pheby was dead 's a nail.

"Dear! dear! dear! There was mother all het up, an' wild, an' 'most blind, not knowin' me nor nobody; little Pheby dead an' cold; an' me nothin' but a boy o' fourteen, an' a real selfish boy too, to do for 'em. Don't make me tell all that—how I dug that little grave an' all! how I put her away, an' had the fun'ral, an' was sexton an' bearers an' minister an' mourners an' all my own self. It's much 's I can do to tell the rest, an' fact is I can't rec'lect jest what I done, for I wa'n't very healthy myself jest then, an' my head ached to split all the time.

"Fust I thought mother was goin' to die too, but bimeby I see she was gittin' a mite better, all except her eyes; but she couldn't see no more'n a mole. Then I

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begun to think how I'd ever tell her that Pheby was dead, her little gal that she set by so, an' no one left to her but me, a onconvarted, selfish-natur'd boy.

"I d'know when it fust come in my head what I'd do. Mebbe 'twas when I see she was stun-blind an' sorter feeble-minded yit. Anyhow, it seemed to come right over me some ways that I mustn't let on jest then that 'twas Pheby 't was dead, but make her think 'twas jest only me.

"Well, 'twa'n't so dreffle hard at fust. I put on a caliker bed-gown o' Pheby's in case she took hold on me, an' I used to bring her her doses an' drinks, an' boost up her head to take 'em, an' she never took no notice who done it. But one day arter I'd laid her down, she reached out an' took hold o' my sleeve, an' she says, real faint an' whisp'ry, 'Who is it?' I waited jest a minnit to swaller afore I said it, then I says right out, 'It's Pheby, mother.' Somehow—it's queer, ain't it?—I never'd told a real up an' down lie afore in all my born days. Mother didn't like lyin'; an' somehow, with all my dreffle sins, I hadn't 'quired that. So I s'pose my v'ice was kinder shaky; but mother never noticed nothin'; she was so pleased she pulled me down an' kissed me, an' kep' whisp'rin', 'My little gal! my own little gal!' An' arter that she dropped off to sleep like a baby. I set there by her, for she'd got hold o' my hand, an' I tried not to think too hard, for my head wa'n't jest right yit. But I couldn't scasly help wond'rin' how long I could keep it up, an' when she'd find out. An' then—for I was allers a mean, self-seekin' young one—once in a while I'd think how she hadn't said a word about me (the real me, I mean), or whether I was round too. Jest 's if she could be expected to when her heart was full o' Pheby! An' she didn't for a good while. She was jest like a baby—eat an' slept, an' didn't trouble herself about nothin'. 'You're hoarse an' croupy, Pheby,' she says one time, an' I answered 't I hadn't got my v'ice back yit arter bein' sick. But one day 's I was soppin' her face to cool it off, she seemed to rouse up a mite, an' she says, 'Pheby, where's your brother?'

"I couldn't speak out jest 't fust, an' afore I done it, she says agin, 'Pheby! Pheby! where's Phebus, I say?' I put my head down on the bed, for I was afeared I should bu'st right out cryin', an' afore I'd swallered 'nough to speak, mother says, 'Oh, Pheby, he's dead!' An' I heerd her kinder sob, an' afore I knowed it I found I was goin' to up an' tell her not to cry, for I wa'n't no more dead 'n she was. But next minute she says, wipin' off the tears: 'My poor boy! my poor boy! I hope he was prepared! But oh, my little gal, how glad your ma is that it wa'n't you!'

"Well, I was that onwholesome an' selfish that I felt a speck jealous at fust. But I see I must jest grit up, for I'd got a big job o' work, for, for all I could see, I'd got to be Pheby now the rest o' my days, or mother's days, anyway. An', arter all 's said an' done, she did sob at fust when she heerd I was dead. I tell ye, rec'lectin' that sob 's been a big comfort to me lots o' times. For, ye see, I liked mother. Well, she didn't git her sight back, an' somehow she wa'n't never so clear in her head arter her sickness, or mebbe I couldn't 'a' kep' it up 's I did. But, my! 'twas hard 'nough 's 'twas. If Pheby 'd been like some gals 'twould 'a' been easier. If she'd been a noisy, tomboy, bouncin' sorter gal, like Liz Jackman now, fond o' playin' with boys an' fishin' an' chasin' squir'ls an' all that, why, I might o' got some fun out o' bein' that kind. But to be a Pheby gal, soft an' quiet an' pritty-behaved an' 'fectionate, an', 'bove all, pious, why, it 'most stumped me, I tell ye. You can't s'pose it yourself, for 't come nat'ral to you. You was born that way, an' didn't have to make no effort; but 'twas strainin' on me.

"At fust, when I was kinder weak an' shaky an' dreffle scaret about mother, 'twa'n't so diff'cult. I moved round softly an' spoke whisp'ry, an' wa'n't so awful diffunt from Pheby. But 's I got more rugged an' mother was better, why, I was allers on the p'int o' doin' some boy thing or other, an' sometimes I done 'em.

"Time an' time ag'in mother 'd look kinder 'mazed, an' she'd say, 'Pheby Knight, what air ye doin'? Ye seem to 'a' lost all your nice, mannery ways sence I was laid up.' An' I'd rec'lect myself, an' sober down, an' put on my proper, gal ways ag'in, an' say, 'You must scuse me, mother, that dreffle sickness upset me, an' I don't seem to throw it off yit.' An' that allers seemed to 'count for ary queer thing I done. Anyway, I wa'n't so full o' sperrits as afore we left Sincler's Mill. So much trouble and worryin' and makin'

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bleeve an' deceivin' 'd wore on me some, for, 's I told ye, I wa'n't no great of a boy, an' let little things wear on me. One thing was I missed Pheby—the real one—dreffle bad. Sisters is real lux'ries, ye know, any on 'em, an' when you come to a twin, a kinder phillerpener sister, why, it's like a piece o' your own self. An' I couldn't talk about her or cry over her afore mother, for why, *I* was Pheby, ye see, 's fur 's mother was concerned, an' 'twould 'a' seemed like sinful pride. An' then—for I was a stingy, mean-sperrited boy—I did hanker arter my fishin' an' gunnin' an' trappin'. I'm 'shamed to tell ye how hard 'twas not to try that brook ahind our cabin. I scasly darst look at one spot in it—a kinder dark, deep hole near a stun. I knowed 'most there was a big trout lyin' there in the shadder. You'll jest despise me when I say I run off once with my tackle, an' 'd jest throwed in my line an' seed a break, when mother calls out through the winder by her bed, 'Pheby, Pheby, ye ain't nigh the water, be ye?' I jerked out my line, an' throwed the pole down, an' run back, dreffle 'shamed o' myself; but I was mean 'nough to think a heap about that break, an' s'mise and s'mise how much it weighed.

"But the very hardest o' all was the pious part. I hadn't took that into consid'ration when I begun, but it had to come over me 'most the fust day. 'Pheby, won't you read me a chapter?' says mother, in her quav'ry, thin v'ice. Now, though I was an ign'runt, onrighteous boy, I knowed what that meant, an' that 'a chapter' with mother allers went for Scripter. So I went an' got the Bible an' set down by the bed, an' I says, 'What 'll I read ye, mother?' 'One of the old chapters, Pheby,' says she. 'You know 'em all; the ones I like.' What was I goin' to do? I *wa'n't* Pheby, an' I *didn't* know 'em all, or ary one on 'em. I never'd took much notice when mother an' Pheby was readin' the Bible, an' even when they'd read to me I was thinkin' in my triflin' way about fishin' an' playin', an' didn't pay no 'tention. But I set my teeth an' opened the book. I thought mebbe it would open itself to the right kinder place, so I begun right off, jest where the leaves come apart. But I hadn't scasly begun afore I knowed I was wrong. For it was jest a string o' long names, all Bible names, o' course, an' good in their way, but no more approprit to read to a poor sick Christian than a school deestrick list. I stumbled 'long over Hakkoz an' Hupper an' Malchijer, an' so on, awful scaret, an' knowin' I was on the wrong track, till mother says, 'Pheby, Pheby, what makes you pick out sech a chapter as that? I want suthin' comfortin', some of our fav'rits, ye know.' I tried agin, but I was cert'in I'd go wrong, an' so I did, for I hit on a place about buildin' the tab'nacle, an' it was all about the len'th bein' so many cubics, an' the breadth so many cubics, an' the height so many cubics—int'restin' information, but no ways comfortin' to that poor blind, troubled soul. So there was nothin' for 't but to make some excuse an' put it off a little. So I said my head ached—an' it did to split—an' I see mother thought the whole thing was 'cause o' that sickness, an' she must jest wait. But, I tell ye, it hurt me dreffle bad to think I couldn't be a comfort to her that way, an' I thought an' thought an' thought what I could do. Pretty soon another thing come up. Mother was low in her mind; 'twas dreffle hard for her to lay there, blind an' sickly, when she'd allers been sech a hard-workin', useful woman, an' when I see her a-cryin' softly to herself, I ast her if there wa'n't nothin' I could do for her, an' she says: 'It makes your head bad to read to me, Pheby, an' ye can't see straight to find the right passages nuther. But I know ye can jest sing me one of the old hymns, an' that 'll be soothin' and comfortin'.'

"Oh, deary me! I never could sing much except when playin' games with the boys, an' I didn't know a single hymn or a hymn toon, while Pheby had a v'ice like a thrush. But I must do suthin', an' quick too. I got out the hymn-book—Pheby knowed 'em all 'thout the book—an' I opened it softly; I didn't darst turn the leaves, I was 'feard they'd rustle, so I had to take the fust varse I come to, an' it was, 'Lo, on a narrer neck o' land.' I couldn't think o' any toon jest that minnit but 'Oatspysbeans'—a kissin' game toon, ye know—an' I struck up on that. It went pretty well to the two fust lines,

> 'Lo, on a narrer neck o' land,
> 'Twixt two onbounded seas I stand,'

but when it come to that third short one, ye know,

> 'But how insensibul,'

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it wouldn't go one mite, an' I broke clear down.

"'Pheby Knight,' says mother, 'be ye crazy?' But afore she'd got further'n that I didn't have to make bleeve; I jest bu'st out cryin'. 'I can't sing, I can't read, I can't do nothin' to help ye now,' I says; 'but oh, I do like ye, mother!' An' I did.

"Well, agin she put it on to the sickness, an' it passed over that time. But things kep' happenin'. I worked away at the Bible an' picked out cheerfler passages. I practised hymns, an' got so's I could make 'em go better, an' for a spell I kinder thought I was satisfyin' mother, an' 'pearin' like a good avrige Christian. I felt dreffle mean about it, though. There's things I can't put into talk, but you'll kinder guess at 'em; sollum, secrety sorter things, like prayin', an' all that, an' whisp'ry little talks about subjicks I didn't know nothin' about. My! my! arter one o' them talks, when I'd made bleeve for a spell, with mother talkin' softly an' cryin' —a kinder happy cryin' 'twas—I used to feel for all the airth like some one that had sneaked into the masons' lodge by some mean trick or t'other, an' got hold o' all their secrets. An' 't wa'n't long afore I found 'twas all for nothin' an' wuss too. For one day I come in an' found mother a-cryin' 's if her heart would break, an' when I teased an' pestered her to tell me what the matter was, she jest throwed her arms round me an' says, a-cryin' an' sobbin', 'Oh, Pheby, my little gal, I'm afeard —I'm afeard you've lost your 'surance an' become a backslider!' Then I see I hadn't done it right, arter all, an' that mother'd seed through me—found me out. Though anyway I hadn't exackly been a backslider, for I hadn't ever got high up enough to start me on a slide, so to speak. An' then I knowed that I'd got a bigger job afore me 'n I'd ever 'lowed for, an' that if I kep' on bein' Pheby an' pleasin' my poor old mother, I'd got to gin up makin' bleeve in one matter, an' be the real, true, genwine kind.

"I can't tell ye about all that, an' o' course you don't expect it. Somehow 'twa'n't so dreffle hard, arter all, an' once I'd done it, ary other part o' the hull business come easier some way. I got a awful heap o' comfort out on it too. So you see even that was jest part o' my selfish ways. I don't s'pose there ever was a selfisher, mean-sperriteder boy than me them days. But 'twa'n't all smooth sailin', I can tell ye; there's lots o' gal doin's that comes awkerd for a boy. There's mendin', an' patchwork, an' knittin', an' washin' 'n' irenin', makin' beds, sweepin', dustin', an' all them house things. Makin' soder biscuits 's kinder worryin', ain't it, the fust time? Drawin' tea, too. An' pie. Pie's dreffle difficult till you get the hang on it. But, deary me! they was triflin' things, arter all; only I allers made so much o' little troubles.

"But I don't know but the biggest piece o' work, when all 's said an' done, wa'n't l'arnin' how to be 'fectionate, an' have Pheby's little cuddlin' up, kissin', lovin' ways. I never'd been used to it, ye see, an' seemed 's if I couldn't get hold. I rec'lect the fust time I tried to stroke mother's hairs 's I'd seen Pheby do, I kep' reachin' out an' haulin' back, reachin' out an' haulin' back, afore I darst touch that hair with my big, hard, rough hand. But I had to do it, an' lots o' sech things, for o' course I wa'n't goin' to have mother do without 'em 's long 's she wanted 'em; an' she did; I guess mothers gen'ally does. An' I got a good deal o' sech treatment myself too, an' I liked it, an' was mean enough sometimes to take it all to myself, an' 'most forgit 'twas all for poor little Pheby that wa'n't there to enjoy it. For, ye see, 's I told ye afore, I jest liked mother.

"I don't mean to say that mother never said nothin' 't all about me—the real true me—for she did. But 'twas allers about my soul, an' how 'feard she was she hadn't done her duty by it, an' how 'twas more 'n likely 'twasn't prepared. It was kinder shiv'ry — though that don't exackly seem an approprit word for't — to hear her dwell on the prob'ble sitwation o' that soul. For 'twas my soul, arter all, though I was makin' bleeve 'twa'n't, an' sometimes I'd try to speak for 't, an' ventur to hope 'twould come out all right, bad 's 'twas. But she never 'peared very hopeful, an' I don't know 's I wonder at it.

"Well, it didn't last very long—this time o' havin' mother all to myself, bein' her fav'rit, her own little gal, to be coddled an' cosseted an' made much on. Mother didn't grow any ruggeder. She got dreffle poor so's I could heft her like a baby, an' I had to do for her 'most 's if she was one; she was so weak an' helpless like. An' there come a time when

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she kep' me close to her ev'ry minnit, night an' day, an' wouldn't scasly let me out her sight. She didn't sleep good, an' I'd set by her in the dark, an' say hymns an' chapters, an' do for her, an' make much on her in my poor rough way, 's much like Pheby's 's I could make it, but pretty diffunt, I guess, arter all.

"An' one o' them nights, 's I set there on the floor, close to the bed, an' it growed kinder cold towards mornin', I drawed a piece o' the counterpane up over me, an' sorter shivered, for I was a great hand to pamper my wuthless body, an' make much o' little trials. An' mother, she tried to wrop the blankets round me; an' she says, 'Poor little gal, poor Pheby, wearin' yourself out for your old mother,' an' then she drawed my face down on the piller, an' she says: 'Pheby, you and me, we both knows I ain't goin' to be here long; an' I'd be dreffle glad to go, blind an' sick 's I am, an' like to be, if 'twa'n't for leavin' you. You've been a good darter to me, Pheby, allers. What should I ever 'a' done without you all these blessed years, partikler this last spell here in Canady, sence your brother died? Poor Phebus, 'twas awful to be took off 's he was in the midst of his sins; but oh, whatever 'd I done if you'd been took, an' him the one left ahind?' 'Mother,' says I, in a kinder whisper, 'mebbe he'd a-tried to help ye, bad 's he was, for—I 'most know, mother, he—liked ye!' 'Well, I s'pose he did,' says mother; 'but he never showed it much, an' anyway he never could 'a' done for me 's you have, Pheby.' Then she talked to me a long spell. I see she was worryin' an' achin' to think o' leavin' me alone, a little gal, to git on by myself; an' it 'most seemed 's if I must tell her the truth, jest to set her mind to rest. But I knowed it wouldn't do then, she was so weak an' ailin', an' needed Pheby more'n ever to help her through with the last o' things. For I see it all plain enough now—she was goin' to die. She was a-growin' weak real fast. I couldn't leave her a minnit, even to get a doctor nor any help; an' 'twouldn't 'a' been any use, for she was struck with death, I knowed. She said a good many things 's she was able, whisp'rin' most on 'em right into my ear 's I set on the floor there by the bed. But, o' course, 'twas all meant for Pheby. I own up I jest hankered for a word for myself—Phebus, ye know—afore she went off for good; but that was my selfishness, born in me, and 's nat'ral to me 's the breath I breathed.

"'I know,' she says—'I know I'll like it up there, an' I'm so tired out; but, Pheby, I can't make it seem 's if I'd be contented without you. I'm so used to ye. I'll miss ye dreffly, and I'm afraid ye won't come very soon nuther, for Scripter says your days shall be long in the land, 'cause you've allers honored your mother.' Then she waits a minnit, an' she says agin, puttin' her poor lean hand up to my face, 'Oh, Pheby, I wish I could take ye 'long too; 'twon't seem like home without ye. I'm afeard I'll be lonesome even there.

> "The fondness of a creeter's love,
> How strong it strikes the sense!"

That's what the hymn says, an' it's true, an' I'll miss ye dreffly, dreffly, Pheby.'

"'Mother,' I says, not all on my own 'count, but wantin' so to comfort her, 'there'll be—Phebus. He ain't much, I know, but—he's one o' your own folks, arter all.'

"'I hope he's there,' says she, kinder mournful; 'but, 'tennerate, he ain't you, my gal. He never was very 'fectionate.'

"'No, mother,' says I, 'he wa'n't; but—mebbe—there's jest a chance, ye know, that he's altered some up there.'

"Agin she didn't seem very sangwine, so I give up tryin' to help her that way. Arter all, 'twould be all right when she once got there.

"Towards the last she begun to tell me, over an' agin, how she should keep on watchin' over me an' interestin' herself in me, if she was 'lowed. 'I guess He'll let me,' she says, kinder weak an' softly. 'He'll see how 'tis, an' how I'm frettin' about ye, an' He'll let me keep my eye on ye.' Arter that she kep' up that one thing. Over an' over she says, 'most to the last minnit, 'Rec'lect, I'll be watchin' ye all the time, Pheby'; an' agin, 'I'll keep my eye on ye, little gal; don't forget that.' So 'twas to the end; jest little bits o' words to Pheby; kinder good-byes an' sayin's about leavin' her, promisin's to watch her an' keep run on her allers. But jest at the very last, when I thought she was act'ally gone, she opened them soft, moth'ry eyes o' hern, thet I thought was shet forever, an' she looked straight up to the rafters, an' she says, real loud an' quick, an' dreffle pleased like, 'Why, Pheby!'

"Deary me! deary me! She'd found me out."

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"I don't rec'lect nothin' more for a spell. Seems I was took bad arter that, an' had a long sickness, a sorter head fever o' some kind, so's I didn't know nothin' nor nobody, an' was crazier'n a loon. But I was took care on. I 'ain't said nothin' to ye o' the folks that lived nighest our house, for it didn't seem to have much to do with the story about me an' mother. But they was dreffle good people, kinder Frenchy, an' talkin' a queer lingo, but the best o' neighbors. I don't know what we should 'a' done without 'em. Mother never could get the hang o' their talk, but I got so's I could make out a good deal on it, an' they was a heap o' comfort to me afore she died. When I come to myself arter my sickness, there they was a-takin' care o' me, an' doin' for me 's if I'd been their own folks. Cath'lics they was too, but Christians if ever I see one.

"Well, 'twas terr'ble hard to come to, an' rec'lect mother was gone, an' me the last one o' the fam'ly left; an' fust I couldn't scasly bear it. But I had to; an' it helped me a good deal to think how she an' Pheby was in the same place now, an' dreffle pleased to be together. But arter a spell there was another kinder consolation come to me, but a selfish sort it was. It was jest this, that mother bein' dead, an' gone where nothin' could never worry her, I could stop bein' Pheby or ary other gal, an' be a boy agin. Oh, ye don't know what that meant to me, for you've allers been one kind. But arter makin' bleeve all them months, wearin' gal's clothes an' actin' out gal ways, why them very words, 'a boy agin,' set me 'most crazy. To think o' whittlin', playin' ball an' marbles, smokin' out woodchucks, goin' in swimmin', throwin' stuns, settin' traps, shootin' squir'ls an' pa'tridges, an', above all, fishin'. Why, I couldn't hardly stan' it, weak 's I was then. When I laid there, all het up an' thirsty an' tired, why I'd keep thinkin' an' thinkin' o' Sincler's Mill, an' Gale River right in front o' the ole house. I could 'most hear the water a-bubblin' over the stuns, an' see the moss, all soft an' wet an' slipp'ry to step on, an' look down into the dark holes in the shadders where the trout used to lay—I knowed ev'ry single one o' them holes 's well 's if I'd been raised in 'em—an' how I jest hankered an' hankered arter bein' in the old spot, a boy agin! Now you'd 'a' thought, arter all the lessons I'd had, an' the warnin's, that some o' the old selfish ways would 'a' been took out o' me; but no; there they was, an' I 'most forgot mother, Pheby, an' all for a spell, 's I thought over them old times, when I was Phebus Knight, an' all gin up to my own self-seekin' pleasures.

"But I'm dreffle glad 'twas only jest for a spell, an' that I come to my right mind arter a little. 'Twas when I was gettin' better, an' 'lottin' on startin' for the old home pretty soon. I'd been thinkin' about mother, an' goin' over in my head all she said an' done, till I come to that last night an' the good-by talk, an' o' course I come to the thing she kep' sayin' up to the end, 'I'll keep my eye on ye, Pheby; I'll watch ye all the time.' An' all on a sudden it come over me what that meant, an' what I'd got to do. Ye see, I knowed mother an' Pheby bein' together now would talk over things, an' mother'd see how 'twas, an' that Pheby was reely the one that died, an' that 'twas me, Phebus, that had took care on her an' done Pheby's part. I knowed that mother bein' a mother, one o' the real sort, an' Pheby bein' a soft-hearted little gal, an' my twin too, they'd make more'n they'd oughter o' what I'd done, an' me bein' away an' all, they'd begin to feel kinder sorry for me, an' mother in partikler 'd fret about it, an' wish I hadn't had to give up all my boy doin's an' be a gal so long for her sake. Oh, I knowed mother, ye see, an' could tell jest how she'd worry about me, an' how 'twould half spile ev'rything up there in her new hum. Seemed 's if I could 'most hear her sayin': 'Oh, Pheby, I can't bear to think o' that poor boy, how he gin up his fishin' an' all, an' wored your clothes, an' jest staid round me day an' night, so's I shouldn't miss a darter's care. An' he so selfish by natur an' fond o' his own 'musements.' I kep' hearin' that talk, in mother's fretty, sorry v'ice, an' I couldn't stand it no longer. I knowed she was allers a woman of her word, an' she had her eye on me now. An' when she seed me tickled to death at bein' free agin, throwin' off my gal duds an' my gal ways, an' goin' back to my rough play an' my boy doin's, it would stren'then her all the more in her 'pinion, an' she'd jest fret an' fret about all I'd gone through, an' how I'd done it all for her, an' she never'd had a chance to thank me for't. Well, o' course you see that even the selfishest boy livin' wa'n't goin' to have heav'n

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spiled for his mother, jest 's she'd got there, if he could do anything to help it. So 't seemed plain enough that I'd got to gin up any little idee I'd had about goin' back to be a boy agin, an' keep on makin' bleeve. I knowed I could do it; I'd kep' it up so long, it come quite easy an' nat'ral now, an' I felt cert'in I could make mother bleeve I reely enjoyed bein' a gal, an' what's more to the p'int, that I had enjoyed it, an' she'd see she needn't fret no great about me an' my givin' up anything for her, for I'd done it jest for fun like, an' 'cause I reely liked it.

"So there ain't much more to tell, ye see. Course 's soon 's I see what any right-minded boy 'd a-seen at fust, why I wa'n't quite so mean, arter all, 's not to do it. So I jest kep' on. 'Tain't much, when ye come to think on 't. I'd done it for a long spell, an' I kep' on. There was jest one thing I couldn't do at fust, an' that was go back to Sincler's Mill. I dassent, ye see; I'd been sure to backslid, set me once in sight o' Gale River, an' Tucker Brook, an' the woods round the old place. So I staid round there a spell, an' then I went off to one place arter another. I don't rec'lect jest what I have done. It don't seem very long one way; time's got by somehow. I've been sick a good deal, I guess. From what they tell me, I s'pose I've had some 'tacks o' that kind o' head fever that come over me arter mother died. But 'twa'n't a ketchin' complaint, so folks used to take me in an' do for me; an' somehow I've had a very comf'table time, consid'rin'.

"An' I callalate I've sat'sfied mother by this time that I like women ways an' women clothes better than t'other sort. I come back here arter a spell; thought I could stand it better'n at fust. An' I'm dreffle glad I done it. For, ye see, this place here's such a sat'sfaction to me. Mother an' Pheby's buried in Canady, ye know. It was pretty hard to leave 'em there, an' not have nothin' to do for 'em to occ'py my mind like. But one time I happened to drop in here, an' see this place, jest like a ready-made cem'tery. Course I knowed it wa'n't one; but arter makin' bleeve so long, what's one more bleeve makin'? So I picked out two graves for theirn—this long one for mother's, an' this little one for Pheby's; an' I jest take care on 'em. It's a dreffle comfort.

"I won't say that I 'ain't had a r'lapse 'casionally an' forgot I wa'n't a boy, but I allers rec'lected arter a spell, an' afore mother 'd noticed anything, I guess. Why, it's only jest a few days sence one time I was settin' here knittin', an' I heard Snide, 'Gene Elliot's black dog, ye know, a-barkin' an' whinin' an' yelpin'. An' I looked over in the medder, 'cross the road, an' there he was a-scratchin' up the sod, makin' the dirt fly, an' shakin' an' cryin' with excitement, like a Christian. I knowed he'd got a woodchuck there in his hole; an' I forgot ev'ry blessed thing I'd oughter remembered, an' started for that hole. I throwed my knittin' down, held up my apern, an' run, a-callin' out: 'Good old Snide! take him, Snide! take him!' I was half-way there, an' Snide he was waggin' his tail an' barkin' to me to hurry, when all on a sudden it come over me what I was a-doin'. I looked up quick to see if anybody up there had her eye on me; then I picked up my knittin', smoothed my apern, an' I says, real loud an' plain: 'I wonder if Nervy Eaton won't show me that new stitch she was tellin' on? I'd like to make a tidy. An' mebbe I'd better set some bread to-night; it's bakin' day to-morrow.'

"I don't go very frequent to Sincler's Mill. It's kinder lonesome out there now. The old mill's all gone to rack, an' our house 's a shackly old thing—doors an' winders gone, an' things tumblin' to pieces. I was out there t'other day, though, lookin' round, an' thinkin' o' them times when I used to live there an' was a boy, with a hum, an' a twin-sister, an'—a mother. It kinder brought back things. Why, come to think on't, I 'ain't lived a mite like what I thought I was goin' to when I used to lay out things there, 's I was fishin', or settin' round in the woods. I was 'most sure for a long spell then that I'd be a pirate; or agin, I kinder laid out to be a big hunter, to kill lions an' tigers an' sech wild creeters. Seems to me I was all for bein' a sea-cap'n one time, an' goin' whalin', an' killin' polar-bears on the ice. My! I 'ain't done one o' them things. I've jest gone on my own selfish way, allers doin' nothin' for nobody. I was a-standin' near the river, jest acrost from the old house, a-lookin' at it. I didn't exackly like to go inside on 't, 'twas so lonesome, an' yer steps sounded so holler when you walked on the floor. But I looked at the old place a long spell. The door was gone, but the

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doorway was there, an' part of the steps, an' 's I was lookin', I see—right there 's plain 's I see you now—I see mother. She was standin' right in the doorway. She had on a kinder indiger blue dress she used to wear a good deal, with white spriggles on it, an' a little hank'chief round her neck, an' she looked jest as nat'ral. She was lookin' down the road, holdin' up her hand over her eyes to keep the sun out, an' she was lookin' an' lookin', kinder pale an' scairt like, with a kinder watchin' an' waitin' an' wantin' look in her eyes—them soft, mothery eyes o' hern. She didn't speak, but jest 's I see her, why right out from under the bank, close by me, a little brown bird flew out, an' he says, loud an' clear, but kinder mournful like, 'Pheby! Pheby!' I tell ye I couldn't scasly stand it; an' whenever I think on 't now, it kinder upsets me. An' I look up through them tree-tops, with my eyes so wet it makes things all sorter dazzly, an' true 's I live I can see mother's face jest 's plain. She's lookin' out of a kinder doorway, an' her eyes is jest the same old mother color, so soft an' lovin', an' she's got a sorter anxious, waitin', watchin', wantin' look in 'em. An' I says to myself: 'Why, what's the matter o' mother now? Pheby's to hum. I wonder if she's expectin' anybody else?'"

THREE INDIAN CAMPAIGNS.

BY GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.



MAKING war on Indians is unlike any other war-making in which armies engage. Finding them, not fighting them, is the difficult problem to solve. If the reader will consider that the theatre of operations in any Indian campaign—whether in Wyoming, Dakota, the Indian Territory and Texas, or Arizona—is about as large as the New England States with New York added; that each of these possible theatres of war is an uninhabited wilderness; that they are without roads, and often impenetrable for hundreds of miles because of arid deserts or impassable mountain ranges; that while all parts of each Territory are to the Indian as familiar as the paths of the home orchard are to the farmer and his children, it is and of necessity must be an unknown land to the best-informed white man; that in these trackless wilds the Indian has no fixed habitation; that upon being discovered by his enemy the direction of the trail he takes is a matter of indifference to him; that where night finds him is his home, and that his subsistence and clothing are always with him — if all these and collateral matters depending on them are considered, an idea can be formed of how difficult it is to make successful war on the Indian.

In war the Indian, though partially civilized, reverts to his worst phase of savagery. Much has been written as to the false sentimentality which crops up in the discussion of the Indian question by humanitarians and lovers of fair play, which it is not intended here to repeat. But it may properly be observed that it is worse than nonsense to urge that the Indian regards the white intruders as the descendants of those who, two centuries and more ago, came to this country and by might deprived the Indians of their lands and hunting fields, and is through his children pursuing the "red man toward the setting sun." The Indian's knowledge of history scarcely extends beyond one generation. His white enemy is served in war as is any other enemy, and for the same reasons. He has no inherited animosities dating from the time of the Pilgrim Fathers, nor does he feel gratitude for kind usage shown to his ancestors or to himself. The annuities paid him are looked upon as tributes exacted by fear or some less worthy principle, and kindnesses shown him are evidences to his mind that those by whom they are shown are weak and afraid of him.

Fortunately for the whites, the Indians in their warfare are not in the habit of attacking our so-called forts on the frontier, else the horrors of past wars would

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equal in any year the fearful pictures of the Indian mutiny against the English. Our frontier forts have often been at the mercy of the Indians, but the capture in any instance could not have been made without great loss of life, and it is characteristic of the race that they are slow to attack when certain death awaits any great numbers. They are brave where superstitious beliefs make the chances of safety greatly in their favor, but will not take the risks that satisfy the civilized warrior.

The three consecutive years commencing with the Centennial year are remarkable for three of the most memorable campaigns against Indians known to our annals. The country will not soon forget the thrill of horror with which the news of the massacre of Custer and his command was received in 1876. An entire command of 15 officers and 232 enlisted men was annihilated, with not one left to tell the details of their destruction. All know the history of this sad affair: it is a thrice-told tale, with nothing to redeem it or palliate it as a disaster. It added only to the prowess of the Indian, and forever saddened the lives of those who were left to mourn.

The next year, 1877, occurred the wonderful retreat and defence of Chief Joseph with the Nez Percés, pursued by General Howard and his command from Idaho Territory to Montana, a distance of more than thirteen hundred miles, along which, at different points, were intercepting forces, which hacked and cut at the Indians, till at last, reduced in numbers and equipment, they surrendered to an intercepting force, part of the original pursuers being present at the surrender. It was a wonderful pursuit, pluckily persisted in, in the face of every possible hardship; but who can do justice to the labor, courage, and endurance of the retreat? How intensely interesting would be an account from Chief Joseph, if he had the pen of a ready writer and could make his own report!—his feints, stratagems, and ambuscades; the resolute marches in which he distanced his pursuers; his defence and passage of rivers, with all his impedimenta, including women and children; the meeting and battling with the intercepting forces, or the avoidance of these and escape across difficult and unknown country, until, finally deceived only in reference to the character of the country he was seeking and the friends he was to meet, he was finally brought to bay like a hunted lion, terrible even in his death struggles.

The year following, 1878, occurred another campaign, in regard to which less has been written, but which is none the less remarkable, as indicating the genius for war which is intended to deceive and defeat pursuit, for which the Indian has become so famous.

While General Howard was pursuing the Nez Percés and the intercepting forces were giving them battle or being deluded by their manœuvres, an extensive campaign in the departments of the Platte and Dakota was being waged against the Northern Cheyennes, which resulted in the capture of large numbers of them, nearly a thousand of whom were sent under guard to the reservation set apart in the Indian Territory. This met with great dissatisfaction from many of the Cheyennes, and they were not slow to show signs of discontent. To meet the possibilities of an attempt to escape, the order was given to take from the Cheyennes their arms and horses, but this order was rescinded when it was found that its enforcement was contrary to the terms of their surrender. The army, often at heavy costs to itself, has habitually kept faith with the Indian. Many of the Cheyennes, finding friends and kindred among the Southern Cheyennes, with whom they were quartered, settled down and became contented. About one-third of them, however, under their chiefs "Dull Knife" and "Little Wolf," finally made their escape, notwithstanding that their designs had been suspected, and increased care had been taken to prevent it. In the night, early in September, about 90 men, 100 women, and more than 100 children left their lodges standing and went out into the darkness for a destination nearly a thousand miles away, on a road beset with foes, and pursued from the start by a force of cavalry little less than that of the warriors of the party. Without tentage or shelter of any kind, save what they could carry on their horses, at a season of the year when there are marked alternations in the temperature, the nights being cold and the days very warm, through a country one-half of which on their route was inhabited, though sparsely, by whites; with the railroads and telegraph at the disposal of

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their pursuers; burdened with about 250 women and children—this desperate band set out on their almost hopeless retreat. The two troops of cavalry followed closely on their trail. Two other troops of cavalry were ordered from Fort Elliott, Texas, about two hundred miles distant, to join in the pursuit, while the infantry garrisons of Forts Dodge, Supply, and Lyon were ordered out along the Arkansas River to intercept or overtake the escaping band. Nor was this all. Allowing for the failure of the more southern cordon of intercepters, a second line of troops to watch for and cut off the escaping party was formed along the line of the Kansas (Union) Pacific Railway. And lest all these should fail, further dispositions were made still to the north on the line of the retreat along the Union Pacific Railroad in Nebraska and Wyoming Territory, which the fleeing Indians must cross on the way to their journey's end.

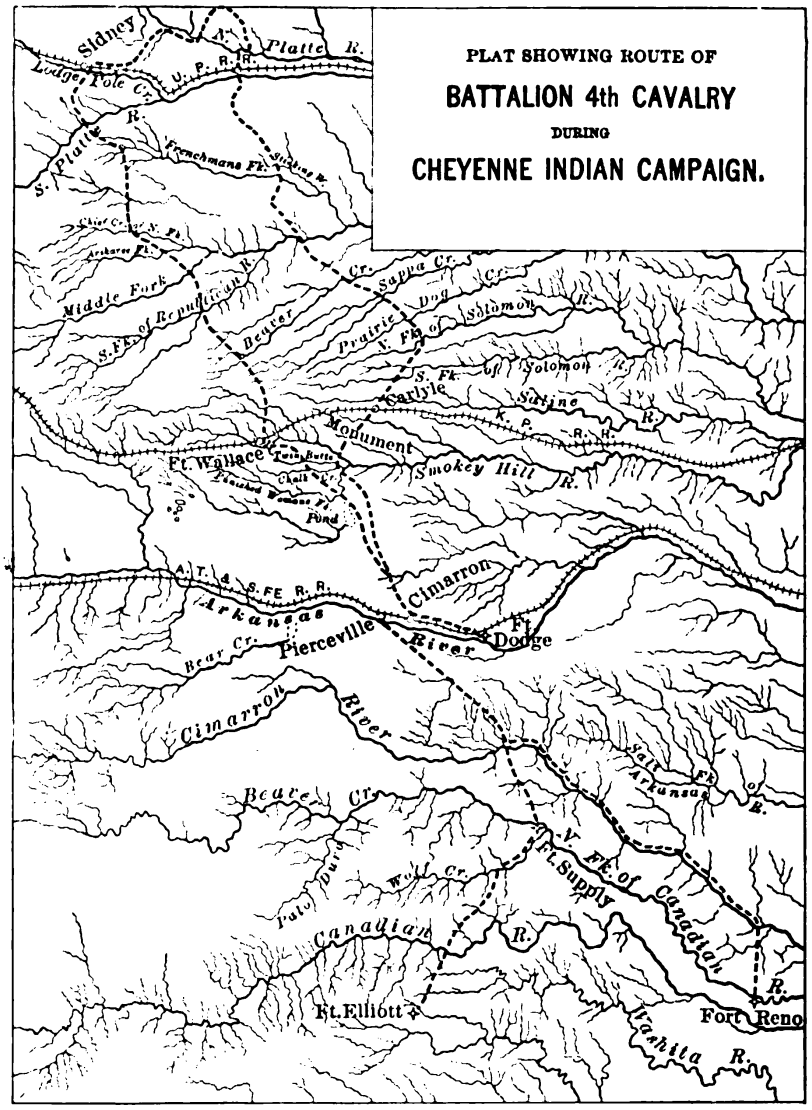
The first news of the refugees was received just one week from the time of their escape. They were reported on Bluff Creek, near the Kansas line, about two hundred miles from the point of departure, gathering and killing cattle for their subsistence. Just five days after the Cheyennes were located on Bluff Creek a force of some two hundred men, including some fifty citizens, came up with the Indians on Sand Creek, and had a skirmish with them about dark. Three days after this first skirmish the trail of the Cheyennes was found east of Pierceville, about seventy-five miles beyond Sand Creek, showing they had crossed to the north of the Arkansas. Thus the hope of intercepting them on this river had vanished.

As soon as this had been satisfactorily arrived at, Colonel Lewis took the field from Fort Dodge with such detachments of troops as were at hand. The only cavalry he had were two troops which had just joined him, marching since September 20th from Fort Elliott, in Texas, heretofore mentioned. Colonel Lewis marched rapidly from Fort Dodge in a northwesterly direction, and at the end of two days overtook the fugitives on a tributary of the Smoky Hill River. In the mean time he had come up with three troops of cavalry. The Indians were strongly intrenched, and evidently ready for battle. They were at once attacked, Colonel Lewis leading the advance upon their position. Unfortunately in the first assault he fell, mortally wounded. In the temporary confusion resulting from this, night closing in, the Indians took advantage of the darkness to continue their flight. The following morning the trail was followed, and on the morning of the 29th it was discovered that the Indians had succeeded in escaping through the second line of troops, posted, with a view to their interception, on the Kansas Pacific Railway.

The pursuit was at once commenced by all the troops which had been watching the line of the Kansas Pacific road, as also the column which had fought the battle under Colonel Lewis. The command of this force fell to Captain Mauck, of the Fourth Cavalry, an officer of ability, courage, and energy, whose command being infantry in wagons, and cavalry, was the only force in the field then fit to pursue the well-mounted Cheyennes. The Indians on the days following the battle, in which they undoubtedly lost considerably in killed and wounded, though only one Indian killed was found on the field, commenced murdering and devastating through the settlements on the Beaver, the Solomon, and the Republican rivers, killing every man they encountered, and stealing the horses they found. In this way the Cheyennes re-equipped themselves, while the pursuing force had to continue the pursuit on jaded horses, many of which had marched farther than had the Indians.

In the mean time the utmost activity on the part of the troops of another military department—that of the Platte—prevailed, and a new line to intercept the fleeing hostiles was formed along the Union Pacific Railway in Nebraska. Though here the hope of intercepting the savages was not great, as the line to be watched was long, and the troops to occupy it were few, and as was feared the Indians passed through unseen. This practically put an end to all hope of successful pursuit, as the country beyond was well known to the Indians, and by scattering in the sand hills of the Platte country they could defy discovery. It only remains to follow with Mauck, the indomitable captain of cavalry, to complete for the purposes of this paper the work of his pursuit. After marching on an average forty miles for five days, commencing September 30th, he came to the crossing by the Indians of the railway,

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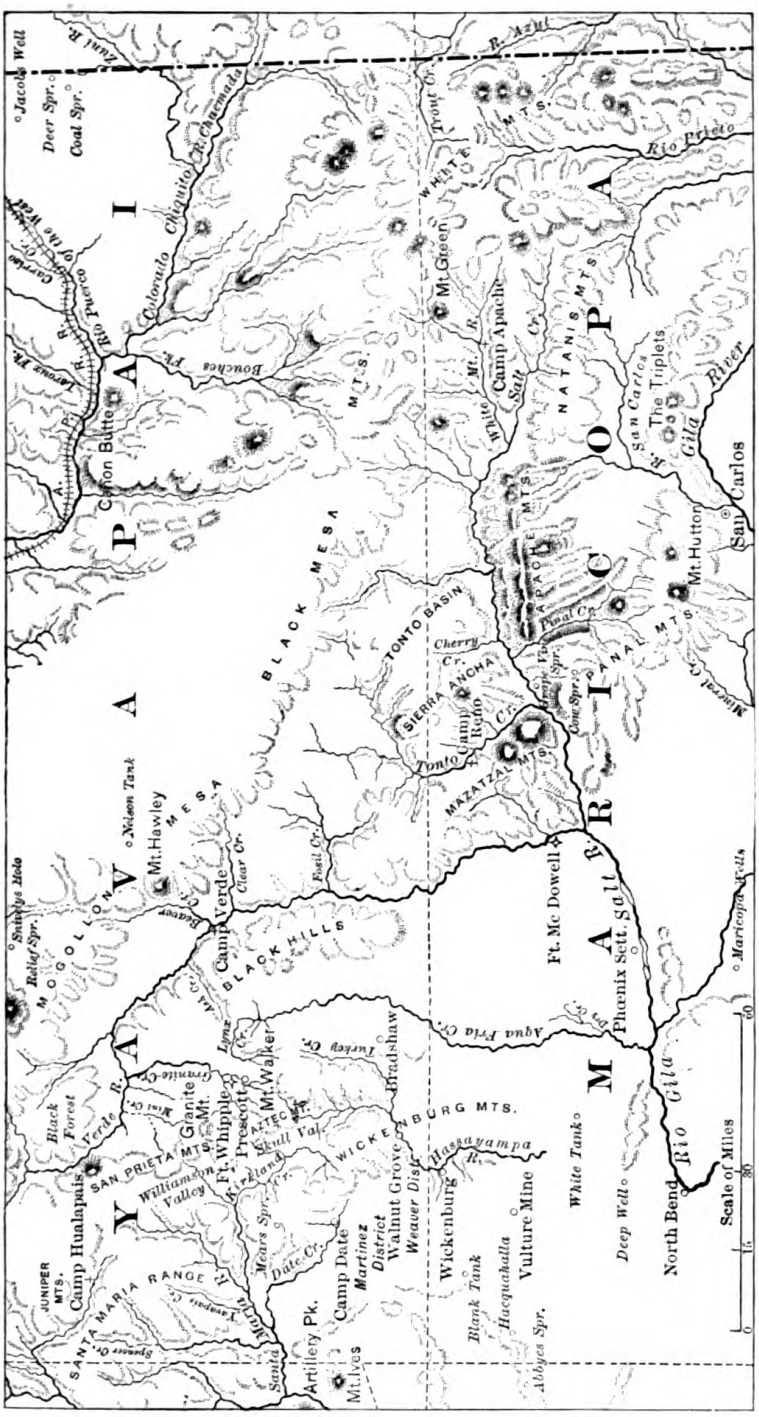
and replenished his subsistence for men and animals, and then crossing two rivers, the North and South Plattes, pursued the fugitives for twenty-three miles. This was on October 5th. The next day, which was his last in the pursuit, he marched forty miles. Here, in consequence of orders, he swerved from the trail and sought a much-needed rest for his command.

The recital of the march and pursuit, as it has been given in brief, conveys only a faint idea of the trials, suffering, and anxieties in such an Indian campaign. Let us look at the facts. The command of Captain Mauck, starting from Fort Elliott and joining in the pursuit of the renegades, marched seventeen consecutive days, making an aggregate of over thirty-five miles a day. It crossed three important rivers, fought a battle in which the field-officer commanding the entire force was mortally wounded, and traversed a distance of over six hundred miles, camping often without wood or water, and suffering at times from extreme changes of temperature—cold at night and heat by day. In consequence of the wounding of Colonel Lewis, the only medical officer with the command had to be left behind, and yet in the face of the fact that a battle without medical assistance meant an increased death rate in the command, this heroic officer and his brave men pressed on, loaded with anxieties and nearly exhausted with the exertion; and nothing could have saved the Indians from this unrelenting chase but their refurnishing themselves with fresh horses in unlimited numbers just at the critical time of the pursuit.

It may be remarked, in concluding the recital of the events of this campaign, that in the course of two months after the cessation of the pursuit, this refugee band of Cheyennes were either annihilated or captured, and the remnant returned to the distasteful reservation, where they were forced to live. It is not our purpose to follow the troops in their sufferings from the intense cold of winter during the completion of this work. The Indians protested that they would rather die, and by their own hands, than return to the reservation. The desperateness of the struggle against savages impelled by such sentiments can readily be imagined.

In speaking of this campaign and those of two years preceding, General

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Jacobs Well
Deer Spr.
Coal Spr.
Canal R.
R. Azul
Trout Cr.
MTS.
Rio Prieto
WHITE
Mt. Green
Colorado Chiquito R.
Cañon de Chelly
Cañon Diablo
Rio Puerco
Bonita Fk.
Bonita Pk.
Bonita Cr.
Bonita Spr.
Bonita Wells
Cañon Butte
Bonita F

has all been changed. Now the most approved arms and the best ammunition are accessible to the Indian, made so by the cupidity of the traders who infest the frontier; and the Indian to-day is a more dangerous foe than would be a like number of veteran soldiers. To prove this it is only necessary to compare the list of casualties in recent Indian wars with those among civilized nations, bearing in mind the numbers engaged.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN CAMPAIGNING IN ARIZONA.

The following events connected with the subjugation of the Apaches, given substantially in the words of an accomplished officer who took part for several years in the Indian wars in Arizona, afford an illustration of another phase of the occupation of the army on the frontier in so-called times of peace.

A parallelogram formed by a line from Camp Verde eastward to the White Mountains, south to the San Carlos, continued westward to Camp McDowell, and thence north to the point first named, would contain 15,000 square miles of rocky mountain-peaks, deep cañons, heavily wooded mountain streams, and dark pine forests. Here and there beautiful little valleys or parks are found, each an isolated oasis, and it is in this isolation and the intervening barriers that the peculiar difficulties of the region for campaigning purposes are discovered.

After incredible upward toil along the zigzag trail, the scouting party reaches the sharp rocky ridge, whence the almost precipitous descent begins to the pleasant camp ground far below, and it is plainly seen from the commanding height that the beautiful grassy plain is of very limited extent, and shut in on all sides by almost impracticable mountains. Thus are anticipations of rest and refreshment somewhat dashed by the prospect of the interminable, heart-breaking, rock-climbing struggle to begin again at daybreak. In most wild mountain regions the narrow berme on the edge of streams, or the bed of the stream itself, is the only passable route, but here the mountain torrents that pour out in every direction from the great ranges pass for the most part through dark precipitous box cañons, which cut off communication between the parks, strung together like beads by the pure, clear, deep streams, and all who would penetrate the mountain ranges must do so by painfully climbing their rugged sides.

In this Apache paradise many varieties of climate are found. From the cool shade of the pine forests on the "Black Mesa" to the burning sandy wastes that form the valleys of the Salt and Gila rivers, one passes from one extreme to the other, but would prefer rather to remain in the worst than encounter the torture of a journey over the miles on miles of confused and jumbled masses of rocky mountain-peaks to reach the better.

The theatre of operations thus faintly outlined, as well as adjacent portions of the immense Territory of Arizona, has been for many years the scene of innumerable conflicts between the troops and the many Apache tribes. A record carefully compiled by the historian of one of the cavalry regiments which took its share of the sufferings and hardships of the mountain scouting between the years 1871–5 shows that in that period the regiment had ninety-seven combats with the marauding savages.

Early in the year 1872 it became evident that a portion of the Arivipa Apaches were using Camp Grant as a base of supplies, and pushing their marauding parties out in every direction into the settled parts of the Territory. The dread entertained by the settlers for these marauders is best appreciated when the character and mode of warfare of the mountain tribes are understood. As an old wagon-master remarked to a cavalry officer: "We have a horror of them that you feel for a ghost. We never see them, but when on the road are always looking over our shoulders in anticipation. When they strike, all we see is the flash of the rifle resting with secure aim over a pile of stones," behind which, like a snake, the red murderer lies at full length.

All the Apaches are footmen, mountain climbers. They will steal horses and use them, but when driven into the mountains the horses become a part of their rations. Graceful, well formed, with legs of steel wire, light and active as a cat, the Apache on the rocky hill-side is unapproachable, and to fight him, with any chances of success, he has to be attacked with skill and great caution at gray dawn in his bivouac far up among the rocks. Many a surprise has been effected by night marches against natural fortresses

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absolutely unassailable in the daytime by any number of men, and where, if the Indians had discovered the ascending columns, even in the night, they could have repulsed them with great slaughter.

As a first step in the campaign, the commanding general directed that all warriors receiving rations should be counted every day, at a place to be selected, within five miles of the post. In order that the officer detailed for this delicate and dangerous duty might be able to identify and keep a record of the young men, a metal tag stamped with a number was issued to each Indian of fighting age. Many of the Indians received the order with sullen dissatisfaction, because, if carried out, it checkmated their rovings. Seated on their heels in increasing concentric circles in front of the general, the crouching attitude and the steady glare of their brilliant bead-like eyes made them resemble snakes coiled ready to strike, and it was plain that when opportunity offered they would resist by the most deadly means this effort to scotch them.

The next day the cavalry officer detailed rode out four miles from the post, accompanied by one orderly, to meet the young savages and make the first count.

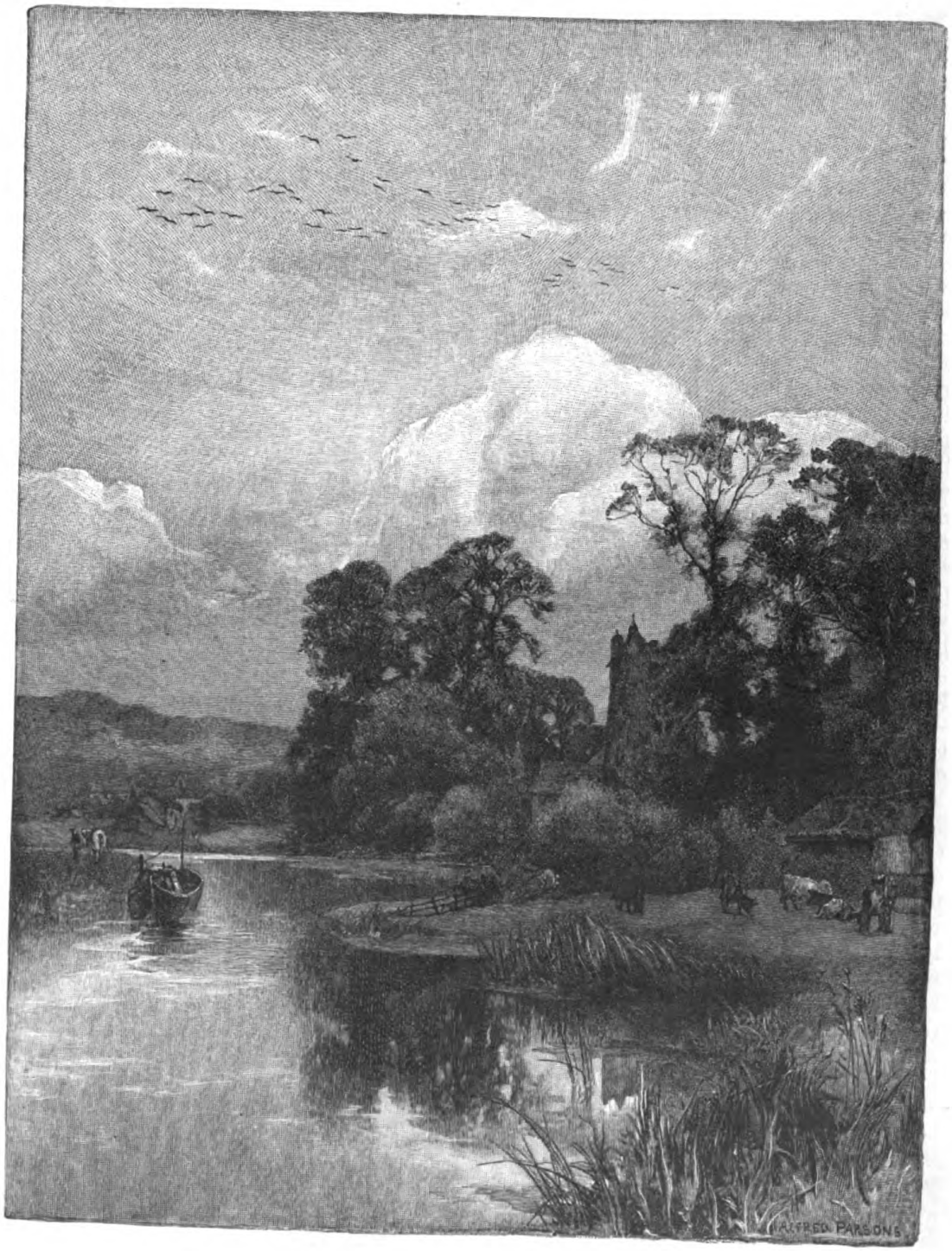
The officer selected was one who had seen considerable service and fighting, but he subsequently confessed that he would have been glad to exchange the duty assigned him for a detail to lead a forlorn hope over a breastwork.

However, he had been told by the general that it was undesirable to send a force on the duty, as some of the warriors might become alarmed, and in their ignorance make trouble, and that the object was to give the Indians a fair chance. So out he rode, with his heart in his throat, feeling pretty confident that unless he kept his head some young "buck" would stab him in the back, and thus distinguishing himself, take his departure for the war-path. The place selected was at the foot of a hill on which was situated the largest Indian village of the reservation. Arriving at the point, the officer was met by the whole band rushing down the hill-side with yells and shouts, and as they approached nearer he had the horror of perceiving that they were nearly all drunk. They had been celebrating the disagreeable order of the day before by a "tiswin" spree.

The lieutenant received the charge by dismounting and standing, with a nonchalance which was far from natural, at the foot of a large cottonwood-tree, the orderly, mounted, holding the horses a few yards in rear. It was soon apparent that several of the chiefs had remained sober, and were doing their utmost to prevent trouble, and by their exertions the rabble was halted about twenty yards from the tree, and seated with some attempt at the usual half-circle formation. The counting officer then approached, with book and pencil in hand, and though appreciating the danger of assassination, he resolutely passed along the front of each circle and checked off the numbers on the tags.

Many of the rascals, with impudent drunken leers, shook the tags in his face, and one fellow refused to show his. Passing the mutineer for the time being, the lieutenant concluded the checking process. He was now confronted by a formidable problem: either he must capture the drunken young savage or submit to the indignity of seeing the orders intrusted to him for execution treated with contempt, of which the Indians were sure to take advantage, taking it for a confession of weakness. In this perplexity he called up the orderly with the horses, and then turned to one of the most reliable of the chiefs standing near, and made signs to him to bring up the young man and force him to show his tag. The young fellow lounged up when bidden by the chief, but stood immovable, staring at the representative of the government with drunken insolence. Giving the orderly, who was still mounted, a few words of direction, the lieutenant mounted his own horse as if to ride off, and at a signal the orderly, a fine old soldier, suddenly drew his revolver and covered the young savage, at the same time making an imperious sign to him to jump up behind the officer. The old chief took in the situation instantly, and seizing the fellow under the arms, almost threw him up on the croup of the horse behind the lieutenant, and so, covered by the steady pistol of the orderly, they rode off. The Indians were quick to appreciate the defeat of the braggart, and the little procession of prisoner and captors was followed by yells, screams, and jeering laughter. The prisoner was safely landed in the post guard-house, a substantial witness of the nerve and courage of a resolute officer over the savage fury of the Apache. Such captures were

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"NOT LOVE, NOT WAR."

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IN THE HAWORTH.

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

NO. 15 in the third section of the Haworth apartment-house was vacant. No. 17 above it and No. 13 below it felt uneasy when they realized that a vacuum existed between them which might draw to itself elements of an uncongenial character. No. 16, whose door commanded the door of No. 15, and whose right to borrow everything in No. 15 worth borrowing had long been recognized as a perquisite of her position in the Haworth, was in a quiver of apprehension anent a new lodger.

No. 13 on the floor below was known as Mrs. Kelly, a talkative soul, given to speculation. There was a Mr. Kelly—H. Augustus—but to the inmates of the Haworth his was a pale personality; and there were two small Kellys, to relate whose miraculous recoveries from many illnesses would Mrs. Kelly seriously incline. Her husband's employment was somewhat mysterious, owing to the fact that she had given out that "Mr. Kelly was in the Custom-house," but had neglected to state whether as a dutiable commodity, an unclaimed article, or an employé. Judging by Mrs. Kelly, being in the Custom-house was a lucrative position. She dressed with a splendor which caused her incomings and outgoings to be watched from behind the blinds of No. 16, No. 17, and even No. 18, who, attracted by a rustle strictly feminine, laid down his brushes and peeped out, only to see No. 13 arrest the progress of a car with a wave of her parasol. Mrs. Kelly was the only person in the Haworth who had pretensions to style. Besides her rustling garments, she had an easy, friendly way of alluding to people moving in the great world of fashion; and she had a brother, Mr. George Judkins, who was suspected in the Haworth of being a social luminary. Mrs. Kelly was regarded as the common mother of the Haworth, and honored as such.

No. 16, who two weeks after the departure of No. 15 declared her independence by borrowing a collander of No. 14; was a music teacher; by name, Miss Merry. There were rumors rife in the Haworth that Miss Merry, in the secluded recesses of No. 16, concealed a maiden aunt as the sop to Mrs. Grundy-Cerberus. The maiden aunt would have been regarded as entirely mythical had not Mrs. Kelly, on one of those tours of visits to which she occasionally subjected the Haworth in the character of common mother, unwarily opened a door and come upon an aged lady darkling in the dim interior, who there was no reason for believing was not the illusive maiden aunt brought to bay. Mrs. Kelly, who in common with the rest of the Haworth had regarded Miss Merry's protectress as a fiction, shut the door in trepidation, and made no sign that she had discovered Miss Merry's *cache*. Skeletons in closets, though they took the form of maiden aunts, were obnoxious to her open nature. It was an experience nevertheless by which she set great store. As a piquant bit of gossip it obtained favor in the Haworth, and Mrs. Kelly attained a still higher renown as the Columbus of the maiden aunt.

Under the roof, surveying an uneven expanse of flat and sloping roofs of slate and tin and a forest of chimneys, the inmates of No. 17 and No. 18 had made nests for themselves out of such scraps as fell in their way. No. 18, the smallest of the flats, for the Haworth shrank as it rose higher, was occupied by three young men. They were regarded askance in the Haworth, as refractory elements to the fine social tone which distinguished the lower floors. Moreover, their professions and antecedents were wrapt in a suspicious obscurity. There was the tired young man who came home late, and whose hands were always black. Miss Merry, noting him from behind her door, said he was a "printer's devil." She did not know just what this meant, but then there was a suggestion of ink and general murkiness about it which accorded with the black hands. There was the man with the erratic employment, who sometimes worked till twelve o'clock at night, and sometimes had nothing to do all day long. And then there was Morrill, whom they all knew slightly, liked very much, and pitied a little because he was the victim of an unfortunate ambition, was so poor, so unlucky, and had finally crowned his misfortunes by falling in love. Morrill and his loves interested the Haworth almost as much as Miss Merry and her aunt.

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The Haworth regarded No. 17 with tender curiosity. When her light feet pattered down the long flights of stairs, and the door snapped behind her, heads appeared at all the front windows of the third section of the Haworth. All, that is, but the front window of No. 18. Peeping out between the dingy scrim curtains, with his pens or brushes in his mouth and his heart in his throat, Morrill, the unlucky, stood watching her till she disappeared down the street.

Morrill was fond of looking out of his front window. In the evenings, his work done—he was an embryo artist and illustrator, with much energy and but little work to expend it on—he was wont to lean out over the sill on his folded arms, puffing at his pipe, and piecing out fragmentary day-dreams, his bearded head, seen from the street below, a dark blot against the yellow evening sky. Sometimes in the early summer dawn, when the Haworth still slumbered below him, he watched the rosy morning flush up the piece of sky at the end of the street, behind the delicate barring of crossed telegraph wires. With absorbed eyes he saw the color spread and glow, tint the gleaming roofs, turn to pink the scrap of sluggish river with its lazy sails, visible at the end of the street's narrowing vista, then creep warmly down the crowding walls, striking silver from the window-panes, and spots of sudden color from the scarlet geranium blossoms in the window-boxes, sinking gradually lower and lower into the chilly street. Once or twice on such mornings the front window of No. 17 opened, and No. 17 herself, in the charming disarray of loosened hair and blue and white striped cotton jacket, peered out over her straggling geraniums and sickly mignonette to see the sun rise too. They were too far apart to do more than exchange greetings, to cry softly, in pretended surprise: "Oh, Steve, is that you? Isn't it lovely?" and, "Hullo, Claude! Do you think it's going to be a hot day?" But he could see the blush of the dawn on her face, and a shy light chase the sleep from her drowsy eyes.

Chance favored these two. They were forever meeting on the stairs, and pausing for a few whispers, all the richer for their forced brevity, and the knowledge each had of duties waiting to be performed. Constantly, when Claude posed at night sittings, he met her—purely by accident, she having previously mentioned the fact—and they walked home together, arm in arm under the stars, slowly and silently, in a gloriously confidential manner.

Claude, it need hardly be said, was No. 17. She was of French extraction, as her name, Claudine Desparolle, showed, and she was a professional model. Every year in the annual exhibitions Claude smiled and drooped, full face and profile, on canvases innumerable. Claude's back hair, delicate profile, and the graceful curve of her long white throat, brought young MacGregor fame. Claude as Desdemona, swathed in Eastern stuffs, with the shifting currents of the canals and the dark, mysterious walls of old Venice as a background, was exhibited in the Salon of 188–. There was a study of Claude's head against faded, twilight tapestries in the palace of one of the great railway millionaires. She not only understood the art of posing; she was beautiful. Her coloring was her professional recommendation. Her coarse, rough hair, showing an inclination to curl, and of a glowing, golden red, and her skin of the opaque, warm whiteness of the calla-lily, were a source of inspiration for the artists, and bread and butter for her mother and herself. Claude supported her mother, the career of Desparolle, now deceased, having been fast, furious, and brief. The mother, a partial invalid, cherished her broken-down nervous system, and catered for No. 17 with brilliant economy.

Claude was a busy person. Besides her work at the studios she had allowed Steve Morrill to make a study of her head. It was Steve's first great effort, and they regarded it fondly as his masterpiece. It progressed slowly, for Claude could pose only occasionally, having few disengaged hours. On these rare occasions she sat with her throat bared, a blue scarf twisted round her shoulders, and her head bent under the glare of his dusty skylight. Never were sittings more unbusinesslike and delightful. Claude told gossip of the studios, was full of comments on the coming pictures and anecdotes of her artist friends, and Steve's deep laugh rang out through the open windows and echoed among the chimneys. Sometimes over Steve's shoulder she studied the portrait, her head thrown back and her eyes narrowed, ventured a criticism now and then, pressing on his shoulder with her fingertips to emphasize her point. Again sud-

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den silences would fall on them. Steve, absorbed in catching the faint greenish shadow beneath her chin, which melted into the ivory of her rounding cheek, almost held his breath, and Claude was all the model, silent and motionless. Like a true Bohemian, Steve lived in the moment, in an ephemeral but not the less brilliant rainbow of joy, which broke and dissolved when Claude laughed her goodbyes from the doorway. Late in the afternoon, when the skylight glass shone red like a fire, he heard her coming up the stairs, and was not ashamed to creep into the tiny hall and watch her through the crack of the door, laughing under her breath, as she leaned over the banisters looking down.

Her laughter was caused by a brief conversation with Mrs. Kelly, returning resplendent from one of her trips on the cars.

"Claude," Mrs. Kelly had cried, excitedly making passes with her parasol from the rear of the car—"Claude, wait! I've something to tell you." Then, springing from the car and achieving the curb, "No. 15 is taken."

Claude, as befitted the proprietress of No. 17, was instantly interested.

"Who is it?" she asked, anxiously.

"I'm sure I don't know—at least I don't mean that. I saw the express carts this morning, and asked the janitor. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Adams, he says. And, my dear, a baby—a young baby! Of course I know what to expect. Croup, of course—"

"But, Mrs. Kelly," gently interposed Claude, anxious to keep Mrs. Kelly from mounting her great croup hobby-horse, "have you seen them?"

"No, no, dear; not yet. But, as I was saying, she's sure to have it. And croup in an apartment-house! The janitor says it's an extremely delicate-looking child. Oh, I know just what to expect! Why, when my little Ethel was three years old—"

But Claude was gone. She had recognized Mrs. Kelly's favorite form of preamble. Little Ethel at three years always heralded long and tedious recitals. She was the pilot-fish of the Kelly conversation shark. Claude knew her of old, and fled before her.

It was late in the evening of that day that Freddie and Lucilla moved into No. 15. On their upturned Lares and Penates they sat enthroned, gravely viewing their new domain. The solemnity of the moment was such that they sat in silence, Freddie on the edge of "wedded," Lucilla on the refrigerator; between them, the baby slept in her tin bath-tub. To Lucilla, Western and country-bred, No. 15 was rich with pleasant potentialities, which on the morrow she would reduce to realities. At present her mind was a chaos of the electric buttons and speaking-tubes in the kitchen, which Freddie had just been explaining. Sitting on the refrigerator, gazing vacantly at the portrait of her maternal grandfather—a famous warrior, who testified to his intrepid spirit by glaring boldly at a thunder-storm raging on his right—she went over them once more. When the door-bell rang, you pressed the upper button, that opened the door; when the tube whistled, you also opened the door; and when you pressed the lower button, that called the janitor; and when you whistled down the tube—Here Lucilla lost it all again, and said slowly, staring fixedly at the ancestor, as she wrestled with the problem, "What happens when you whistle, Freddie?"

Freddie stopped filling his pipe, and looked anxiously at his wife over a lighted match. "It depends a good deal what I'm whistling for," he answered. "When I'm whistling for a car and whistling for a dog, the results are different."

Lucilla, roused and blushing, explained; and once more the buttons and tubes were extricated from their tangle.

It was early the next morning; the faint, gray light was filtering down the well, and the rattling of an occasional cart echoed sonorously through the empty street, when a long, shrieking, windy sound broke the silence of No. 15. Lucilla heard it in her dreams, and woke, startled as the fawn at the horn of the chase. New to flats and city life, she was at first frightened, then puzzled, when, on the point of setting it down as a freak of imagination, its reality was established beyond a doubt by its suddenly bursting forth again—a clear, piercing whistle. With a sweep of memory, Lucilla remembered her lesson in tubes and electric buttons, and, cowering under the clothes, murmured fearfully, "Some one at the front door."

Wondering what possible reason could bring any one out at such an hour, she bravely rose, slipped on her blue wrapper, thrust her feet into slippers, and, sleepy-eyed and shivering, with her shoulders

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"SOMETIMES OVER STEVE'S SHOULDER SHE STUDIED THE PORTRAIT."

drawn up to her ears, crept kitchenward. She noiselessly opened the glass door, and, holding to the knob, peeped in apprehensively. It seemed to Lucilla that there was something public about a flat. She half expected to find people walking down her hall, or see them lying *perdu* beneath the stationary wash-tub. As she stood, knob in hand, peeping about with palpitating alertness, the whistle shrieked again with terrible suddenness. With her hand pressed to her heart, Lucilla drew in her head and shut the door; then, biting her lip and gazing obliquely out of the corners of her eyes, stood listening. What could any one want at such an hour? She

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ought to open the door; but if any one did come, she could never, in her present attire, let him in to No. 15. It was a trying moment, but the blood of warriors, somewhat vitiated by time, to be sure, flowed in Lucilla's veins. Gathering her gown about her, as though surrounded by beetles, she stepped gingerly toward the dumb-waiter door, beside which the buttons and tubes gleamed in the cold, eerie light. With fierce courage she pressed the first of the two buttons that her hand touched — the lower one — then stepped back with fascinated eyes fastened upon it, awaiting the result. But there was no result; nothing happened. The Haworth was wrapped in the silence of early morning. Lucilla, growing desperate, timorously pressed the button again, then drew back shuddering, as from contact with a reptile. Suddenly, almost at her side, rose a deep, masculine voice, "Well, ma'am, what's the matter?"

Lucilla afterward wondered why she did not faint. In her fright she clutched the door of the dumb-waiter, which stood ajar, and clung dumbly to it, with her heart beating loudly. The voice, with a resigned intonation, rose again from somewhere below: "Won't yer please, ma'am, tell me what yer want? I've whistled for yer ashes three times, and now yer ring for me. Won't yer send yer ashes down?"

Lucilla, with what she was fond of terming a brain wave, comprehended the situation. She opened the door of the dumb-waiter, and called, tremulously, "Who is it?"

"It's the janitor, ma'am. I've been whistlin' for yer ashes for fifteen minutes. Will yer 'blige me by sendin' 'em down?"

Holding her gown tightly about her still trembling form, as though the janitorial eye had power to pierce the boards, Lucilla answered, vaguely, "What ashes?"

It occurred to her at the moment that this question was not a particularly happy one, but she was confused, and desirous of gaining time.

"The ashes out of yer range," with stubborn patience.

Lucilla comprehended. "Wait a moment," she called, in a sprightly and amiable tone, the sweetness of which she hoped would obliterate all impressions left by her last question. A noise of scraping, metallic rattling, and dry grinding now filled the kitchen of No. 15. A fine cloud of ash dust rose on the air and powdered Lucilla's earnest face. A few minutes later she set a pan of ashes on the dumb-waiter, and, charily standing some distance off, lowered it with the tips of her fingers.

Cold, nervous, and wakeful, she now retired. As she dropped off her slippers, the whistle shrieked again with startling suddenness. For a moment Lucilla stood irresolute, nervously pinching her underlip with a chill thumb and forefinger. Then, brave in her newly acquired knowledge of the janitor, the dumb-waiter, and the tubes, she stole, cautious and soft-footed, back to the kitchen. Opening the dumb-waiter door, but concealing herself behind it, she sent her voice down the shaft in the form of greeting which seemed to her most dignified, and yet, in her loneliness, was warmed by a suggestion of past acquaintance, perhaps friendship, "Janitor, what do you want?"

She afterward thought that this was somewhat haughty, that it smacked of "Minion, what is your hest?" or, "Vassal, what seekest thou?" For Lucilla, as a Western, was practically democratic. For a moment all was still; then a strange voice, young yet husky, floated upward:

"I ain't the janitor. It's me — Mike Shea."

In blushing consternation, Lucilla shrank into her wrapper. Could it be the dreaded morning visitor, she thought, with a sudden spasmodic fluttering of her heart. She had never known a Mike Shea. Various forms of retort to this piece of intelligence occurred to her, but she dismissed them as inappropriate. She thought of ringing for the janitor, or calling up Freddie, or suggesting to the unwelcome Mike, with a veiled but stinging sarcasm, that the pleasure of his acquaintance was denied her. But Lucilla, despite her vaunted fighting blood, had a kindly heart. She determined to give Mike a chance to extricate himself from a position which was fast becoming compromising.

"Well?" she called, interrogatively, her tone suggesting a keen desire for further information.

The intruder was silent for a space; then his youthful husky voice, distinctly exasperated and yet imploring, rose from the depths below: "Won't yer pleze tell me how much milk yer want, and send down yer can?"

"Milk!" cried Lucilla, with sudden vi-

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vacity; and then added, confidingly and with the joyousness of dawning comprehension, "Oh, yes, milk!"

The curiosity of the visitor was aroused. He leaned forward and gazed up the shaft for a glimpse of his interlocutor. Then he said, slowly: "Yes, milk. It's a thing you drink. I'd 'vise yer never to take too much, 't might go to yer head. Say," coaxingly, "send down yer can."

Lucilla was roused by these gibes. She looked down the crack between the dumb-waiter and the side of the shaft, and observed, haughtily: "I moved in last night. I have made no arrangements—"

She would have continued further, but Mr. Shea's head was withdrawn, to reappear immediately, his upturned face brightened by an apologetic smile. "I mistook yer tube," he said, easily, smiling at her through the crack, with an expression which seemed to the offended Lucilla absolutely demoniac. "It's No. 17 I'm after."

The next moment the dumb-waiter creaked on its upward way, and Lucilla, as she crept back to her room, heard the long, muffled whistle of No. 17's tube, and the slow steps of No. 17 moving kitchenward.

"It must be the last," sighed Lucilla, as she dropped off her slippers, and unfastened her wrapper with cold fingers. "I'll have a little more sleep."

But fate had decided otherwise. As her



"QUIVERING LIKE A LEAF. . . .STOOD LUCILLA, TERROR-STRICKEN."

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heavy eyelids closed gratefully, and as she found herself drowsily wondering how a waiter so obviously noisy ever was called dumb, the whistle shrilled once more. In a tremor she rose, pattered to the kitchen, and flung open the dumb-waiter door. The aperture was filled by the dumb-waiter, with one huge block of ice upon its shelf. The horrors of the situation fell coldly upon Lucilla's heart. The ice gleamed blue and transparent, and exhaled a chill breath. As she gazed blankly at it, her perplexity found expression in a low gasp of, "Good heavens! what will I do with it?"

At the same time a suppressed but audible outburst of masculine laughter echoed sonorously up the shaft. Lucilla, emboldened by desperation, looked severely down through the crack, to perceive, leaning against the door-frame, half inside the shaft, a burly ice-man, his iron pincers dangling from his hand, and his bronzed face deeply creased with his irrepressible mirth. Lucilla felt that hesitation was loss of dignity. With as indifferent a front as she could assume, she dodged forward, folded the ice in her soft warm arms, and with set teeth bore it to the table. There it slipped from her benumbed grasp, and fell with a loud crash. Lucilla screamed and sprang back, and the ice glided down the table, massive and shining, till it struck a pile of pans and strewed them afar with a variety of clangs. Quivering like a leaf, her hands extended, her fingers spread apart like the rays of a starfish, and gazing tearfully at her dripping garments, stood Lucilla, terror-stricken. She was roused by the voice of Freddie, crying from the interior, in wakeful tones of surprise and alarm.

"Lucilla, what, in the name of mercy, are you doing in there?"

"Oh, Freddie, it's the ice! I'm all wet, and so cold!" she whimpered.

"What ice? What are you talking about? Wait a moment, and I'll help you."

The laughter of the waiting ice-man, to whom these remarks were audible, now became uncontrollable. Lucilla, fearful that the tenderness with which Freddie would console her would be also heard by these unhallowed ears, hurried to the dumb-waiter door, and without now considering the best form of address, cried, loudly: "That's all right. You will do. You may come every morning."

"Lucilla, what do you mean? What are you talking about?" called Freddie from the interior, in a voice of terror.

"That's all right," cried Lucilla still louder, as the man made an attempt to speak. "That will do to-morrow," and she slammed the door, just as Freddie, pale and scared, burst open the glass door of the kitchen and confronted her with lover-like solicitude. Alas! that one should have to recount the fall of Lucilla the Spartan! Subsiding on the boiler, with Freddie's stalwart arm about her shoulders, she drooped nervelessly against him, and melted into tears.

From this somewhat inauspicious opening Lucilla's experiences of the Haworth were pleasant. She grew fond of No. 15 and its little cozy rooms. She hung and rehung her pictures, giving the place of honor to the grandfather smiling at the thunder-storm. Freddie did not like this, confessing a long-cherished aversion to the ancestor. Lucilla, with troubled, serious eyes, inquiring the reason, had been told that he found it humiliating to think he had married the descendant of a man who didn't know enough to come in when it rained. Lucilla, thus cruelly taken by surprise, was offended. She ignored Freddie for an hour. She intended to ignore him for the rest of the evening, but in the middle of dinner forgot all about it, and sliding her hand round the edge of the tiny table, laid it with a soft pressure on his, saying, with a pensive smile, "Oh, Freddie, I've just thought of such an awfully crushing thing I might have said to that ice-man!"

After this all went well. Lucilla procured an Irish domestic, and the shrieking of the whistle disturbed her no more. And then her social position in the Haworth was assured. She felt that the Haworth approved her. In the light of its applauding smiles she unfolded softly and delicately, like a wind-flower in a sunny, sheltered nook.

The period of first calls had been certainly trying, especially to the shy and retiring Lucilla. Mrs. Kelly's call had almost crushed both ladies by the solemnity and awful majesty of its social interchanges. Mrs. Kelly, knowing the full value of a first impression, was attired as befitted the common mother of the Haworth. Heavy silks and jet beads rattled portentously about her as she greeted Lucilla in the small parlor. There, disposed

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to advantage on the hard little sofa, she flashed her brilliant glance over the apartment, and opened the floodgates of her conversation. Lucilla, shy as a rabbit, was breathless and speechless before this torrent of small-talk.

She felt very small and ill-dressed, and sat stiffly on the edge of her chair, feeling that she was visibly shrinking to the vanishing-point of insignificance. There was something so large and protecting about Mrs. Kelly, and her silks kept up a series of creaks and crepitations which made it impossible to forget them. Moreover, the confident ease of her manner made Lucilla feel awkward and country-bred.

The situation soon became slightly strained. Mrs. Kelly told of all the ills through which she had triumphantly conducted the young Kellys unscathed, with the deprecating pride of conscious merit. Lucilla responded without enthusiasm. Mrs. Kelly, rather exhausted, drew from her voluminous folds a filmy handkerchief, which she slowly pressed to her lips, then, folding her hands over it on her lap, glanced despairingly about the room.

Her eyes suddenly lighted on the baby, who, fascinated by this glistening apparition, had crawled stealthily toward it; and now, sitting upright, gazed upon it with open mouth and rounded eyes. Mrs. Kelly, bending downward, raised the inert and silently alarmed baby, and steadying it against her knee, smiled upon it as she softly beat its dimpled fist between her hands.

"A pretty child," said Mrs. Kelly, with dawning hope. "How old?"

Lucilla, brightening, stated its age. Then, under the encouraging Kelly eye, she glanced off into its diet. Restraint broken, she began rioting sumptuously in an elysium of soluble foods and infantine indispositions. Under the head of ills, Lucilla had little to offer, being as yet inexperienced; but this topic was Mrs. Kelly's *pièce de résistance* in all feminine conversations. She gazed at the baby's rapt, upturned face with smiling abstraction, revolving in her mind a gentle and yet effective opening.

"Subject to colds?" she at length inquired, in a light, conversational tone.

Lucilla, with an uneasy premonition that her offspring was being weighed in the balance and found wanting, reluctantly admitted, "Well, no; not exactly," as less compromising than a positive denial.

"No crying at nights?" Mrs. Kelly continued, in a persuasive tone, calculated to spur the recalcitrant memory to prodigies of recollection.

"None," said Lucilla, with the brevity of mortification.

"Teething, perhaps?" hazarded the guest, confident that if she tried long enough she would arrive at some infantile complaint over which she and Lucilla could establish an *entente cordiale*.

"No; she isn't troubled with her teeth," said Lucilla, despondently, hanging her head. She felt as if maternally she was a failure, as she saw Mrs. Kelly protrude her underlip and raise her brows musingly, as she continued to gaze at the baby.

"She's a very healthy child," said Lucilla, feeling that this was a commonplace and vulgar recommendation, as opposed to that glittering assortment of ills which from babyhood had distinguished the young Kellys beyond their fellows.

"And yet," commented Mrs. Kelly, a suggestion of personal grievance in her tone, "she is not what you could call a rugged-looking baby."

Lucilla was too subdued to answer. She realized how inadequate she was to the requirements of her position as a young mother, and how far the baby fell below the national standard, and when Mrs. Kelly suggested, encouragingly, "Croupy at nights?" she tamely succumbed, and accepted her humiliating position without a struggle.

"I don't think," she said, gloomily, "that she has ever been sick in her life."

For the first time in her history as common mother of the Haworth, Mrs. Kelly was daunted. Her happy dreams of triumphantly producing her wonderful croup remedy and infallible cough syrup were not to be realized. It looked as if her visit would be as bare of great results as the visits of Claude or Miss Merry. Mrs. Kelly recognized the full importance of her position as common mother to the third section of the Haworth, and was determined to live up to it. Still for one day she felt that she had done her duty; she had certainly tried hard. Greatly exhausted, she rose to depart, depositing the baby in a soft bunch in its mother's arms. In the doorway she paused, looked back at the mother, with her cheek pressed against the child's, and said, with the prophetic intensity of a Delphic pythoness on the tripod, "Just wait till she gets her

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teeth!" And with the delivery of this Parthian arrow cheering her, she rustled down the stairs.

It was some weeks after this that Mrs. Kelly paid her second call at No. 15. It was in the evening, and Lucilla and Freddie already had a visitor—Claude, in her old black dress. Claude and Lucilla, having the common bonds of youth and health and good looks, had formed a friendship. Miss Merry felt that she had been deprived of a lawful perquisite, when, called to her door by strange bumping sounds on the stairs, she beheld Claude and the janitor carrying Lucilla's sewing-machine up stairs. On her way to and from the studios the model frequently paused at the door of No. 15 for a murmured gossip with her friend, their sudden bursts of smothered laughter tantalizing Miss Merry by their captivating suggestion of tender confidences. One day Claude, meeting Lucilla and Morrill on the landing, presented them to each other. Morrill, who had come running up stairs in his muddy boots and his battered hat, was greatly abashed by this sudden introduction into the most select society of the Haworth, and looked awkward and embarrassed. Lucilla, wondering at him, vaguely conscious that he was one of the young men in No. 18, saw him turn and look at Claude, and experienced a feeling of pained surprise, amounting, in its suddenness and intensity, to a shock. When she went down stairs, leaving them lingering on the landing, she was pondering deeply.

Lucilla was not afraid of Mrs. Kelly now, and, as she entered, rose joyously to meet her; but paused, looking rather blank, on beholding two gentlemen in her wake. One was Mr. Kelly, the mysterious H. Augustus, not at all mysterious-looking — quite an ordinary gentleman, with a blunt nose and sandy hair. A rigorous fashion not permitting Mr. Kelly to attire himself in rustling silks and jingling beads, he did not present such a splendid appearance as his wife, and both Freddie and Lucilla felt, with a sudden accession of vivacity, that they could rise superior to him.

But at the sight of the other gentleman —Mr. George Judkins—Mrs. Kelly's brother, they experienced a mutual chill. Mr. Judkins, junior member of the firm of Treadwell, Pierce, and Treadwell, was in receipt of an income of seven thousand dollars per annum, a fact which Mr. Judkins rarely lost sight of. He was an immaculately dressed young man, well barbered, well shod, well gloved even. There was an air of elegant completeness about him, from his varnished boots to his neat parting, and a vague but fascinating suggestion of being a social success encompassed him. He was obviously a young man who had the confidence of his firm, and one who could triumph over the temptations of pipes, base-metal watches, and slippers in the evening. No fear that Mr. Judkins would ever commit a *gaucherie*, ever wear his hat at an unpopular angle, or ever, under the most exhilarating circumstances, make a pun. In the Haworth he was regarded with respectful curiosity as a creature of another sphere, a gilded butterfly, a dazzling embodiment of the social code. It was with conscious pride that Mrs. Kelly presented him, and with a feeling of fluttered embarrassment that Lucilla welcomed beneath her humble roof so distinguished a guest.

The introductions over, Mr. Judkins subsided upon the piano stool, where he sat silently staring, with all the power of his steely eyes, at Claude in her old black dress. As for Claude, she was in her gayest mood, and, cognizant of the gray eyes fixed upon her, posed against the mantelpiece for their benefit. The others gathered around the table under the lamp's warm tent of light, and Lucilla, with a deep color in her cheeks, wondering at herself as she easily threw remarks into the buzz of conversation, as a grindstone throws off sparks, saw herself in futurity a social queen.

It was a delightful evening. The elders laughed and gossiped round the table, and Claude and Judkins by the piano. Judkins had recovered from the silent surprise into which he had been thrown by the vivid beauty of his companion, and became talkative, almost animated. He was enjoying himself thoroughly, relating his experiences on a recent western trip, when a sudden pounding on the ceiling arrested his eloquence. As if in answer to the sound, Claude rose and gathered up her hat and gloves.

"That's mother," she said, carelessly, extending her hand in farewell: "when she wants me to come up, she knocks on the floor; that means bedtime. We had to institute some such rule, because one night I staid down here so late that mother

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fell asleep with the door of No. 17 locked. I had to come down here, and go up in the dumb-waiter. You can't imagine how nicely I fitted in. Lucilla pulled me up. Oh, it was a thrilling adventure!"

She gave Judkins a coquettish glance, and bid the others good-night. At the door she turned, and, standing with a hand on either side of the doorway, said, with a bewitching smile which included the company: "I should love to have you all come and see me; and as we live under the roof and have no elevator, I can recommend the dumb-waiter. It's a little cramped for space, but it's much better than the stairs, and Lucilla—she's the elevator boy—can pull you up. Good-night," and she ran up the stairs laughing.

Lucilla's evenings became popular after this. Claude was a constant visitor, and Mr. Morrill brushed himself up and came occasionally, and Mr. Judkins, neat and elegant, came often. Lucilla felt as if she had a salon. She began to lose her shyness, and acquire a manner which she felt was both dignified and gracious. She could even stand Freddie's teasing with an unblushing front. There was also an air of mysterious importance about her which puzzled Freddie. On the evenings when Claude and Mr. Judkins sat in the drawing-room of No. 15 she would retire into the innermost recesses of the flat, and then call, in a voice of honied sweetness, "Freddie, Freddie, come here for a moment, dear." And when Freddie came, would ask him to move a trunk, or do some equally unnecessary thing, which could easily have waited till the morning. For Lucilla, with the concentration of purpose which distinguishes all great minds, was trying to make a match. She approved Mr. Judkins, and deep down in her heart thought him one of the most truly aristocratic of young men. Bred in the severe life of the farther West, she knew the value of money, and her beautiful Claude, with seven thousand a year and a well-dressed, well-mannered husband, seemed to her the most natural and desirable *dénoûment*. Moreover, she felt Mr. Judkins's superiority. His clothes, so well cut, so fresh, so neatly creased, his reserved and dignified manners, his gleaming gold watch, given him by his grateful employers when he was a clerk, all impressed her deeply. He was not amusing, she had unwillingly admitted to Freddie one night.

"But then, Freddie," she remarked, demurely, as her white fingers flashed in and out down the strands of hair she was braiding, "it's not much use having such an amusing husband—they only embarrass you," which put an end to Freddie's criticisms.

Without doubt Lucilla was showing wonderful capabilities, hitherto unsuspected. Freddie watched her progress with pride and some apprehension. She grew extremely diplomatic, and cautious as a detective. That glance on the stairs had been followed by other glances of the same nature, which had confirmed her suspicions of Morrill, and Morrill was henceforward proscribed as a stumbling-block in her path. Lucilla was naturally trim and precise, and noted with a disapproving eye that the young man's cuffs were frayed, his coat worn on the seams, his trousers not unfrequently streaked with paint, and his brown beard untrimmed. She disapproved of his companions in No. 18, the man with the black hands being especially offensive to her nice sense. Then Morrill's manner was not fine enough for Claude. He was good-looking, she could see that; and once, when driven to bay by Claude, who, sitting tailor fashion on the floor, had insisted on an answer as she played with the baby, had admitted that his eyes were the tenderest and deepest brown eyes in all the world.

"But one can't marry on eyes," observed the cunning Lucilla, holding off the button-hole she was making, and staring at it with her head on one side. At which Claude, with a furious exclamation, had flung out of the room with her chin in the air.

Claude, in fact, was a puzzle even to this female Talleyrand. On the evenings when the three young people gathered in the parlor of No. 15; she was more than Lucilla could fathom. She was certainly most agreeable to Judkins, and yet, the day after what Lucilla was fond of calling "his most promising evening," a large bunch of Jacqueminot roses had suddenly descended past the front parlor window of No. 15, and lay, a glowing crimson heap, upon the pavement. Claude, being questioned, blushed, and said pettishly that "Mr. Judkins was stupid; he had no sense of humor." What relevancy this bore to the ill-fated bunch of roses she did not state, and it was part of Lucilla's abnor-

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mally rapid development in the science of diplomacy that she didn't demand a more lucid explanation.

After a little Morrill began to feel himself *de trop* in the parlor of No. 15. Lucilla, who, like a Jesuit, salved her conscience with the thought of the great end to be accomplished, saw with a sort of painful satisfaction that he was quite extinguished by the elegance and ease of Judkins. The poor boy, looking shy and shabby, sat with his feet tucked under the sofa to hide the holes in his boots, and his eyes fastened on his clasped hands, which he pressed between his knees. Claude tried to include him in the conversation, but Judkins had a peculiar insistent manner of forcibly taking all her remarks to himself. Lucilla, watching, felt that the day was won. She was certain the contrast between the two men thus forced upon her would decide Claude. Once or twice she had been disturbed by seeing the model bestow glances of sudden eloquence upon Morrill—glances which in their silent meaning had shaken Lucilla to the roots of her being. But they were generally lost on the young man, who was engrossed in surreptitiously pulling his coat sleeves over his frayed cuffs. He, on his part, had begun to lose heart. With savage bitterness he realized that he could never acquire that ease of manner, that rare flow of marrowless small-talk, which was a characteristic of the Judkins breed, and which seemed to please Claude. Already the pall of Judkins's conventionality seemed to have fallen on her; the old, rich, spicy, Bohemian spirit was gone. It might have been a thousand years ago, in a different country, in a different age, that they had laughed and gossiped over the portrait in No. 18. So, gradually, he stopped visiting No. 15 in the evening. He saw himself a pariah. With the sensitiveness of a lover, he divined Lucilla's disapproval of his aspirations, and was forced to recognize the common-sense which prompted it. One evening he left early, and ascended to No. 18. As he stood in the dim landing, fitting his key into the lock, and trying not to hear the distant laughter from below, he said aloud: "I guess I'll stop going down there. You must brace up, Steve, my boy!"

This was his last visit. Some time before, Claude's sittings had stopped. It was impossible to say whose fault it was. He, supposing she wished to thus delicately show him that it was all over, set his teeth and said nothing. Working at night over his pen-and-ink sketches, he could hear her laughter as it floated up the stairs; and leaning on his elbows, with held breath and concentrated gaze, he listened for the sound of her ascending feet. One night, as he sat bending over his work, the shaded lamp casting a circle of light about him, the rest of the room full of giant shadows, he heard her calling over the banisters as she came up, "Good-night, good-night, Mr. Judkins!" then the broken murmurs of two voices, a momentary silence, a burst of blended laughter, and she flew up the stairs past his door into No. 17. Struck to the soul, he pushed away his work, bent his face down into his clasped hands, and groaned, "God help me, this is awfully hard!"

A few days later, suddenly coming out of No. 18, he met Claude hurrying up the stairs. They both stopped, and for a moment gazed at each other. Then they grew embarrassed; in the eyes of each the other read the consciousness of Judkins, and she said, looking down and drumming on the banister with the tips of her fingers: "It's a long time since I've seen you. Where have you been?"

"Here."

"Why don't you come down to Mrs. Adams's any more?" she asked.

"I thought I'd better stay away. I was busy. It seemed to me that I wasn't wanted," he said, slowly, longing for a contradiction.

On the contrary, she answered, with a fierce and bitter laugh, tilting up her chin at an aggressive angle, "Oh, if you don't want to come, don't let me urge you."

Then there was an awkward pause, both waiting for the other to speak of the sittings. Finally she said, nonchalantly, sauntering to the door of No. 17, "Well, good-by!" As the door opened and she went in, she called over her shoulder: "I hope you're getting on well with your work. Good-by!"

She walked slowly through the parlor, exchanging a greeting with her mother, strolled into her own room, humming an opéra bouffe air, softly closed the door, bolted it, threw herself on the bed, and burying her face on the pillow, sobbed till the bed shook. Morrill, after staring dully at the closed door, clattered down the stairs, sick at heart. Here were a pair of fools!

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That evening Mr. Judkins called on Lucilla and found her alone. Freddie was detained on business, Miss Merry was giving a lesson, Claude was upstairs in No. 17. For a time Lucilla and Mr. Judkins conversed on indifferent topics, or, rather, Lucilla talked and Mr. Judkins commented. Presently, both parties being possessed by a mutual idea, the conversation reverted to it. Said Mr. Judkins, looking slightly conscious, as he leaned his chin on the top of his cane, "Where is Miss Claude tonight?"

Lucilla, dropping her eyes guiltily, answered, "Upstairs, I believe."

"How is she?"

"Quite well, I think."

Mr. Judkins sucked the top of his cane for a moment, and then said, staring vacantly into the empty fireplace, "She's a charming young lady."

Lucilla, wondering if he was going to make a confidence, began to flutter. "She's so bright," she murmured, in a tone at once encouraging, and yet not insistent; for Lucilla was a master of tonal distinctions.

"So high-spirited and vivacious," he observed.

"I never saw a girl so full of life and ready for fun," said Lucilla, with a kindling glance.

"Charming," he murmured, dreamily. "Do you remember the evening she invited us to come up and call in the dumb-waiter?"

"Distinctly," cried Lucilla, all aglow. "She did it herself, and I pulled her up. We nearly died of laughing. How she would laugh if you took her at her word!"

Mr. Judkins turned his head suddenly, and fastened his eyes earnestly upon Lucilla. "Do you think she would?" he asked, slowly. "I'd like to amuse her in some little way; that is, show her that I am not so—so—solemn. I'm afraid she thinks I'm very quiet—too sober!"

"She would think anything of that kind a great joke," cried Lucilla, now fairly on fire with enthusiasm. "Why don't you do it?"

She looked at Mr. Judkins with startled surprise at her own temerity. He was grave to solemnity.

"You really believe it would make her think I was—er—lively?" he asked, anxiously, with his tenacious gaze still on hers.

"Why, of course! It must. After that she couldn't help thinking that you had a sense of humor," said Lucilla, in her excitement unconsciously using Claude's own words.

Mr. Judkins, with furrowed brow, sucked his cane in a frenzy of indecision. Suddenly he drew himself up, and, striking his fist on his knee, said, "By George, I'll do it!"

He rose, shook himself together, and stood staring before him with a look of stern determination. Lucilla rose too, glowing with her purpose. She was half frightened at her own daring, yet encouraged herself with the knowledge that she was merely the instigator, not the perpetrator of the deed, and that the end justified the means. Seizing the lamp, she led the way down the dark little passage toward the kitchen. Both unconsciously walked on their tiptoes, and at the creaking of the boards or the banging of a distant door started, and turning, gazed at each other with startled eyes and quickened breathing. With the guilty trepidation of a pair of burglars, they opened the glass door and stole into the kitchen. Lucilla set the lamp on the stationary wash-tub, and by its pale light gazed about. In the small bare room, smelling of soapsuds, and with lines of pewter dish covers resting against the whitewashed walls, Mr. Judkins, in his neatly creased clothes, presented an incongruous appearance. His rigid face, lightened by an embarrassed smile, when his roving eyes encountered Lucilla's alarmed glance, proclaimed him uneasy and yet determined. For a moment they were silent. The dripping of the water from the faucet in the sink sounded sharp and distinct; the clock ticked with strident regularity. Lucilla, with her slender shielding hand showing crimson against the lamp's light, listened nervously for the sounds which would herald detection. Mr. Judkins, after looking curiously about him, at the flowered chintz curtain of the dresser, the copper boiler, the wash-tub, said, in the hoarse whisper of a conspirator, "Where is it?"

Lucilla crept cautiously toward the dumb-waiter door, opened it, and drew up the dumb-waiter. Then she called her instructions down the tube to the janitor. Mr. Judkins's face lengthened. "It's very small," he said, peering in.

"Oh, you can easily get in by drawing your knees up," said Lucilla, hastily, fearing that his resolution was weakening. To encourage him, she carried the lamp to

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the door, and held it where it threw its light into the furthest corners of the two shelves intersected by the rope.

Mr. Judkins gingerly placed one foot on the lower shelf. The wood groaned, and the waiter shook and gave a fraction with a tightening creak of the rope. Mr. Judkins nimbly withdrew his foot, and turned on Lucilla. "Are you certain," he said, with sudden asperity, "that that janitor can pull me up?"

"If I could pull Claude up, he ought to be able to pull you," said Lucilla, a trifle defiant. Deep down in her heart she began to have vague misgivings. Without stopping to analyze her sensations, she began to feel cross, and to know that there was something wrong in the way Mr. Judkins was setting out to be humorous. Neither she nor Judkins looked or felt in the least humorous. In fact, they were both a little out of temper.

"How am I to get in?" he said, sharply, pressing down on the shelf with the palm of his hand.

Lucilla could give no instructions on this point, so, after trying various modes of ingress, he finally backed in, as though Lucilla were royalty. During this performance the dumb-waiter groaned and creaked, and before he was disposed as comfortably as the space would permit, Mr. Judkins was in a fever of nervous apprehension. When at length a cessation of his subdued writhings proclaimed that he was finally settled, Lucilla, lamp in hand, bent and looked anxiously and curiously in upon him. He was reclining, his weight resting on his right elbow; the crown of his head was pressed against the roof, and his chin was forced down on his chest. So tightly was he wedged that he could hardly turn his head, and gazed sternly straight before, as he said to Lucilla, with pardonable irritation:

"What are you standing there staring at me for when my back's half broken? Won't you be so good as to shut the door, and tell the janitor to pull up? And, for Heaven's sake, tell him to take care, and to hurry."

Lucilla closed the door, whistled the signal down the tube, and the dumb-waiter slid slowly up the shaft.

A shock, followed by a sudden stoppage in his upward flight, told Mr. Judkins that he had arrived. The door was closed, but through the crack a thin line of light divided the gloom which surrounded him. For a moment he made no sign, pondering what he had best do. A half-formulated idea of springing suddenly out upon Claude, like a jack-in-the-box, had been in his mind when he started, but now for the first time it occurred to him that Claude was probably in the front room, and though he jumped out with the suddenness and lightness of a panther, if there was nobody to see him it would be very flat. Then he thought of knocking on the door three distinct raps, like a spirit. But if he knocked, and Claude herself did open the door, he felt that, after all, it would not be so funny. He didn't feel at all like laughing, and less like being laughed at; he was too uncomfortable. No; he would open the door, creep out, walk along the hall, and surprise her in the parlor. Then tell her, jocosely, how he had come, and if she refused to believe him, call up Lucilla for corroboration. Thus would he be forever absolved from all accusations of too great sobriety. This, though a decided modification of the original daring plan, would be the most dignified and suitable. With difficulty he shifted his position and pressed his elbow on the door. It did not open; it was fastened on the other side. At the same time he heard steps in the hall; the kitchen door was opened, and some one creaked across the board floor. He scarcely breathed, listening. If it was Claude, would he be daring enough to suddenly call her from his place of concealment? Yes; that was an inspiration; but first wait and be certain. He listened intently. He could hear the rustle of a woman's skirts, and her footsteps as she slowly moved about. He had shaped his mouth to cry in a deep, mysterious voice, "Miss Claude!" when he was arrested by the metallic ringing of tin against tin; and then a voice said, in a tone of patient resignation, "There! Claude's forgotten the bread again."

It was the mother. Judkins gasped for breath, and his heart throbbed in his throat.

"It would have given her hysterics," he thought, and then shut his eyes, weak with the horror of what might have been.

But this danger past, he began to feel what had been subordinated to the more lively interests of the last few moments—the pains of his cramped position. He suffered acutely. His neck ached; his

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elbows, especially the one he was leaning on, ached; his back ached. He would have given almost anything to have stretched himself just for one second. Knowing that it was impossible to get out, he worked himself into a frenzy of nervousness. He thought of how he might be sitting peacefully in Lucilla's best arm-chair, and in his heart he cursed himself. As for Lucilla, if he ever did get out, he would have a word with her. It was she who had decoyed him into this. Wretched woman! Unconsciously at first he began to grow angry with the person on the other side of the door. The tranquil, happy way she tripped about in there, while he was cramped in this tiny space, breaking his back, ruining his clothes, struck him as particularly brutal. If he didn't soon have a chance to stretch himself, he would shriek until he made her hear and come to his relief. Oh, the misery he suffered! How brutally selfish some people were! He tried to move his head, and ground his teeth when he found that he could only change his position when the door was opened. He felt his heart swell to bursting, and he wondered if his face were purple. The strain was becoming insupportable, when his mode of thought suddenly changed, and he began to feel abused and injured. He could almost have cried. What had he done that he should be martyrized in this manner, while that creature in the kitchen was sauntering about, careless, happy, free? There seemed a sort of joyous buoyancy in her foot-fall which maddened him. She knew he was in here, he believed, and was torturing him on purpose. Good heavens! he would become distracted if he couldn't stretch himself. How he wished he could get his hands on that fiend on the other side of the door! Oh, the agony of his neck! What on earth would he do? He made a desperate effort to move, and at the same time words burst from him. He cried loudly, in a furious, menacing tone:

"Look here! are you going to open this door and let me out, or are you not?"

A deadly silence followed this outburst. He was filled with alarm at what he had done, and in his fear his pain was forgotten. With his eyes staring in the dark, he listened. He heard the footsteps cross the floor, a slight thud and rattle, as though a body had struck against the door, the turning of the door-handle, and then a voice calling, in suppressed tones:

"Claude! Claude! Come here—quick!"

Hurried steps in the hall followed, and then Claude's voice, loud, but suggesting sudden terror:

"Good heavens, mother! What's the matter?"

"There's a man—a burglar—in the dumb-waiter. I heard him!"

"Mother! In the dumb-waiter? You must be crazy!"

"I heard him, I tell you. He told me to let him out. Oh, Claude, love, what shall we do? Let's call Mr. Adams."

This suggestion acted like an electric shock on the prisoner, who, in the excitement of the last few moments, forgot that Freddie was from home. Trying to make his voice ingratiating and jovial, he cried: "Don't be afraid; it's only me. It's nothing but a joke."

Another silence followed. Then the women whispered together, to Judkins's alarm. They might be concocting some horrible plan to get rid of him. Suddenly he heard Claude say, in a hoarse, strained whisper:

"I'm not afraid. It's some one who got in through the basement. The voice sounds as though the man was intoxicated."

The next instant the door was thrown open, and a blaze of light from the lamp Claude held revealed Judkins couchant. The mother shrieked and retreated to the door. Claude cast one look upon him, and staggered back, gasping, "Mr. Judkins!"

Judkins, who could not turn his head, was forced to glance at her somewhat archly from the corner of his eye. He was so confused, cramped, and altogether wretched that for a moment he made no movement, saying, in a pitiful tone, which ill suited his coy glance:

"Excuse me! A thousand pardons! I'm awfully sorry! Only let me explain! It may look peculiar, Miss Claude, I know; but—"

Here he began to climb out, still reiterating apologies and clinging to the door as he drew forth his stiffened limbs. As he faced Claude he could see that she was pale and frightened. The mother, too, had come creeping back, and stood beside her daughter, and Judkins was terrified by the expression of her pallid, angry face.

"I—Mrs. Adams and I," he began,

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looking imploringly at Claude, as she stood holding her hand before the lamp—"we thought—for a joke, you know—just a little joke—that I'd come up in the dumb-waiter—you remember that evening?—and—and pay a call—for a joke," he reiterated, smiling nervously.

But his heart's queen was icy and would not understand.

"I don't see any joke," she said, coldly, as she lifted the lamp off the table. "Frightening an old lady half to death doesn't seem to me very funny. I'm sorry, but I'm busy this evening. You'll have to excuse me. If you go through the glass door you'll find yourself in the hall. Good-night!"

She looked at him sternly from beneath her frowning brows, and Judkins, chilled by that glance, turned and crept away. As he closed the door he heard her say: "Mother, you must take some brandy. You look dreadful," and he felt as if he had killed the mother.

He went slowly down the stairs, knowing his fate. As he passed the door of No. 15 it opened a little, and one of Lucilla's large and lambent blue eyes was applied to the crack. His appearance filled her with apprehensions, and when Freddie returned an hour later he found her silent and preoccupied.

A few nights after this there was a full moon. Claude, returning late from a night sitting, lingered on the steps of the third section, watching the moonlight glide down the walls. The shadows of the houses lay like silhouettes on the street, dense and inky in the thin, silvery radiance. The Haworth slept, with here and there a light in an uncurtained window glowing on its dark façade. Claude entered softly, clicked the door to, and stole a darkling way up stairs through the silent house. A faint sheen of moonlight had filtered down the well, and lit with a pale, mysterious haze the landings of the stairs where windows had been pierced. Above all the keen, clear light made a luminous glow of the skylight. Claude almost held her breath as she crept upward, trying to step lightly with her tired feet, and listening to the eerie whisperings which fill a sleeping house. At length she reached the last landing, and gazing up at the shining skylight, noiselessly ascended the last flight. Gaining the top, she gave a long, quivering sigh of relief, then started back against the banister as she saw a man bending down fitting a key into the door of No. 18. He heard her and turned his head; then stood staring at her, still holding the key in the lock.

"Have you only just come in?" he asked, in a whisper.

She nodded, leaning against the banister, with her hand on her side, panting.

"Have you been at the studios?" he whispered again, with his eyes on hers.

"Yes," she murmured, abashed by the intensity of his gaze, hitherto wistful and tender as that of an affectionate dog.

"Did you come back alone?"

"Yes."

"Alone at this hour?" the whisper breaking into an undertone.

A feeling of terrified embarrassment overwhelmed her, and she turned away her head in silence.

"Why didn't you tell me? I would have come for you." His voice was shaken, and sounded strange, and he suddenly made a step toward her.

But she shrank back frightened, crying out, imploringly: "Oh, I'm so tired, Steve! I can't talk now. Let me in, please," and brushed past him to her door. The moonlight had crept down the wall and across the door of No. 17, dividing the door-knob into a vague and a glittering hemisphere. Pressing her shoulder against the upper panel, she rattled and turned the knob, forgetting that the door was locked, and that she had the key in her pocket. In the brilliant light he could see for the first time her drooping profile, with her teeth pressed on her trembling under lip. "What am I going to do?" she gasped, half sobbing. "I can't get in."

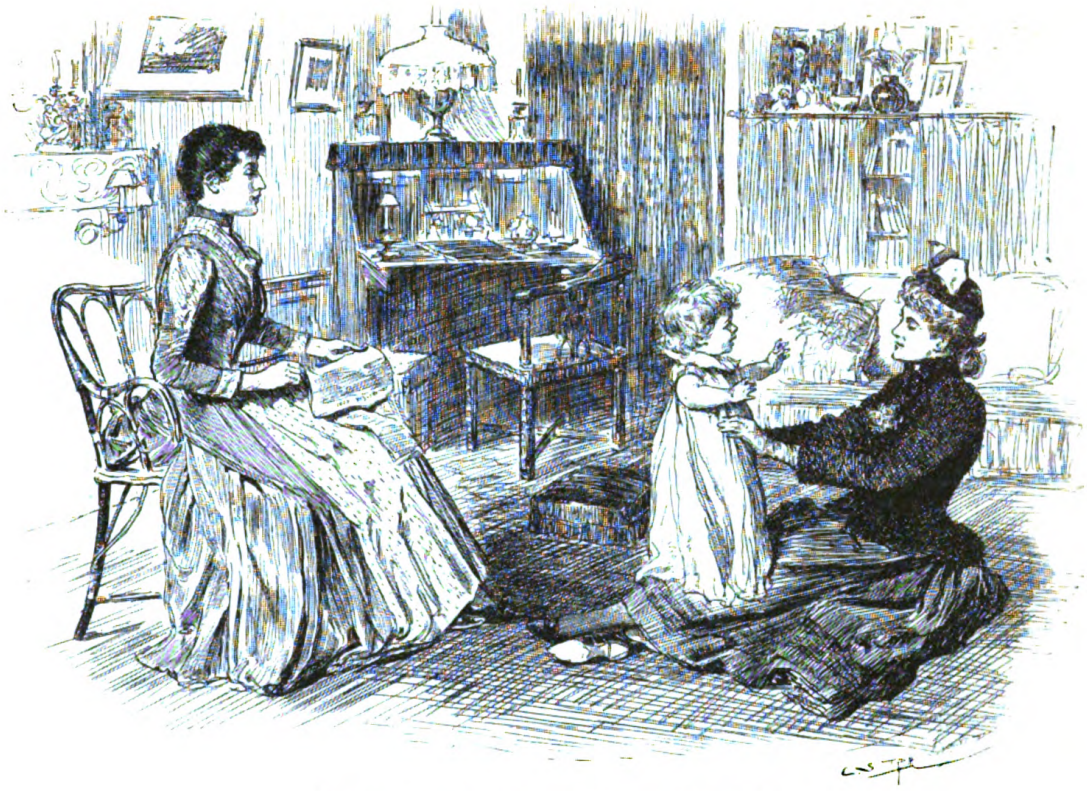
"Wait! I want to speak to you—just for a moment."

As if utterly spent, she suddenly drooped against the door, and turning, looked at him, her large, frightened eyes shining with tears: "Oh, Steve! it's mean of you. I'm so tired. Please—"

But Steve refused to listen. He only saw the tears, and then those lips that had haunted him in his dreams quivered beneath his.

It took some time for the inmates of the third section of the Haworth to recover from the series of shocks to which they had been subjected. Lucilla, after sitting Marius-like amid the débris of her cherished schemes, and considering her fu-

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"WHAT YOU GOING TO GO AWAY FOR?"

ture career hopelessly ruined, plucked up heart, collected the fragments of her life, and was reconciled to the inevitable. But, like the Queen of Sheba when confronted by the glories of King Solomon, "there was no more spirit left in her." She was resigned, but not rejoiced. She watched the finishing of Claude's picture, and acknowledged that it was a good likeness, though "rather too smudgy for her taste." She saw it packed and sent off to the agent, who was to forward it to the annual exhibition of the Academy, and felt a philosophic peace descend upon her, when she realized that she hoped it would be admitted. Her appearance in these days was marked by an air of settled resignation, and when she remembered, she adopted a look of patient martyrdom which made Freddie laugh behind his evening paper.

One afternoon Claude came into Lucilla's parlor, bringing with her the freshness and joyousness of the young spring, and the scent of violets wafted from a little bunch she wore in her gown. Tossing a paper into Lucilla's lap, she sat down on the floor, and seizing the baby, cried: "News, Lucilla! The picture's sold!—three days after the exhibition opened. There's a notice about it in that paper. Steve's fortune's made!"

She addressed Lucilla, but looked at the baby, holding her off at arm's-length. The baby, gently sawing the air with creased and dimpled hands, regarded Claude gravely, then, reassured, broke into a sweet chuckling laugh, peering at her sideways with her dark dewy eyes.

"And still more news," she continued: "in two months No. 17 will be vacant."

Lucilla dropped the paper and exclaimed, "Yes!"

She held the baby off again, and glared at it with a fierce frown. "Vacant—that is, to let."

She paused here, and Lucilla, with a melancholy premonition of what was coming, watched the rare faint color rise in her face.

"What you going to go away for?" asked Lucilla, bluntly, feeling she was expected to say something.

"I'm not going far," came the answer, rather faintly; and she drew the baby to her, and began kissing its velvet neck under its ear. "I was going to ask you if you'd let the baby be the bridesmaid, and if you would be a proxy for Steve's family, because he hasn't got any."

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THE NEW YORK MARITIME EXCHANGE.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

THE New York Maritime Exchange is devoted to the acquisition and dissemination of valuable business information from all localities near and far, and this with declared intention to utilize such information in all proper and needful acts that will or may tend to promote the maritime interests of the port of New York. Organized in 1873, it acts under authority of charter granted by special act of the State Legislature, April 11, 1874, and of four successive amendments thereto. By virtue of these it is vested with all the rights, duties, and responsibilities of a body corporate, and may acquire property—real and personal—to an amount not exceeding one million dollars. It also may, but does not, make provision for the widows, families, and dependents of deceased members. In passing, it may be remarked that its original inception was by Cornelius Bradford, of inventive and patriotic memory, who after the Revolutionary war opened the New York Coffee-house, in which he placed a book for recording the names of all vessels on their arrival and departure, with such extracts from their logs as were of interest or value. This was the first marine list ever preserved in the city. His enterprise ultimately developed—after a secondary formative period, in which a few shipping merchants met daily, under cover of hat and umbrella, at the corner of Beaver and William streets, to talk about freights and vessels—into the Merchants' Exchange and News Association, first established at Nos. 51 and 52 Pine Street. Thence it migrated to Beaver Street and Hanover Square, tarried there for a few years, and finally fixed its head-quarters, in 1883, in the massive edifice of the Produce Exchange, of which hundreds of its constituents are members.

The revenue of the Exchange is derived from dues of membership and special contracts with newspapers, underwriters, etc. Norse, Latin, Teuton, Goth, Gael, Czech, and Sclav are cheek by jowl with Anglo-Saxon and Batavian on the floor of the Maritime Exchange. Sir Roderick Cameron, Baron de Thomsen, several counts, and sundry foreign consuls are undistinguishable in costume or manner from stalwart American esquires. Patronymics are diverse as occupations. All the latter are more or less of marine complexion. The principal steamship agents, representatives of trunk railroads, shipping and commission merchants, importers, brokers, ship-chandlers, wreckers, marine underwriters, insurance agents, warehouse proprietors, bankers, butchers, clothiers, and whatever other classes of world-workers may have business, direct or indirect, upon oceanic waters, bustle breezily within these stirring precincts.

Corporate property and affairs are confided to the management of a board, consisting of the president, vice-president, treasurer, and twelve directors, elected by plurality ballots of faithful members, present and voting, who have paid the annual assessment of $15 to $30—$25 for 1889-90. The board elects a superintendent and assistant superintendent, to serve at fixed salaries during its pleasure; appoints, through an Executive Committee of three, all necessary agents of the corporation; selects the Arbitration Committee of ten; and submits to or reports upon, at regular or special meetings, all subjects that may require associate action—twenty members constituting a quorum of the association, and seven of the board. Subject to directorial approval, the president yearly appoints the committees on admissions, finance, complaints, law, floor, museum, and library. Special committees for the government of any branch of trade carried on by members of the association hold office during pleasure of the board, and may be elected at any regular meeting. The rules and regulations formulated by them, approved by a majority of members of the special trade interested, and adopted by the directors, become operative, as in the case of the Trade Committee on Delivery and Receipt of Southern Pine, Lighterage, etc.

Into all, or nearly all, economic organizations within the United States the principles of its political constitution find their way. The president of the Maritime Exchange, as captain on the bridge of his particular argosy, communicates whatever knowledge or suggestion he may deem conducive to welfare or usefulness to committee, board, or association as a whole. Thus the late president,

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John P. Townsend, in his final address, adverts to the failure of the plan to revive American shipping in the foreign trade by applying thereto the provisions of the French Bounty Bill, which would give thirty cents a ton for each one thousand miles sailed or steamed to American built and owned ships; also to the preference of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries for the Free Ship Bill. Neither into ship-building nor navigation has the French policy inspired vigorous life. Most of the shipping lines established through government subsidies are insolvent. Exports decline in value, and what was intended to be a measure of relief is a "source of mischief and not of cure." With this example in view, he holds that it is not to be expected that the legislative and executive branches of the national government will concur in "taxing the whole body of the people to aid a small part to carry on its business."

The recent International Conference of Maritime Nations to devise measures for the greater security of life and property at sea, was suggested by the superintendent of the Maritime Exchange. Lieutenant V. L. Cottman, formerly at the head of the Hydrographic Office in New York, as secretary of the International Marine Conference has been largely instrumental in the successful work of that influential assembly.

Radcliffe Baldwin, of Austin, Baldwin, and Co., general agents of the full-powered, Clyde-built, State Line of steam-ships, plying between New York, Belfast, and Glasgow, the present president, brought to his office all the disciplined and experienced ability requisite to successful competition for passenger and freight traffic between the metropolis of the Western world and northwestern Europe, an extensive expressage to Europe, the West Indies, and other parts of the world, coincident banking and exchange, and transportation of Western flour and grain.

Vice-President Charles S. Whitney represents a large fleet doing freighting business in what is known as the "off-shore" and "deep-water" trade. Secretary William H. Van Brunt is connected with coasting commerce, is a veteran of the late war, and was an attaché to the Legation at Constantinople in *ante bellum* days. Treasurer H. Stadlmair, of G. Amswick and Co., maintains commercial relations with Mediterranean, West Indian, and Central and South American nations.

Much of the working force of the Maritime Exchange is lodged, logically and practically, in the office of Superintendent Francis W. Houghton, the indefatigable and able incumbent identified with it since the second year after its incorporation by the State. Under direction of the Executive Committee, his hands hold the reins that guide all progress. In his charge are the rooms, corporate seal of the association, instruments, books, documents—save those belonging to secretary and treasurer—and other property, and all matters pertaining to supply of newspapers, market reports, telegraphical and statistical information. His eye ranges over the entire field of commerce and navigation, and his fingers fashion the plans submitted to the Board of Directors for obtaining regularly and at the earliest moment such reliable intelligence as may be of service to members of the association. He also, subject to the Executive Committee, organizes and maintains the system for recording the movements of vessels, copies of manifests and clearances, and all other matters of probable value. The faithful and efficient discharge of duties so multifarious has not only assisted in making the institution a financial success, but also demonstrated its utility. Merchants, bankers, underwriters, and others hold its memberships, not as an investment, but for the marine and commercial news collected and disseminated in advance of publication. During the year 1887–8, 70,876 news despatches, besides a large volume of miscellaneous information, especially addressed to the association, were received, and immediately offered for the use of those whom they might concern. Items from mail matter, captains and pursers, members, private reports, etc., also augmented the immense volume of marine news brought together for their benefit. In the careful and skilled manipulation of arriving intelligence, and of the correspondents dispersed over the world, whose duty it is to promptly transmit it, the keenly intellectual and industrious assistant superintendent, Gideon W. Young, merits special commendation. Twenty-five years of assiduous service has converted him into a marvel of mnemonics. If he doesn't know where any vessel is and all about her, no one does know excepting those in or near to her. Jour-

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nalists, collectors of news, insurance companies, and others designing to use the news of the association for other than private business purposes may do so only under special contract with the Executive Committee. Members are inhibited from furnishing or publishing news.

Of the "law's delay," the "wilderness of single instances" through which one here and there may pick his way to equitable decision, the Maritime Association will have as little as possible. It wisely prefers the potent and speedy procedure of an Arbitration Committee. This, under sanction of oath or affirmation, scouts technicalities, and aims to grasp the equities of every case. Nor will it act except under such delegation of powers by contestants as will impart binding force to its arbitrament, and the entry of judgment in the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Any question which might be the subject of an action in law or equity, excepting only claims of title to real estate in fee or for life, may be adjudicated by it. Oaths may be administered to witnesses, and the latter be compelled by subpœnas to appear and testify. Such justice is commonly of the best, and is also cheap at five dollars per member per sitting, unless it be in the estimation of the controversialist who loses his case and is mulcted in costs at the same time.

The Maritime Exchange is the marine sensorium of the Western Hemisphere. Kindred institutions in near or distant cities are more or less important ganglionic centres of which this is the culmination. Electric wires, like ramifying system of afferent and efferent nerves, connect the whole, convey to the crown tidings of whatever occurs at any point, and transmit thither instructions from the ruling spirit which bring all muscular energies into harmonious activity. Ninety-five miles of telegraphic lines, owned by the association, put it within quickest touch of inward-bound vessels nearing the port from every direction. Deep-sea lines unite it with the commercial sensoria of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica. Trader and manufacturer cannot wait for swift steamers and lightning presses. Their information must speed hither with electric rapidity. To them it is matter of vast concern what vessels heave in sight after the issue of the morning paper, and what the commercial and monetary exchanges of the mercantile world may be. Banking and insurance agencies are scarcely less deeply interested. All other industries are implicated. Thus the Maritime Exchange sustains, more or less directly, not only continental, but world-wide relations.

More than the ancient Athenians do New-Yorkers long to hear and discuss the newest things. Why not? Success or failure may pivot upon speedy and correct knowledge and wise adjustment to existing facts. Merchants have scanned the morning papers over matutinal coffee, or during the ride down town. But what has transpired since the still hours when the now familiar types were set? What are the quotations at London and Manchester, Chicago and Oil City, Havana and Rio Janeiro, on the foreign bourses, and at the New York Stock, Produce, Cotton, Petroleum, and other exchanges? What vessels, and with what cargoes, are loading or have sailed for New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or the Southern, Gulf, or Pacific ports? What vessels of the fleets now due have loomed up in the offing or met with disaster? Whence come the arriving ships, what are their contents, and who will have the disposal of their cargoes? Sharp competition between rival ports necessitates knowledge of shipments at New York and all the principal Atlantic and Pacific ports, as the guide to personal ventures. If interested in wool, one factor of calculation is the consignment thereof from the Black Sea or Australia to England. If tea be the specialty, it must be ascertained what quantities from China and Japan are in transit *vid* Suez and the Pacific railways. Funds may be deposited with the Barings, and payments be due in France or Holland; therefore to-day's quotations in Paris or Amsterdam for exchange on London are items of moment. One merchant will shortly receive consignment of fruit per Mediterranean steamer just entered the harbor. With such a perishable risk in charge the weather indications for the morrow are more exciting than diplomatic negotiations anent the Samoa squabble. A steam-ship agent has a million dollars at stake in a vessel now due at Queenstown; another's fortunes are affected by prospective arrivals from the West Indies and South America. These are prone to consult the clerk of the weather on the meteorology of the Irish and Southern coasts. Antonio is informed that a cap-

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tain or correspondent at the antipodes has bought or sold for his account at suspiciously high or low figures; what were the market values of the commodities at that port on the day of the transaction? Previsionary Anselm studies the war cloud darkening the Eastern horizon, analyzes flying rumors, and desiderates firm basis for personal action. This he finds in the price of British consols. Barometer more sensitive is none. It rises, and he laughs at the most circumstantial predictions. It falls, and he invests in distinctive products of the threatened country, or in bread-stuffs, military or naval stores, or other *matériel* for the use of contending armies. Reports of conflagration, railroad disaster, yachting accident, or other calamity have reached a member's ears. At the Maritime Exchange he will learn all particulars of loss to life and property. Judicial decisions affecting principles involved in legal controversies are there announced, and information on every mundane topic of social or political moment is collected.

Desire for news, potential as the force of gravitation, daily draws thousands to the emissive fountain. From 11.30 A.M. to 12.30 P.M. is the hour when "merchants most do congregate" at this particular spot. Ebb and flow through the day are intermittent. Entering the Exchange from Beaver Street, the telegraph office on the right offers facilities for communication with all sections of the globe. On the left a strange face is warrant of courteous challenge to the veteran Argus who guards admittance to the floor. On the eastern side of the latter is the enclosure embracing the offices of superintendent, secretary, clerical staff, and messengers—about forty in number—and also of the marine telegraph.

Immediate report of arriving vessels is first made by expert observers at Fire Island, and two hours later by those at the Navesink Highlands, on the Atlantic coast; and at City Island, on Long Island Sound. The one near the entrance to the harbor serves as an example of the whole. From his "coign of vantage" on the highest point of land between Cape Sable and the keys of Florida, his experienced eye, strengthened by a powerful telescope, sweeps the horizon. A speck appears. With seeming intuition he recognizes the expected ocean courser, and long before the shore is visible to those upon her deck has telegraphed her advent in the offing. What is true of the steam is also true, with modifications, of the sailing vessel. In less than an hour the observer at Sandy Hook telegraphs her appearance, and the time when she crosses the bar. In some respects the Sandy Hook station is more important than that on the Highlands. Vessels leaving port are reported here, and the time of Atlantic racers endeavoring to "break the record" is reckoned from this point. From Quarantine a telegraph station reports entrance into and exit from limits. In the Maritime Exchange the intelligence, formulated by the assistant superintendent and typewritten in form many times multiplied, is distributed by messengers to underwriters, owners, and parties immediately interested. In the case of the steamer particularly, her name, hour when sighted, and probable time of entry into dock are inscribed on the bulletin-board. Agents at office and wharf are instantly notified by telephone and telegraph that they may be prepared with greeting. Uncle Sam's Custom-house inspectors, duly warned, hurry down the bay on search for contraband intent. The Post-office, also apprised, hastens to relieve her of sundry tons of mail matter. Castle Garden is put on the *qui vive* for the entertainment of another immigrant horde. Friends of passengers are summoned to meet them. Simultaneously the click of telegraph instruments in all our large cities and the movement of electric needles in Europe announce safe conclusion to the voyage. Throughout the day telegrams pour with steady stream into the office. Accurate and quick manipulation of the news delivered here tasks disciplined skill. Any item already published is antiquated, dead as the home of defunct coral, but useful as the basis of living achievement.

Cablegrams are not always clear. In fact, the language is at times so ambiguous as to demand more ability than that of a mind-reader to extract intended meaning. News must be instantly utilized. Usually it comes in the shape of cipher. A misplaced dot or dash may change the significance entirely. Receipt and despatch, verification and record, are carried through with diligent regard to economy of time. Mistakes are infrequent, but high-pressure on brain and nerve to avoid them is persistent and exhausting. First of all, the message is tested by refer-

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ence to records containing most recent tidings of each vessel. One cablegram may affirm that the good ship *Mersey* has come to grief at Panama. But the record shows that the only vessel of that name was but lately in the Gulf of Mexico. It is not likely that she has crossed the isthmus in the absence of De Lesseps' completed canal. It must therefore be the *Jersey*, thirty days out from San Francisco for Cork. Later news proves this conjecture to be correct. A despatch may include the word, "Bewilder," which, according to the telegraphic code of the Maritime Association, signifies that the vessel has been burned at sea. But the recipient clerk justly reads it *B. E. Wilder*—the name of a bark. The collocation of code words sometimes presents an absurdly ludicrous aspect. For example, "British Premier decapitated lengthwise" does not at all imply that Lord Salisbury has been bisected by the knives of Fenian Invincibles, but simply means, being interpreted, that the ship *British Premier* has foundered at sea, and that all hands were saved excepting one member of the crew, name unknown. Marine nomenclature is cabalistic to all but the initiated. Fiction, history, and city directories seem to make up its vocabulary. The Life-Saving Service patrolling the coast extends special telegraphic facilities for the prompt report of wrecks and distressed vessels. Such tidings are at once despatched to the proper parties, and given to the public through the press.

The telegraphic nerve system at the Maritime Exchange impresses the solidarity of human interests upon obtusest minds. It announces that Charleston is quaking with seismic throes, inscribes the details on bulletin-board, and incites to philanthropic contribution for relief of the bruised inhabitants. It ministers to the gratification of the sporting element, anxious that the Queen's Cup for the fastest yacht shall stay in republican hands. When marine observers transmit the final despatch, "Highlands, *Mayflower* wins at 6.12, *Galatea* four miles astern and to leeward," a resonant cheer fills the building, for all feel that now the country is safe. It proclaims *seriatim* a trusted official absconded; a defalcator convicted and sentenced; a pillar of financial strength fallen into bankruptcy; fire raging in a sister city; an important measure passed by Congress, Legislature, Reichsrath, Parliament, or Tsung-le-Yamen; a revolution convulsing Mexico or Central America, etc., etc. Nothing pertaining to humanity is foreign to it. Over two hundred special correspondents in the ports of this country and of the world at large, private intelligence received by members, information contributed by ship-masters from foreign ports, pilots on return from cruise, and officers of arriving steamers, swell the volume of freshest news, and keep the body politic in a state of restless but healthful activity.

The commerce of New York needs all the advantages it can obtain. Arrivals during the calendar year 1888 numbered 5291 vessels from foreign ports, and 13,710 coastwise. Less than three centuries have wrought magical changes on the once lonely shores of New York Bay, and have erected on the rocky isle of Manhattan the first of American cities in respect of manufactures and trade.

Just as the most recent reports of afferent nerves are somehow presented in consciousness, so is it with telegrams, etc., to the Maritime Exchange. These are written with lightning rapidity and almost unfailing accuracy by expert scribes on dull black-boards. The institution throbs with the pulsations of intense and changeful life, untiringly purposeful and alert. Its internal arrangements are thoroughly systematized. Information on each subject of inquiry may be gained by a glance. Oblivious of all besides that which touches himself, the inquirer resorts to the bulletin or record exhibiting what he wishes to ascertain. One bulletin exhibits the essential facts connected with all arrivals *viâ* Sandy Hook; a second, with those *viâ* City Island; a third, the arrivals out of steamers from American ports, departures from foreign ports for the United States, arrival and departure of steamers at the principal Atlantic and Pacific ports, together with notices of detentions, disasters, etc., etc. The *Forest Queen* is said to be in distress. Of *Forest Queens* there are three, and this is none of them. From the locality, the clerk with stereotyped memory is sure it is the *Fairy Queen*. A fourth bulletin is devoted to mail matters, foreign and domestic. A fifth, in charge of special clerk, reflects the course of current exchange on London, Paris, Germany, etc. A sixth states the market prices of merchandise, from vessel property to shoe-nails, in New York, and tells

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of the stock and demand in advance of publication. A seventh gives cable quotations of consols in London; rentes in Paris; "governments," general securities, and silver at home; increase or decrease of specie in the chief European banks; rates of discount, notices of dividends, Clearing-house statements of New York and other cities, and the day's sales of stocks in New York. An eighth hourly states prices in the Liverpool and Manchester markets of cotton, "on the spot" and in "futures"; receipts and shipments; stock on hand and afloat; sales, speculative or for manufacture or export, with the quantities of American staple in each. Here on a ninth surface are displayed cable quotations of Liverpool, London, Antwerp, and other European markets, embracing petroleum, naval stores, provisions, grain, bread-stuffs, etc., in detail; of coffee at Rio Janeiro; freight at Shanghai and Hong-Kong; sugar in London, at Cuban and other ports; salt at Turk's Island, and such like specialties. A tenth gives the quotations of domestic markets, such as wheat and corn, pork, lard, etc., at Chicago; receipts and shipments, freights and charters, by steam and rail, at this and other places.

Weather reports of the United States Signal Service are bulletined every day by officials in charge of its branch office in the Maritime Exchange. The first, at 8 A.M., is a detailed statement of the barometer, thermometer, force and direction of the wind, and other meteorological phenomena, taken simultaneously at between eighty and a hundred points throughout the country; also the changes within the past day. At 10.30 A.M. appears a synopsis of wind and weather in the different staple-producing divisions of the United States during the past twenty-four hours, and the "indications" for the twenty-four to come. Expectant eyes turn from the bulletin announcing arrivals to that reporting the weather along the coast. If the "ship to come in" is not named on the former, the latter may explain the reason why. It is of signal service as indicating wind and weather at coast stations, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean, and also on the shores of Great Britain. Velocity and other attributes of the wind at Sandy Hook are reported constantly during storms. When the latter are approaching, their anticipated course and character are promptly bulletined, and warning is despatched to vessels likely to be affected. The position and direction of prevailing storms in the United States are daily pointed out on a large map. A smaller one is also diurnally prepared by the Signal Service for the use of the Exchange, showing the isobar and isothermal lines, prevailing winds, weather, etc., throughout the country. The "cautionary" and "off-shore" signals ordered for New York or Sandy Hook are also indicated, and a special bulletin shows at what points along the coast line they are displayed.

The Bureau of Statistics, Coast Survey, Engineer Corps, Agricultural Department, Treasury, Bureau of Navigation, Consular Bureau of the State Department, and other bureaus of the national government respond quickly to applications for special data, forward their valuable publications, and communicate official intelligence of maritime or commercial importance in advance of publication.

As if all these scientifically arranged masses of information were not sufficient to guide mercantile, maritime, and fiscal activities in the wisest courses to desiderated ends, the passenger lists, from Harbor Department and other sources, of departing and arriving steamers are conspicuously displayed; the Light-house Departments of our own and the Canadian governments point out changes in lights, buoys, beacons, light-ships, etc.; agents of arriving steamers furnish abstracts from logs of each day's progress, incidents, etc.; the New York Post-office forwards weekly lists of ship letters in its possession; and the berth, tonnage, destination, master, and agent of every vessel in port is indicated. Agents of steamers also supply copies of manifests of China vessels at San Francisco, with marks and numbers, quantities, shippers, and consignees; and agents at Philadelphia and Baltimore give details of exports in each foreign cargo arrived and cleared at those ports. The distinguishing Coston-lights and signals of the various steam-ship lines are described. Here, too, prices current, commercial circulars, and marine reports from the world's principal business centres accumulate; statistics of exports, imports, production, manufacture, etc., are deposited for consultation, together with statements in detail of each article entered for consumption, or for warehouse, or withdrawn from bond at the New York Cus-

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tom-house. Quantities, names of vessels, and whence imported are included. All the data, innumerable seemingly, but critically collated, needful to wellnigh unerring action on the part of economic generals of industrial progress, are here submitted to inspection. Ability to grasp details, to comprehend their mutual relations, and that of each to the grand whole, to generalize judiciously, to deduce in special instances the laws of personal or social movement, may not be among the endowments of every member of the Maritime Association (all are not infallible political economists), but all the available material requisite to prudent policy is at their command, and doubtless assists hundreds to a degree of success that otherwise would be beyond their power.

From consciousness to cerebral convolution our concepts are said by certain psychologists to pass, and there to remain dormant until revived for contemplation under stress of need or pleasure. Thus is it in the Maritime Exchange. Port arrivals, observers' reports, marine news from foreign and domestic ports, disasters and miscellaneous experiences, clearances, movements of steamers, exports, domestic receipts, imports by sail or steam, weather memoranda, cable quotations, prices of foreign exchange, and alphabetical record of vessels wrecked or abandoned, with date, locality, and every essential particular, are all embalmed and laid away here in massive volumes for the study of coming generations. These records are subsequently printed by other interested parties. The energies of the Exchange are collective rather than statistical.

The record of marine disaster alone contains matter sufficient for all the Marryats and Vernes of the future. It is thrilling in its sublime simplicity. In January, 1886, for example, the British steam-ship *Hylton Castle*, laden with grain for Rouen, went down in a severe storm off Fire Island. The crew took to the boats, of which one reached the shore. The other, in which was the commander, was picked up by Captain Nathaniel Keeney, of the fishing smack *Elijah Woolsey*, and the men taken to New York. Prosaic enough in outline is such a story. Filling in must be by imagination. Firemen rushing from torrid heat into winter storm, tossing in open boat on roughest billows, half clad, drenched, frozen, perishing, hoisted helpless into the delivering ark; chivalrous sea-dog feeding the famished from his scanty stores, gallantly beating up against the gale, joyfully landing them in New York. The same noble salt, inveigled into the Maritime Exchange, submitted to a speech from the president, and a purse of $350, with far less grace than that illustrated by his daringly grand rescue on the ocean. Faith in humanity cannot perish wholly while some of its best and noblest elements are embodied in the sons of the sea. The Association honors and strengthens itself by sharing in contributions to the relief of marine heroes, and the families of such as die in supreme effort for the salvation of others. James Farrell, the veteran observer at Sandy Hook, who died at his post in 1885, after thirty-three years of continuous service, is one of the humble noblemen of whose life-saving exploits it is justly proud.

Newspapers on file at the Maritime Exchange are multitudinous, printed in many different languages, and issue from almost all countries with which the United States maintain mercantile relations. The reading-room contains suitable works of reference, such as directories of the principal commercial cities, Lloyd's and other shipping lists of all maritime nations, coast pilots, port charges, dictionaries, text-books on commerce and navigation, gazetteers, manuals, statutes, legislative proceedings, official and statistical reports, maps, atlases, globes, many hundreds of charts covering the sea-coast and harbors of the known world, as becomes the centre of the port through which more than half of the national commerce with foreign countries is carried on. The museum is unique and valuable. Its amygdaloidal, conglomerate character is just what might be conjectured from the class of civilians who have created it. Lava from the Strait of Sunda, marble and wood bored by worms, weapons taken from savage pirates, literary curiosities, shells, specimens of ore, portraits, paintings, etc., make up the collection. Not the least interesting among the old documents is a framed and quaintly worded bill of health, issued by the New York Custom-house in 1802, before the influx of European indifferentism had overslaughed the simple Calvinistic piety of Hollander and Puritan. It reads as follows:

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"To the faithful of Christ, to whom these Presents may come,

"Whereas it is Pious and Just to bear Witness of the Truth lest error and Deceit overthrow it; and

"Whereas the ship *Penman*, of which Alexander Coffin, Jr., under God is master, and now ready to depart from the Port of the City of New York, and, if God please, to sail for Canton and other Places beyond Sea, with twenty-six Men, including the Master of the said Ship,

"We therefore to you all by the Tenor of these Presents do make known that (praise be to God the Most High and Good) no Plague, or any dangerous or contagious Disease at present exists in the said Port.

"Given under our hands and seals of Office this 23rd day of March, 1802, and in the twenty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America."

The records of the Custom-house show that the vessel was cleared on the day named, by Preserved Fish and others, and that the cargo consisted of iron, lead, ginseng, skins, dry-goods, and whalebone.

The cordial and efficient co-operation of the national government with the Maritime Association is evidenced not only by placing in the Exchange, under the charge of an experienced officer, a barometer of exquisite sensitiveness as a standard for comparison and correction, but by the establishment of the Hydrographic Office, under the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department. This office, because of its inestimable utility and evident need of better accommodations, ought to be put in possession of the seldom-used Directors' Room. Here, by Ensign George P. Blow, U.S.N., the courteous officer in command, aided by five subordinates, nautical information concerning all parts of the world is supplied, free of charge, to all applicants. Mercurial barometers are compared, and aneroids set to standard. Thermometers and charts are gratuitously corrected. British Admiralty, United States Hydrographic, and United States Coast Survey Charts, Sailing Directions, Coast Pilots, Light Lists, Buoy and Beacon Lists, and various other nautical books, containing information absolutely necessary to navigators, and carefully corrected up to date, are kept for reference. The well-known monthly Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic, with supplementary weekly bulletins, containing the latest reported positions of ice, sunken wrecks, derelicts, and other obstructions; printed notices to mariners calling attention to the various changes in position of buoys, lights, light-ships, etc., and to newly discovered rocks and shoals, lists of lights, buoys, and beacons on the coast of the United States, and sundry supplementary charts, are presented gratuitously to applicant shipmasters.

Captains of vessels are requested to call on arrival in port, during the office hours from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. It is greatly to their interest and to that of civilization at large that they avail themselves of the invitation. Additions to the fund of common knowledge by reporting meteorological observations at sea for the benefit of commerce are extremely valuable. Masters desirous of engaging in such service are provided with sets of blanks and with some of the necessary instruments, and that on more liberal terms than those of the British Trinity House, which requires receipts, so that if anything be lost the equivalent shall be returned. All that the Hydrographic Office asks is ordinary care. It particularly insists on the hygrometer as an instrument that, by determining the amount of moisture in the atmosphere, is a trustworthy prognosticator of storms. Meteorological and signal publications, and valuable essays, such as the one on *Aberrations of Audibility of Fog Signals*, reprinted from the *Transactions of the Philosophical Society*, Washington, D. C., *Instructions to Mariners in Case of Shipwreck*, with information concerning the life-saving stations upon the coasts of the country, are also furnished for the use of masters of vessels, with a view to securing meteorological data in return. The plan seems to work splendidly. All parties appreciate its high utility. Two hundred and twenty-eight thousand applications for information were answered in the year 1887–8. The *attachés* of the office board incoming vessels to the number of from 7000 to 10,000 every year, and collect intelligence concerning icebergs, derelicts, and other dangers to navigation. The "troubled sea which cannot rest" imparts its own characteristics of flux and change to all things associated with it. Therefore the propriety of closest study and the wisdom of freshest news.

The Pilot Charts of the North Atlantic Ocean are wonders of scientific ingenuity, condensed knowledge, and practical

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worth. In the preparation every effort is made to collect all possible particulars touching derelicts, drifting buoys, and wreckage of a character likely to constitute dangerous obstruction to commerce. In each case the latest reported position is plotted on the chart, with a line of dashes to indicate the track followed since the first report was received. By these means navigators are warned of dangers, and important data relative to the drift of ocean currents are constantly recorded. Study of back numbers of the Pilot Chart discovers the general course followed by obstacles to navigation, as well as the great variations to which the general laws of movement are subject. Derelict vessels and drifting buoys, however erratic their motions may seem to be, simply obey the physical forces acting upon them. An upright derelict, under the influence of a west or northwest wind, will be driven into the Gulf Stream much sooner than if it were bottom up, or if the winds were variable. Some vessels circle about for months, cross and recross their own tracks, and finally drift ashore. Others find their devious way into the Sargasso Sea, linger there for a long time, and either break up or become waterlogged and sink. The northeasterly drift of the Gulf Stream was illustrated by the life-raft of the steam-ship *Manhattan*, which, washed overboard by a hurricane, August 20, 1887, travelled from lat. 30° 50′ N., long. 74° 45′ W., to lat. 41° 13′ N., long. 46° 16′ W., a distance of 1512 miles, in two months and twenty-two days, an average of about eighteen and a half miles a day. The Norwegian bark *Telemach*, abandoned October 13, 1887, lat. 37° N., long. 39° W., has been reported eleven times. On June 6, 1888, she had wandered 1500 miles. The bark *Rowland Hill*, reported seventeen times, drifted 2820 miles from February 27, 1886, in lat. 41° 10′ N., long. 55° W., to November 12, 1886, in lat. 36° 20′ N., long. 57° 20′ W. The Italian bark *Vincenzo Perrotta*, reported twenty-seven times, drifted 1926 miles from September 18, 1887, in lat. 36° N., long. 54° W., to June 10, 1888, in lat. 24° 40′ N., long. 64° 50′ W. The involuntary voyages of the derelicts *W. L. White*, *Warren W.*, *Akbar*, *Manantico*, *Ida Francis*, *Mary E. Douglas*, *Twenty-one Friends*, etc., are equally remarkable. The cruise of the *W. L. White*, abandoned during the great blizzard off Delaware Bay, March 13, 1888, in which she was reported forty-five times, was more than 5000 miles long, occupied ten months and ten days, and finally ended on the coast of Lewis Island, in the Hebrides.

What awakened the greatest apprehension of danger in maritime circles was the abandonment off Nantucket, on the 18th of December, 1887, of the gigantic log raft, composed of 27,000 trunks of trees, and weighing about 11,000 tons, in tow of the steam-ship *Miranda*, from Port Joggins, Nova Scotia, to New York. On the 20th the Maritime Exchange telegraphed for government aid. On the 21st the United States steamer *Enterprise* sailed from New York, followed on the 22d by an ocean tug, and on the 23d by the United States revenue steamer *Grant*, in search of the derelict, and to warn shipping of the danger. On the 24th the *Enterprise* found the remnants of the big raft scattered over a wide area, about 100 miles south-southeast of the spot where it luckily went to pieces. Since then the drifting logs have been reported frequently. Vigorous action has been taken to remove all dangerous derelicts from the paths of commerce whenever it is possible to do so. In 1887, 516 derelict vessels, wrecks, and buoys adrift were plotted on the Pilot Chart in their latest ascertained localities. Data regarding these dangers become more complete and reliable every month through the careful assistance of masters of vessels of every nationality.

Nautical Monograph No. 5, on *The Great Storm off the Atlantic Coast of the United States*, March 11–14, 1888, in which hundreds of vessels foundered or were blown ashore, is another publication gratuitously distributed, whose data are the meteorological observations taken on board hundreds of vessels of every nationality scattered over the broad expanse of ocean, and bound for far-distant ports.

Resulting from the study of ocean meteorology, as prosecuted at the Hydrographic Office and elsewhere, is the ability to recommend the best routes for vessels, both steam and sail, and to forecast with fair accuracy the state of the weather off shore and the probable limits of fog, one of the worst dangers of the deep. Also to indicate the general position and movement of ice on its passage to the South, the exact location of dangerous shoals, and the probabilities of wind circulation.

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Of the civic, national, and international beneficence of the Maritime Association there is no question. The sole difficulty is that of duly appreciating its worth. It does not disdain offices of obscurest usefulness. At a time when the wharves were not lighted, captains, sailors, and others often walked from piers into darkness and deep water. Drownings and rescues were of almost nightly occurrence. To meet an obvious requirement, three young men, known as "Nan the Newsboy," Gilbert Long, and Edward Kelly, nightly patrolled a portion of the river-front, in order to assist the drowning. Financial aid was sought and found from the Association. The patrolling force was enlarged, and its beat extended to cover both river-fronts. Captain Paul Boyton, of aquatic renown, interested himself in their work, patrolled with them, and communicated much useful instruction. A floating station near the Battery was provided for them, and the organization established on a presumably permanent footing. But dissensions broke out among the volunteers. "Nan the Newsboy" joined the police force, and future rescues were left to the harbor division of it.

On the passage of the last Harbor-Master's law by the State Legislature, displacing the Captain of the Port and his staff, and providing for successors, the Governor's appointees failed to receive confirmation. Partisan politics left the port without needed officers whose duty it is to order vessels obstructing a passage to "move on," to assign them to proper positions, and to regulate their movements. The situation was one of decided gravity. The shipping people convened to consider it, resolved that until new officials were installed, the old should be recognized, obeyed, and remunerated as before, although without warrant of law. The Harbor-Master's law is still on the statute-book, but no appointees are officiating under it. Their functions are exercised by the Dock Department of the city, pending the break of legislative and executive dead-lock. Merchants have reason to deprecate changes that benefit professional politicians only.

In the agitation of 1882 for liberating the canals of the State from the exaction of tolls, the Association bore an influential part. The project had been submitted to plébiscite in the form of a constitutional amendment, but political issues distracted public attention from it. Joining with other commercial bodies, and bringing all the enginery of political energy into play, the members had the satisfaction of seeing the proposal adopted and the canals freed, to the great advantage of citizens and commerce. They now favor an appropriation of one million dollars by the State for canal improvements.

In 1886 the Association originated and procured the enactment by Congress of a measure establishing a United States signal station at Jupiter Inlet, Florida, and providing for the construction of a national line of telegraph thereto, to warn passing vessels of impending tempests. This is of unusual benefit to commerce, inasmuch as shipping bound to and issuing from the Gulf of Mexico habitually passes within sight of it. Neither has the Association been unmindful of the need of adequate appropriations for maintaining the efficiency of the Hydrographic and Signal services for the benefit of commerce, but has pressed the claims of both upon Congress. It also urged the passage of the Geneva Award Bill, the law regulating the measurement of vessels, recent amendments to the Shipping Act, and other weighty measures. In the protection and improvement of the port of New York, and removal of obstructions from its channels, it has been no less energetic and opportune. It is a popular mistake, however, to suppose that the harbor is deteriorating. The writer has before him a chart, taken from the *English Pilot, Fourth Book*, published in London near the middle of the eighteenth century, and showing the "Draught of New York from the Hook to New York Town, by Mark Tiddeman." This chart demonstrates that there never was more water on the bar than at present. It is deeper, not shallower. Steam-ships increase in size, and require greater depth of water. The channels are now receiving additional depth and width from the operations of the United States engineers. The United States Supervisor of the Port is also charged with the duty of preventing illegal dumping of dredgings and other solid material within the boundaries of the harbor.

The real work of legislation or of administration rarely originates in State capitals, or in that of the nation, but in the intelligent, associated business men of the people. Thus government action

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in relation to the unwieldy Leary raft, already described, was predicated on the appeal of the Maritime Association. So also when the *Oregon* sank off Fire Island, and when the *Atlas* went down in the North River, the wrecks were at once lighted by proper authority, to warn other craft, in answer to its telegraphic request. Light-house officials have been advised by electricity of the removal from true position of buoys, light-ships, etc., by ice or other agencies. The proposed construction of a bridge across the Hudson at some point between New Jersey and New York, with the erection of a stone pier in the river as a rest for the spans of the bridge, meets with decided opposition as injurious to commerce and navigation. Charter for the Nicaragua Canal Company it urged Congress to grant, as a means of developing the maritime and commercial resources of the country. Parcels postal service with foreign countries, a uniform international law of affreightment, and a naval reserve composed of merchant officers, seamen, and yachtsmen, in the interests of trade and commerce, are projects of which the Maritime Association thoroughly approves. The diversity of interests among its members precludes all concert that is not manifestly for the public good. On what it has accomplished, on its charities to the distressed, and generous recognition of sailorly heroism, its reputation may safely rest; but the greater security to life and property on the high seas to be brought about by the recent International Marine Conference will be the crowning achievement of the New York Maritime Association and its many-sided superintendent.

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART SECOND.—HERMIA.

I.

THE death of Faulkner precipitated in the same compassion all the doubts and reserves of its witnesses. Perhaps one of the reasons why sickness and death are in the world is that they humanize through the sympathies the nature that health and life imbrute. They link in the chain which must one day gall every mortal, the strong and happy with the weak and sorrowing, and unite us in the consciousness of a common doom, if not the hope of a common redemption. "Some day," each of us tries to realize to himself in their presence, "I shall suffer so; some day I shall lie dumb and cold like that;" and at least we perceive that it is the mystery of our origin speaking to us in those groans, in that silence, of the mystery of our destiny. We have no refuge then but to forget ourselves in pity; and it is sorrow and shame forever if we fail of it. The pity of those who saw Faulkner die was not for him. He was swiftly past all that. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he had been changed. The fire that burned so fiercely, the flame that was the sum of his passions, his hates, his loves, had been quenched in a breath; but his end had been such as each of us might desire for himself if he were at peace with himself.

A little wind, cold, keen, stirring the leaves overhead and the long grass underfoot, was coming in from the sea; the sun was growing pale before the rising fog; the roar of the ocean seemed solidly to fill the air. I do not know how long we stood still. All of us knew that Faulkner was dead; no one made the ghastly pretence that he had fallen in a faint; but none of us recognized the fact till my wife, with a burst of tears, took his widow in her arms. Then it was as if we had each wept, and found freedom to move, to speak, to act, by giving way to our grief.

Mrs. March had never before had occasion in our happy life to deal with such an event, and now her instinct of usefulness surprised me; or rather it afterward surprised me, when I thought of it. From moment to moment she knew what to do, and she knew what to make me do. The doctor, whose office was with life, went away; and the priest, whose calling concerned after-life, was so stunned by what had happened, that he remained helpless in the presence of death. If it had not been for my wife and myself, I hardly

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know who would have grappled with all those details which present themselves in such a situation with the same imperative claim upon us as eating, drinking and sleeping, and the other commonplace needs of existence. I was struck by their equality with these; in their order, they came like anything else.

Just before dark my wife sent me back to our children at Lynn. "Poor little things! They will be frightened to death at our staying so long; and you must explain to them as well as you can why I didn't come with you. Mrs. Wakely will get them to bed for you; and be sure that you see they have a light burning in the hall, if they're nervous without it. You won't be needed here. Of course I can't leave her now. You must do the best you can without me."

"Yes, yes," I said. "But how strange, Isabel, that we should be mixed up with these unhappy people in this way! Do you remember the critical mood in which we came here to-day?"

"Yes; perhaps we've always been too critical, and held ourselves too much aloof—tried to escape ties."

"Death won't let us escape them, even if life will," I answered, and for the first time I had a perception of the necessary solidarity of human affairs from the beginning to the end, in which no one can do or be anything to himself alone. "It makes very little difference now what that poor man's taste in literature and art was. It seems a great while ago since we smiled at him for it. Was it only this morning?"

"This morning? It seems a thousand years—in some pre-existence."

"Why, it *was* in a pre-existence for *him*!"

"Yes; how strange that is!"

II.

I did not see Wingate again till I met him at our first dinner in the fall. Then, as we sat at our corner together, with our comfortable little cups of black coffee before us, at a sufficient distance from the others, who had broken up the order of the table, and grouped themselves in twos and threes for the good talk that comes last at such a time, we began to speak of the Faulkners. They had probably been in both our minds, vaguely and vividly, the whole evening. He asked me if I had heard anything from Mrs. Faulkner lately; and I said, Oh, yes; my wife heard from her pretty often, though irregularly; and I told him how, with every intention and prepossession to the contrary, my wife had grown into what I might call an intimate friendship with her. The widow had gone back to the city where Faulkner and I had lived together, and had taken up her life again in the old place, with the old surroundings and the old associations.

"Then you were not especially intimate with him when you lived there?"

"No," I said; "it was a friendly acquaintance for a while, and then it was an unfriendly non-acquaintance;" and I explained how. "To tell you the truth, I never cared a great deal for him; and I was surprised to find that he seemed to care a good deal for me; though perhaps what seemed affection for me was only the appeal for sympathy that a dying man addresses to the whole earth."

"Perhaps," said the doctor.

"I hope I don't appear very cold-hearted. I liked his friend the parson a great deal better, and for no more reason than I liked Faulkner less. Faulkner was a sentimental idealist; he tried to live the rather high-strung literature that he might have written, if his lot had been cast in a literary community. You understand?"

"Yes."

"I have known several such men in the West; they're rather characteristic of a new country."

"Yes; I can understand how. I didn't know but you had been intimate," said Wingate, in a half tone of disappointment.

I recognized it with a laugh. "Well, Faulkner was intimate, doctor, if I wasn't. Will that serve the purpose?"

"I'm not sure." The doctor broke off the ash of his cigar on the edge of his saucer. "I should like to ask one thing!" he said.

"Ask away!"

He hitched his chair nearer me, setting it sidewise of the table, on which he rested his left arm, and then dropped his face on his lifted hand. "That day, just before I came, had he been telling you his dream?"

"No."

The doctor now used a whole tone of disappointment. "Well, I'm sorry. I should have liked to talk it over with you."

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"You can't be half so sorry as I am. I should like immensely to talk it over. I always had a fancy that his dream killed him."

"Oh, no! oh, no!" said the doctor, with a smile at my unscientific leap to the conclusion.

"Hastened it, then."

"We can't say, very decidedly, whether a death is hastened or not—that kind. The man was destined to die soon, and to die what is called suddenly. He might have died at that very moment and in that precise way if he had never had any such dream. Undoubtedly it wore upon him. But I should say it was an effect rather than a cause of his condition. There's where you outsiders are apt to make your mistakes in these recondite cases. You want something dramatic—like what you've read of—and you're fond of supposing that a man's trouble of mind caused his disease, when it was his disease caused his trouble of mind: the physical affected the moral, and not the moral the physical."

"You mean that his mind was clouded?"

The doctor laughed. "No, I didn't mean that. But it's true, all the same. His mind was clouded, by the pain he had suffered, perhaps, and his dream came out of the cloud in his mind. If he had lived, it would have resulted in mania, as I told him substantially that day. But it was very curious, its recurrence and its unvarying circumstantiality. I don't know that I ever knew anything *just* like it; though there's a kind of similarity in all these cases."

I saw that Wingate would like to tell me what Faulkner's dream was; but I knew that he would not do so unless he could fully justify the confidence to his professional conscience. I said to myself that I should not tempt him, but I tried to tempt him. "He told you how long he had been having his dream?"

The doctor appeared not to have heard my question. "And you say she has gone back to their old place?"

"Yes, and to every circumstance of their life as nearly as possible." I did not like his running away with my bait in that fashion very well, but I thought it best to give him all the line he wanted, and then play him back as I could. "You know—but of course you don't know—that his mother always lived with them when they were at home—or they lived with her: it was the old lady's house, I believe: and the widow has even repeated that feature of their former ménage, and has her mother-in-law with her."

"And what's become of the parson?"

"The parson? Oh—Nevil! Nevil's given up his parish there, and gone further west—to Kansas, where he has charge of a sort of mission church—I don't understand the mechanism of those things very well—and is doing some good work. I believe he has ritualized somewhat. That seems to be the way with them when they take to practical Christianity. Curious; but it's so."

"And she lives with her mother-in-law," the doctor mused aloud. "Property tied up so she had to?"

"No. I think not. It seems to be quite her own choice. I dare say they get on very well. The old lady is romantic, I believe, like Faulkner; and probably she's in love with her daughter-in-law."

"Well," said the doctor, "it isn't a situation that every woman could reconcile herself to, under the best conditions. But if she thought she ought to do it, she would do it. She has pluck enough. I should like to tell you one thing," and the doctor hitched his chair a little closer as he said this, and again he broke the ash of his cigar off on his saucer.

He did not go on at once, and lest it might be for want of prompting I said, "Well?"

"I don't know whether this is something your wife ever knew about or not?" he began, askingly.

"Really, I can't say," I answered, impatiently, "till I know myself."

He did not mind my impatience, but pulled comfortably at his cigar for a moment before he went on. "She came to my office with her."

"When they went to see you just before she started West? I understood she called on business."

"To pay my bill? Yes; and then she asked to see me alone. I suppose your wife thought she wished to consult me; and so did I. But it wasn't the usual kind of consultation; in fact she wasn't the usual kind of woman! She didn't lose an instant; she went right at me. 'Doctor,' said she, 'do you know what was on my husband's mind?' I like to deal with any one I can be honest with,

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and I saw I could be honest with her. 'Yes,' I said; 'he told me.' She caught her breath a little, and then said she, 'Can you tell me the form, the kind, of trouble it was?' 'Yes,' I said; 'it was a dream. A dream that kept coming, again and again, and finally had begun to color his waking thoughts and impressions.' She gave another gasp—I can see her now, just how she looked with the black crape round her face, all pale and washed out with weeping—and then she asked, 'Did it relate to—me?' 'Yes,' I said, 'it related to you, Mrs. Faulkner.' She came right back at me. 'Doctor Wingate,' said she, 'is it something that he could ever have told me, if he had lived?' I had to think awhile before I said, 'No, as I understood his character, I don't think he ever could.' She came right back again—I could see that she had made up her mind to go through it all in a certain way, and that she was ready for anything—and said she, 'I know that whatever it was, he was always struggling against it; and that when it forced itself upon him, he did not believe it at the bottom of his heart. I have seen that; and now I will ask you only one thing more. Is it something that for his sake—not for mine, remember!—you wouldn't wish me to know?' 'I would rather you wouldn't know it, for his sake,' said I. 'Then,' said she, 'that is all;' and she got up, and put out her hand to me, and gave mine a grip as strong as a man's, and went out."

"Splendid!" I said, overmastering my own disappointment, and wishing that in my interest Mrs. Faulkner had been a little less heroic.

"Splendid?" said Wingate. "It was superhuman! Or superwoman. Just think of the burden she shouldered for life! I don't know how much or how little she had divined, but all the worse if she had divined anything. She denied herself the satisfaction of her curiosity, and left me to make whatever I chose of her motives. She didn't explain; she simply asked and acted. I might suspect this, or I might suppose that; she left me free. I never saw such nerve. It was superb."

"Perhaps a little topping," I suggested.

"Yes, perhaps a little topping," the doctor consented. "But still, it was a toppingness that could have consisted only with the most perfect conscience, the most absolute freedom from self-reproach in every particular."

"C'était magnifique, mais ce n'était pas la guerre. I think I should have preferred a little more human nature in mine. I should have liked her better if she had gone down on her knees to you, and begged you to tell her what it was; and when you had told her, if it inculpated her at all, would never have left you till you had exculpated her. That would have been more like a woman."

"Yes, much more like most women," said the doctor. "But the type is not the nation, or the race, or the sex. The type is cheap, dirt cheap. It's the variation from the type that is the character, the individual, the valuable and venerable personality."

"Since when did you set up hero-worship, doctor? Really, you're worse than my wife. But I expect her to be worse than you when I tell her this story of Mrs. Faulkner. You will let me tell her?"

"Oh, yes. I suppose you would tell her whether I let you or not."

"There's always a danger of that kind," I admitted.

"I wonder," said Wingate, "whether the eagerness of women to hear things isn't a natural result from the eagerness of men to tell them?"

"Possibly they may have spoiled us in that way. Do you think you were as eager not to tell, as Mrs. Faulkner was not to hear?"

The doctor laughed tolerantly.

III.

I was surprised at the way my wife took the doctor's story when I repeated it to her the next morning at breakfast.

"Well," she said, "that is the first thing I've ever heard of Mrs. Faulkner that I don't like."

"It was certainly a base treason to her sex to go back on its reputation for curiosity in that manner."

"Oh, it was enough like a woman to do that—a certain kind of woman."

"The *poseuse*?"

"The worse than *poseuse*. The kind of woman that overtasks her strength, and breaks down with what she's undertaken, and makes us all ridiculous, and discourages us from trying to bear what we really could bear."

"Doctor Wingate admires her immensely for her courage in trying it."

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"And I suppose you admire her too."

"No. When it comes to that, I'm all woman—the kind of woman that wouldn't attempt more than she could perform, unless she could get some man to carry out her enterprise for her. But perhaps she might do that."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't mean *what*, at all. I mean *whom*. Nevil."

"Basil," said my wife, "when you talk that way you make me lose all respect for you. No. She may be too exalted, but at least she isn't degraded."

"She couldn't very well be both," I admitted.

"And it shows what a really low idea you have of women, my dear. I'm sorry for you."

"Bless my soul! Why do you object to her being superwoman, as Wingate says, in one way, and not superwoman in another?"

"We both agreed, from the very beginning, that that ridiculous friendship was entirely between him and Faulkner. I think it was as silly as it could be, and weak, and sentimental in all of them. She ought to have put a stop to it; but with him so sick as he was, of course she had to yield, and then be subjected to—to anything that people were mean enough to think."

"Why not say base enough, vile enough, grovelling enough, crawling-in-the-mire enough?"

"Very well, then, I *will* say that. And I will say that any one who will insinuate such a thing is as bad—as bad as Faulkner himself."

"But not so much to blame, I hope. At least I didn't bring Nevil into his family."

"You admired him!"

"Yes, if I may say it without further offence, I liked him. I pitied him; it seemed to me that he was the chief victim of Faulkner's fondness. He couldn't get away without inhumanity; but I believe he was thoroughly bored by the situation. He felt it to be ridiculous."

"And she, what did she think of it?"

"I don't believe she thought of it at all. She was preoccupied with her husband. He had to stay and simply look on, and see her suffer, because he couldn't get away. It was an odious predicament."

"Yes. I think it was too," said my wife. "And I felt sorry for him, though I didn't admire him. And I must say that he escaped from his false position as quickly and as completely as possible."

"Ah, I don't know that I've altogether liked his leaving the town. That looked, if anything, a little conscious. I should have preferred his staying and living it all down."

"There was nothing to live down!"

"No; nothing."

"You are talking so detestably," said my wife, "that I've got a great mind not to tell you something."

I folded my hands in supplication. "Oh, I will behave! I will behave! Don't keep anything more from me, my dear. Think what I've endured already from the fortitude of Mrs. Faulkner!"

"The letter came last night, by the last distribution, after you'd gone to your dinner," said Mrs. March, feeling in her pocket for it, which was always a work of time: a woman has to rediscover her pocket whenever she uses it. "He's engaged."

"Who?"

"Who? Mr. Nevil. Now, what do you have to say?"

I threw myself forward in astonishment. "What! Already! Why it isn't six months since—"

"Basil!" cried my wife, in a voice of such terrible warning that I was silent. I had to humble myself very elaborately, after that. Even then it was with great hauteur and distance that she said, "He's engaged to a young lady of his parish out there. The letter's from Mrs. Faulkner." She tossed it across the table to me with a disdain for my low condition that would have wounded a less fallen spirit. But I was glad of the letter on any terms, and I eagerly pulled it open and flattened it out.

"Just read it aloud, please," commanded my wife, from her remote height, and I meekly obeyed.

"'DEAR MRS. MARCH,—You will be surprised to get a letter from me so soon after the last I wrote; but I have a piece of news which has excited us all here a good deal, and which I think will interest you and Mr. March. Mr. Nevil has just written my mother, Mrs. Faulkner, of his engagement.'

"What an astonishing woman!" I broke off. "Why in the world didn't she keep it for the postscript, after she

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had palavered over forty or fifty pages about nothing?"

"Because," said my wife, "she isn't an ordinary woman in any way. Go on."

I went on.

"'His letter is rather incoherent, of course. But he tells us she is very young, and he encloses a photograph to show us that she is pretty. She is more than that, however; she is a beautiful girl; but the photograph does not paint character, and so we have to take Mr. Nevil's word for the fact that she is very good, and cultivated and affectionate.'

"Affectionate, of course!" I broke off again; and my wife came down from her high horse long enough to laugh; and then instantly got back again.

"'He seems very much in love, and we feel as happy as we can about him without knowing his *fiancée*. He has been so long like a son to Mrs. Faulkner, that of course it is a little pang to her, but she reconciles herself to losing him by thinking of his good. I am thoroughly glad, for I think his life was very lonely, and that he longed for companionship. He is of a very simple nature—you cannot always see it under the ecclesiasticism — and I think he has missed Douglas almost as much as we have. He hints in his letter that if Douglas were living, and the old place here could welcome him as of old, he could wish for no other home.'

"Look here, Isabel!" I broke off again. "These seem to me rather wild and whirling words. If Mrs. Faulkner *mère* is so very happy, why does she have a little pang and have to brace up by thinking of his good? And if Mr. Nevil is so very ecstatic about his betrothed, why does he intimate that if the old home of his friends could still be his, he would not want a new home of his own?"

"That is very weak in him," my wife admitted.

"Yes; let's hope the future Mrs. Nevil may never get hold of that letter of his. She probably hates the very name of Faulkner already."

"If you will go on," said my wife, "you will see what Hermia says of all that."

"Hannah," I corrected her; but I went on.

"'I suppose,'" the letter ran, "'that this is the last of Mr. Nevil, as far as we are concerned. I could not adopt his old friends, if I were in her place, and I am persuading Mrs. Faulkner to disappear out of his life as promptly and as voluntarily as possible, after his marriage. I know that this is one of the things that men laugh at us for; but I cannot help it, and I grieve to think now that I could not help showing poor Douglas that his friends were less welcome to me than they were to him. Mrs. Faulkner sees the matter as I do; but she will have to play the part of mother-in-law at least so far as the infare is concerned. Mr. Nevil has no relations of his own (he is the most bereft and orphaned person I ever knew), and she has asked him to bring his bride here as he would to his mother's house. Of course it will all be very quiet; but we must go through some social form of welcome. The marriage is to be very soon—in a month. I will write you about it.'"

I folded up the letter and gave it back to Mrs. March.

"Now, what have you got to say?" she demanded.

"I? Oh! May I ask why you didn't tell me about this letter in the beginning, instead of allowing me to go on with my defamatory conjectures?"

"I wanted to see you cover yourself with confusion; I wished to give you a lesson."

"Pshaw, Isabel! You know that you were so curious about what Wingate told me that it put the letter all out of your head."

"And do you say now," she retorted, quite as if she had got the better of me, and were making one triumph follow upon another, "do you still mean to say that she expected to get him to help her bear the — the shadow of Faulkner's dream?"

"Isn't that rather attenuating it?" I asked. But upon reflection I found that the phrase accurately expressed the case. "Why yes, that's just what it is. It's the burden of a shadow! In spite of Wingate's scientific reluctances, I believe that it crushed poor Faulkner; and I'm glad the weight of it isn't to fall upon her or upon Nevil. Weight! Why, Isabel, that letter has simply removed mountains from my mind! And the affair was really none of my business, either."

"Yes, I'm glad it's all over," said my wife, with a sigh of relief. "Now I *can* respect her without the slightest reservation."

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"And isn't it strange," I suggested, "that this kind of burden she can bear alone, but if she had divided it with him she could not bear it?"

"Yes, it's strange," she answered. "And, as you say, this letter is a great relief. Dr. Wingate may account for it all on scientific grounds if he chooses, and say that Faulkner's disease caused the dream, and not the dream his disease. But if this had not happened, if this engagement did not give the lie so distinctly to the worst that we ever thought when we thought our worst about it, I never could have felt exactly easy. There would always have been, don't you know, the misgiving that there was a consciousness of something drawing them together during his life that frightened them apart after his death. But now I feel *perfectly* sure!"

There had never been any doubt with us as to the nature of Faulkner's dream, though we could only conjecture its form and facts. Sometimes these appeared to us very gross and palpable, and again merely a vaguely accusing horror, a ghastly adumbration, a mere sensation, a swiftly vanishing impression. We had talked it over a great deal at first, and then it had faded more and more out of our minds. We had our own cares, our own concerns, which were naturally first with us; and I feel that in giving the idea of our preoccupation with those of others, however interesting, however fascinating, I am contributing to one of those false effects of perspective which have always annoyed me in history. The events of the past are pressed together in that retrospect, as if the past were entirely composed of events, and not, like the present, of long intermediate stretches and spaces of eventlessness, which the rapidly approaching lines and the vanishing point can give no hint of. In spite of everything, since the story only secondarily concerns ourselves, we must appear concerned in it alone, though for that very reason we ought to be able to seem what we really were: spectators giving it a sympathetic and appreciative glance now and then, while we kept about our own business.

IV.

For a while we expected with vivid interest Mrs. Faulkner's account of the infare, and her description of the bride, and of the bridegroom in his new relations. Then we ceased to talk of it, and I, at least, forgot all about it. The time for her letter had passed when it came, and then we reckoned up the weeks since the last one came, and found that this was almost a month overdue. When we had ascertained this fact, my wife opened the letter, and began to snatch a phrase from this page and another from that, turning to the last and returning to the first, in that provoking way women have with a letter, instead of reading it solidly through from beginning to end. As she did this I saw her eyes dilate, and she grew more and more excited.

"Well, well?" I called out to her, when this spectacle became intolerable.

"Oh, my *dear*, my dear!" she answered, and went on snatching significant fragments from the letter.

"What is it? Doesn't the bride suit? Was Nevil too silly about her? Were the dresses from Worth's? Or what's the matter?"

"The engagement—the engagement is *off!* Nevil is perfectly killed by it; and he's back on their hands, down sick, and they're taking care of him. Oh, horrors *upon* horrors! I never heard of anything so dreadful! And the details—well, the whole thing is simply inexpressible!"

"Suppose you give Mrs. Faulkner a chance at the inexpressible. I'd rather hear of the calamity at first hands and in a mass, than have it doled out to me piecemeal by a third person, and snatched back at every mouthful." I put out my hand for the letter, and after a certain hesitation my wife gave it me.

"Well, see what *you* can make of it."

"I shall make nothing of it; I shall leave that to the facts."

These appeared to be that the engagement had gone on like other engagements up to a certain point. The preparations were made; the dresses were bought; the presents were provided, presumably with the usual fatuity and reluctance; the cards were out; the day was fixed. All this had gone forward with no hint of misgiving from the young lady. She seemed excited, Nevil could remember; but to seem excited in such circumstances was to seem natural. Suddenly, a week before the day fixed for the wedding, she discovered that she had made a mistake: she could never have truly loved him, and now she was sure that she did not love him at all. She was not fit to be a cler-

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gyman's wife; she never could make him happy. He must release her; that was the substance of it; but there were decorative prayers to be forgiven and forgotten and accepted in the relation of a friend. She was the only daughter of rich and vulgar parents, and her father added a secret anguish to Nevil's open shame by offering to make it right with him in any sum he would name; the millionaire wished to act handsomely. Nevil could perhaps have borne both the secret anguish and the open shame; but the Sunday edition of the leading newspaper of the place found the affair a legitimate field of journalistic enterprise. It gave column after column of imagined and half-imagined detail; it gave biographical sketches of what it called the high retracting parties; it gave Nevil's portrait, the young lady's portrait, the portraits of the young lady's parents. It was immensely successful, and it drove Nevil out of town. He came back crushed and broken to his old home, and sought refuge with his old friends from the disgrace of his wrong. He would not see any one but the doctor, outside of their house; he was completely prostrated. The worst of it was that he seemed really to have been in love with the girl, whom he believed to have been persuaded by her parents to break off the match; though he could not understand why they should have allowed her to go so far. Mrs. Faulkner had her own opinions on this point, which she expressed in her letter, and they were to the effect that the girl was weak and fickle, but that she was right in thinking she never had loved him, however wrong she had been in once thinking differently. This could not be suggested for Nevil's comfort, and they were obliged tacitly to accept his theory of the matter; he could not bear to think slightingly of her. In fact, it had been a perfect infatuation, and it had been all the more complete because Nevil, though past thirty-five, had never been in love before, and gave himself to his passion with the ardor of an untouched heart, and the strength of a manhood matured in the loftiest worship, and the most childlike ignorance of women, and especially girls. This was what Mrs. Faulkner gathered at second-hand from his talk with her mother-in-law; and she found herself embarrassed in deciding just how to treat the bruised and broken man, so strangely cast upon their compassion. He wanted to talk with her about his misery, but it seemed to her that she ought not to let him; and yet she could not well avoid it, when he turned to her with such a confident expectation of her sympathy. It was very awkward having him in the house; but they could not turn him out of doors; and he clung to Douglas's mother with all the trusting helplessness of a sick son. It was pathetic to see a man who had once been to her the very embodiment of strong common-sense and spiritual manliness, so weak and helpless. The doctor said he must get away as soon as he could; and he had better go to Europe and travel about. But Nevil was poor; they could send him, of course, and would be glad to do so; but he was sensitive about money, and had none of that innocent clerical willingness to take it.

The letter closed rather abruptly with civil remembrances to me.

"Isn't it cruel, dear?" my wife said, pleadingly, as if to forestall any ironical view I might be inclined to take of the case.

"Yes, it is cruel," I answered, quite in earnest, and we went on to talk it over in all the lights. We said, what a strange thing it was, in the distribution of sorrow and trouble, that this one should receive blow after blow, all through life, and that one go untouched from the beginning to the end. Any man would have thought that Mrs. Faulkner had certainly had her share of suffering in her husband's sickness and death, without having this calamity of his friend laid upon her; for in the mystery of our human solidarity it was clear that she must help him support it. But apparently God did not think so; or was existence all a miserable chance, a series of stupid, blundering accidents? We could not believe that, for our very souls' sake; and for our own sanity we must not. We who were nowhere when the foundations of the earth were laid, and knew not who had laid the measures of it, or stretched the line upon it, could only feel that our little corner of cognition afforded no perspective of the infinite plan; and we left those others to their place in it, not without commiseration, but certainly without trying to account for what had happened to them, or with any hope of ever offering a justification of it.

V.

The situation, which seemed to our despondent philosophy tragically permanent, was of course only a transitory

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phase; and we quickly had news of a change. Nevil had grown better; he had been invited to resume his former charge, with a year's leave of absence for travel and the complete recovery of his health. The sort of indignant tenderness with which all his old friends had taken up his cause against his cruel fate, had gone far to console and restore him. Mrs. Faulkner spoke of his joy in their affection as something very beautiful, and she dwelt upon the pleasure it gave them to see the old Nevil coming back day by day, in the old unselfish manliness. He had been troubled, in his depression, by the consciousness that it was ignoble to give way to it, and his courage was rising with his strength to resist. But still it was thought best for him to go abroad and complete his recovery by an entire change; and he was going very soon. He had accepted the means from his people as an advance of salary for services which he expected to render, and so the obstacle of his poverty and pride was got over.

I cannot say that it pleased us greatly to learn that Nevil thought of sailing from Boston, and hoped to see us; but we had our curiosity to satisfy, as well as our intangible obligation of hospitality to fulfil, and my wife wrote asking him to our house for such time as he should have between arriving and departing. He was delayed in one way or other so that he came in the morning, and sailed at noon; she did not meet him at all, but I went over to the ship in East Boston, and saw him off, and then gave her such report of him as I could. I am afraid it was rather vague. I said he seemed shy, as if he were embarrassed by his knowledge that I knew his story; he seemed a little cold; he seemed a little more clerical. I suppose I had really expected him to speak with intense feeling of the Faulkners, and that it disappointed me when he only mentioned them in giving me the messages they had sent. I do not know why I should have felt repelled, almost hurt by his manner; but I dare say it was because I had met him so full of a sympathy which I could not express and which he could not recognize. I was aware afterward of having derived my mood rather from Mrs. Faulkner's representations of him than from my own recollections. Perhaps I had a romantic wish to behold a man whom the waters had passed over, and who gave evidence of what he had undergone. But Nevil appeared as he had always appeared to me: pure, gentle, serene; not broken, not bruised, and by no means prepared for the compassion which I was prepared to lavish upon him. I did not reflect that the intimacy had proceeded much more rapidly on my part than on his.

He was in company with a wealthy parishioner, and he presented me as a fellow-Westerner. His friend ordered some champagne in celebration of this fact and of the parting hour, and we had it in their large state-room, the captain's room, which the parishioner was very proud of having secured. He filled Nevil's glass slowly, so that he should lose nothing in mere effervescence, and said, "Doctor's orders, you know." He explained to me that for his own part he did not care about Europe; he had seen too much of it; but he was going along to watch out that Nevil took care of himself.

My wife was even less satisfied with this interview at second-hand than I was at first-hand. She insisted that I should search my conscience and say whether I had not met Nevil with too great effusion, which he might justly resent as patronizing. I brought myself in not guilty of this crime, and then she said she had always thought he was tepid and limited, and she was disposed to console herself by finding in my rebuff, as she called it, a just punishment for my having liked Nevil so much. "You can see by that champagne business," she said, "that, after all, he's just as much a Westerner at heart as Faulkner. I doubt if he was so much hurt by that newspaper notoriety of his broken engagement as he pretended to be."

I admitted that he was a fraud in every respect, and that he had been guilty of something very like larceny in depriving her of a hero. "But," I said, "you have your heroine left."

"Yes, thank goodness! *She's a woman!*"

"A heroine usually is—unless she's an angel."

Nevil was gone a year, and during this time the correspondence between Mrs. Faulkner and Mrs. March, fevered to an abnormal activity by recent events, fell back into the state of correspondence in health, which tends to an exchange of apologies for not having written. Mrs. Faulkner's letters contained some report

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of Nevil's movements; and we had got so used to his being abroad that it seemed very sudden, when one came saying that he had got home, perfectly well, and had gone at once to work in his parish, with all his old energy. She sent some newspapers with marked notices of him; and then it seemed to me that we heard nothing more from her till the next spring, when a most joyful letter burst upon us, as it were, with the announcement of her engagement to Nevil.

I cannot say exactly what it was about this fact that shocked us both. The affair, superficially, was in every way right and proper. We were sure that, as Hermia reported, Faulkner's mother was as happy in it as herself, and that it was the just and lawful recompense of suffering that Hermia and Nevil had jointly and severally undergone for no wrong or fault of theirs; we ought to have been glad for them; and yet, somehow, we could not; somehow we were not reconciled to that comfortable close for the most painful passage of life we had ever witnessed. Instead of being the end of trouble, it seemed like the beginning. It brought up again with dreadful vividness all the experiences of that day when Faulkner died. It was as if he rose from the dead, and walked the earth again in the anguish of body we had seen, and the agony of mind we had imagined. Once more I saw him, with a face full of hate, push her from him, and fall back and gasp and die.

Hermia's letter came in the morning; and during the forenoon I received a telegram at my office from her asking if Dr. Wingate were in Boston. I sent out and found that the doctor was at home, and answered accordingly. Then I sent the telegram to my wife, and I hurried away from the office rather early in the afternoon, to learn what she made of it.

She had just got a telegram herself from Mrs. Faulkner, saying that she should start for Boston by the eleven o'clock train that night, and asking if she might come to our house.

VI.

The general change in Hermia, no less than a phase of her character which had never before shown itself to us, struck me at the station where I went to meet her on the arrival of her train; and when I brought her home, I saw that she affected my wife in the same way. Personally we had known her only as the submissive and patient subject of an invalid's sick will, anxious to devote herself to the gratification of his whims. We remembered her as all gentleness, abeyance, self-effacement, and then as a despair so quiet that the wildest grief would have been less pathetic to witness. From Wingate's report of her interview with him we had inferred a strength which was rather hysterical; and though her letters of the last two years had given us the impression of a clear and just mind, able to decide impartially from uncommon insight, we had still kept our old idea of her, and thought only of the self-abnegation we had seen, and the somewhat abnormal self-assertion of which we had heard.

She now appeared younger than before, which I suppose was an effect of her having really grown thinner; and with her return to her youthful figure she had acquired an elastic vigor which we did not perceive at once to be moral rather than physical. It was when we fairly saw her face in the light of the half-hour which we had with her before dinner, that we knew this was the spirit's school of the body; and that underneath her power over herself was a weakness that had to be constantly watched and disciplined. She was like an athlete who knows the point in which lies the danger of his failure, and who guards and fortifies it. I am aware that this gives a false and theatrical complexion to the simple truth that touched and fascinated us; but I do not know how otherwise to express it; and I am not able to describe as I would like the appearance of a great happiness suddenly arrested and held in check, which we both believed we saw in her. It was this, I fancy, that kept us silent with those congratulations upon her engagement which we should both have felt it fit to offer. To tell the whole truth, we were a little quelled and overawed by the resolute strength of which she gave the effect, and we left it for her, if she would, to enlarge the circle of our talk from the commonplaces of her journey East, and her ability to sleep on the cars, and of her health, and Mrs. Faulkner's health, and ours; and include an emotional region where Nevil should at least be named. But she did not mention him, and she only departed from these safe generalities in asking if we could probably see Dr. Wingate that evening.

I said that he had no office hours in the

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evening, but I knew he was to be found at home between half past seven and nine, and we might chance it.

"I must see him to-night," she answered, quietly, "and I wish you and Mrs. March would come with me. It's a matter that I may want you to know about. I may need—need"—she faltered a breath—"your help."

"Why, of course," said my wife; and then I had one of my inspirations, as she called them.

I said, "Why not send a messenger round for Dr. Wingate to come here? It will catch him at dinner, and then we can make sure of him," and I modestly evaded the merit I might have acquired through this suggestion, by going off to ring for a messenger, who arrived, of course, just when we had forgotten him, and made my wife believe it was the doctor.

We had a moment together before dinner for the exchange of impressions and conjectures, and I made my little objections to the hardship of being involved again in Mrs. Faulkner's affairs. "What do you suppose she meant by needing our help? Really I think I must be excused from being present at her consultation of Dr. Wingate! If she's going to break down on our hands—"

My wife saw the parody of her customary anxieties in the presence of any aspect of the unexpected. "Nonsense! It's nothing of that kind, poor thing! If it only were! But it's something that's on her mind—that Dr. Wingate knows about and she doesn't. And now the time's come when she must."

"Do you mean the dream?"

"Yes. Or something connected with it. I saw it in an instant. Well, she's got her punishment!"

"Her punishment? What in the world is she punished for?"

"For trying to bear more than she could. For trying not to know what she must know before she could really ever take another step in life. I suppose at that time she expected to die. But she lived."

"Ah, that's a mistake we often make!"

"Yes, she could have borne it if nothing else had happened after that."

"But something else happened."

"And now she has to provide for this world instead of the next."

"Poor mortality!" I sighed. "Between the two worlds, how its difficulties are multiplied!"

VII.

Dr. Wingate arrived with his professional face, in which I fancied a queer interrogation of mine. Then I said, "It's Mrs. Faulkner who wishes to see you. You remember? She's here with us."

But he only asked, "How long has she been in town?" and he gave a poke or two at his hair after taking his hat off in the hall, where I went out to meet him when I heard his ring.

"Since four o'clock."

"Oh!"

"She was anxious to see you at once, and I made bold to send for you, instead of taking the chance of not finding you in."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, and he rubbed his hands with an air of impatience which decided me not to tell him, as I had imagined myself doing, of her engagement to Nevil by way of preparation. I saw that it was not my affair; and I decided not to put my fingers between the bark and the tree.

He preceded me into the library, where Mrs. Faulkner sat waiting with my wife, and I saw him make a special effort to temper his bluff directness with a kindly deference. It was she who was brusque, and who put aside the preliminaries which he would have interposed.

"Doctor Wingate, I have come to Boston to see you in the hope that you can help me. But now I almost think that no one can help me. You can't change the truth!"

"Rather an undertaking, Mrs. Faulkner, I admit," he said with a smile for her exaltation. "But it depends somewhat upon the nature of the truth. I have known cases in which I could change the truth *back*. They're not so very uncommon." He looked at her with smiling insinuation, and she smiled pathetically in response.

"This isn't one of that kind," she said, and she had to make the effort of beginning afresh. "Do you remember when I came to you just—just after my husband's death, and spoke to you about the dream that killed him?"

"The dream didn't kill him," said Wingate. "But I remember the interview you refer to." He looked round at my wife and me, and then at Hermia, as if to question whether it was really her intention that we should be present, and we both made an instinctive motion to rise.

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"Don't go," she said. "I wish you to stay. I was afraid, then, to face it alone, and now I wish to know what it was. Oh, yes! I made a feint of refusing to know it for his sake. I believed that I was sincere, but I was a miserable hypocrite. I was sparing myself, not him. Now, all that must come to an end. I ask you to tell me what his dream was, and to tell it in the presence of those who saw him suffer from it, *die* of it." Wingate opened his mouth to protest again, but she hurried on. "You said then that his dream concerned me, and I want them to judge me by it, and I will judge myself by their judgment."

"Really, Mrs. Faulkner," said Wingate, with the laugh of a man whose perplexity passes any other expression, "you are almost as bad as *he* was! Where shall I begin? How much can you bear? The whole thing's very painful! Why must you know it now, when you've held out against it so bravely, so wisely, for two years?"

"Because," she answered, as if she had prepared herself for some such question, "I was going to take a great step, and I wished to look at every thought and fact of my life, to be sure that I was worthy to take such a step. I got to thinking of that dream, which you said concerned me; and I found that I could have no peace, no certainty of the kind I wanted till I knew what it was. I must have been—there must have been something in me—terribly wrong, terribly bad, to have inspired such a dream, and—"

"Ah-h-h!" the doctor broke out, "you're as wild as he was in that reasoning," and to both of us men her logic was pitiably childlike; but I could see that for my wife it had a force inappreciable to us, because she was a woman too; no doubt she would judge Hermia as severely as she judged herself. "What you say," the doctor went on, "is perfectly monstrous, and I should not feel justified in telling you anything about it, unless I could bring you to see the matter in a reasonable light. And in the first place, I want you to realize that whatever you were, or whatever you were not, it had absolutely no more to do with his dream, than the character of an inhabitant of Saturn, if there is one. Why, just consider! You wish to judge yourself, and if possible condemn yourself—I can see that!—for something he dreamed about you; and yet I suppose you dream things about others—we all do!—that dishonor and defame them, without thinking evil of them for it?"

I laughed. "Why, of course!" but the two women were silent.

My wife said, finally, "Why, of course, we don't blame them for it; but we can't *feel* exactly the same toward them afterward; and if I knew that a person had such a dream about me, I should not be comfortable till—till—"

"Till you knew just why they had it," I suggested; and I tried to lighten the situation with another laugh.

Hermia gave my wife a grateful look for her sympathy, quite as if it had eased her of her self-accusal, instead of darkening her case against herself, and asked the doctor, "Did his dream dishonor me—defame me to you?"

"No!" the doctor cried out. "I did not say that. His dream concerned you, and it distressed him; but I couldn't say that it was one to make me or any one think wrong of you. Now, won't that do! Isn't that enough?"

"No," said Hermia, "it isn't enough. I must be judge of whether I was guilty of anything wrong, and I must know what his dream accused me of. Why did it keep coming and coming?"

"How do you know it kept coming and coming?"

"Because I know. Because—because—His mother and I were looking over some things he had left—I wished to do it—letters and papers; and we found a scrap that said—that said—that spoke of his having a dream, and how he had been dreaming the same thing for months, sometimes every night, sometimes once a week. And I can remember how he would be very good to me for days, and then some morning he would not speak to me or hardly look at me; so that—so that I was afraid his mind—"

"Did you keep that scrap?" Wingate interrupted.

Hermia took it out of her pocket, where she must have been keeping her hand upon it, and gave it him. He read it over, glanced again at the characters, and handed it back to her.

"If you needed any proof of what I must say to you now, Mrs. Faulkner," he began, very gravely and tenderly, "you could get it of the first alienist whom you showed that paper. I suppose, if you've

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been brooding over this matter, it will be a relief, a help to know that your fears were right. When your husband wrote that paper, he was not in his right mind. The signs are simply unmistakable; they couldn't be counterfeited; there's insanity in every line, in every word of that handwriting. It would be interesting to know whether his hand was the same when he wrote of other things. But that's irrelevant. What's certain is that on one point he had a delusion, and that this delusion had begun to show itself in the form of a dream. Isn't it enough, now, if I assure you that his dream had no more real significance, no more rightful implication, than any other form of mania?"

She shook her head. "No. Why should it persist?"

"Ha-a-a!" he breathed in desperation. "Why should any mania persist in a disordered mind?"

"It isn't the same thing at all."

"But it is exactly and perfectly the same thing! It was the presence in his sleep of a maniacal delusion that was gradually overshadowing his waking consciousness, and that must have ended in his open insanity if death had not come to his relief."

She simply asked, "What was it?"

"What was it?" he echoed. "Well, you have a sort of right to know; perhaps you had better know. But I wish—I wish you had the strength to forego it—to accept my assurance, the most solemn, the most sincere I could give any one on a matter of life and death, that although his dream involved you, it no more rightfully inculpated you than it inculpated me, and that it ought to have no more consideration, no more influence, in your life than the ravings of any lunatic that came to you from an asylum window as you passed in the street. Now, won't that do? Can't you accept my assurance, and go home satisfied?"

"When I know what his dream was," she answered. "I can never rest again, now, till I know it."

"But there is this to be considered, Mrs. Faulkner," he urged. "There is the regard you have for him, his memory. He was no more responsible for dreaming his dream than you are for having been the subject of it. But you know how involuntary, how helpless, we often are in our judgments of others; and I warn you—it's my duty to warn you—that the danger is not that you may not be able to forgive yourself, but that you may not be able to forgive *him*."

"I must take the risk of that. I must know everything, now, at any cost. I am not afraid of being unjust to him. I saw him suffer, and I can make every allowance." Wingate was silent, with his head down, and she began with a kind of gasp: "Did he—was he afraid of me? I know how suspicious people are who are affected as you say he was beginning to be—though I can't believe it, I can't imagine it!—and I can understand, if he *was!* Did he think I would hurt him, somehow? Was that what he dreamed? Did he dream that I was going to do him some harm—kill him—?"

"Oh, no! no! no!" cried Wingate, getting to his feet. "Nothing of that kind, I assure you!" He spoke with the relief, as I fancied, of having found out the worst she had feared, and of being able to console her with something indefinitely less terrible. I had often known my wife push out a skirmish line of apprehension far beyond the main body of her anxiety, so as to have the comfort of finding herself within the utmost she had imagined of evil; and I understood the feminine principle on which Wingate counted, and shared his relief.

"Then what was it?" Hermia asked.

"What was it? Nothing. Nothing at all, in a manner! Nothing of the kind you feared. But if you must know"—Wingate glanced at us where we sat spellbound by our sympathy and interest—"though it's ridiculously unimportant in comparison with what you've suggested, I think perhaps you'd better hear it alone, Mrs. Faulkner."

"By all manner of means!" I said, and my wife said, "Yes, indeed!" as we rose together.

I felt from the first an odious quality in the part we had been obliged to bear; and I confess that I was beginning to bear it with some measure of resentment, in spite of my curiosity, and with some misgiving as to the delicacy of the woman who had required our presence at this interview. But perhaps I judged her too severely. In some of the most intimate affairs and sentiments, in which women are conventionally supposed to play a veiled and hidden part, they really have an overt, almost a public rôle, which nature no doubt fits them to sustain, without violence to their

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modesty, without touching susceptibilities that in men would be intolerably wounded.

I was impatient of the mechanical effort Hermia made to detain my wife, to whose hand she clung, and whom I had to draw from her with me out of the room. My wife agreed with me that we must have gone, but I doubt if she perfectly thought so; and they both had an effect of yielding out of regard to the sensibilities of us men.

VIII.

I was in no humor to tempt any confidence from Wingate when I hurried out to the street door to see him off after I heard him come out of the library. My curiosity, such as I had, was damped by a sense of the indecency of knowing in brutal vocables what I already conjectured, and I was still resentful of having been obliged to enter into the affair to the extent I had.

Wingate let me help him on with his overcoat, and he put his hand on the door-knob before he spoke. "The next time you have a case of this kind, old fellow, I hope I shall be in Europe." He looked hot and dry, and he breathed harder than even a stout man need after being helped on with his overcoat. "I made a mistake in sending your wife and you out of the room. It was no easier for me, and Mrs. Faulkner says she shall tell her at once, anyway, and you might as well have had it at first-hand. She takes it worse than I expected. Good-night!" he added abruptly, after a pause, and an evident intention to say something else; and he flung himself down my steps and seemed to rebound into his coupé, which was standing before them.

I waited the next turn of events with an increasing sense of injury at the hands of our guest, for I knew that ultimately I must be drawn upon for the nervous force which my wife would spend in sympathizing with her; and I had not yet recognized the claim that she seemed to think our purely accidental relations had established for her upon us.

But the next turn of events was apparently to wait our motion. I mechanically expected Hermia to come out of the library, where I was mechanically impatient to take my book and pity her at my ease; but she did not come out, and I had to go and sit down in the parlor, which was less commodious for my compassion, and unusual for my book. I sat there, disconsolately trying to read, for what I thought a long time, till my wife came down stairs.

"Where is Mrs. Faulkner?" she asked, under her breath. I nodded toward the library. "But I thought the doctor had gone?"

"So he has. He went some time ago; but he didn't take her with him."

"I've been expecting her to ask for me," said my wife, vaguely. "I hated to go to her. It would have seemed like prying."

"To a lady who was willing to have the whole matter, whatever it was, talked out before us both?"

"That is true," said my wife. "Would you knock?"

"Perhaps I would listen at the key-hole first," said I, and I felt myself growing more and more sardonic, for no reason, except that I had such a good chance.

My wife meekly went and listened, and then, after a look at me, opened the library door and went in. It was nearly an hour before she rejoined me in our own room, having first gone with our guest to hers, and staid with her there a little while.

Then she said, "Well, Basil, I never knew anything so sad in my life. I don't know what we are going to do. She must go home at once, and I don't see how she is ever to get there. That is what we have got to talk over now."

"I supposed you had talked it over already," I suggested, still perversely affecting that cheap cynicism.

My wife took it for what it was, and ignored it.

"Poor, stricken creature!" she sighed. "I don't believe she had moved after the doctor left her till I came in, and then she hardly moved. She had that awful stony quiet that people—strong people—have, when you bring them bad news. I could hardly get her to speak. She said she wanted me to know everything, but she did not know how to tell me, unless I asked her; and so, little by little, we got it out together. But I think I'd better not tell you, dear, just in so many words, till she's out of the house; do you?"

"No; I guess I know pretty well what you have to tell," I answered, honestly enough, and without any ironical slant, even in my tone.

My wife went on: "I'm afraid Dr. Wingate didn't manage very well: he had

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something finer than nerves to deal with. But I don't blame *him*, poor man, either. He was thrown off his guard by her asking if her husband had dreamed that she was going to hurt him, and he thought that what he really did dream was so much less dreadful that it would relieve her; and I'm afraid he went at it too lightly. But it seems that she had never imagined that he could have dreamed *that*, and it perfectly crushed her. Basil! Don't you believe there are some natures so innocent that they have no suspicion of suspicion, that they can't conceive of it? Well, that is Hermia Faulkner! She is on such a grand scale, she's so noble and faithful and loyal, that she can't even understand the kind of nature that could attribute wrong to her: its baseness, its cruelty. She's crushed under the ruin of her own ideal of that wretched man!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" I cried. "Isn't that rather a high horse you're on? I don't think poor old Faulkner was to blame for his crazy dream. I wouldn't like to shoulder the responsibility for my dreams!"

"*You* are very different. *You* are *good*," said my wife, "and you couldn't have such a dream, if you tried; but if you go, now, and think it was worse than it really was, I shall hate you. I should like to tell you *just* what it was; but you are such a fool, dear," she added, tenderly, "that you'd be conscious the whole way, and couldn't help showing it every minute."

"The whole way? Every minute? What do you mean?"

"I've decided that you must take Hermia home."

"Oh, I see! That was why you were so willing we should inquire how she could get there. But supposing I can't leave my business?"

"But I know you can. You were going to New York with me next week, and we can give that up. There's nothing else for it. We must! It will give you a chance to see your old friends out there, and you've simply got to do it; that's all." She added, in terms expressive of the only phase of her anxiety that could be put concretely, and by no means representative of her entire motive: "I can't have her getting sick here on my hands; and there's no other way. Her mother-in-law is too old to come for her, and—"

"We might telegraph the Reverend James Nevil to come," I suggested.

"Basil!" cried my wife.

"Oh, it's no use, my dear! I'd better know just what I'm to be conscious of."

"You know it already; we've both known it from the beginning; but I can't tell you. It isn't her fault, though it covers her with such cruel shame that she can't look herself in the face. It's *his* fault for having him there to dream about; and it's HIS fault for being there to be dreamt about." I knew that my wife meant Faulkner by her less, and Nevil by her greater, vehemence of accent. "I suppose she felt, all the time—such a woman would—that he had no right to bring his friendship into their married life that way. She must have felt hampered and molested by it; but she yielded to him because she didn't want to seem petty or jealous. There's where I blame *her*. Basil! A woman's jealousy is God-given! It's inspired, for her safety and for her husband's. She *ought* to show it."

"How about a man's?"

"Oh, that's different! Men *have* no inspirations. Jealousy's a low, brutal instinct with them. Just see the difference between her feeling that his friend had no business in their family, and his making that very friend the object of his suspicions!"

"If you conjecture one fact," I said, "and hold Faulkner responsible for the other, the difference is certainly very much against him. But, as I understand from Dr. Wingate, Faulkner's dream foreshadowed his alienation."

"Oh, don't talk to me of Dr. Wingate!" she cried. "He doesn't know anything about it. No! It was his miserable jealousy that turned his brain; it wasn't his insanity that caused his jealousy; and if you keep saying that, Basil, I shall think you are trying to justify him."

"Bless my soul! What question of justification is there?"

"If he was not responsible for his dream," she went on, "he was certainly responsible for the occasion of his dream, and so it comes to the same thing at last. It was his folly, his silly, romantic clinging to a sentiment that he ought to have flung away the instant he was married, which did all the harm. A husband shouldn't have any friend but his wife."

"You will never get me to deny that, my dear, at least as long as you're in this dangerous humor."

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"I know I'm ridiculous," she said, nervously. "But I do feel so sorry for that poor creature! She seems to me like some innocent thing caught in a trap; and she can't escape, and no one can set her free. I shall begin to believe that there is such a thing as Fate, in that old Greek sense: something that punishes you for your sorrows and for the errors of others."

"There is certainly something that does that," I said, "whether we call it Fate or not. We suffer every day for our sorrows, and for the sins of men we never saw, or even heard of. There's solidarity in *that* direction, anyway."

"Yes, and why can't we feel it in the other direction? Why can't we feel that we're helped, as well as hurt, by those unknown people? Why aren't we rewarded for our happiness?"

"It's all a mystery; and I don't know but we *are* rewarded for our happiness, quite as much as we're punished for our misery. Some utterly forgotten ancestral dyspeptic rises from the dust now and then, and smites me with his prehistoric indigestion. Well, perhaps it's some other forgotten ancestor, whose motions were all hale and joyous, that makes me get up now and then impersonally gay and happy, and go through the day as if I had just come into a blessed immortality."

"Ah, those awful dead! Basil," she entreated, "from this time on, let's live so that whichever dies first, the other won't have anything to be remorseful for!"

"We can't do that, and I don't believe we were meant to do it. We have to live together as if we were going to live together forever."

"Why, we *are*, dearest! Don't you think we are?"

"I can't imagine anything else; but I don't understand that this is the prospect that now looks so disheartening for Mrs. Faulkner. If it were a question of her going on forever with Faulkner, it would be very simple, or comparatively simple. In that case the wrong he had helplessly done her in his crazy dream would only endear him to her the more, for it would be something for her perpetually to exercise her love of forgiving upon. But the difficulty is that she now wishes to go on living with somebody else forever. I don't blame her for that; on the contrary I think it's altogether well and wholly right, something to be desired and praised. But if the one she now wishes to go on living with forever happens to be the very person whom her dead husband's dream foreboded—"

"Basil!"

"Why, you see, it complicates the affair." We had touched the quick, and we were silent a moment, quivering with sympathy. "It's all a mystery, and one part no more a mystery than another; but I suppose that when we come really to know, it will all be so very, very simple that we shall be astonished. Mrs. Faulkner's trouble isn't about the future, though; that has to be left to take care of itself; her trouble is about the present and about the past. I haven't the least idea that she ever gave a thought to Nevil as long as her husband lived, or for long after he died."

"Oh, Basil! I *like* to hear you say that!"

"I dare say you'd like to say it yourself: it's very magnanimous. But I can understand how such a woman would now begin to question whether she had not thought of him, and would end by bringing herself in guilty, no matter what the facts were. I didn't like her attempting to ignore the tenor of Faulkner's dream when she went to talk with Wingate about it immediately after his death. That was romantic."

"I didn't like that either," said my wife. "Yes, it was romantic."

"If she had made Wingate tell her then, it would have been all over with by this time. Either she would have resented it, and set about forgetting Faulkner, and living a denial of all fealty to the memory of a man who could wrong her so—"

"Basil! You said he was not responsible for it!"

"Or else she would have succumbed to it, and refused ever to see Nevil, and this frightful quandary that she's got us all into never would have been brought about."

My wife could not laugh with me at our personal entanglement in Mrs. Faulkner's affair, which my words reminded her of. She began to enlarge upon the hardship of it; and she was not reconciled to it by my arguments going to show how nothing any one did or suffered could be done or suffered to one's self alone, and that probably at that very moment some nameless savage in Central Africa was shaping our destiny in some degree, and was making favor with his fetich for our

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disaster, when he supposed himself to be merely invoking protection against a raid of Arab slavers. Those were the days of frequent railroad accidents, and she recurred to her fixed principle that I must never go a railroad journey alone, because it was necessary that when I was killed on the train she and the children must be there to be killed with me. Nothing less than the infatuation she had for Mrs. Faulkner would have supported her in the sacrifice of such a principle, and I am not sure that even that would have been enough without the lively fear of having Mrs. Faulkner break down with a nervous fever, or something, before we could get her out of the house. I recurred to this consideration, which Isabel had already touched upon, and treated it in a philosophic spirit, as an instance of the grotesque and squalid element which is so apt to mar a heroic situation, in order apparently to keep human nature modest; but she could not follow me. She said, yes, that decided it; and she drew a sigh of relief, which she cut short to express her wonder that Dr. Wingate should have told Hermia what Faulkner's dream was when he knew it would perfectly kill her. She said she had long had her doubts of his wisdom, and she now proceeded to disable it, with that confidence in her ability to judge him which all women feel in regard to physicians. At least, she said, if he had any sort of intuition, or even the smallest grain of common-sense, or the slightest delicacy, he would not have told her that the man whom the dream involved was the very man she was going to marry. I said that perhaps Wingate did not know she was going to marry Nevil; and she acknowledged that this was true, and began to rehabilitate him. I was in hopes that she would not ask me why I had not told him; for I now saw, or thought I saw, that I had been mistaken in the delicacy which had kept me from doing it. But I was not to escape: the question came, in due course, and all my struggles to free myself only served to fix the blame for the whole trouble more firmly upon me. She said that now she saw it all; and that I need not go to Central Africa for the cause of our predicament.

I spent a troubled night, tormented, whether sleeping or waking, by a fantastic exaggeration of the whole business, and exasperated by a keen sense of its preposterousness. It seemed to me intolerable that I should be made the victim of it: that this gossamer nothing, which might perhaps accountably involve the lives of those concerned through a morbid conscience, should have power upon me, to drag me a thousand miles away from my family, and subject me to all the chances of danger and death which I must incur, seemed to me atrocious. I spent myself in long imaginary dialogues with my wife, with Hermia, with Nevil, in which I convinced them to no effect that I had nothing whatever to do with the matter, and would not have. Faulkner appeared to me a demoniac presence, at the end of the lurid perspective, running back to that scene in the garden—implacable, immovable, ridiculous like all the rest, monstrous, illogical, and no more to be reasoned away than to be entreated.

I woke in the morning with the clear sense that there was only one thing for it, and that was simply to refuse to go with Mrs. Faulkner. I spent the forenoon in arranging my business for a week's absence, and I started West with her on the three o'clock train.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUT OF SORROW.

BY LYDIA T. ROBINSON.

AS violets crushed are sweet;
As petals of the rose
Shed fragrance on the wind
That o'er it roughly blows;
As perfume from the lilies bent
Ascends upon the air—
So from the chastened soul doth rise
Incense of song and prayer.

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AMERICAN LITERARY COMEDIANS.

BY HENRY CLAY LUKENS.

THAT distinct quality of intellectual expression which aptly and most faithfully exhibits the habits, weaknesses, follies, or ludicrous peculiarities of a people has its broadest field in our own country. Here, too, is a ripe harvest. The population of a land made up, as ours is, of immigrants from every older nation and remote corner of the world, has elements as curious as they are variable, incongruous, and grotesque. Alert minds easily detect idiosyncrasies. What we call humor is a truthful mirroring of the odd or laughter-provoking in ourselves. The American humorist is to-day most successful because he least exaggerates. I am fully aware that no daily type exceeds our own in redundant, slangy phrasing, or effusive, nauseous word-play; that nowhere else is there so much silly grimace in print. Admitting this, it must also be conceded that there is a wide and steadily widening difference between pure, rippling, unexpected, welcome, exhilarating newspaper humor and the coarse, inane paragraphic cackle or vulgar guffaw of numerous misnamed fun-makers.

Defined by an American writer of force and elegance, humor "is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character." Its literary birth in America will be found coincident with the earliest miscellaneous presswork of New England. Only two hundred and fifty years have passed since printing was begun on these shores, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Boston's first book press, superintended by John Foster, was set up in 1675, thirty-six years after ill-fated Jesse Glover's Harvard press was put into operation at the house of excellent Nathaniel Eaton. The single issue, on a folded sheet, fourteen by twenty-six inches, of *Publick Occurrences*, was made by Benjamin Harris, on Thursday, September 25, 1690. Of the projector of this first attempt at a colonial newspaper, John Dunton wrote: "The vanity of Harris, if he has any, gives no alloy to his wit, and no more than might justly spring from conscious virtue." A Welsh physician, named William Vaughan, had, at the opening of the seventeenth century, begun a settlement, known as Cambrioll, in the southern part of the island of Newfoundland. Under the pen mask of Orpheus Junior, he was the earliest American prototype of Orpheus C. Kerr (Robert H. Newell), once so prominent among our newspaper satirists as historian of the Mackerel Brigade. In 1626, Vaughan's *Golden Fleece*, a farcical, semi-philosophic poem, interspersed with quaint prose descriptions, and fulsomely dedicated with most servile obeisance to Charles I., was published at London. William Wood's occasionally quoted *New England's Prospect* (London, 1635), the *New English Canaan* (1637), and bumptious Nathaniel Ward's *Simple Cobler of Agawam in America* (1647) were speedy type followers of Dr. Vaughan's book. In the *New English Canaan* was printed the "Merry Song of the May Pole," by Thomas Morton, a hilarious, convivial doggerel, the characters of which have since been charmingly embalmed by the elder Hawthorne in one of his matchless sketches.

Measured by the present standard of honest, mellow, and therefore harmlessly infectious mirth, the broad facetiousness of these early American writers consigns their paragraphs and verses to an unregretted oblivion.

Professor Moses Coit Tyler, in *A History of American Literature*, resurrects one George Alsop, born 1638, who wrote a curious book in his twentieth year, entitled *A Character of the Province of Maryland*, and inscribed the volume to Lord Baltimore. "If I have composed anything that's wild and confused," says Alsop, "it is because I am so myself; and the world, as far as I can perceive, is much of the same trim." Comparing Nat Ward's grotesque and slashing energy with similar pen antics by Alsop, the latter, "a loud, laughing Scaramouch," is curtly dismissed from Tyler's dissecting-room. Benjamin Tompson, physician, and master of the public school in Boston (1667–70), was author of *New England's Crisis*, in satiric vein. Samuel Kettell awards to Tompson the distinction of being the first native American poet. He was born at Braintree (now Norfolk County, Massachusetts), 1640, and in his twenty-second year graduated from Harvard.

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George Bancroft, our revered historian, many years ago came into possession of a manuscript copy of *A Looking-glass for the Times; or, the Former Spirit of New England Revived in this Generation.* Peter Folger, grandfather of Benjamin Franklin on his mother's side, was the unrhythmical architect of this crude lampoon of the social and religious follies then (1675) prevailing. Originally sent to type from Folger's home at Nantucket, the satire was in 1763 reprinted, with indefensible and frequent orthographic emendations. Even its closing lines are misquoted by Franklin himself in the celebrated *Autobiography.*

Some pleasing fancies, with a humorist's graceful touch, enliven the fifty-six pages of *Poems by Aquila Rose* (1695–1723). Brain-minted by Rose was

> "a silver thought
> Expressed in ill-shaped ore."

Late in the summer of 1721, James Franklin, brother of "the first man of letters in America to achieve cosmopolitan fame," started the *New England Courant.* This newspaper (fourth in the country) was a repertory of most impolitic and virulent pasquinades. Its columns reeked with contributed rhymed satires. With its issue began that stereotyped, overworked feature of the American press, the short paragraph. William Douglass, a Scotch journalist and pamphleteer, had come to Boston in 1718, where he died thirty-four years afterward. He was "hot, caustic, capricious, personal." A confirmed satirist, he ridiculed everything and everybody. Douglass had humor, but it was of a low order, streaked with invective and cynicism. In Maryland about this time a mine of unalloyed and potential satire was briskly worked by a native author masquerading as an Englishman on a visit to the Chesapeake provinces. "Ebenezer Cook, Gentleman," was thus anticipator of *Puck's* "Fitznoodle"—really fathered by an Englishman, Mr. Benjamin B. Vallentine.

At Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1725, eight years antedating *Poor Richard's Almanac,* Nathaniel Ames, innkeeper and village surgeon, "a man of original, vigorous, and pungent genius," began publishing a yearly calendar, replete with "terse sayings, shrewdness, wit, homely wisdom, all sparkling in piquant phrase." Ames had "the instinct of a journalist, and, under a guise that was half frolicsome, the sincerity and benignant passion of a public educator." The almanac, continued by his son, was long a favorite. We are told in one of its editions that "there are three faithful friends—an old wife, an old dog, and ready cash." The epigram, "To some men their country is their shame, and some are the shame of their country," is also and erroneously attributed to Nathaniel Ames. His direct lineage has been greatly honored for patriotic fealty.

Of Benjamin Franklin, his sportive contemporaries, literary brotherhood, and the "pretty talkers," who with him were members of The Junto, we have fuller knowledge. Reputable among these intimately associated humorists were George Webb, author of *Bachelor's Hall,* Joseph Brientnall, "ingenious in many little trifles," and Robert Grace, an eighteenth century Brander Matthews* in a narrower circle of readers and admirers. Born in England, Webb had spent a year of thoughtless, indolent youth at Oxford University. He was an amateur actor, impoverished and disgraced in London. Taking advantage of this condition, a recruiting sergeant coaxed him to join the colonial military levies, and he came to America as a soldier. Deserting from his regiment, he finally went to the printer's case in Philadelphia. Franklin praises Webb's vivaciousness and mental activity, but deplores his habitual imprudence.

In his retrospect of a hundred years of American literature (1776–1876), Edwin Percy Whipple, who, as Whittier says, "always wrote with conscience at his elbow," marvels that so few of Benjamin Franklin's critics "have observed what a delicious specimen of humorous characterization he has introduced into his charming delineation of Poor Richard. The effect is heightened by the groaning, droning way in which the good man delivers his bits of wisdom, as if he despairingly felt that the rustics around him would disregard his advice and monitions, and pass through the usual experiences of the passions insensible to the gasping, croaking voice that warned them in advance." This analysis is most subtle, certainly not unflattering or displeasing;

* In *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1886, will be found portraits of Mr. Matthews, Edmund Clarence Stedman, John Habberton, Edgar Fawcett, and others referred to in this semi-critical paper.

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yet I am, personally, inclined to rest the merit and fame of Benjamin Franklin as a humorous writer on such fugitive pieces as "The Handsome and Deformed Leg," "The Whistle," "An Economical Project," "The Morals of Chess," and "The Art of Procuring Pleasant Dreams." The wit and raillery infused into these admirable philosophic essays in no wise disparage the larger celebrity of a man whom all enlightened nations honor as an instructor and leader in progressive science.

With the advent of Franklin there was awakened an interest in American letters that made them at least respectable. How far quaint originality, humorous expression, and other striking characteristics may have influenced the curiosity of home or foreign readers, it is not possible to determine. Strange as it may now appear, the fact was long notorious that Franklin's undimmed influence, lustrously augmented fifty years later by Irving's popularity in England, caused a cloud-breaking in foreign prejudice, and won for American books, reviews, magazines, and cheaper prints a kindly reception in the libraries, clubs, and homes of Europe. The amiability, irrepressible bonhomie, delicate ridicule of sham and pretence, and the sterling genuineness of these two writers completely disarmed the most stubborn opposition, piqued indifference, and robbed jealousy and cynicism of their barbs.

Antecedent to Washington Irving, before, during, and after the Revolution, there were a few nimble-witted scribblers in the land, whose periodical flashes of merriment illuminated the newspapers. Joseph Green (1706–80) laughed while he slept. An inveterate jester with quill and quip, he was Boston's chief parody-maker for twoscore years. His sunny, convivial life closed in England, where many of his comic verses had been reprinted; one, especially noticeable, in the *London Magazine*, 1733. This was entitled "The Poet's Lamentation for the Loss of his Cat, which he used to call his Mews." John Beveridge, a native of Scotland, appointed in 1758 Professor of Languages in Philadelphia College, wrote some humorous verses of undoubted merit. He was a Latin scholar of ability, and left a small pamphlet collection of his poems. John Seccomb, author of "Father Abbey's Will," a Harvard epic in motley, unctuous and fun-inspiring; "Parson" Samuel Peters, to whom we are indebted for a Munchausen-like *General History of Connecticut*, in which is embalmed that wonderful recital of the deeds of Windham's frogs; Dr. Mather Byles (1706–88), punster incorrigible, in pulpit and on highway; Jonathan Mitchel Sewall, whose famous "pent-up Utica" was adjacent to Mirthland; Dr. James McClurg, a Virginian (1747–1825), one of the undeservedly forgotten writers of scintillant *vers de société;* and Lemuel Hopkins, of Connecticut, whose satiric poem, "The Anarchiad," was an early and merciless scathing of the dogma of States Rights—all hold places in the wits' gallery of that era. It also reveals to us "The Foresters," an apologue in the style of Arbuthnot's "John Bull." Forty years ago, at a public banquet, William Cullen Bryant said this was "a work that embellished our literary history with a rare and delightful humor." Its author, Jeremy Belknap (1744–98), was a New England clergyman and historian.

Born in Scotland, 1748, brought to this country in childhood, and roughly schooled on Susquehanna's wooded banks, Hugh Henry Brackenridge became at fifteen teacher of a free academy. Saving from his meagre wages sufficient money to purchase collegiate tuition at Princeton, he graduated in 1771. His great political satire, imitative of *Don Quixote*, was issued as a serial, the first part bearing a Pittsburgh imprint of 1796. Ten years afterward, the second part and conclusion of *Modern Chivalry* was published. Its main characters, Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan, are voluble, racy, incisive commentators on times and parties out of joint. Chosen in 1799 one of the justices of Pennsylvania's Supreme Court, Brackenridge held that honorable post until his death at the age of sixty-eight years. Critics of nicest discrimination have admitted his wit, humor, and sound judgment.

To several of Brackenridge's contemporaries, hitherto unnamed, who injected wine and oil into their lucubrations, brief attention must be given. A delegate from New Jersey to the Continental Congress, and signer of the Declaration of Independence, Francis Hopkinson (1738–91) was father of the less distinguished author of "Hail Columbia." His own rollicking ditty, "Battle of the Kegs," written in 1777, is still regarded as an ornament to

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America's humorous literature. The fantastic, lively ballad will be found in many choice anthologies. John Trumbull's bantering, Hudibrastic poem, "McFingal," came to the public at intervals, the final canto in 1782. It was, as the phrase goes, "immensely popular." When the country contained only three million inhabitants, the first canto of "McFingal" had as many readers as Longfellow's beautiful and picturesque "Evangeline" had at a period when our national population was ten times as great. Dying in 1831, an octogenarian, Trumbull had seen with pride his metrical extravaganza acknowledged as one of the potent levers of the Revolution. As typographer, journalist, seaman, poet, witsnapper, and patriot, Philip Freneau, of Huguenot descent, struggled through eighty years of volcanic life to miserably perish (an old, worn man) in a snow-drifted field at Monmouth. He detested intrigue, hypocrisy, aristocracy, toryism, and James Rivington. Various presses have in former epochs widely circulated Freneau's miscellaneous stanzas. Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell were each his debtor for borrowed lines. His political adversary and rival pamphleteer, Rivington, established the *Royal Gazette* at New York in 1762. Its title was subsequently changed to *Rivington's Royal Gazette*, and in it was published, the same day that its unfortunate author was captured near Tarrytown, Major John André's humorous pastoral, "The Cow Chace." Rivington, though calmer-blooded, was at no time foeman worthy of Freneau's caustic-tipped quill. Alexander Graydon (1752–1818) was a Pennsylvania wit, a clever, sprightly epigrammatist. From his memoirs we learn of James Smith, another signer of the historic Declaration, who was privately esteemed as a most original humorist and raconteur. Timothy Dwight (1752–1817), one of the presidents of Yale College, and Joseph Dennie, author in 1801 of "A Mock Criticism of Jack and Jill," were ingenious farceurs in clerical broadcloth. David Humphreys (1753–1818), soldier, politician, woollen manufacturer, and amusing rhymester, left a few comic literary trifles. We forgive Joel Barlow (1755–1812) his volumnar infliction of "The Columbiad," since we have "The Hasty Pudding" from his pen, graciously inscribed to Mistress Martha Washington. It is redolent of bucolic piquancy and domestic complaisance. Barlow wrote the poem in 1793 while residing at Chambéry, in Savoy. This well-remembered diplomatist died at Zarnowice, Poland. On his last couch he dictated "The Raven in Russia," a scorching rhymed satire aimed at Napoleon Bonaparte.

Stepping across the threshold of the nineteenth century, we find our ambitious young literature disposed to be noisy, at times coarse in its frolic, strident, uncouth, and lacking the gentle, harmonious elements of true humor. Political arguments clashed, party was rampant, creed prolific and stubbornly controversial. The newspaper was multiplying as States organized and the frontier of our civilization was pushed beyond the Mississippi. The editor's force as preacher and teacher was being felt in the land that to-day issues and liberally maintains more than half the entire number of dailies and weeklies printed in the world. In the administrative, official epochs of John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Madison, the American copy-hook was fed with more eagerness than discretion. Fun was boisterous, theatrical, and repellent. To rouse a slumbering patriotism, Royal Tyler, our first playwright, and later a Chief-Justice of Vermont, sent to press his "Independence Day Ode," composed for the nation's anniversary in 1801, and "calculated for the meridian of some country towns in Massachusetts, and Rye, in New Hampshire." Feeble in literary construction, halting in metre, almost barbarous in rhyme, loud and discordant in its mirth, it is astonishing that this rude, dialectic fusing of kitchen holiday jollity with village pot-house revels should so long have held a local popularity. The spirited fife-and-fiddle movement of the verse doubtless explains its familiar toleration in certain rural communities. Fortunately the wit of Royal Tyler took loftier flights. "He had," says one of his biographers, "great command of fancy and an abundant fund of impromptu humor." His "Colon and Spondee" articles on various topics of public concern anticipated "Croaker and Co.," sired by Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake. Two volumes of fictitious memoirs from his pen (1797), entitled *The Algerine Captive*, which purported to be the six years' life and adventures of a Dr. Updyke Underhill as a prisoner in northern Africa, show the

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liveliness, ingenuity, and grace of a cultivated mind. But expert romancing, though akin to humor, satisfies only by its transient gleams of repressed merriment. Were he now living and writing, I am sure that Royal Tyler would be regarded as dull and unentertaining when contrasted with Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Frank R. Stockton, Henry Guy Carleton, William L. Alden, Robert Jones Burdette, Charles B. Lewis, Eugene Field, Opie P. Read, Edgar Wilson Nye, and others who temporarily reign as favorites. It must not be forgotten, however, that Royal Tyler was the first to achieve success in a school of American provincial characterizations, about which I shall have considerable to say. His nasal-twanged, vociferous, eccentric, inquisitive, and roistering Down-easter was product of the soil.

The biographic literature of this country exhibits an unconscious humorist in Mason L. Weems, rector of Mount Vernon Parish, in Virginia, before the Revolution, and at a later period book compiler and canvasser. His notoriously extravagant, adulatory lives of Washington, Franklin, William Penn, and Francis Marion are genuine comedies robed in friar's gray. Even in the acute seriousness of his writings Weems was hopelessly grotesque.

Robert Dinsmoor, a rustic bard of Haverhill, whom Whittier, native of that town, remembered in his boyhood as "a large-hearted old man, simple as a child," had a natural gift of humor. Though American born, Dinsmoor wrote poems in the Scottish vernacular, as well as in vigorous, impressive Saxon, much as honest William Lyle, esteemed potter-poet of Rochester, now does, singing contentedly at his wheel. In Dinsmoor's sub-pathetic "Farewell to the Muses" there are many pleasant surprises and tidbits of homespun sentiment.

Tisdale, a New-Englander, who early in this century was a miniature painter, designer, and engraver, here in New York, supplied the comic illustrations for a volume of travesties and satires by Richard Alsop and Theodore Dwight, with general title of *The Echo*. This primitive American caricaturist had also pictorially embellished Trumbull's "McFingal."

St. John Honeywood, of Leicester, Massachusetts, in poetical, humorous vein, made some capital points. "The Purse," by this writer, is broader than his literary reputation ever can be. Samuel Latham Mitchill (1764–1831), physician, scientist, national legislator, wit, and bon-vivant, scarcely needs mention, so well known are his laughter-raising addresses before The Krout and The Turtle clubs, often in New York print, and his celebrated, irresistibly captivating speech to the Children of Tammany's Thirteen Tribes. "A clamorous laugh applauds the poor pretence" of Samuel Low, whose lighter metrical truancies were published by subscription in 1800. This book (two volumes, now rare) is a veritable curiosity. Unquestionably best of all the dramatic writings of William Dunlap (1766–1839) is *The Father of an Only Child*. Mirthful descriptions by this busy, versatile author, in his *History of the American Theatre*, of a night with the elder Charles Mathews on the Hudson River, and of the mock duel between tragedians Cooke and Cooper at Cato Alexander's tavern on the old Boston Road, are local sketches treasured by many gray-bearded New-Yorkers. He who was called "the American Gifford" was a brilliant young Philadelphian, named William Clifton (1772–99). His satirical poems and society verses were collected and published a year after his death. The sunglints of Clifton's muse shone from a bed of pain. While residing in London (1801), Thomas Green Fessenden, of Walpole, New Hampshire, wrote, under the alliterative pseudonym of "Christopher Caustic, M.D.," his *Terrible Tractoration*, a large part of which was "composed of original notes lampooning the commentators, these notes being equal in humor to the text they illustrate." Reprinted in this country, the book had a brisk sale, chiefly in medical and scientific circles. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who during the spring of 1836 lived with Fessenden at his Boston home, has left us pleasant reminiscences of that author.

The miscellaneous poems of Alexander Wilson, eminent as an ornithologist (1766–1813), are replete with humorous fancies, graphic and delicate.

In 1801, *A Parnassian Shop, Opened in the Pindaric Style*, by Peter Quince, Esq., was the Boston duodecimo production of Isaac Story. As described by his more distinguished cousin, Judge Joseph Story, he was "sportive, refined, facetious," and a man to whom "wit and humor were provinces in which he sought peculiar

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favor." William Ray, a western New York country school-master, who in 1803 arrived too late at Philadelphia to secure an editor's berth, "at the flattering salary of thirty dollars a month," wrote, on ordinary and festive occasions, some lively, graceful stanzas. A volume of Ray's poems was issued in 1821, at Auburn, New York. He was one of the unfortunate United States seamen captured in Tripoli Harbor, and after his release served on the war ship *Essex*. William Biglow, of Natick (1773–1844), disguised much that was good, bad, or passable in hilarious verse by his pen name of "Charles Chatterbox."

From the misty past of American literary comedy I have plucked these names at random, because the quill-work which they identify best illustrates what the parents of our fathers and mothers laughed at. We of the present generation have a more dainty and varied feast. When "an original and indolent genius" presented us with *The History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, there was a broad smile all around. Irving's radiant promise at twenty-six was scarcely fulfilled, but his "deliciously audacious" work is an undying honor to American letters.

One who had "little sunshine in his youth" was Irving's collaborator in *Salmagundi; or, the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and Others*. Twenty numbers of this felicitous serial satire on the follies of the day were issued during the year 1807. James Kirke Paulding (1779–1860) was purely and strongly an American. He loved his country. Patriotism and fidelity illumine everything that his pen described. Plentiful were the editions, at home and abroad, of *The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan*. *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831) exhausted six editions in its first year of popularity. It was also translated into several European languages. This romance was immediately succeeded by *Westward Ho!* which was received with no less favor.

Closely following in the wide swath of Irving's success came a glistening line of home authors. Individual characterizations will be noted, so far as bubbling wit or an acceptable dalliance with gayety influence the tone of contributions to a literature whose growth has become abnormal. Written in 1813, Washington Allston's artistically grotesque poem "The Paint King" is so markedly humorous and so foreign to his usually sedate composition that it stands quite alone in a luxuriant realm of fancy where this gifted child of the Southland dwelt, an unsullied, gentle prince. Henry Pickering's chaste verse was never more limpid than when, taking grace of heart from Barlow's culinary bathos, it dignified "The Buckwheat Cake." Henry Cogswell Knight, in his "Lunar Stanzas" and "The Country Oven," proved that free indulgence in a mirthful whim is no misuse of sentiment. We find great merit in John Sanderson, a vivacious, nomadic Pennsylvanian, and his "Sketches of Paris"; in Edward Everett's "That Gentleman"; in Dr. Samuel Gilman's "Essay on Postures"; John Neal's "Yankee Peddler"; Gulian C. Verplanck's "Major Egerton"; William Cox's "Steam Dream" and "Reveries about Oysters"; and in Theodore S. Fay's "Outline Sketch," or "The Great Principle."

Our applauded story-tellers have not scorned to delve in humor's golden-veined mine. Instance how James Fenimore Cooper, "substantially a New-Yorker, though accidentally born in New Jersey"—by his close intimacy with erratic man, schooled in nature's open book, on land and at sea—makes us acquainted with Dr. Sitgreaves, rugged Harvey Birch, Captain Jack, Wharton's black Cæsar, Long Tom Coffin, Trysail, Bob Yarn, and glorious Natty Bumpo. What crystal-pure wit, quaintness, and nobility in Leatherstocking! Nathaniel Hawthorne, too! As I read this clever analyzer of human thought and action, his exquisite sense of the tender, the loving, and the beautiful (heightened by rainbow streaks of life's mirth and hope and cheerfulness) outbalances all his weird philosophies, acutely wrought speculations, ghostly idealisms, and morbid intensity. There is humor unpolluted in "Sights from a Steeple"; sparklingly flows the town pump's rill; while glee, not grief, is permeating element of "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe."

Romance writing is much like bread-making; without its "little leaven that leavens the whole loaf," fiction becomes heavy, flat, tasteless. It is the humor, that merry Dr. Holmes could not keep out of his psychological story of *Elsie Venner*, which redeems the book. For

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sixty years this kindly "autocrat" has with silken ribbons held captive American hearts. There are in our brilliant kaleidoscope of native humor a few bits and baubles of rhyme comparable to the "One Hoss Shay" or "My Aunt," and quite as well known. Such are masterpieces singled from mediocrity by a keen-scented people. It is Albert Gorton Greene's ballad of "Old Grimes," and not his declamatory "Baron Rudiger," that keeps fresh our memory of one of Rhode Island's lawyer-poets. John Godfrey Saxe, the cheery-voiced Vermonter, who, in his clouded later life, was a stricken "melancholy Jacques," went "Riding on a Rail" straight into the loud-echoing arena of public applause. "The Smack in School" "'mid Berkshire hills one summer's day" caused William Pitt Palmer, son of a revolutionary soldier, to have thousands of admirers beyond his legion of veteran friends in New York's insurance offices. Francis Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" is heart and lip with millions who can see no special radiance in a poetic gem like "Dickens in Camp." A modest circuit lawyer in Maine's northern counties wrote two five-act tragedies that have been consigned to the morgue of American blank verse; but Nathaniel Deering's "Wreck of the Two Pollies" is a household chant among the fisher-folk of Penobscot, Gloucester, and Marblehead. An erudite Hebrew scholar, professor of biblical learning in a New York theological institution, which he liberally endowed, told us in mirthful couplets how he had received and enjoyed "A Visit from St. Nicholas." Clement C. Moore's international fame is thus inseparable from Christmas jollity. When "Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown, and peeked in thru the winder," James Russell Lowell nestled very closely to the sympathies of genial, rustic New-Englanders and big-hearted Americans everywhere. None of Will Carleton's* family shall ever go "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse"; for though "Betsy and I are Out," she hasn't foolishly "Gone with a Handsomer Man"; and we and our neighbors continue to esteem the only popularly accredited "sweet singer of Michigan."

Humor was a faithful servant when Halleck, Drake, Willis, Sands, and Morris "drove the jocund team afield." In his day, no wit was more of a local favorite than Robert Charles Sands. Among Knickerbocker *literati* he was known as the Hoboken humorist. He and the poet Bryant were close friends and comrades in their young manhood; in fact, Sands may now be called the old Sketch Club's electric light. From 1827 until his death in 1832, he edited the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. Nathaniel Parker Willis and George Perkins Morris were journalistic partners. Morris excelled as a song writer. He was the Thomas Haynes Bayley of this country. Halleck has been more fortunate in his fame than many of his brother verse writers; but it was "Marco Bozzaris," a stirring, liberty-breathing war poem, and not blithesome "Fanny," or other jingling gayety, that lifted him into a prominent niche. Several prose sketches written by Morris in comic vein amused a wide circle of readers. Chief among these trifles was "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots." Five-and-forty years ago society verse by Willis was much sought after. His "Love in a Cottage" is exceptionally fine. Its humorous definitions of Cupid's fashionable abode and chosen habiliments as contrasted with rustic courtship and a milkmaid's artless divinity are of spicy flavor, palatable as the choicest metrical vivacity offered by Austin Dobson, Frederick Locker, Charles Stuart Calverley, or Andrew Lang. In 1865 Willis told a young literary friend that he had never regretted compiling *Hurry-Graphs*, *Fun Jottings*, or *The Rag Bag*. His free-handed pictures of the odd and curious doings of amiable or unamiable people whom we all know at sight will repay a later perusal. From life's frothy, bubbling keg he drew the laughable portraits of Mrs. Passable Trott and Miss Albina McLush.

In my sketch of Royal Tyler he is named as founder of the dialect school of American humor. So far as the Yankee idiom is recognized, James Russell Lowell is its purest, truest exemplar. *The Biglow Papers* stand alone, *sui generis*, unequalled, void of coarseness, clear cut, and diamond bright. They exhibit the suburban Down-easter of the vintage of 1846—bombastic, self-sufficient, uncouth, natural. A mirth-loving Britisher had preceded Lowell; but "Sam Slick, the clock-maker," is neither home-bred nor thorough-bred. Thomas Chandler Hali-

* Mr. Carleton's portrait will be found in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1884.

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burton's characterization of a peripatetic Yankee merchant is undoubtedly entertaining, though far distant from truth's unerring camera. John Neal was more happy in his minor delineations of the ubiquitous, alert, eager-swapping road tradesman. So was Henry J. Finn. In by-gone years George H. Hill, John Frost, Seba Smith, George P. Burnham, Daniel Pierce Thompson, and other native humorous writers successfully postured in print, with the shrewd, garrulous, inquisitive, dickering New England villager as a perennial *buffo*.

Cloud and wind wise skippers, dogmatic Solons of the quarter-deck, storm-beaten forecastle veterans, the transplanted Yankee, rough Ohio and Mississippi river boatmen, veritable loud-voiced Hoosiers, the untutored, jovial frontiersman, the prairie scout, forest-hardened, weather-seamed mountaineers, the sun-basking negro, quaint and indolent pine-landers and degraded swamp-dwellers, have all supplied our literary comedians with unique characters. Requisition has been made on man and his beast, on the farm, the cross-roads tavern, the clearing, the Southern plantation, the logging camp, the backwoods settlement, the gold diggings, and even the Indian trail, for the types of animal creation, brute or human, that might surprise and amuse. In almost everything that lives and moves and has its outing, clownishness, merry sport, or latent fun is detected. The over-dressed, Thursday afternoon servant-girl on promenade, or her imminent sister, the kerosene lighter, is no longer mirth's exclusive target. In large American towns and cities newly arrived Germans, Irish, Chinamen, Italians, Turks, or Swedes take their turn (before ridicule's merciless quizzing-glass) with the travelled cockney, the "heavy swell," the painfully attired "dude," the incurable Anglomaniac, the shamelessly pilloried mother-in-law, the tailor-made girl, the snail-paced messenger-boy, and the erstwhile drowsy, now (*arrectis auribus*) sudden-heeled, emphatic, and devastating Georgia mule.

Sitting high-perched on the shoulders of eccentricity, caricature gibes at our social fabric, and finds elements of ribaldry in each layer thereof. It is far easier to scoff than to improve; much pleasanter to laugh than to be laughed at. The American paragraphic satirist is abroad in the land. His name is Swarm; his methods and merit debatable. While in squib or anecdote he is "short, sharp, and decisive," he is, nevertheless (and too often), thoughtless, abrupt, offensive, and cruel. Refined, delicate, stingless humor has mettle sufficiently attractive—in the airy nothings of life; in its affectations and snobbishness; its boudoir, drawing-room, or club-house extravagances; in brain vacuums and insipid sentimentality.

After 1825 there grew and strengthened with our national broadening a popular demand for the humorous pen-work of those (our observant, keen-sensed brothers) who saw us as outsiders did, and frequently more of our risible peculiarities. Adepts at hitting folly on the wing were Robert S. Coffin, known to the newspapers of sixty years back as "the Boston bard"; William Post Hawes (Cypress, Jun.); James Nack; Asa Greene; James N. Barker; Henry Junius Nott (Thomas Singularity); James Hall; Robert M. Bird, the novelist and playwright—a talented physician who wrote *Nick of the Woods*, *The Hawks of Hawk Hollow*, *Calavar*, and the Forrestian dramas of *The Gladiator* and *The Broker of Bogota;* Grenville Mellen; Richard Penn Smith, author of *Dydimus Dumps;* Timothy Flint; Mordecai M. Noah, who established the New York *Sunday Times;* James T. Austin; Augustus K. Gardner; John Inman; David Paul Brown, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia; Cornelius Mathews; Dr. John W. Francis, whose residence on Bond Street was long the haunt of New York's coterie of wits, yet remembered as the most jovial and worthy gentlemen of their time; William Leete Stone, the original "Lounger"; J. P. Ingraham; McDonald Clarke, the American Nat Lee; and Isaac Starr Clason, who gloomily ended a life of Bohemianistic frivolity in a London garret.

John Quincy Adams (1767–1848) was, upon occasion, quite proficient as a constructor of humorous verse. His "Wants of Man" shows it is possible for a President of the United States to enliven cabinets after he has appointed them. "Would you believe," exclaims De Witt Clinton in one of the *Letters of Hibernicus*, "that the man who pronounced that bombastic nonsense is passed off as a paragon of wisdom and an exemplar of greatness?" Yet neither John Quincy Adams nor Abraham Lincoln, with his parablic wit and illimitable fund of stories, could veracious-

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ly be referred to as a mere nonsense-monger.

Under the able editorial conduct of Lewis Gaylord Clark, the *Knickerbocker Magazine* became, and for a series of years bright in our literary annals continued to be, the type vehicle of the scholarly humorists of this country. Few of that radiant galaxy of writers are now living. Their names, once so prominent, still quicken the pulse of a dormant admiration. Willis Gaylord Clark, beloved twin-brother of Lewis, dying at Philadelphia in the golden summer of 1841, left *Ollapodiana* for our recreative hours. This volume consists of sparkling essays, anecdotes, and numerous serio-comic observations. The mirth of its author was pronounced by Evert Duyckinck to be "rollicking, exuberant in animal spirits, but always innocent."

Associated with the Clarks, or contemporaneous, came that line of modern merry men which immediately preceded the distinctively American school of Captain George Horatio Derby ("John Phœnix"), Charles Farrar Browne ("Artemus Ward, Showman"), Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), and a locust cloud of their disciples. In literature the *drôle de corps* has brief lease of fame; but, such as it is, that fame most effectually obscures his less ephemeral work. Long after he has ceased to play games with prose or verse, some delver after bits of epigram reveals to a new and applauding generation the fact that their dull-witted sires neglected a man of noble aspirations, original, forceful ideas, and the careless, light-hearted wearer of a priceless thinking cap. Samuel Sullivan Cox, wittiest of representative lawmakers, has briskly told us *Why We Laugh*. His political sobriquet of "Sunset" is a mockery of the effulgent rays of genius which have brightened the age-mellowed quarto pages of that universally acknowledged masterpiece of our national humor—*The Congressional Record*.

American journalism is strewn with the wrecks of quickly bankrupted Figaros. Among these speculations were *Yankee Doodle*, *Brother Jonathan*, *John Donkey*, *The Lantern*, *Shillaber's Carpet-Bag*, *Vanity Fair*, *Punchinello*, *Young America*, *Wild Oats*, *The Torch*, *Uncle Sam*, *American Punch*, *Chic*, *Flying Leaves*, *The Rambler*, *Gas*, *Snap* (Mr. Vallentine's recent short-lived bantling), and



NAT BURBANK.

Harry J. Shellman's *Wit and Wisdom*, an eclectic budget. Surviving and seemingly permanent institutions are the San Francisco *Wasp*, consecutively edited by Salmi Morse, of Passion Play notoriety, by Ambrose G. Beirce ("Dod Grile"), author of the *Little Johnny* sketches, and latterly by Frank Gassaway ("Derrick Dodd"); *Puck*, whose two chief editors, Sydney Rosenfeld and his successor, Henry Cuyler Bunner, a humorist of keen and delicate sensibility, gave to it, ten years ago, a phenomenal lead; *Judge*, founded (in 1881) by Frank Tousey and James A. Wales, now liberally conducted by William J. Arkell and his capable editor, Isaac M. Gregory; *Life*, a typographic mirror of "Touchstone" in black and white; *Time*, its youthful competitor, first known as *Tid-bits;* and *Texas. Siftings*, which also dates from 1881, giving more than a national prominence to the names of John Armoy Knox, Alexander E. Sweet, and their editorial associate, the veteran Alphonso Miner Griswold, "Fat Contributor" for three decades past. Taking cue from the comic weeklies, other papers gradually surrendered their column space to jocoseness and the bavardage of expert or imitative travestiers. The *Danbury News* and *Detroit Free Press* became household gods that usurped the thrones of Farmers' Almanacs, and sent them toppling from

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ALEXANDER E. SWEET.

their ivy-thatched "high eminence." Success begets rivalry. After 1876 much was heard of special family visitors, like the *Oil City Derrick*, on which Robert Wesley Criswell, sire of "Grandfather Lickshingle," and author of the *New Shakespeare* (1882), won his editorial, humoristic spurs; of the *Burlington* (Iowa) *Hawkeye*, Robert J. Burdette's auriferous fun mine; of the *Yonkers Gazette;* Cincinnati *Breakfast Table*, long the profitable mirth quarry of E. P. Brown; of *Peck's Sun*, a Milwaukee luminary; of the *Virginia City Enterprise*, identified with "Dan De Quille" (pseudonym of W. W. Wright) and Nevada's ripples of silvered merriment; of the *Norristown Herald*, made an echo in the land by John H. Williams ("B. Dadd"), one of *Vanity Fair's* best writers; of the *Turner's Falls Reporter*, a Massachusetts village monument to Cecil T. Bagnall's wit and merit; of the *New Orleans Picayune* and Major Nat Burbank's epigrammatic spice; of Frank Leslie's *Budget of Fun;* of the *Carson Appeal*, outlet of Sam Davis's raillery; of the *Laramie Boomerang*, *Solid Muldoon*, *Denver Hello*, *Tombstone Epitaph*, *Arkansaw Traveller*, *Jimpelcute*, *Chaff*, *Breeze*, *Saturday Night*, and *Sunday Morning*, and a hundred other sportive journals, which, like album friendship, though lost to print are to local vanity precious. Then the dailies, North, South, East, West, and criss-cross of our broad domain (with eleventh-hour acumen and lightning web-perfecters), engaged high and low priced "funny fellows," whose salaries and fitful fevers of popular triumph shall remain a most sacred confidence with their present Boswell. To-day the newspaper competition in illustrated and less glaring badinage is positively ominous. Humor (or what passes for it) not only permeates but actually saturates the bulk of America's wondrous type yield. The primitive artistic grotesqueness of David C. Johnston, Felix O. C. Darley, John McLenan, Henry L. Stephens, Frank Bellew, Thwaites, Dallas, Coombe, White, Jump, Sol Eytinge, Wales, Hopkins, Lumley, and other apt caricaturists of yesterday is more than rivalled by the nervous pencil touches and clever satiric conceits of A. B. Frost, Thomas Nast, W. L. Sheppard, C. J. Taylor, W. A. Rogers, Michael Woolf, E. W. Kemble, Thomas Worth, Kendrick, Coultaus, Thompson, Schell, Fred Opper, Palmer Cox, Zimmerman, Gribayedoff, Barnard, De Grimm, Hamilton, McDougall, and Verbeck. Two leading cartoonists (in color) are foreign-born. Joseph Keppler, of *Puck*, and Bernhard Gillam, of *Judge*, both at times superexcellent, scarcely need this introduction to my readers.



EDGAR W. NYE.

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Humoring a tenacious memory, I recall (of the period between 1840 and 1860) many native literary comedians of rare talent. Notable among these laugh-raisers were John G. Saxe, already referred to; Charles F. Briggs; Frederick William Shelton, author of the "Tinnicum Papers," "The Trollopiad," and "Up the River"; Henry Augustus Wise ("Harry Gringo"); Samuel A. Hammett; J. C. Hinckley; Henry H. Riley, whose "Puddleford Papers" are yet read; Charles Wilkins Webber; Francis A. Durivage ("The Old Un"); Frederick S. Cozzens, author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers"; Frank B. Goodrich ("Dick Tinto"); Hamilton C. Jones, who wrote the "Quarter Race in Kentucky"; Laughton Osborne; Philip B. January ("The Man in the Swamp"); Henry William Herbert ("Frank Forester"); John S. Robb ("Solitaire"); D. Corcoran; Charles Fenno Hoffman, famed author of the song entitled "Sparkling and Bright"; John Pendleton Kennedy; Madison Tensas; J. W. McClintock; Sol Smith, of theatrical anecdote celebrity; Danforth Marble; William Tappan Thompson, author of "Major Jones's Courtship"; Joseph N. Field ("Old Straws" and "Everpoint"); William Irving Paulding; Judge A. B. Longstreet, whose "Georgia Scenes" were widely popular; George W. Kendall; John B. Lamar, the vivacious describer of "Polly Peachblossom's Wedding"; George Wood, author of "Peter Schlemihl in America"; and Joseph C. Neal, "Charcoal Sketcher" of Philadelphia street life.

Continuing the retrospect, "auld acquaintance" is maintained with Epes Sargent; T. W. Lane; Johnson J. Hooper ("Simon Suggs"); T. A. Burke; Frederick Law Olmsted; G. M. Wharton ("Stahl"); John L. McConnel, a Western character writer of raciness and spirit; Albert Pike; J. Ross Browne; David H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"); Joseph G. Baldwin, author of "Flush Times in Alabama"; Thomas B. Thorpe; Robert Carlton; Edward H. Dixon; Dr. James S. Peacocke; A. Oakey Hall ("Hans Yorkel"); Edward Sandford; Herman Melville; John Keese; Jonathan F. Kelley ("Falconbridge"); Henry Perry Leland, author of the "Gray Bay Mare"; Elbridge Gerry Paige ("Dow Jr."); Mortimer M. Thompson ("Doesticks"), of comet-streaked reputation; William A. Carruthers; John Brougham; Henry I. Brent ("Dots"); Robert Howe Gould; Park Benjamin; William E. Burton; James Wright Simmons, a brilliant Carolinian; Pliny Miles; P. Hamilton Myers; Richard B. Kimball; J. L. H. McCracken; Charles Astor Bristed; and Thomas Dunn English, author of "Ben Bolt," and editor (in 1848) of *John Donkey*, a humorous paper before mentioned.



J. H. WILLIAMS.

The facetious vein of Charles G. Eastman was exquisitely developed in paragraphing and fugitive verse. He was a Vermont editor—like Saxe—and a cultured man, whose dainty quill fancies of forty years ago are now quite forgotten. Of his better known contemporaries were George Arnold ("McArone"); Nathaniel Shepard, a meteoric genius; George Denison Prentice, long time editor of the *Louisville Courier*, and a trenchantly witty paragrapher; Charles Graham Halpine ("Private Miles O'Reilly"); Henry Clapp, Jun., editor of the brain-weighted *Saturday Press;* Oliver Bell Bunce; John S. Du Solle ("Knickerbocker"); George W. Harris ("Sut Lovingood"); James W. Morris ("K. N. Pepper"); William T. Porter; D. O. C. Townley ("Alderman Rooney"); John E. Hatcher ("George Washington Brick"); Dr. S. S. Carroll; William North; George S.

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ROBERT H. NEWELL.

Phillips ("January Searle"); Fitz James O'Brien, whom a canteen comrade once toasted as "brightest and best of the sons of the morning"; Thomas Devin Reilly; Joseph Barbour; and Charles Gayler. Many of these gay-spirited writers, hearkening to the nation's drum tap in 1861, added to the martial enthusiasm by a patriotic outburst of song. Halpine and O'Brien stepped quickly to duty's bugle call, and served in the ranks.

Easily accessible is our recent war-time humor. It will be found gathered into various, attractive volumes, a large part of their contents being satirical verse. During this momentous, eruptive period Dr. Holmes (always good) was at his best. Dedicated to the "Stay-at-Home Rangers," his "Sweet Little Man," put the loyal populace in a titter. Acting upon petted society Adonises as the coarser-grained *McFingal* had in colonial days upon New England's tardy yeomen, this melodious, nettling javelin of wit drove many a perfumed, curly-locked tenderfoot into the regulation uniform of volunteer regiments faced toward the Potomac. David Ross Locke* ("Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby") and Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr") were newspaper exudations of 1860–1. They soon had many loud applauders. Published at Toledo, Ohio, Locke's journal bore a title that was grimly suggestive of those keen-edged, ironical, slashing utterances by and concerning bourbon-soaked Kentucky politicians which gave the "Confederit X Roads Letters" such wide circulation. In 1861, Captain Derby ("John Phœnix") died, with laughter's hushed sympathy paying its soulful tribute to a joker's exodus. Newell, already equipped, joined his literary fortunes with those of the Mackerel Brigade, and diverted thousands of readers in and out of the grand army. Never tedious, "Artemus Ward" became the nation's accepted Rabelais—in the spirit, not the letter of expression. His quaintness was innocent, and it yet remains unequalled. Somebody has commented on "calm American irreverence." If such be the most noticeable characteristic of our jesters, Charles Farrar Browne unconsciously wore his cap and bells. For nearly eight years he convulsed two continents. His humor lost none of its diamond glitter in a London fog. It was a continual surprise, a dazzling novelty. When, on the 6th of March, 1867, the curtain fell, at Southampton, in England, that sincere, brief epitaph pronounced by Hamlet on Yorick was impressively, tearfully, fittingly respoken.

That the "Nasby" satires were better in idea, composition, or effect, or that they were any farther known, than the "Jack Downing" political letters of thir-



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

* At the top of page 682, in *Harper's Magazine* for October, 1888, is a late portrait of Mr. Locke.

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ty years previous is questionable. But the confusing division of authorship between Seba Smith, of Portland, Maine, and Charles Augustus Davis, of New York city, robbed the latter of a renown that might otherwise have brightened the catalogues of our comic literature. It has been said of and for Mr. Davis that his "Jack Downing" is so much the stronger, and "goes so unerringly to the mark he intended to hit, that he can be almost forgiven for the way in which he appears to have deliberately appropriated Seba Smith's creation, and made it over for his own use."

There is one feature of American humor entirely distinct from any characteristic of which I have hitherto written. Hoaxing of the too credulous reading public has been nowhere so successfully practised as in this country. Richard Adams Locke, a mild-mannered editor, soberly proclaimed, in the summer of 1835, that Sir John Herschel, of astronomical fame, had made astonishing discoveries at the Cape of Good Hope with a new forty-two-thousand-power magnifier of the moon. Locke was minutely scientific and attractively vivid in his descriptions of lunar formations of basaltic rock (covered with dark red flowers), water, trees, plants, volcanoes, birds, animals, and life's higher orders. This narrative appeared in the New York *Sun*. The subsequently published pamphlet is nowadays harder to grasp than at that period the mountains and fountains of night's queenly silver orb seemed to be. Since Locke's time newspaper Ananiases have not been infrequent. "Eli Perkins" is grossly libelled when named with Chester Hull, the sensational journalistic fakir in San Francisco. The New York *Herald's* startling, bogus, half-column-head-lined story of the escaped menagerie at Central Park, and a Brazilian Monte Cristo wedding, detailed with reportorial gravity and precision in the New York *Times* (about 1874), are both classics of their simulative kind.

In the carefully winnowed thought granaries of George William Curtis, Donald G. Mitchell, William Allen Butler, Francis Bret Harte, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Dean Howells, J. T. Trowbridge, Josiah Gilbert Holland, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and Charles Warren Stoddard, humor and satire were ever trusty, cleanly flails. These writers



CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

plucked no advertisement or fraudulent notoriety from the nocturnal heavens; but, working manfully at their sanctum tables, in the day glare they tore the domino from smirking, hypocritical idealism, and showed modern American life purified and elevated by a heroic press treatment. Broader, more brusque, unrestrained, merrier, but always within the corral of honest, inoffensive phrasing, are Charles Dudley Warner, Frank R. Stockton, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and our blithe consul-canoeist, William L. Alden.

German dialect (or more properly the Rhine-landsman's "broken English") has also been illimitably utilized by our mirthful penmen. In 1868, Charles Godfrey Leland made it a literary stock in trade, and the "Hans Breitmann" ballads very speedily had buyers, readers, and imitators. Most successful after Leland was Charles Follen Adams, with "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," and similar crystals of Teutonic-faceted verse. These poems (cleverly illustrated by Sweeney, a Boston artist) still enjoy international favor. Joseph C. Aby's "Hoffenstein" sketches had a spurt of popularity; and "Carl Pretzel" (C. H. Harris, of Chicago) has not suffered either in pocket or pride by adopting this laugh-winning idiom. Another success cropped from a well-harvested specialty has been Julian Ralph's "Dutch Barber."

As portrayed by W. H. Levison ("Pro-

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OPIE P. READ.

fessor Julius Cæsar Hannibal"), the negro in American humorous literature was a metropolitan creation. His dark-skinned brethren in cotton and rice fields have had several faithful biographers. Irwin Russell's plantation fac-similes of life and frolic at "De Quarters" were perfect in ensemble, symmetry, and laugh power. Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus") is master of folk-lore in Georgia. His former editorial associate, Samuel W. Small ("Old Si" that was); Opie P. Read, of the *Arkansaw Traveller;* "Brudder Gardner," and his obstreperous *Lime Kiln Club*, at Detroit; and the pair of *Texas Sifters*—elsewhere named—have each proved that the freedman is one of the liveliest and strongest forces in our varicolored national caricature. Thomas Nelson Page, a young and gifted Virginian, has been particularly fortunate in analyzing the Ethiopic *vis comica.*

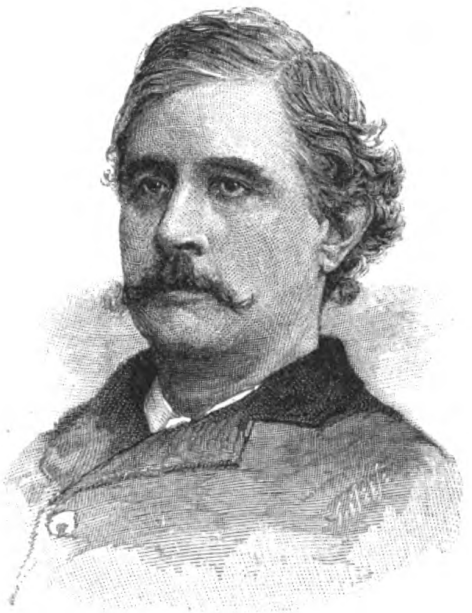
If Oliver Goldsmith (a humorist for all time) had been permitted to wander through modern Babel-tongued New York as he strayed through the vivacious, riotous, and crime-bloated Paris of last century, he would have reiterated his truism: "The people here are fonder of strangers that have money than of those who have wit." In this land and era a typical Rivarol does not fatten on prosperity's sunbeams. James M. Bailey, of the once mail-burdening *Danbury News*, gleaned his celebrity as a writer in six years. Yet he was a genuine humorist, and forced no smile at the cost of propriety. "Mark Twain" is the one man of all our newspaper harlequins whom Good Luck chose for its pampered idol. Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad"), salad-dresser of the *Detroit Free Press*, is still praised by a tenacious circle of admirers. His more recent work has a decidedly improved flavor. Robert J. Burdette, tiring of lecture halls, monotonous audiences, and long-distance, health-inroading professional engagements, generously divides his waning buzz of rip-roarious approbation between two mettlesome, cavorting, prankish steeds in the great American journalistic circus. Gratified readers and listeners encore "Bill Nye" and his Hoosier side-partner, James Whitcomb Riley, severally the Dromios of Laramie and Indianapolis.

Silver-haired, golden-spectacled, humane, Malapropian, and altogether delightful "Mrs. Partington," in the robust physique of Benjamin P. Shillaber, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, complacently reposes, at the green age of five-and-seventy years (now, June, 1889), on laurels that were fairly, squarely won. Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), enrolled with the paragraphic Grimaldis that were and are not, is missed all the more because his place yet remains unfilled. Such a heart-searching philosopher, or a speller of like method and graceless aptitude, is rare indeed.

Erstwhile familiar to American readers, it is only when he is in the vein that Major Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp") now seeks the ventilation of print. "Max Adeler" (Charles Heber Clark) has gone "Out of the Hurly-Burly" of active journalism, and industriously makes his "Random Shots" wherever he finds "Elbow Room" in more lucrative business channels. Melville D. Landon ("Eli Perkins") has resolved and re-resolved, but grins the same. Eugene Field, Henry Ten Eyck White, and Stanley Waterloo keep Chicago and the demesne thereabout bountifully supplied with the manna of mirth. Field's skilled hand abates none of its facile humorous cunning. Thomas Snell Weaver ("Job Shuttle") has little present leisure for "Sidewalk Studies." He is a busy, energetic pilot of one of Hartford's successful daily papers. Elijah M.

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Rewey, justly praised for type brilliancy, is doing better recompensed work. George L. Catlin ("Felis Oates") and George B. Goodwin ("Dennis Muldoon") are snugly ensconced as government representatives across the sea. Charles H. Webb ("John Paul") occasionally flashes with his old-school, dormer-window style of travesty. John Hay's "Little Breeches" were found to be shabby raiment when he and John G. Nicolay jointly contracted for the refurbishing of war memories in Lincoln green. Continuing his intimate acquaintance with "Pike County Folks," Edward H. Mott makes weekly draughts on the "Old Settler" for the delectation of numerous admirers. John Habberton (author of sketches more charming than *Helen's Babies*); T. H. Robertson, the rhyming "Beau" of Tennessee; Edgar Fawcett; Richard Kendall Munkittrick; Alfred Trumble; W. A. Croffut; Lewis Rosenthal; Thomas B. Chrystal, the giddy "Mercutio" of Hackensack; George W. Peck; William Drysdale, of the *New York Times;* W. J. Lampton ("Topnoody" and "Waxem"); Prentice Mulford, the eccentric cosmopolite; Fred H. Carruth, blown eastward by a Dakota blizzard; Edward S. Van Zile and John Kendrick Bangs (antical Manhattaners)—are writing steadily, humorously, profitably. Aspiring competitors throng on both flanks. The jester's talisman quickly changes from hand to hand.



J. M. BAILEY.

Samuel Anderson MacKeever, "a bright-browed youth of promise"; Marc Cook ("Vandyke Brown"); William Albert Wilkins, "Lait Justiss of the Peece" at Whitehall, on Champlain; "Jay Charlton" Goldsmith, loved of many; A. W. Kelly ("Parmenas Mix"); George T. Lanigan, jovial son of Æsop, and in verse a second Ingoldsby; Stanley Huntley, the father of peevish, interrogative Spoopendyke, an unpetticoated domestic Caudle; William Wallace Clark ("Gilhooley"), author of the *Frisbee Letters;* Dr. George W. Bagby, a cultured, facetious Southerner; Captain Roland Folger Coffin, gleeful sailor-man (Nantucket oracle) whose salt never lost its savor; Thomas W. Eichelberger, constitutional wag of Keokuk; P. H. Welch, inimitable in his line; and Stiles T. Stanton, the sprightly *Bulletin* marker of Norwich, in Connecticut—have passed into the eternal shadows.



BENJAMIN P. SHILLABER.

Still loitering here, others, who were once gay comrades, speak proudly, tenderly of each absent one's flare of fame, and tell their younger rivals

"How men were wont to burst with merriment,
And laud his wit to farthest skies—
He who wrote pungent things for multitudes,
Winning from deep despond all hearts to paradise."

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SOCIAL TARADIDDLES.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

MRS. GUSHINGTON (*aside to her husband*): "What a long tiresome piece of music that was—who's it by, I wonder?"
MR. GUSHINGTON: "Beethoven, my love."
MRS. GUSHINGTON (*to hostess*): "My *dear* Mrs. Brown—what *heavenly* music! How, in every *bar*, one feels the stamp of the greatest genius the world has ever known!"

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Editor's Easy Chair.

EVERY winter in New York now brings a constellation of college dinners. There are about four hundred and twenty-five colleges in the country, and the larger and more important of them maintain permanent clubs in New York. Talent and energy drift toward the great cities, and the associated alumni of a college organized into a club preserve and perpetuate the old feeling of comradeship which diffuses a glow of sentiment over a life that otherwise might seem arid.

If the dinners were mere festivities and roistering revels, they would still relieve the engrossing urban struggle for a livelihood. Good-fellowship, which, as at these dinners, is wisely restrained from undue excess observing perhaps the Baconian rule, and the "bold, bold, but not too bold," is a rejuvenating and restorative influence. It is, indeed, a debatable ground, that of the midnight feasts of youth, or of retrospective maturity. So cogent and persuasive have been the pleas for the good creature tobacco, and for the golden beakers of the warm South crushed from the vineyards of Tuscany and the Parthenopian slopes, that it is not difficult to bewilder one's self into a sense of duty in draining the cup and blowing the wreath in honor of Alma Mater.

But this, however pleasant, is not the sum of the significance of these annual dinners. There was never, indeed, such a dining city as New York. In London and in other capitals there are dinners of state, dinners of surviving guilds, dinners to noted persons, and political banquets. Thackeray's rollicking sketches of them, and of the fragmentary and hesitating eloquence of the unhappy orators who are sacrificed when the cigars appear, with his sly thrusts at the thin *menus* of such half-Barmecidian banquets, depict feasts which our sumptuous college dinners do not resemble. All the foreign varieties of the public banquet, indeed, are familiar to us. But the brilliant succession of New York dinners, at which, as a member of Parliament said two or three years ago at the annual banquet of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the dishes are as exquisitely cooked and served as hot as at the finest private houses in England, and the speeches are sparkling coruscations of humor and eloquence and aptness—all this is not known out of New York.

It is also new here. It is a comparatively modern "function," and really began with the New England dinner, which, at a time when there were famous orators in New England, summoned them annually by turn to speak in New York. The central ceremony of that society a generation ago, however, was the annual oration, of which the latest most noted illustration was the discourse of Rufus Choate, delivered at the old Tabernacle just below Leonard Street, on the eastern side of Broadway. It was the phrase in this oration, "they came to found a church without a bishop and a state without a king," which drew Bishop Wainwright into controversy. But that good prelate was not essentially pugnacious, and the most earnest polemic would not have driven him from the gay and hospitable board of the Pilgrims.

It was that part of the annual commemoration, the hospitable board, which at last became and has remained its crowning ceremony. Its persistence, the gradual passing of the sceptre of affairs in New York largely into Yankee hands, the bland audacity of the oratory at the dinner, which yearly asserts the continuing and triumphant ascendency of New England in New York, the presence of famous guests who were themselves illustrations of New England genius, statesmanship, and power, have all long supplied the example of a regularly recurring public feast which could be, and has been, generally and happily adopted by associations of every kind. The college dinner is its latest form, and none is happier or more popular.

Such annual and incessant feasts have naturally developed their own oratory, which is of a distinct type, very much modified from the elaborate oration or the grave occasional address of the older time. The modern dinner speech is a happy blending of sparkling banter, timely allusion, pleasant sentiment, and serious thought; compact, pointed, glowing, witty, earnest, and good-natured. The hour of the constant public dinner has brought its man in many forms, and if there was never better eating, as the Eng-

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lish guest gladly conceded, there was never better nor more suitable speaking.

And this brings the Easy Chair to its text which, however, the dinner speech wilfully discards, for the speaker is bent upon a certain object, which is not the elucidation of a toast, but the entertainment of the table, and under cover of entertainment to make his own point and clinch his own thought in the hearer's mind. If the speaker can once lay his spell, the wedding guest is held, and must needs hear the tale. Now the present text is, that the college club dinner, by stimulating college feeling and consecrating an evening to public homage to the college, refreshes in the public mind the significance of the college in American life. It gives the claims of the intellectual and spiritual life a chance to be heard even in Babylon.

The tendency of American life is to exalt material standards and material prosperity—a tendency of which the college truly discerned is the natural corrective. But the material tendency does not spare the college, and would gladly subdue it. It would mould it, if possible, into a mighty afreet to fetch and carry, to unlock mines, to level mountains, to extort the secrets of nature, and make them serve as the modern philosopher's stone to transmute every substance into gold. This is the tendency for the college to resist. It is not to be the slave of the earth, but the minister of heaven. Its great function is not to impart knowledge, but to stimulate intellectual and moral life. Its choicest revelation is not that of the useful resources of nature, great and indispensable as that revelation is, but of the spiritual resources of man.

The orators at the college dinner will naturally wrap themselves in the college colors, and proudly claim for Alma Mater, like the poet for the good bishop,

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven."

It does no harm. It is the lyrical fervor of loyalty. The Easy Chair knew in Switzerland a good English gentleman who always arose and removed his hat and stood still while the band played "God save the King." He was none the worse Englishman or man for that overflowing enthusiasm. It was not droll, for it recalled, not the snob of St. James's nor the cockney of St. Paul's, but the barons at Runnymede—where America began—and the signal at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty."

It is the loyalty to letters, to the humanities, to the spiritual powers, which the college dinner asserts in the splendid metropolis, roaring with material activity, that, crowning the feast, goes beyond the sparkling wit, beyond "the frolic wine."

THERE was never so costly a picture as the "Angelus" of Millet exhibited in this country. The throng of spectators was incessant. A procession of pilgrims was constantly ascending the stairs, and after wondering at the Barye bronzes, passing by easy gradations through ranges of other modern French pictures and of his own, it arrived at last at the curtained shrine of Millet's most famous work. It was very interesting and gratifying to behold the multitude, the carriages driving up to the door, the well-clad parties tripping in and out, the air of a reception or a levee which the scene presented, and, taking a turn on Madison Square, to reflect upon all this susceptibility of the great city to art, and its delight in a beautiful picture.

If, now, Thomas Cole could see this interest, and the fathers of the National Academy find a picture-gallery disputing the favor of fashion with the opera or Arnold's, if the brethren of the old Sketch Club could know that a picture was one of the topics of daily talk, and Thomas Bryan, weary of waiting for spectators of the old masters, were aware that a new master had taken the town, they would all have believed only because it would have seemed to them impossible. And, indeed, it was surprising even to us of to-day. Who would have supposed that there was so general a knowledge of modern French art among us, and that Millet's renown was so familiar that we should all flock on foot and in carriages to pay homage?

But how many of us observed the cynic who sat smiling, sometimes upon the landing of the first staircase, sometimes in all the rooms? How many heard or comprehended his extraordinary remark that it was "all a fad—a funny fad"? Could he have meant that most of the eager and pressing throng had never heard of Millet, and knew not an *Angelus* from a Bacchus? Could he have meant that the spectacle was not due to love of art, but to servility to fashion? Above all, could he have in-

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tended to insinuate that we were all the victims of an advertising genius before which Mr. Fulkerson would have been lost in wonder, love, and praise? In other words, was it all, so to say, an obverse of Joyce Heth, or the woolly horse with his head where his tail ought to be? Was the public sense Barnumbed so that, like those susceptible to the force of animal magnetism, we must do what the magnetizer willed?

Perhaps so. Perhaps it was a great speculation. Perhaps the picture which was carried up in the bidding at the sale in Paris to such a price that the news was dispersed through Christendom the next morning, suggested a financial enterprise. Perhaps a skilful development of that enormous advertisement brought New York to see the "Angelus" as it would have brought it to see any other prodigy. If that were so, the long procession of spectators was not that of devotees to a shrine, but of a crowd to a circus. The renown of the picture in that case was merely the notoriety due to ingenious advertisement. But whatever drew the crowd, the picture was there. Its beauty and effect were untouched by the motives of its visitors. If they were susceptible to its charm, they would not be less so because they had never heard of the picture or the painter, or because they merely followed the fashion in going to see it.

Whether it were a speculation or not, such an exhibition is a public benefit. Tiffany's beautiful wares and Gorham's exquisite work are not primarily designed for a public, but for a private advantage. But none the less the public shares it. The value of the material and of its elaboration is reimbursed to Tiffany and Gorham. But the beauty is beyond price, and belongs to every eye that sees it. The artificers are merchants driving a trade, but they are also public benefactors conferring an immortal delight. Benvenuto was paid for his cups and his vases, and for all the lovely richness of his handicraft. But who could pay him for his delicate grace of tracery? Who could requite Mozart for his imperishable melody?

The chief surprise of the "Angelus" was probably its size. Perhaps to those of us who did not know — and they were the great multitude — the large price suggested a large picture. Possibly also a great multitude, when they were reconciled to the size, sought its charm as honestly and hopelessly as Colonel Newcome tried to fathom the meaning of Clive's great work. The "Angelus" is a picture of the utmost simplicity. It deals with one of the primary sentiments—that of worship of the unseen. Its tenderness and gentleness are profoundly affecting. In general form and character of sentiment the "Angelus" is like another familiar picture of American origin—Boughton's "Return of the Mayflower." There also are the low horizon and plain landscape and two figures against the sky—the youth holding his hat in his hand, the maiden turned toward him, but both wistfully watching the receding sail. Both of them are pictures of deep and tender sentiment. Boughton's evidently and designedly so. But how far is this true of Millet's?

Did the artist intend the pure and poetic effect that he has produced? In his other works, through which we come to this, is there the same imaginative touch and seal? The acute eye, the faithful hand, the skill, are in all. But do they prepare us for the poetic charm of the "Angelus"? At the other end of the long room in which it hung there was a picture of two figures planting potatoes in a field, probably near Barbizon, where Millet lived. He saw that planting constantly in the spring morning, and he painted it simply and naturally, but not—or is it so?—with the eye of imagination, and with poetic intent and perception. Has the picture of the potato planting any of the higher quality which we seem to find in the "Angelus"? And yet why may not the "Angelus" have been but the painting of the same figures bending to the sound of the bell, instead of dropping the potato? The painter saw the one scene in the morning, and painted it; the other at sunset, and painted it. Was one the work of observation only, and the other of imagination? And is it merely our own romantic association with the vesper bell which makes one a study from life, and the other a glimpse of celestial Arcady?

Such questions are curious, but they do not affect the enchantment of the picture. One morning in the little village of Princeton, in Massachusetts, at the foot of Mount Wachuset, Hawthorne and a friend were looking at what was probably a very poor picture hanging on the wall of a country inn. "There is something very charming to me in that picture," said Hawthorne, "which I suppose is a daub.

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But I think that a painter is entitled to the credit of all the good things that anybody finds in his picture."

It is a doubtful canon. But how glad that excellent amateur, Sir George Beaumont, must have been, that in his picture of Peel Castle after a storm Wordsworth found the suggestion of his noble poem, and

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

THESE are very precious words of Lovelace:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

And Francis First's message to his mother after Pavia, "All is lost but honor," is in the same key. Yet honor has been as much travestied as liberty, and the crimes committed in its name are as many. Falstaff's is a sharp antistrophe: "What is in that word honor? What is that honor? Air." But for that whiff of air how many noble lives have been sacrificed!

Alexander Hamilton knew his own time, and he decided that his refusal of Burr's challenge would be regarded as cowardly, and destroy his prestige and influence. We may say that a morally greater man would nevertheless have dared to refuse it, but we must also consider that Hamilton knew the popular estimate of his own standard of life, and would naturally test his conduct by that standard. He was a soldier and a man of the world of the eighteenth century. Dr. Nott, the echoes of whose famous sermon on Hamilton's death still linger in tradition, might have declined to fight and been justified. He was a clergyman, and popular feeling excused him from resorting to the field of honor. But it is very doubtful if it would have excused Hamilton.

He might have urged that Burr had no right to make his demand. But Hamilton knew that he had spoken most strongly of Burr, and he knew that Burr knew it. He thought Burr an unprincipled and dangerous fellow, and he said so plainly. But there was the familiar preface to Hamilton's explanation of the charges against him as Secretary of the Treasury. Could he take the lofty height of moral principle? Or could he stand upon the technical punctilio of the duel? His honor, by which he meant the consistency of his life and the standards that he acknowledged, seemed to him to allow him no alternative, and he was slain by the necessity of what is unquestionably a false sense of honor.

A man's honor, in the sense that we may attribute to the lines of Lovelace, is his most precious possession. But it is something which is wholly in his own keeping, and is not at the mercy or whim of another. He can soil it, but except himself the whole world cannot smirch it. If a man had told Dr. Channing that he lied, or had dashed a glass of wine in his face, the honor of Dr. Channing would still have remained unsullied, not because he was a minister, but because of a reason which is equally applicable to all other men—because of his moral rectitude and courage. That a ribald tongue railed at him for lying when he had spoken the truth could not affect him except with pity or wonder. Even if the charge were true and he had told a lie, he would, indeed, have soiled his own honor, but the railer would not have touched it.

This view assumes that honor is something else than notoriety, which in turn is something very different from fame or character. Notoriety is current familiarity with a man's name, which is given by much mention of it arising from any kind of conduct. Reputation is favorable notoriety as distinguished from fame, which is permanent approval of great deeds or noble thoughts by the best intelligence of mankind. But honor is absolutely individual and personal. It is conscious and willing loyalty to the highest inward leading. It is that quality which cannot be insulted. This is the sublime instinct of which Lovelace sings. I could not so much love thee, Lucasta, purest of the pure, if I did not love purity more. *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.*

The ordinary talk about honor is a parody of this spiritual loyalty. A man seizes another by the nose at a public table, or he slaps his face in the street, or he tells him in the sacred precincts of the club that he lies, or he posts him as a coward, or he insults his wife or daughter—such a man invites summary retaliation, and he generally gets it. But there is no question of honor involved. "Suppose your nose pulled at the opera," said a gentleman at the club, discussing the ethics of honor—"your nose, you know," he said,

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with horror, and unconsciously holding his own forward—"what could be a more unspeakable insult?" "Yes," answered his protagonist; "but does a man carry his honor in his nose?" Nature has provided instincts and weapons for the defence of our noses. But she has not made the nose the citadel of honor, nor has she left honor at the mercy of a sot who may choose to drench it with wine.

There was a quarrel the other day between two men, one of whom had said that the way in which the other had done something was not the way of a gentleman; the other replied that he would not stand being called ungentlemanly. There was a closing and grappling, and then one whipped out a pistol and began firing at the other, who took to the street, and most naturally but inconsiderately dodged behind innocent citizens in the street to avoid the bullets. The pursuer fired as opportunity served, while the pursued dashed into a hotel to borrow a pistol to return the broadside. Stanley might have seen such a performance in the Mmjumbo regions on the shores of Lake Nyanza or the banks of the Zambesi, but what had it to do with honor? Is that what Lovelace loved more than Lucasta? Is that what King Francis—more's the pity if this were the thing—did not lose at Pavia?

It is a truth to be carefully cherished that honor in the high and true sense is solely in our own keeping. To be dishonored is not to have your nose pulled, but so to behave that it deserves pulling. But, Alcibiades of the clubs, remember that it is not the pulling which makes the dishonor.

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

And Cassius also says what bears a very different interpretation from that which he designed:

> "Well, honor is the subject of my story.
> I cannot tell what you and other men
> Think of this life; but, for my single self,
> I had as lief not be, as live to be
> In awe of such a thing as I myself."

Fear of yourself, fear of your own rebuke, fear of betraying your consciousness of your duty and not doing it—that is the fear which Lovelace loved better than Lucasta; that is the fear which Francis, having done his duty, saved, and justly called it honor.

THE fraternal feeling of the newspapers is very touching. As the ardent republicanism of the French *sans-culottes* a century ago showed itself in the careful address of *citoyen* to every Frenchman—an address implying that sublime equality which the cringing "monsieur" did not denote—so the newspapers, as their brotherly love continues, call each other, carefully and fondly, our esteemed contemporary. One such contemporary in a neighboring city recently remarked that New York society slavishly imitates—perhaps it said apes—English habits and manners, and it implied plainly that the society of New York abounded in what it described as English dudes, a being who is becoming very much like the dodo of our earlier geographies and natural histories, a remarkable bird undoubtedly, but extinct.

There are some amusing figures which are seen occasionally in the street, cheerfully enlivening the promenade, and stimulating a feeling of gratitude as to public benefactors of that kind, which recall *Punch's* young men in the fashion of the gentlemen of the nursery Noah's ark. The harmless entertainment which they afford is greatly heightened by the knowledge that they are sometimes taken by the rural philosopher as representative youth of the city. Perhaps the philosopher may have been misled by the fable of the Four Hundred. Yet, if there were such a sacred band, the amusing youth in question would be rather parodies and burlesques of the younger masculine contingent of the Four Hundred. They would hardly be of the actual elect, because a certain restraint and moderation of costume and appearance are generally characteristic of that choice circle.

In his great treatise upon clothes, Herr Teufelsdröckh, as our esteemed contemporaries will remember, quotes Pelham as the highest authority upon the subject, who announces that it is permitted to men under certain conditions to wear white waistcoats. This imposition of conditions is characteristic of the sacred circle. "Above all no zeal" is its motto. Dudism or dandyism is zeal. It is excessive, and therefore it does not distinguish the circle, but only its satellites and imitators. Elongated coats and collars and enormous sticks and finical regard for the way of carrying them are extravagances and extremes into which the true quality never fall. They are the affectation of

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drawling hesitation, instead of the almost imperceptible languor of tone which marks the initiated. The dudes are entertaining, but they are not what the rural philosopher sometimes assumes; not the substance, but fungi and excrescences.

And is it true that what is called society, of which the members are felicitously described as "society people," is inclined to imitate English methods and manners? To the esteemed contemporary who makes this remark, let us say, in the words of the sarcastic retort to the stranger who said that he did not exactly like American women, "If you mean what you say, will you try to say what you mean?" Are not good manners very much the same everywhere—in a drawing-room in London or in New York? Are not the vulgarity and ignorant ostentation of wealth the same in England as in the United States? In what essential particulars does the British "swell" differ from the American? When certain articles of dress or convenience are better made in England, they are wisely preferred here. But the general "dressing" of the American lady is not thought to be inferior to that of her English sister, and the tone of her toilet is more of Paris on the Seine than of the Paris of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

The absurdities and follies of both societies are much the same. They deserve the lash of the pen of Juvenal, if somebody has found it. But no Juvenal could scourge our Four Hundred more stingingly than Thackeray scourged those of his own London. The social snobbery that consumes the Briton is comparatively little known among us. The innocent little dandies are butterflies too frail for the wheel, and whatever may be our just causes of censure and rebuke, it is not one of them that we ape English vulgarity or extravagance, but that, like certain rich English, certain rich Americans are vulgar and reckless.

The disposition to sharpen our taunts at domestic folly by linking it with a foreign name that we dislike is familiar, but it is a little childish. It is like the old political trick, as old as our national history, of branding opponents as an English party. A heated American might try to add blackness to opprobrium by denouncing an opponent as a British lackey, or a policy which he did not like as a British policy. There are good rural philosophers to this day who doubtless suppose that there are American statesmen and orators in the pay of the Cobden Club. But it is only a "scare," like the Irish night in London, or Mumbo Jumbo, or the story of fifty years ago that antislavery people were stipendiaries of Exeter Hall. We are quite old enough to maintain unwise policies of all kinds without being paid for it by foreigners, and to have our own vices as well as virtues. We have, in truth, come of age, and can go alone.

It is time to lay away the English bugaboo with the old lumber. There is, perhaps, no such thing as international sentiment. But if we have any real friends in other countries, it is in England, among a people of our own race and tradition, from whom we are descended, and to whom we owe those things of which we are proudest. We have fought her hard, and we may perhaps say with just pride that we have not been beaten. Certainly now less than ever should we fear from any reason of apprehension to fight her again. There is consequently no further use for the bugaboo. It has seen a great deal of service, and is well battered and used up. Liberty and parliamentary government and the habeas corpus are no worse for being English, and we are no worse for being largely descended from Englishmen.

But England is really not responsible for the absurdities of our society. They are wholly our own.

Editor's Study.

I.

TO realize God in the minds of men as He has always somehow been realized in their hearts; to possess the intellect of the precious truth of Him in place of its ever-worthless question of Him; to bring Him home to us in terms sensible to our knowledge as the power, the goodness which works in us hitherto and evermore, a very present helper against ourselves; to discover Him to us as the service of the meanest, as sacrifice, as suffering, as meek-

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ness, as the love within the law: this has been the effort of the author whose book, called *God in His World*, comes to us without an author's name. It is a book which may chance to meet the worst fate, and fall from the vague curiosity which people feel about the matters it deals with, to the indifference which they also feel; but we do not believe this is likely to happen. To the Jews a stumbling-block and to the Greeks foolishness, such a book must be. It will probably be buffeted about between Jew and Greek as a piece of obstructive and ridiculous mysticism; but it will not be so with those who come to it with singleness and directness, without dogmatic or sophistical preoccupation; or as they would to a poem. A poem, in fact, the book is, and in great measure one should keep one's self in the mood in which one reads a poem, if one would get the good of it. At times, the appeal which it addresses to the reason through the affection may fail to reach it; something seems left, at times, to apprehensions almost as subtle as those which seize a musician's intention; and the poetic quality is always there in the most intellectual moments. Certain conditions must be made for the right enjoyment of the literary form of the book; and the reader must indulge the author in his archaic present tense, which we confess goes sometimes to make his inner seriousness mere quaintness outwardly.

But we should give a wrong notion of an important book if we left the reader to suppose something wholly or mainly rhapsodical from what we have been saying. The rhapsody in it is the emotion breaking psalm-like from the intense conviction; and the poetry is the flower of the involuntary growth of a life into the light. The work differs from all other modern interpretations in having no structural endeavor in it. The author would gladly have you of his thinking; but after the passages of his impressive introduction, he wholly drops the office of controversy. His book is a growth, not a building; a tree, not a temple. You shall sit in its shelter, and eat of its fruit, and welcome; but there is nowhere that you shall be locked in, and be kept, if you would rather be going your way. Yet it abounds in evidences of a learning, and of a wide knowledge of what others have found in search of truth; it is clearly the work of a scholar as well as the work of a poet; of a scholar who is always too much a poet to be saddened or broken by his acquirements; and whose intuitions have not been put to death that his analytic powers might flourish in abnormal activity.

Christ, and His life and His words, are the first and last authorities for the truth with this poet; but he finds that measure of the truth which every generous mind must find in all the prophets and all the religions. The early Aryan beliefs and the Vedic hymns; the Hellenic development of faith and its mysteries; and the decay of these in the hard fixity of the Roman civility, are passages of the race-history that take new meaning under the light he throws upon them, and that fitly lead up to the spacious moment when the cross was lifted in supreme significance on Calvary. The author deals attractively with the facts of empires and civilizations which embody the revelations, but he never forgets that the revelations are the great matter, and that their eternal, not their occasional, effect is that to be verified. His studies, therefore, even of the beginnings of Christianity have this look to the ends of Christianity, and in recognizing the socialistic republic which sprang up among his followers from the precept and example of Jesus, he makes us see that it arose not from any civic ideal, but from that unselfish love of the neighbor without which we can never again have the kingdom of heaven on earth. But the correspondence of the Word to Nature, and the divine traits in Nature and in Christ, are the things on which he lays weight, that he may make us feel how the creative care for the creature—

"La somma sapienza è il primo amore"—

forever incarnates itself in the universe, and unites the divine with the human whenever one man desires unselfishly to befriend another.

We touch at a few points the meaning of the book as it expresses itself to us. It seems to us a book that will have more and more meaning for those whom life has prepared for it, by loss, by trouble, by despair. We should not suppose it would convert or convince any one who was of another way of thinking; perhaps it would repel and confirm such a one in his own thinking; very likely he would feel no need of it; and we fancy the author would be the last to blame him for

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his aversion, or to be vexed by it. Experience, the whole of what we have known up to a certain time, not the process of logic, is what prepares us for the reception or rejection of this postulate or that; the heart must be touched before the brain can be reached; but to those who have shuddered in the void and darkness of sorrow, this book, which has its foible as well as its strength, but which is so earnest and brotherly, will bring hope, and may bring faith in a God who is always in His world, very near at hand, and so approachable that whenever we go wholly out of ourselves we can find Him, not only in every wretchedest fellow-being, but in the meanest thing He has made.

II.

> "Gods,
> To quench, not hurl the thunder-bolt; to stay,
> Not spread the plague, the famine; Gods indeed,
> To send the noon into the night, and break
> The sunless halls of Hades into Heaven"—

this is the prescience of the Divine to succeed the old terror, the old caprice, which lifts the lament of Demeter for Persephone out of despair at last, in that great new poem which Tennyson has given the world; and this is the faith which breathes in the book we have been speaking of, and which stirs in every human soul, however mutely. One must feel the presence of this larger hope in nearly all the poems of the laureate's volume; one might say that it formed the dominant note of its most noble music. The highest reach of Tennyson's poetry was always in its impassioned spirituality; the human tragedy, or the human comedy, rising so high above its mortal source as to catch the light of Heaven, and flash into supernal meaning. "Demeter and Persephone," "Vastness," "Forlorn," "The Leper's Bride," "Romney's Remorse," "Parnassus," "By an Evolutionist": one is aware of the same quality in them all, which will not let doubt remain doubt, and still less despair remain despair, but transmutes them into a trust of the goodness over all, the mercy that endureth forever, the wisdom that knoweth our frame, that remembereth we are dust. It is a natural piety that supremely befits the aged poet, and that gives dignity to all he says, and that can help those who have always loved his song because this piety has always been its inner voice. If this were the last work Tennyson should give us, it seems to us such work as he might well be willing to let be his last. Every life is a fragment; it is broken off always and never rounded to a close; something in it is still left unfinished. But in most unusual degree the poems of this volume summarize the qualities of all Tennyson's poetry. The opening strain of the lament for his son's death that recalls "In Memoriam"; the "Demeter and Persephone," which belongs with that group of classic pieces which "Ulysses" was perhaps the first of; "Owd Roä," with its reminiscence of the "Northern Farmer"; "The Ring," and "Romney's Remorse," which bring back all he has done in drama and idyl; "The Throstle," with the lyrical gush of a score of matchless songs in it; even the stanzas on the "Jubilee of Queen Victoria," with their fresh proof of how well and ill a great poet can sing when he sings officially: they all suggest, without repetition, the turns, the accents, endeared by life-long association, the earlier manner and the later manner, the divers tones and the one clear harp. It is as if the poet said to the world, "Here is a thing I think you will like, if you liked 'Morte d'Arthur'"; or "The Miller's Daughter"; or "The Two Voices"; or "The Talking Oak," or this or that; and then sang something that put the world in mind of any or all of these without being either again. The world, enamored of that perfect voice, which seems to have grown in no wise thin with years, could listen forever, glad of any strain that recalled any other. Once he does give us, in "The Progress of Spring," a song really of that old time which was the young time, and we listen with a pleasure mixed with wonder that he could have withheld so lovely a thing so long in any manner of doubt of it. There is a lesson of the highest value, however, in this reticence, this patience, though we marvel at it; and we could well commend it to poets who cannot keep back any part of their youth till they are elderly men. Yet, perhaps we should be the losers; there is a simultaneity in moods which keep poet and reader in rapport, and now or never is a good motto for both. We would rather have Tennyson remind us of his youth in his age than give us of it. In what he does now the art is mellower, the thought richer than in what he did then, beautiful as all that was. But if some younger

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readers of his verse cannot agree that he is better now than when he was young like them, no one can deny his supreme mastery in his kind,

"As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

III.

It is giving one's self as queer a sensation as one well could in all literature to go from Tennyson's "Demeter" to Browning's "Asolando": from that crystal lucidity to this opaline blur of mists and lights; from those clear parables and allegories to these riddles and conundrums; from those lines and phrases distinct, direct, errless in point and aim, to these crabbed interrupted interruptions, parentheses, interjections, backings and fillings, crisscrossings, gasps, hiccoughs; from that bass-relief in polished marble to this mosaic turmoil of a thousand fragments. The old exasperation with the man's freakish wilfulness, the old worship of his strength, mingles with the old wonder at his flashes of divination and the range of that self-knowledge which is the knowledge of others; and as you read you feel that this poet too has epitomized his work, and left his last book as a witness of his whole intent in poetry. It is forever too late to criticise or characterize it, even if he had not always been doing that himself. At any time, no doubt, it was ridiculous to attempt the censor's idle office upon him, though many fools and wise have done it; and all that one can say now is, This was the make of the man. These facts, these features of his poetry may be faults or they may be virtues, but they are certainly the literary expressions of traits in the man himself, and his poetry is no more to be extricated from them, or was ever to have been, than the man was ever to have been extricated from his characteristics. The question is, how much or how little was there of the man; in this smoky splendor, this turbid fume intershot with flame, how great is the flame that gives off so great fume? Time will come soon enough with his chemic tests; he comes dreadfully soon; and long before Browning is dust the world will know how much of him was thought, and how much mere thrill, impulse, guess, vagary. But even when this is known, the form in which the truth is wrapt will remain, and those whom it stupefied and those whom it enraptured will keep their quarrel over it; and one who found all dimensions of grandeur in "The Ring and the Book," and none but flatness in "The Inn Album," will be of his divided mind about the poet of both. What is certain is that Browning appears never to have been more thoroughly Browning than he was when writing the pieces that go to make up his last book. It has the effect of being thrown down at the feet of Time, or perhaps flung at his head: a defiance, a gage of battle, a challenge to him to do his worst on one who was so intensely, immensely, immutably himself. In nothing is it little; for good or bad it is huge; the very wilfulness is vast; and whatever the poet intended by this or that, there is no question but he intended his meaning to come to the reader in this or that form. It might not be so very strange if after all the most valuable thing that Browning was found to have done for poetry was to take from it the literary pose and diction, and make it take the attitude and speak the dialect of life.

IV.

The attitude and dialect of life are what chiefly delight us in the achievement of a Western poet and humorist who calls himself "Ironquill"; but it is a life which would have been inconceivable to Browning, perhaps, though we are not sure he would have disliked it if he could have imagined it. We who have somewhat known it, here in the New World, recognize in the poetry of "Ironquill" the natural carriage of the-man-let-loose, and the natural language of his let-looseness; though we hasten to reassure the reader that this language which we have called the dialect of life is not a more or less factitious Southwestern parlance, but the ordinary more or less newspaperized English of our day. What gives it especial quality and truth in the verse of "Ironquill" is his humor and his poetry.

"I'll wear Arcturus for a bosom pin,"

is the bold menace or promise of his title-page, and he goes far to keep it. He can be colossally fatiguing as well as colossally amusing; but he can be nothing on a small scale; and his fun is of a coolness and grimness which seem the play of surface moods in a Titan. Of the whole range of it we can give no just idea by quotation, and we think we can best

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prepare the way for some of it by copying one of his serious pieces; for the fooling of a fool is not very funny, and we all like to be assured that the fooling we enjoy is that of a man who is not a fool.

FEAR YE HIM.

I fear Him not, nor yet do I defy.
Much could He harm me cared He but to try.

Much could He frighten me, much do me ill,
Much terrify me, but—He never will.

The soul of justice must itself be just:
Who trembles most betrays the most distrust.

So plunging in life's current deep and broad,
I take my chances,—*ignorant*—unawed.

Now we think we may safely intrust the reader with a fable which "Ironquill" calls

ZEPHYR ET CANINE.

Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bird-pup played,
And that foolish canine bayed
  At that zephyr in a gay,
  Semi-idiotic way.
Then that zephyr in about
  Half a jiffy took that pup,
  Tipped him over wrong side up,
Then it turned him inside out,
  And it calmly journeyed thence
  With a barn and string of fence.

When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
  The disorders of a gale,
Act upon the well-known law:
Face the breeze but close your jaw.
  It's a rule that will not fail.
If you bay it in a gay,
Self-sufficient sort of way,
  It will land you, without doubt,
  Upside down and inside out.

This poet is a sort of reversed Omar Khayyam; that is, his darkest hour has the rosy tint of dawn in it: his fatalism is Occidental, not Oriental.

WHIST.

Hour after hour the cards were fairly shuffled,
  And fairly dealt, but still I got no hand;
The morning came, but I with mind unruffled,
  Did simply say, "I do not understand."

Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources
  The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt.
Blind are our efforts to control the forces
  That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled,
  But still I like the game and want to play;
And through the long, long night will I, unruffled,
  Play what I get, until the break of day.

The secret of America is here; and one gladly allows a man who can be so wise his horse-play with the mystery of nature:

On the shores of Yellow Paint,
  After winter, cold and chill,
When the spring-time strikes its focus,
By what magic hocus-pocus
Come the primrose and the crocus
  On the meadow and the hill?
Whyfore buds the hamamellis?
Whyfore twining up the trellis,
Whyfore from the painted lattice,
Does the columbine peep at us?
  If you'll answer this, I'll fill
You with ardent spirits gratis.

But only "Ironquill," taken in his whole book, can give any just notion of his own let-looseness; and as the book is probably not to be found at the polite Eastern book-stores, we will whisper the reader that he can get it of the Kellam Book and Stationery Company, Topeka, Kansas. When he has got it he may learn how tiresome the author can be in some of his pieces, and how unutterably delightful in others. We will mention among those which have given us the most redundant satisfaction, "Hic Jones," "A Romance," "Neutralia," and "The Medicine Man"; and from this last we will copy a passage in taking leave of the poet. It is a physician who speaks, after prolonged failure to find practice in Kansas:

"There is something in this country that I do not understand;
Working, scheming, trade and business, lively lawsuits, labor, land. . . .
Day by day a man keeps working just as happy as a clam,
If he only has the cash to buy a lawsuit and a ham.
Only yesterday I saw a man I thought would surely die;
He had got a compound, comminuted fracture of the thigh.
Aching but a half an hour or so, the leg declined to swell,
He poured cold water on it, and the next day it was well.
Then he worked six hours that afternoon, and ere the sun went down,
He got into a lawsuit with the fattest man in town.

Now and here I pack my little trunk. By vum! I wouldn't stay
In climates where a man gets old, dries up, and blows away." . . .
Shortly after this a mule-train from the westward coming slow,
Camped beside the raging Paint Creek, with the doctor on the go.
An old army mule that evening, after supper, just for fun,
Kicked and broke the doctor's arms and legs, and all his ribs but one.
This old mule would make a hero for a romance or a song;
When the drums beat and the bugles sounded battle loud and long,

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He enlisted in the army, and he helped to pull a train
Up the mountains, down the valleys, through the sunshine and the rain;
And right well he served his country, for he knew where duty lay;
He could live for weeks on end-gates, when they wouldn't give him hay. . . .
Lightning struck him, cannon shot him, but he never failed or flunked;
Danger left him as it found him, undiscouraged, undefunct;
And in all my army service I have never seen a mule
With a keener comprehension of the educated fool.
He would spot a man instanter if he overheard him speak
About Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Correlation, Force, or Greek.
He would work and watch in silence, and look sheepish day by day,
One eye closed in meditation, till that man got in his way;
Then that person's friends were lucky if they did not have to make
A collection of their comrade with a basket and a rake.

V.

From far New Zealand comes a little volume of *Themes and Variations*, by Mrs. J. Glenny Wilson, who does not write so well at all times as she does now and then. But it is both a poet and a painter that can make such a picture as this:

High in her little rose-clad room, niched in the winding stair,
My lady sits and looks abroad on the wind's thoroughfare. . . .
The circling landscape underneath glows through its misty veil;
The thunder-cloud against the wind beats up, a blackening sail.
The sea, that shone like silver scales, fades, tarnished by its breath;
The shaking poplar turns her face as in a wind of death.
Still half the fields return the sun, still laughs the running wheat:
The bird sings on,—one sheet of flame! And now the thunders meet!

Mrs. Wilson is sometimes so good that one wonders why she should not always be very good. She varies not only from poem to poem, but from verse to verse, as if the piece came from a genuine but inadequate impulse of feeling, of fancy. For good or for ill one feels no such inequality in the poems severally or wholly that make up Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's new volume of poetry, which she calls *In the Garden of Dreams*, but is sensible of a constant firmness of artistic motive increasing to such mastery as has been sought in her faithful work from the beginning. This is not saying that we like it all; it is often too stressfully subjective, perhaps even generally so; but when one comes to such a sonnet as this, one must be slow to deny that the writer could fail of the highest effect she aimed at:

SISTER SORROW.

I found her walking in a lonely place,
Where shadows lingered and the day was low;
She trod a devious path with footsteps slow,
And by the waning light I scanned her face,
And in its loveliness beheld the trace
Old tears had left and woes of long ago;
Then knew she I was kin to her; and so
Stretched forth her chill, soft hand with welcoming grace.
Now I walk with her thro' her realm of shade;
I hear gay music sound, and laughter ring,
And voices call me that I knew of old,
But of their mocking mirth I am afraid:
Led through the dusk by her to whom I cling,
May I not reach some blessedness untold?

Among the things that Mr. Walter Learned has (not always) said so gracefully, so lightly, so charmingly, so sincerely, in *Between Whiles*, there is none said so wisely, justly, kindly, as this, which he supposes himself to have written on a fly-leaf of *Manon Lescaut:*

To you whose temperate pulses flow
With measured beat, serene and slow,
The even tenor of whose way
Is undisturbed by passion's sway,
The tale of wayward love may seem
The record of a fevered dream.
And yet we too have that within
To make us what our kind have been.
A love more strong, a wish more faint,
Makes one a monster, one a saint;
And even love, by difference nice,
Becomes a virtue or a vice.
The brier that o'er the garden wall
Trails its sweet blossoms till they fall
Across the dusty road, and then
Are trodden under foot of men,
Is sister to the decorous rose
Within the garden's well-kept close,
Whose pinioned branches may not roam
Out and beyond their latticed home.
There's many a life of sweet content
Whose virtue is environment.
They erred, they fell; and yet 'tis true
They held the mirror up to you.

VI.

If we were master to strike any such bargain with fame we would not give being the author of one of Mr. Aldrich's beautiful sonnets to be the author of many "Wyndham Towers," however skilfully architected, and finely fretted over with prithees and sooths, anons and wots, beshrews and bethoughts. Yet we could cull many passages from the poem to show it was a fine poem; and no one need deny it is so because he likes another piece of the poet's work better. At the same time

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it does not seem to us always wrought with his happiest fortune. Such a line as

"Poet, soldier, courtier, 'twas the mode,"

makes us uncomfortable, and such a fancy as

"A dark, inexplicable blight
Had touched her, thinned her, till of that sweet earth
Scarce more was left than would have served to grow
A lily"

makes us more than uncomfortable.

In another place the poet says,

"Off shore a buoy gleams like a dolphin's back
Dripping with brine, and guards a sunken reef,"

which is altogether fresh and lovely. But he adds,

"Whose sharp incisors have gnawed many a keel,"

and that is not lovely, however fresh. Yet to what end do we make our little strictures? If we know at all the heart of authorship, those incisors are the very last thing the poet would give up. But here is a magnificent painting of his that there can be no possible dispute about with any who love nature or art:

Black lay the earth in primal blackness wrapt
Ere the great miracle once more was wrought.
A chill wind freshened in the pallid East
And brought new smell of freshly blossomed foam,
And stirred the leaves and branch-hung nests of birds.
And the slow dawn with purple laced the sky
Where sky and sea lay sharply edge to edge.
The purple melted, changed to violet,
And that to every delicate, sea-shell tinge,
Blush-pink, deep cinnabar; then no change was,
Save that the air had in it sense of wings,
Till suddenly the heavens were all aflame,
And it was morning.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of February.—President Harrison made the following nominations: January 30th, Robert Adams, Jun., Minister to the United States of Brazil (confirmed by the Senate February 11th); February 10th, Charles Emory Smith, Minister to Russia.

The Sioux Reservation in South Dakota was opened to settlers by the proclamation of President Harrison February 10th.

The Direct Tax Bill passed the United States Senate January 28th.

The Ohio Legislature elected Calvin S. Brice United States Senator January 15th.

E. R. Wilson was re-elected United States Senator by the Maryland Legislature January 14th.

The Legislature of West Virginia declared, February 4th, that Judge A. B. Fleming was duly elected Governor in November, 1888.

The tripartite treaty between Great Britain, Germany, and the United States respecting Samoa was ratified by the United States Senate February 4th.

A government decree establishing civil marriage in Brazil was promulgated January 26th.

A new Spanish cabinet was formed January 20th, with Señor Sagasta as Premier.

The Socialist Bill was rejected by the Reichstag January 25th.

General J. Chinchilla was appointed Captain-General of Cuba February 7th.

The young Duke of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France, was arrested in Paris February 7th, for violation of the Expulsion Law. He was convicted under the law February 12th, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. A motion to repeal the act of banishment was lost in the French Chamber February 10th, by a vote of 328 to 171.

DISASTERS.

January 13–14*th.*—A tornado swept over a portion of Missouri, Ohio, and Kentucky, killing eighteen people.

January 27*th.*—Recent advices report three thousand deaths from cholera at Khorassan, Persia.

February 3*d.*—Residence of General Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, at Washington, D. C., destroyed by fire. Mrs. Tracy killed by jumping from a window, and Miss Mary Tracy suffocated. French maid burned to death.

February 4*th.*—One hundred persons reported drowned by a cloud-burst on the Yang-tse River, China.

February 6*th.*—One hundred and ninety miners killed in a mine explosion at Abersychan, England.

OBITUARY.

January 14*th.*—In London, Robert Cornelius, Lord Napier of Magdala, aged seventy-nine years.

January 17*th.*—In Jersey City, New Jersey, Peter Henderson, horticulturist, aged sixty-six years.

January 19*th.*—In Turin, Italy, Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta and ex-King of Spain, aged forty-four years.

January 22*d.*—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, Professor Francis Bowen, aged seventy-eight years.—In Philadelphia, Adam Forepaugh, showman, aged sixty-nine years.

January 24*th.*—In Woodstock, West Virginia, Harrison H. Riddleberger, ex-Senator of the United States, aged fifty-five years.

January 26*th.*—In Odessa, Russia, General Feodor Radetzki, hero of the Shipka Pass, aged sixty-nine years.

January 29*th.*—In London, Sir William Withey Gull, M.D., aged seventy-three years.

February 4*th.*—In San Lucar, Spain, the Duc de Montpensier, son of the late King Louis Philippe, aged sixty-five years.

February 5*th.*—Near Washington, D. C., Stephen Platt Quackenbush, Rear-Admiral U.S.N. (retired), aged sixty-seven years.

February 7*th.*—In Havana, Cuba, Manuel de Salamanca, Captain-General of Cuba, aged sixty years.

February 8*th.*—In Rome, Cardinal Giuseppe Pecci, brother of the Pope, aged eighty-two years.

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Editor's Drawer.

FOREIGN critics have apologized for real or imagined social and literary shortcomings in this country on the ground that the American people have little leisure. It is supposed that when we have a leisure class we shall not only make a better showing in these respects, but we shall be as agreeable—having time to devote to the art of being agreeable—as the English are. But we already have a considerable and increasing number of people who can command their own time if we have not a leisure class, and the sociologist might begin to study the effect of this leisureliness upon society. Are the people who, by reason of a competence or other accidents of good fortune, have most leisure becoming more agreeable; and are they devoting themselves to the elevation of the social tone, or to the improvement of our literature? However this question is answered, a strong appeal might be made to the people of leisure to do not only what is expected of them by foreign observers, but to take advantage of their immense opportunities. In a republic there is no room for a leisure class that is not useful. Those who use their time merely to kill it, in imitation of those born to idleness and to no necessity of making an exertion, may be ornamental, but having no root in any established privilege to sustain them, they will soon wither away in this atmosphere, as a flower would which should set up to be an orchid when it does not belong to the orchid family. It is required here that those who are emancipated from the daily grind should vindicate their right to their position not only by setting an example of self-culture, but by contributing something to the general welfare. It is thought by many that if society here were established and settled as it is elsewhere, the rich would be less dominated by their money and less conscious of it, and having leisure, could devote themselves even more than they do now to intellectual and spiritual pursuits.

Whether these anticipations will ever be realized, and whether increased leisure will make us all happy, is a subject of importance; but it is secondary, and in a manner incidental, to another and deeper matter, which may be defined as the responsibility of attractiveness. And this responsibility takes two forms—the duty of every one to be attractive, and the danger of being too attractive. To be winning and agreeable is sometimes reckoned a gift, but it is a disposition that can be cultivated; and, in a world so given to grippe and misapprehension as this is, personal attractiveness becomes a duty, if it is not an art, that might be taught in the public schools. It used to be charged against New-Englanders that they regarded this gift as of little value, and were inclined to hide it under a bushel, and it was said of some of their neighbors in the Union that they exaggerated its importance, and neglected the weightier things of the law. Indeed disputes have arisen as to what attractiveness consisted in—some holding that beauty or charm of manner (which is almost as good) and sweetness and gayety were sufficient, while others held that a little intelligence sprinkled in was essential. But one thing is clear, that while women were held to strict responsibility in this matter, not stress enough was laid upon the equal duty of men to be attractive in order to make the world agreeable. Hence it is, probably, that while no question has been raised as to the effect of the higher education upon the attractiveness of men, the colleges for girls have been jealously watched as to the effect they were likely to have upon the attractiveness of women. Whether the college years of a young man, during which he knows more than he will ever know again, are his most attractive period is not considered, for he is expected to develop what is in him later on; but it is gravely questioned whether girls who give their minds to the highest studies are not dropping those graces of personal attractiveness which they will find it difficult to pick up again. Of course such a question as this could never arise except in just such a world as this is. For in an ideal world it could be shown that the highest intelligence and the highest personal charm are twins. If, therefore, it should turn out, which seems absurd, that college-educated girls are not as attractive as other women with less advantages, it will have to be admitted that something is the matter with the young ladies, which is

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preposterous, or that the system is still defective. For the postulate that everybody ought to be attractive cannot be abandoned for the sake of any system. Decision on this system cannot be reached without long experience, for it is always to be remembered that the man's point of view of attractiveness may shift, and he may come to regard the intellectual graces as supremely attractive; while, on the other hand, the woman student may find that a winning smile is just as effective to bring a man to her feet, where he belongs, as a logarithm.

The danger of being too attractive, though it has historic illustration, is thought by many to be more apparent than real. Merely being too attractive has often been confounded with a love of flirtation and conquest, unbecoming always in a man, and excused in a woman on the ground of her helplessness. It could easily be shown that to use personal attractiveness recklessly to the extent of hopeless beguilement is cruel, and it may be admitted that woman ought to be held to strict responsibility for her attractiveness. The lines are indeed hard for her. The duty is upon her in this poor world of being as attractive as she can, and yet she is held responsible for all the mischief her attractiveness produces. As if the blazing sun should be called to account by people with weak eyes!

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

INCONSTANCY.

I KNOW a maiden full of wiles,
  And fair beyond the range of art;
Her interchanging frowns and smiles
  Make sorry havoc with the heart.

What she hath done I dare not say;
  But pause before you breathe your scorn;
You would not blame an April day,
  And she I sing is April-born.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

CONFIDENCE IN THE OLD HORSE.

THE little son of General Crittenden was devoted to his father's war-horse, that was named for the illustrious John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, the child's grandfather. He asked his father to tell him of a retreat he made during the war, but at a certain point said, "Father, were you on John J.?" Being answered affirmatively, the youngster slid down from the paternal knee, and was toddling off as fast as his little legs could carry him, when his father said,

"Where are you going, my son?"

"Father," he said, turning and showing a face full of reproach, "John J. never would have retreated if you hadn't turned him 'round."

This same boy grew to manhood, and died with his face to the foe with Custer and his men on the Little Big Horn.

WITH BISHOP ASBURY.

AMONG Bishop Asbury's useful preachers was the Rev. Jesse Lee, a pioneer Methodist in New England. As he rode out of a Massachusetts town on a Monday morning, having preached there twice the day before, he was overtaken by two lawyers, who, riding on either side of him, began to question him in a flippant way about his extemporaneous manner of preaching.

One of them said, "As you never write your sermons, but speak off-hand, don't you often make mistakes?"

"Sometimes," said Lee.

"What do you do then?" said the sprig of the law.

The preacher, shrewdly suspecting the occupation of the men who were trying to make game of him, answered: "If the mistake is an important one, I always correct it; if unimportant, I let it pass. For example, if I were quoting the passage, 'The devil is a liar,' and by a slip should say a lawyer, I should not attempt to mend it."

"I wonder if the fellow is a knave or a fool?" said one of the barristers to the other.

"Judging from appearances," retorted Lee, "I should say I am just between the two."

They spurred their horses, and left him to jog on alone.

On a Sunday afternoon Mr. Lee was preaching in a country meeting-house. The weather was warm, and a number of persons remained in the yard entertaining themselves with talk which could be heard through the open windows, while many of those in the congregation were drowsy—some fast asleep. Rapping the book-board with his fist, the preacher, raising his voice, said, "I will thank the friends in the yard not to speak so loud; their talk may disturb the slumbers of the brethren in the church."

There was no more conversation outside nor sleeping inside the church that afternoon.

Another of Mr. Asbury's famous preachers was the Rev. James Axley, whose field of labor lay mostly in the Southwest. He was one of the delegates to a General Conference which sat in Baltimore about seventy years ago, and was appointed to preach in a church in the city where the people had the habit, when they rose to sing, of turning their backs to the pulpit, and facing the choir in the front gallery. Axley was amazed at this breach of good manners, and as he read the next two lines of the hymn (the style in those days) he turned his back to the congregation and faced the wall. The singers in the gallery began to laugh, the people on the floor turned to see what was going on, and when the preacher knew that they had all faced about, he exclaimed: "Well, what do you think of it? It's as good-looking a back as any of yours, isn't it?"

The congregation in that church have faced the pulpit ever since. W. H. MILBURN.

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DISTURBED HIS REST.

WIFE. "Great heavens, John! There were burglars in the house last night!"
HUSBAND. "I know it—about two o'clock. The idiots made so much noise that I couldn't sleep."

AN AWAKENING.

A BOOK of mine at auction! There it is,
  Named in the catalogue. By Jove! I'll go
Down to the sale, if I can leave my biz,
  And hear my brain-work bid upon, and so

Give treat unto my vanity. I'll see
  How high the estimation people place
Upon the little volume writ by me.
  I hope my blushes will not burn my face.

* * * * * *

I kept my resolution. Yes, I did.
  And, oh, how sorry am I now I went!
Upon my work there came a single bid.
  'Twas mine. I got the book. The tax—one cent.

CARLYLE SMITH.

A PROPER COMPENSATION.

TWO Harvard youths, making a pedestrian tour in the Scottish Highlands, were in the habit of stopping at small farm-houses and asking for milk, the charge for which was invariably a penny a glass. Calling one Sunday at a romantic-looking cottage in beautiful Glen Nevis, they were sourly received by the cotter's wife; and though the milk was supplied, the proffered twopence was refused, with a solemn admonition as to the impropriety of such doings on such a day. The collegians were turning away with a courteous word of thanks, when the woman made her meaning clear. "Na, na!" she cried; "I'll no' tak' less than saxpence for br'akin' the Sawbath!"

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SWEETHEART ROBIN.

Interlocked boughs of the hawthorn hedge,
How barely your brown twigs glisten!
What! have your blossoms forgotten their pledge?
Is it not May-time? Listen!
Surely I heard a bluebird sing,
And smelt the breath of the clover.
[What is the word he was whispering—
Whispering over and over?]

Daffadowndilly, how late thou art,
Thou spring-time's earliest comer!
The gladness of summer is in my heart,
And on my cheek there is summer,
Thrilling me through at the bluebird's call,
As the sun when it kisses the clover!
['Gainst my cheek did a sunbeam fall?
Ah, why was he bending over?]

Petals of white from the hawthorn-tree
Over the lush grass blowing;
Light is my heart as your breezes be—
Why, surely it cannot be snowing!
A moment ago the dream-soft skies
Arched above fields of clover!
[Why did he look me so full in the eyes?
And why did my head droop over?]

I know that I heard a bluebird's call;
[That word for a whole heart's hushing!]
I know that I felt a sunbeam fall;
[Ah, what on my cheek was brushing?]
The sky showed never a sign of rain;
[His eyes—he was bending over!]
And I know, though I walked in a winter lane,
I smelt the breath of the clover!

Charles Washington Coleman.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON'S CLUB.

Everybody who lives in Santa Barbara (writes a recent visitor to that spot), and almost everybody who visits it, knows Captain Dixie Thompson. He is one of the oldest residents; he came to the coast somewhere in the early forties as a little boy with his uncle Perkins, who was a ship-master, and had previously commanded the *Pilgrim* on the voyage in which Dana experienced his *Two Years before the Mast*. He has been here ever since; has had the shrewd Yankee wit to keep hold of his early acquired property, and has, in the course of years, become a man of large means. When an old friend asked him the other day how he managed to keep all his property in spite of the boom, he replied, "You know we old-timers always consider that when land gets above a dollar and a quarter an acre we had better keep our hands off. It's too risky for us old fellows." That is a sound policy, without doubt, for men who have anything to lose.

Neither increase of years nor increase of wealth has changed Captain Dixie; he is the same genial, kindly, and charming Dixie who won the affections long ago of the early comers; a good citizen, a helpful friend, and a delightful companion, full of the peculiar humor of the early Californians. He is not only an admirable man, but after living many years in seemingly contented bachelorhood, he one day went home to his mother State of Maine and brought back with him a wife, who is a stately and beautiful woman, and a charming addition to the society of Santa Barbara.

Well, all this about Captain Dixie Thompson is needful to enable you to appreciate the importance of a social improvement of which he is the author. Captain Dixie is, to all appearance, the man of most leisure in all leisurely Santa Barbara. He and his horses and carriages are always at the service of a friend. But while he seems to be the idlest of men, he is, in fact, an extremely capable business man who has many irons in the fire—tills much good land, has horses and cattle and pigs of the best breeds on many hills and in several rich valleys, and keeps all his affairs running in good order. Still, he is an easy-going not a bustling man of business. And it is just here that his social contrivance comes in: he has judged it expedient to form a club.

"You see," said he, the other day, to an old friend, "the boys don't always see me around, and sometimes they try to take a little advantage. I find a fellow who don't haul half a load for me while I am paying for a full load; another one who gives me short measure; or another who does not do what I have told him. I hate to scold; and as they all deny when I accuse them, and I can't be telling men that they are lying to me, I thought I'd just establish a Liars' Club and bring them all in. It is now in good, healthy operation. We don't call it the Liars' Club, of course; we speak of the Club. But when I catch a man trying to 'do' me, I just tell him that I'll have to make him a member of the Club.—Oh, how do you do, Mr. President?" said Captain Dixie to a well-known character just then passing by.—"He's the President of the Club, you know," he added. "Here's Pancho, now; I told him the other day I would have to make him a member of the Club if he didn't look out. I guess he'll get in yet. It's a very flourishing Club, and more useful, I guess, than some others."

Don't laugh, my dear Drawer. I believe Captain Thompson has struck an admirable idea, and one which might well have wide application. Don't you suppose the material for such a club exists, for instance—not here in New Haven, of course, but over in New York, say, or perhaps in Washington? Think it over. The Drawer has always taken the lead in great moral and social improvements. I leave it to you.

AN IMPROMPTU.

A Miss Wise having married a Mr. Young, there was born to the couple a son whose resemblance to his mother was thus immortalized in rhyme:

You have your mother's bonny face,
A joy to all beholders;
Ah, yours should be a winning pace
Who've Wise head on Young shoulders.

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"CHARGE OF CUIRASSIERS AT THE BATTLE OF REZONVILLE."—From the painting by Aimé Morot.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXX. MAY, 1890. No. CCCCLXXX.

SOME MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

"Qu'il soit donc permis à chacun et à tous de voir avec les yeux qu'ils ont....Dans tous les arts, la victoire sera toujours à quelques privilégiés qui se laisseront aller eux-mêmes, et les discussions d'école passeront comme passent les modes."—GEORGE SAND.

I.



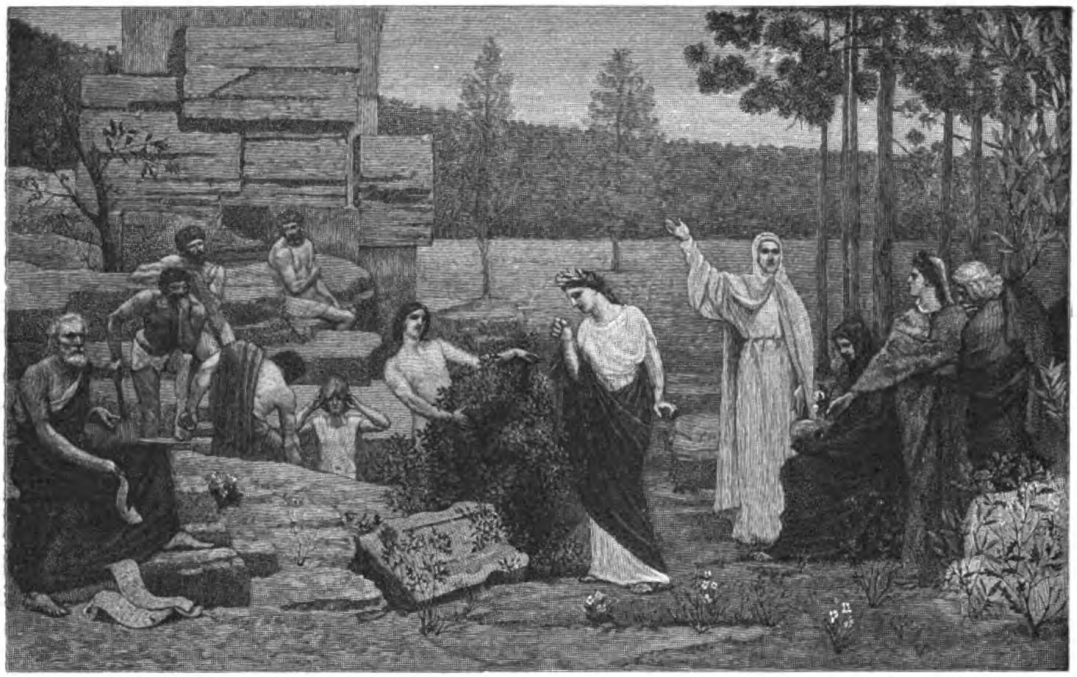
WHETHER in the annual Salons, compared with analogous exhibitions in other countries, or whether at great universal shows like the recent Paris Exhibition of 1889, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the pre-eminence of the French painters, by the general high average of their talent, by their superior skilfulness of execution, and, above all, by the energy, the variety, and the sincerity of their vision. Preceding epochs of French civilization have left us in their pictures a somewhat abstract image of men and things. Modern French democracy will leave in its painting a portrait of itself which will be precise and absolute, for that which evidently most interests the French painters and the French public at the present day is living life, nature, reality, modernity.

And the modernity aimed at is not that which is constituted by clothing a figure in a coat instead of in a toga or a tunic, but that which consists in a physiognomy, a muscular development, a habit of body which reflects the states of soul, the moral peculiarities, the conditions, struggles, and hierarchies of life, the moral *intimité* of a theme or figure. This modernity we find expressed with the utmost intensity in certain pictures and drawings by MM. Degas and Raffaelli, and that, too, without the aid of scenic arrangements, attributes, or accessories, but simply by means of the implacable rendering of characteristic gestures and attitudes, of the perfect harmony of the figures with their natural surroundings, and of the subtle sensation of moral atmosphere which they evoke. Amongst the portraitists, landscapists, and genre painters, when we compare their works with those of the past, we notice an endeavor to give more refined æsthetic realizations of sensations of nature. In the genre pictures again we remark a tendency to depict scenes of real life, more especially of the life of the humble—of the peasants, of the workers at trades—so that the collective productions of these painters will form for posterity a vast museum of moral and physical documents, as it were, a material and psychological iconography of the end of this troubled nineteenth century. We may even be tempted to regret that the representation of the meaner aspects of reality largely predominates in the compositions of contemporary French painters, at the expense of that which is grand, refined, delicate, or exquisite.

To analyze the moral tendencies of contemporary French painting, to set forth the modifications of vision and of ideals which have come to pass within the last thirty years, to characterize even briefly the aims and talents of the most prominent amongst the French painters, would be an agreeable undertaking; but unless the subject were treated with considerable development it would scarcely be intelligible, much less edifying, to the general reader. In presence of the multitude of things that appeal to the attention and interest of the men of to-day, simplification and elimination of all that is unnecessary are imperative. With the rivalries and discussions of schools the general reader

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ALLEGORY OF THE SORBONNE.—I. EXTREME LEFT: HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY.
From the painting by M. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes.

has no concern; from the influences and suggestions of passing fashion it is less easy for him to escape; nevertheless it will be our endeavor in the following pages to neglect entirely conventional opinions and current estimations, and to speak as concisely as is consistent with clearness of the talents and works of a chosen few contemporary French painters whose personality or whose achievements have given them absolute distinction. Such men are MM. Puvis de Chavannes, J. C. Cazin, Degas, Raffaelli, Aimé Morot, Élie Delaunay, Dagnan-Bouveret.

II.

M. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, although little known to the public of picture gazers, or to those for whom painting represents a combination of calligraphy and house furniture—a signature, a gilt frame, and some color on a canvas—has accomplished tranquilly, but not uncontested, the grandest and most considerable work of the present century. His mural paintings are distributed in monuments situated in different towns of France. In the museum of Amiens are the vast compositions "Concordia" and "Bellum," executed in 1861, "Labor" and "Rest" (1863), "Ave Picardia Nutrix" (1865), "Ludus pro Patria" (1882), and four symbolic figures of heroic size—the whole forming the magnificent decoration of the walls of the staircase and the grand gallery of the museum. In the staircase of the museum of Marseilles are two vast frescoes, "Massilia, the Greek Colony," and "Marseilles, the Gate of the East" (1869). In the town-hall of Poitiers are two frescoes, "Charles Martel, Conqueror of the Saracens," and "Saint Radegonde at the Convent of the Holy Cross" (1875). In the Pantheon at Paris are frescoes of colossal size representing the life of Saint Geneviève, the patron saint of the city (1876). Besides these compositions we must mention "Doux Pays" (1882), a decorative panel for the staircase of M. Bonnat's house; the "Bois sacré cher aux Arts et aux Muses," "Vision antique," "Inspiration chrétienne," and two figures of the "Rhone" and the "Saône" (1884), forming the mural decoration of the staircase of the museum of Lyons; and in the grand amphitheatre of the new Sorbonne the vast allegory of the "University," which is reproduced in our engravings. Besides these works, which vie in importance with the frescoes of the old Italian masters, we may note several pictures—a "Retour de Chasse" (1859), now in the museum of Marseilles; "Le Sommeil" (1867), the "Decapitation of

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St. John," and "Mary Magdalene in the Desert" (1870), "Hope" (1872), "Summer" (1873), "The Prodigal Son" (1879), the "Pauvre Pêcheur," "The Mower," "Women at the Sea-shore," "The Grief of Orpheus." To describe all these compositions would be fastidious and useless. Let us rather select the allegory of the Sorbonne, so that the reader may complete the impression of our indigent prose by the vivid image of the engraved reproduction.* In an Elysian landscape, whose smooth lawns are bounded by a belt of trees, the allegory is developed in the foreground, which is divided into three compartments by the distribution of the trees, the rocks, and the irregularities of the soil. In the centre, under a screening canopy of trees, the old Sorbonne is seated, draped in robes of monastic cut, and having at her sides genii bearing crowns and palms, symbolizing homage to the glory of the living and of the dead. Eloquence, laurel-crowned, stands erect, and with impressive gestures celebrates the battles and conquests of the human mind. To the right and to the left are groups representing the different kinds of poetry, crowned with laurel wreaths and draped in antique style, some holding inspired converse, others meditative or wrapt in dreams, all graceful in form and posture. One of these Muses is particularly suave and tender in silhouette, namely, the one to the spectator's left clad in mediæval white robes, with a long pendent hood over her head and her hands folded on her knees. From the rock beneath these groups, in the centre of the fresco, issues a vivifying spring, where youth drinks with avidity and age acquires new vigor. The compartment on the left is reserved for History and Philosophy. A group of figures symbolizes the struggles of Spiritualism and Materialism in presence of Death, the one, clad in monastic costume, asserting itself by a gesture of ardent aspiration, the other, draped in a rich red embroidered robe, pointing to a flower as the expression of terrestrial joys and of the successive transformations limited to matter. The second group, arranged against a background of antique masonry, consists of figures engaged in excavations, and represents History interrogating the past, which is figured by fragments just exhumed. The third compartment, on the right hand, is devoted to Science. The first group after the Muses is composed of Botany—which has furnished the artist with a pretext for a fine study of a back—the Sea, Zoology, and Mineralogy, whose riches, strewn on the ground, excite the wondering admiration of some young students. Other students are grouped in front of a statue of Science, and the composition is terminated by three young men absorbed in the solution of a geometrical problem.



ALLEGORY OF THE SORBONNE.—II. LEFT CENTRE.

* The original fresco forms a continuous picture occupying the whole breadth of the vast amphitheatre of the new Sorbonne. The limits of our pages have obliged us to divide the composition into four parts in order to engrave it adequately.

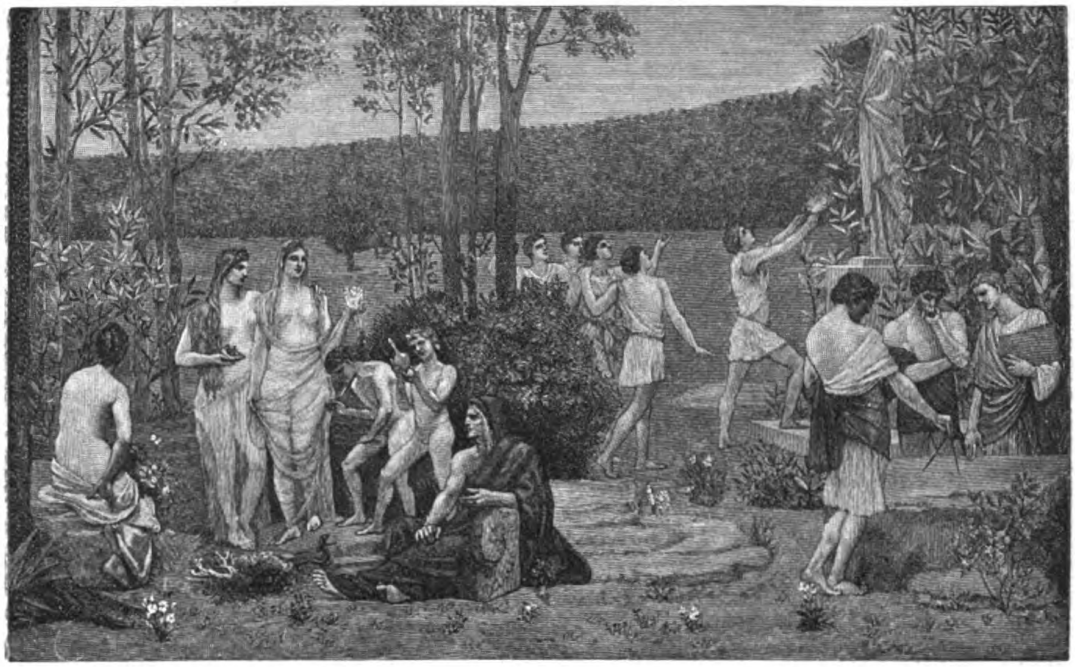
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ALLEGORY OF THE SORBONNE.—III. RIGHT CENTRE.

It may well be imagined that it is no easy matter to arrange in lucid and charming order the forty-four figures which form, as it were, the words of this band of symbolic writing. What can be the genesis and process of evolution of such a composition? To ask the artist himself is like asking the poet to analyze his inspiration. The question is more than indiscreet. Nevertheless one morning, in the austere studio in the Place Pigalle, we ventured to speak with the master about the formula of his art, and to inquire by what stages he reached this pure plastic expression, this visionary harmony of abstractions, as if realized in dreamland. At first, M. Puvis de Chavannes told us, after the commission of decorating the hemicycle had been intrusted to him, he passed through a period of despair. The subject was the Sorbonne, a personification of the soul of the University of Paris, and the longer he thought over it, the more arid it seemed. He even wrote a letter giving in his resignation, and he was on the point of putting it into the post-box when he met a friend. "Here," he said, "is a letter which will take a great load off my mind. It contains my resignation. I give up the Sorbonne fresco." His friend protested, begged him to reflect, saying, "Give me the letter, and if after three days from now you are still in the same mind, I will return it to you, and you shall post it." M. Puvis de Chavannes agreed, gave his friend the letter, and went back to his studio, where the idea suddenly came to him of representing the Sorbonne as the Muse of Science. The seated figure, with the soft blue cloak so daintily embroidered, her folded arms, her sedate pose, serene, impassible, mysterious, was the starting-point of his dream, which soon became peopled with other figures and groups. For months and months the master went on making from his living models quantities of studies of various poses, attitudes, and gestures, accepting, according to his habit, the happy suggestions of chance, but always correcting them by reason. M. Puvis de Chavannes is not a painter who thinks, but a thinker who paints. He starts from some moral abstraction condensed in a title such as the Sorbonne, or as in his other compositions, "War," "Peace," "Labor," "Picardia Nutrix," "Ludus pro Patria,"

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ALLEGORY OF THE SORBONNE.—IV. EXTREME RIGHT: SCIENCE.

and then he proceeds to seek figures and surroundings that will conduce to the incarnation of his subject, which is always fixed in his mind more or less clearly before he attempts to materialize it. The consequence is that his observation of reality is reflex; he turns to nature for harmonies and for information, as a writer might refer to a dictionary; his painting is a means of exteriorizing his conceptions; as an excellent critic, M. de Fourcaud, has put it, he proceeds intellectually by successive mental operations of invention and appropriation. In a composition like the Sorbonne everything is reasoned. It is impossible to work otherwise, M. Puvis de Chavannes will tell you. The happy touch of a sketch cannot be enlarged to scale and reproduced in the definitive picture. The significant gesture, the harmonious attitudes, the equilibrium of the whole composition must be sought and worked out patiently and logically, just as if the fresco were an architectural composition. Thus, if we trace a line following the tops of the heads of the figures in the Sorbonne, it will be found that this line describes a series of curves that are in themselves graceful. So each group in itself has a charm of contour of its own, and at the same time forms a subservient element in the grace of the whole. So, day by day, the composition grew, and at length it appeared complete, without the artist himself being able to remember precisely the stages and processes through which his thought had passed; and then the cartoon was ready to be exhibited at the Salon of 1887.

This cartoon, on which the figures were drawn in black and white, and with great abbreviation, was, to use M. Puvis de Chavannes's own words, "the libretto which he had to orchestrate, and the difficulty began over again in presence of the problem of transforming this libretto into harmonious color music."

After two years the vast panel reappeared on the walls of the Sorbonne, enriched with a dreamy veil of vapory color and framed in a gray border of garlanded leaves, tied at intervals with bands of dull gold. To describe this color is not within the power of words, for pale blue, soft red, hyaline, rose, violet, gray-green, lilac-gray, roseate white, are not even coarsely approximate terms for the tones of this poet's palette—tones without reflections, without impasto, almost without materiality, as it were, etherealized and rendered abstract. As in his drawing, so in his color, M. Puvis de Chavannes systematically omits everything except the indis-

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pensable. He eliminates all that is contingent and transitory, and represents only the essential. Painting is an art concerned with surfaces and appearances, and yet M. Puvis de Chavannes takes no interest in details, but only in essence and soul. In a movement he sees only the general lines, and resumes them in a sort of typical gesture of exalted reality. In nature he is struck by the essential gravity of things, and, thanks to the poet's power of isolation, he has remained constantly in the serene regions of a grandiose pantheistic dream, where man and nature are in complete communion. And yet, abstract as his ideas are, metaphysical and profound as his work may be, M. Puvis de Chavannes is truly modern; and to a great extent he is the instigator of some of the best and most sincere tendencies of contemporary French art.

We have found it expedient to describe one of M. Puvis de Chavannes's most abstract compositions. It is to be regretted that we cannot also present to our readers some of his living and nobly didactic frescoes, such as those of Amiens, or of the Pantheon, where the episodes of the life of St. Geneviève are depicted with a candor of conception and a quiet charm of presentation that win the sympathies of simple and of learned alike. As for the frescoes of Amiens, they resume in the "Ludus pro Patria" the entire poem of ancient Picardy, with its woods, its peat-bogs, its groups of superb throwers of pikes, as elegant in their noble attitudes as Greek athletes, its wild-looking hunters of swans and herons, its groups of girls and boys playing near the huts at the entrance of the village, and symbolizing domestic life; while in "Picardia Nutrix," "Labor," and "Rest," we find that impression of intense pantheism which has inspired the artist in so much of his work, the glorification of Nature, of the Earth, the immortal nurse, the mother of races, the Alma Mater. And herein lies the great source of M. Puvis de Chavannes's originality and power; disdaining traditions, he has returned to the majestic simplicity of his own impressions; and instead of recurring to the treasure-house of Renaissance or Venetian art, he has borrowed from eternal humanity and from natural landscape those resources of interpretation which had hitherto been provided by superannuated allegory and rhetorical convention. From the old mythology he has taken the worship of plastic beauty as manifested in beautiful and harmonious types of human form, but he has abandoned the old names and the ancient fables, and symbolized in his figures those abstractions and ideals of immortal paganism which belong to no age and no country, but are immanent in man and in nature in the nineteenth century just as much as in the days when men worshipped Jupiter and Apollo, Venus and Minerva.

It is as an architectural decorator that we have a right to consider M. Puvis de Chavannes, and as such it is his glory to have comprehended that mural painting, forming part of an architectural whole, must appear in light upon the edifice instead of adding fresh obscurity to the shadows, as is the effect of ordinary pictures placed upon walls. His grand compositions in the Sorbonne, in the Pantheon, at Amiens, and elsewhere, framed in their garlands of foliage that suggest the borders of old tapestries, have the effect of windows or porticos opened over nature; their discreet and pale tonality, the tender and luminous harmony of the figures placed against a rustic horizon of flowery fields, trees, hills, and sky, produce an absolute illusion, and this illusion is an artistic reality—something serene, beautiful, and consolatory. M. Puvis de Chavannes has put into decorative painting a souvenir of the atmosphere of Corot, and peopled broad landscapes with human beings who are occupied in some simple and significant action, and who have an essential if not a realistic life. These frescoes have brought decorative painting back to the notions of air, space, and human truth, while in the practical order M. Puvis de Chavannes has reduced their composition to such a reasoned equilibrium of silhouettes and such a perfect harmony of tone relations that the whole is intensely expressive, nothing superfluous, and everything lucid. In the magnificent art to which he has devoted his noble talent, M. Puvis de Chavannes has achieved results which place him amongst the masters; he is a great colorist and a great poet. In abundance and variety of inspiration and in grand simplicity of conception he reminds us of the Italian fresco painters of the old days; in his instinctive and profoundly exact observation of all that is essential in human gesture and bearing, he recalls the sculptors of the bass-reliefs of ancient Greece; and

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PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

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with all this he is entirely modern and original, an artist of dominating personality.

The artist whose talent we have just attempted to analyze is a robust Burgundian, a most affable and genial gentleman, who, at the same time that he is a poet of Virgilian temperament, an idealist living in a divine land of types and essences, is a modern man who takes a keen interest in the material and intellectual life of his own times. "Comme il est jeune!" is a remark that his friends are constantly making. He possesses, indeed, that youthfulness of heart and of temperament against which years are powerless. Like Delacroix, Henri Regnault, Fromentin, and Paul Dubois, M. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes is a purely Latin man. His native town is Lyons, where he was born in 1824. His father was one of the government mining engineers, and he himself intended to adopt that career, but his studies in view of the Polytechnic School were interrupted by a severe illness, on recovering from which he changed his plans, and determined to become a painter. It is to be remarked that M. Puvis de Chavannes began to study art comparatively late in life. At an age when other men were far advanced in the acquirement of the technique of painting, he was still enriching his mind with a store of general culture that painters rarely possess. Hence he started in the race heavily handicapped, and honors were slow to come. His first master was Henri Scheffer, with whom he studied two years, and then went to Italy. On his return he entered Couture's studio, where he staid only a short time. The story runs that he left this studio in despair. One gray morning when he was trying to render the silvery tones and harmonious effects of flesh in pale light, Couture came to criticise his pupil's work. When he saw M. Puvis de Chavannes's study he exclaimed: "That is not the thing at all. Give me your palette." Couture then proceeded to compose his light tones, mixing them, according to his own formula, with silver white, Naples yellow, vermilion, and cobalt. In an instant the study changed color, and as the master thickened his impasto the transformation became more complete. "What! Monsieur Couture, is it really so that the model appears to your eyes?" said M. Puvis de Chavannes, and with surprise and despair he left the studio, and was never seen there again. After this episode his initiators into the secrets of the technique and the ambitions of art were his neighbors Pollet and Ricard, who had studios in the historical building in the Place Pigalle, where the master still lives. The career of M. Puvis de Chavannes is marked by the great decorative works already noted. In 1861 he received a second-class medal at the Salon, in 1864 a medal, in 1867 a third-class medal at the Universal Exhibition, together with the cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1877 he was promoted Officer of the Legion of Honor; in 1882 the artists voted him the medal of honor at the Salon; and in 1889, on the occasion of the completion of his fresco for the new Sorbonne, he was created Commander of the Legion of Honor. Without having forced open the doors of the official studios of the École des Beaux-Arts, and without having even accepted, as so many eminent French painters do, the honor of forming pupils in a private atelier, he has nevertheless carried with him a great following; his influence has been manifestly dominant not only in all the decorative painting of recent years, but also in the general tendencies of many of the younger painters.

III.

M. Jean Charles Cazin is one of the most original and fascinating personalities in contemporary French art, not greater than M. Puvis de Chavannes, but great in a different way. For that matter it is useless and impertinent to attempt to establish any hierarchy amongst artists of complete excellence. M. Cazin is a man of medium stature, with a massive head of large volume, long gray-blond hair hanging over the shoulders, features of great strength and precision, prominent eyes with rather heavy eyelids, an expression of detachment from material things and absorption in some internal dream. In M. Cazin's impressive face the large blue-gray eyes at once fix your attention by their serenity and power; you feel that they are implacable mirrors reflecting integrally and with the most exquisite delicacy of perception all that passes before them, and at the same time you feel that they are the servants of a great soul. These eyes are not the bright, sparkling, and searching organs of the painters of externality behind which you divine

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JEAN CHARLES CAZIN.

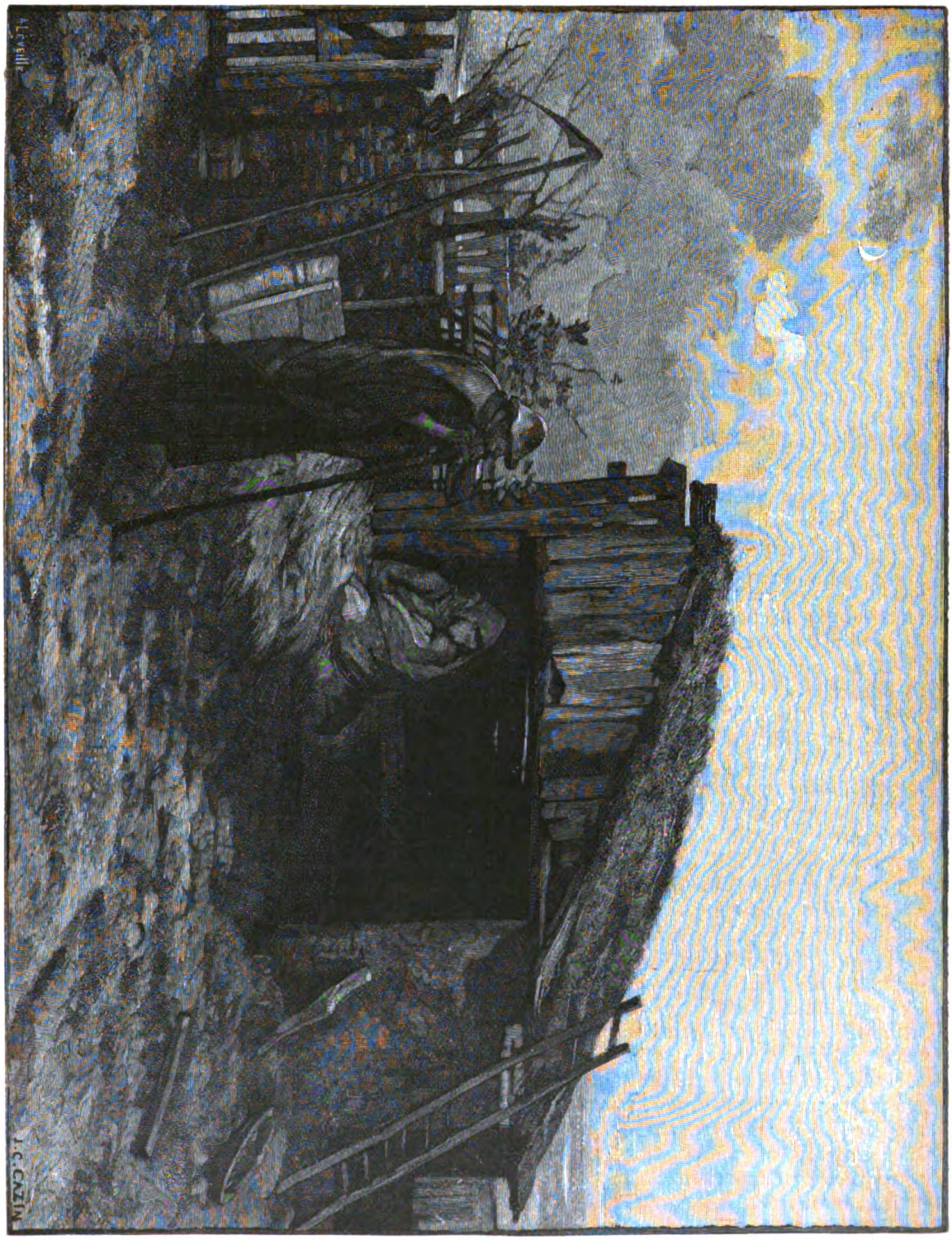
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nothing but a skilful workman's hand; they are the eyes of a poet who is a dreamer of mystic dreams. For this man painting is not a commerce but an inspiration; he does not sit down with the commonplace purpose of making a mere literal transcript of reality, but rather uses nature as the means of expression, and, as it were, the vehicle of an intimate ideal; possessing superabundantly that intricate combination of intuitive perceptions, feelings, experience, and memory which we call imagination, he dominates nature, and manifests in harmonious creations the enthusiasm, the passion, the melancholy, the thousand shades of joy or grief, which he feels in his communion with the great Sphinx.

M. Cazin was born at Samer, in the department of Pas-de-Calais, in 1841. He received his first artistic education at Paris at the "petite école," as it used to be called, over which M. Lecocq de Boisbaudran presided, and which is now a decorative art school. MM. Léon Lhermitte and Paul Renouard also went to this "petite école," which had the advantage of not teaching too much, and of leaving the pupils free to develop their personality unhampered by rigid academic traditions. After exhibiting some pictures in the Salons of 1864 and 1865, Cazin devoted himself with great success to teaching art, both at the École Nationale de Dessin, at the École Spéciale d'Architecture, and afterward in an art school at Tours. From 1871 to 1875 M. Cazin was living in England, Italy, and Holland, and at one time he was engaged both in France and in England in making artistic faience. Meantime he was studying, completing his culture and his artistic equipment, and becoming a master of all kinds of technical processes. Like the artists of the Renaissance, M. Cazin can express himself by the most various means—sculpture, oil-painting, water-colors, pastel, combinations of pastel, gouache, and wax of the most delicate aspect, to say nothing of his ceramic work, in which he has revealed such remarkable decorative sentiment. His great celebrity as an artist is now of some ten years' standing. His chief works exhibited at the Salon have been "The Flight into Egypt" (1877), "Le Voyage de Tobie" (1878), "Le Départ" (1879), "Ishmael" and "Tobie" (1880), "Souvenir de Fête" (1881), "Judith" (1883), "La Journée faite" (1888). M. Cazin obtained a first-class medal in 1880, and the decoration of the Legion of Honor in 1882, on the occasion of a collective exhibition of his works. Our illustration on the opposite page is a reproduction of an oil-painting called "The Nativity." It is evening; the shades of night are overpowering the last glow of the sunset. A roughly thatched shed, a ladder leaning against the shed, a loose stone wall enclosing the simple shelter, a heap of straw, a mother and her babe, a man draped in brown garments and resting on a staff—such are the elements of the human scene which is set in a harmony of gray-green and roseate gray of indescribable and enveloping mystery.

This picture, like all M. Cazin's landscapes, is remarkable for the distinction of its tone, the absolute verity of the light, the quality of atmosphere and ambience. In the exquisite study of the phenomena of light and shade, and more especially in the endeavor to render diffused light, M. Cazin is peculiarly modern. In the painting of the past twenty years, more especially in French painting, the capital characteristic to be noted is precisely this evolution of the color sense, and the concomitant intensification of the perceptive powers of the eye. The results of this evolution are strikingly noticeable when we see a modern picture, whether landscape or a figure subject, side by side with an old picture. In this particular point of atmospheric truth we remark immediately in the modern picture a photometric quality which leads us to conclude that the modern eye is sensitive to many things which our fathers did not perceive. Nor is this conclusion at all unreasonable; for modern science has demonstrated that our visual organs have passed through slow degrees of progress, and that Nature has not always appeared to man in the colors which she now wears. The Breslau professor, Hugo Magnus, tells us that sensitiveness to different colors was perfected gradually in the course of ages, and this evolution, he thinks, is still far from being complete. And in this opinion we may well join the eminent inquirer when we think of the immense influence which a precursor like Manet has had upon contemporary painting, and of the influence which another precursor—M. Claude Monet—is at present exercising. I speak of both these men merely as precursors and experimenters, because I consider that nei-

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ther the one nor the other has produced a work having that beauty, that taste, and that mysterious and definitive charm which stamp the creations of the consummate artist. On the other hand, both Manet and M. Monet have studied the diffused vibrations of light in the open air with most complete success; their minds, framed analytically after the model of modern rationalism, have led them to use their eyes scientifically—to decompose color, and to fix the real effect by establishing rigorously the series of relations. Hence the idea of values, of which we have heard so much of late years. Hence, too, that other idea of the integrity of the subject, which is the second tenet of the contemporary French painters of the new school—let us paint what we see, and as we see it; we need neither dramatic nor sentimental stories; truth alone is sufficient. From Manet—or, more exactly, from Manet diluted and mitigated by Bastien-Lepage—springs in a large measure the contemporary school of French genre painting, about which we shall have something to say later.

Let us now return to M. Cazin. In his pictures we find neither beautiful forms, nor grand style, nor color, in the old sense of those terms as they might be applied to the works of Raphael or Paul Veronese. On the other hand, we are struck by the evidence of researches that are at once intellectual and technical, and thanks to which the eye and the hand of the artist have grown in sensitiveness, while, at the same time, his soul has become acutely conscious of the joy, the gayety, the dramatic expressiveness, the infinite poetry of light. It is by the exact and sympathetically emotional rendering of effects of light that M. Cazin invariably develops and enforces his theme. Like Corot, M. Cazin is always full of soul; in unheroic and even familiar subjects he gives us the impression of a thoughtful, serious, and yet hopeful nature; he is always simple, always eloquent, and always sincere; in his pictures there is no imposing majesty of composition, no blatant anecdote, or importunate morality; he paints men that he has seen, houses that exist, trees that really grow, skies that he has not invented, and reeds whose sad music he has overheard. Most of M. Cazin's pictures are representations of the simplest sites, often absolutely poor in line. One depicts the entrance of a village with a few cottages, some ragged poplar-trees, the roseate note of red-tiled roofs, some unobtrusive figures, and a luminous sky, characterized by a fugacious and subtle effect. Another, entitled "Une Ville Morte," reproduced in our engraving, represents the large, rain-washed, and deserted square of a provincial town, lined with rows of irregular houses; it is night; the rolling black rain clouds are scudding across the sky, obscuring the moon; in the windows of the houses we see the glare of lamps; at the door of the inn the yellow diligence stands; and the blank square seems still to re-echo with the rattling of the wheels on the rugged pavement. "L'Orage" shows us some bright green fields, a rail-fence, a shed with red-tiled roof, a windmill, a water-course, a lurid, cloudy sky, and in the background a suggestion of forked lightning: it is a glimpse of nature seen and uncomposed. Poussin, treating the same subject, would have painted a complete melodrama. "La Marne" is a late evening effect. The sunset is lost in a dark haze below the horizon, while the vault of heaven is still illumined with vertical rose-colored rays. There is a bridge, a lock, the bank lined with trees, and beyond them the mass of cottages, above which rise the finer houses of the wealthy. The river, calm and vitreous, reflects with intensity the mirage of the landscape and sky, while in the foreground are figures of female bathers and of a handmaiden carrying refreshments on a tray. The nude figures are exquisite in silhouette and in unconsciousness of pose. In its splendid harmony of gray, green, and rose, this picture is a complete and definitive vision of evening calm at the river-side, familiar, and yet grave and impressive, for the hour has something of melancholy in it.

A pale blue auroral sky flecked with white clouds, a pond, a landscape gayly dotted with flowers, in the distance blue hills, an impression of vastness—such is the scene in which M. Cazin depicts Toby receiving indications from the white-robed angel. Here is Hagar, the despairing mother, whom an angel succored. It has been a burning hot day; in the sky, rosy, lumpy clouds are rolling across an arid landscape of sand hills, dotted here and there with parched and stunted shrubs, and undulating away to a distance bounded by tragic forests. Hagar, not having

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"UNE VILLE MORTE."—From the painting by M. Jean Charles Cazin.

the courage to see Ishmael die, has left him in the bush, and sits desolate on the ground, her empty gourd beside her, clad in a sombre blue robe, and wearing a white coiffe over her head. Meanwhile the angel has appeared and spoken, and Hagar raises her head and sees a clear spring where the angel stands, and the white robe of the helpful messenger reflected in the limpid water. Here is another evening effect: An opaline and roseate sky; in the background a group of farm buildings and cottages; in the foreground a field, some pollard willows, a felled trunk, on which an old man is seated, his head buried in his hands, dreaming or sleeping. It is a laborer, who is weary with wielding the axe all day. The hour for rest and recompense has come, and beside him stands a white figure, beautiful and compassionate, crowned with golden leaves, whom he does not see, but who proffers him a crown, with gestures of consolation. In M. Cazin's mind this old man is Theocritus, and the phantom figure is Nature revealing herself to his idyllic soul. "Souvenir de Fête" is a decorative and allegorical panel, a vision of the French national fête seen from some lofty stand-point. From the windows of his house overlooking the gardens of the Luxembourg M. Cazin saw the vast expanse of tree-tops flecked with the glow of Venetian lanterns, the distant domes of the Pantheon and Val de Grâce garlanded with gas jets, the vast perspective of Paris gay with lavish illuminations, the fireworks bespangling the sombre blue nocturnal firmament with the sudden flash of pyrotechnic stars; and on the souvenir of this reality he embroidered his grandiose allegory of the resurrection of the nation under the auspices of Virtus, Scientia, and Labor.

Here is another picture, perhaps the most important that M. Cazin has painted. The scene represents the red brick fortifications of a mediæval town, with sad trees waving on the ramparts beneath a cold and stormy autumnal sky. Night is approaching. All day long the smiths have been forging arms, and the fire is still alight, and bars of iron lie on the ground beside it. On the cold grass is the corpse

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of a young man. Outside the bastions are huddled together the sick and the invalid, who are useless for the defence of the town. In the distance is the flowery plain and the river. On the towers the inhabitants are lighting beacon-fires. The town is Bethulia, and the moment has come when Judith has vowed to kill Holofernes. Clad in her richest robes, dark-haired, with strong features, she leaves the town, walking with stately tread, without turning her head, as she fastens her cloak around her neck. Several common people are standing to see her pass: a young woman and her babe leaning on her husband's shoulder, another young man wearing a cuirass, a boy who salutes the grave heroine. In the distance, just outside the gates, Judith's servant meets her betrothed, and the two press one another's hands as they continue on their contrary ways. Such is the whole picture, such the vision. "Judith went forth and her servant with her, and the people of the town watched her until she had got down from the mountain.... Then, having lighted beacons on their towers, they remained watching that night."

This "Judith" is the first of five compositions ordered by the state for reproduction in the Gobelin's tapestry manufactory. The series will comprise the history of Judith—her going forth, Judith in the camp, Judith returning with the head of Holofernes, the triumph of the Bethulians, and the honored old age of the heroine, where we shall see her sitting in her house spinning. In "Judith," as in M. Cazin's other historical pictures, no effort is made to achieve archæological exactitude. The costume of Judith is of all epochs and of none in particular. The dress of the other figures is that of humble people of the present day. The fortifications are in the style of the Middle Ages. These details do not shock or surprise; on the contrary, they convince us of the artist's sincerity, and render sympathy the more easy because we can follow the processes of his imagination. In a few words, here is the history of the work: One day at La Rochelle M. Cazin found an old Bible in which the story of Judith was artlessly told. The narrative impressed him, and his mind continued to dwell upon it until at Antwerp the sight of the old fortifications suggested a pictorial image of the going forth from Bethulia. Then some months afterward, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, a quaint old town with a citadel crowning the hill, the going forth of Judith presented itself to the painter as a complete vision, and he *gathered* the vision as one gathers a flower, and reproduced it on canvas. "Je l'ai cueilli," as the artist said to me one day, thereby expressing the spontaneity of his imaginative process as opposed to the conscious and, so to speak, constructive process of a painter who would determine to paint a subject, and then immediately sit down to compose it and develop it, step by step, and in cold blood. It is to this patient waiting until the vision presents itself that we may attribute those qualities of reserve, delicacy, and fineness of emotion which characterize M. Cazin's work, and enrich it with those suggestive beauties which inspire a dream and awaken quick sympathy in the beholder.

In landscape M. Cazin prefers to render those fugitive effects which demand the most delicate observation and absolute surety of eye. Vast plains, calm fields, the rose tiles of a cottage roof emerging from pale foliage, a yellow flower in a desert of sand, a cottage lost in the solitude of the dunes of Picardy, the shimmering of the crescent moon on the bosom of the sea, the moist and caressing mantle which evening throws over weary nature—such are some of the typical themes of this poet of light, this painter of pantheistic harmonies.

In the manner of M. Cazin's painting we never remark rough impasto, the violence of the palette knife, or the caprices of an undisciplined brush. The aspect of his pictures is always attractive, and their suave and distinguished tone is often absolutely fascinating; the details are subordinated to the general unity; the picture is one and harmonious. M. Cazin's dream of life is sweet, tender, full of compassion; his own facial type is that of the great lovers of humanity; the attitudes which he gives to his figures are frequently those of resignation and of accepted affliction; indeed, in a whole series of works, some of which we have briefly described, he has rejuvenated historical painting by neglecting all academic traditions, indulging his own temperament, and simply interpreting the subject humanly, intimately, almost familiarly, and yet always with gravity. We have spoken above of M. Puvis de Chavannes

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as a thinker who paints. M. Cazin may be described as a painter who thinks. M. Puvis de Chavannes first of all conceives his theme by a process of metaphysical and literary reasoning, and then gives it expression by means of plastic symbols borrowed from nature. He is, in short, essentially an idealist. M. Cazin, on the other hand, may be called a realist. Completely cultured and familiar with the legends and poems of ages, M. Cazin's faculty of pictorial conception seems to be aroused to activity only when it comes into contact with reality. He sees an actual scene in nature, and then his imagination interprets it and adorns it with some eternal symbol of compassion, of charity, of resignation, or of simple human sentiment. Constantly interrogating nature, incessantly recording notes of reality, making drawing after drawing and study after study, indefatigable in the court he pays to his mistress Nature, M. Cazin the painter and limner is the prodigiously skilful auxiliary of M. Cazin the poet, the man of wide culture, the grand artist of strong, patient, and delicate soul.

IV.

So far as regards talent, intelligence, physical gifts of acute and delicate perception, and absolute mastery of the processes of painting, M. Aimé Morot is without a rival amongst the younger French painters. His career has been both rapid and brilliant. Born at Nancy, he became in due course a pupil of Cabanel, and won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1873. At the Salon of 1878 he obtained a third-class medal, in 1877 a second-class, in 1879 a first-class, in 1880 the medal of honor, in 1883 the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and a medal of honor at the Universal Exhibition of 1889. His principal works are an episode of the battle of Aquæ Sextiæ, "Ambron Women defending the Camp against Roman Cavalry" (1879), the "Good Samaritan" (1880), "El Bravo Toro" (1884), "Toro volante" (1885), "Battle of Rezonville" (1886), "Reichshofen" (1887), and a vast picture of the charge of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers at Reichshofen, which figured at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and won for the painter a medal of honor. Besides the above works, M. Morot has painted a number of portraits, and several important pictures of academic inspiration — "Dryade," "Temptation of St. Anthony," etc. His last work is a ceiling for the town-hall of Nancy: our portrait shows the artist perched on a ladder, and working at this enormous canvas, in company with his favorite monkey, Fritz. The variety of M. Morot's aptitude is manifest from the enumeration of his works, but that which has more especially brought him into evidence is his skill in putting movement into spectacle, in rendering dramatic action combined with the closest study of form, and more particularly his bold and novel manner of painting horses in motion. His two pictures of episodes of tauromachy are the most violent and precise representations of carnage that we know. His charges of cuirassiers, like that of the battle of Rezonville, reproduced in our frontispiece, are simply marvellous. The latter is a fragment of a passing vision of cavalry soldiers fighting as they gallop across the battle-field in furious confusion, while to the right a squadron of cuirassiers rushes to the rescue over the brow of a hill with a wheeling movement, which the artist has expressed with the illusion of reality.

Hasty observers have frequently accused M. Morot of painting simply the movements of the horse as they have been ascertained by instantaneous photography. In point of fact he has never used a photographic document; furthermore, he had already made his observations of the movements of the horse before Mr. Muybridge revealed to the artistic world the results of his remarkable experiments. M. Morot has always been a great lover of animals. His monkey and his Scotch deer-hound are his inseparable companions, and since he was a small boy he has always been an enthusiastic horseman. While a youth at Nancy he spent nearly all his time in the *manége* of a friend of his family who was a horse-trainer; and, if fortune had not made him a painter, his tastes, he says, would have made him a riding-master. In this riding-school he began to observe the horse, and his attention was directed to its movements by the theory of the decomposition of the steps which the professors taught. In this theory M. Morot, controlling facts merely by his eye, found much false doctrine, and, with the enthusiasm of his years and the love of horses for guides, he discussed the matter point by point with the riding-masters of Nancy, had fine sand laid down in the *manége* to catch the foot-

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prints, watched, noted, and expounded, refusing to accept the traditional doctrines. In order to facilitate his observations he invented a little apparatus composed of a card-board tube with two horizontal slits in it, one exactly opposite the other. This tube, held before his eyes and turned sharply with the fingers, formed a shutter or obturator on the same principle as the shutter of a photographic camera, closing the field of vision in about the fortieth part of a second. By means of this apparatus he watched the movements of the horse and analyzed them, and each element of the movement impressed itself upon his finely cultivated retina so sharply that he was able to draw it immediately from memory. Thus, thanks to the extraordinary sensitiveness of his eye, aided by this little card-board tube and a patient pencil, he discovered nearly the whole theory of the horse's movements while he was still a boy. During his stay at Rome, as a student in the Villa Medicis, he always managed to have a horse to ride, and continued his observations with his card-board shutter. However, none of the students would believe what he said about the decomposition of the horse's movements, until finally he made a complete set of theoretical drawings, arranged them inside a card-board cylinder, set it spinning, and so gave a counter-proof of his theory. All these observations were again confirmed when in 1879 Mr. Muybridge brought his photographs to Paris and exhibited them in M. Meissonier's studio, to the master's great astonishment. But, as has frequently been pointed out, these analytical photographs are of little practical use as artistic documents, because in reality the eye does not see the movements in their instantaneous phases. In painting horses in movement some compromise has to be made between scientific accuracy and the error of popular vision, which is satisfied with a sporting print where a galloping horse is represented without a single foot touching the ground. Now a horse, except when he has his legs tucked under him in the act of jumping, always has at least one foot on the ground, with the leg as straight and stiff as possible. The French have an expression for galloping, "*ventre à terre*," meaning the swiftest and most tearing pace, as if the belly of the horse came nearer to the ground at this pace. The Gascons even talk about galloping so quickly that they scrape the ground with their spurs. This is absurd. In galloping, a horse does not sink more than an inch and a half at the utmost, owing to the bending and play of the pastern and shoulder. Nevertheless, Géricault painted race-horses running literally in accordance with the popular phrase, "*ventre à terre*." In M. Morot's pictures of cavalry charges it will be found that he avoids in the principal figures all intermediary elements of movement; he selects rather the beginning or the end. In the confused mass of a cavalry charge sweeping past, he will paint one horse completely, and the rest of the troop will be bits of horses, elements of movements, all the phases which scientific analysis gives; and this agglomeration of detail creates the illusion of a vision of rushing horsemen. In reality the spectator, looking at such a scene, can never see more than one horse at a time, and a confused indication of the motion of innumerable other horses. An examination of our engraving of Rezonville will explain our meaning better than words. There is one horse painted completely and in a movement of galloping; of the other horses we can distinguish only parts—heads, legs, etc.; the whole composition is the result of observation and artistic selection; it is the work of a man who knows and loves the horse, and who at the same time is gifted with wonderfully delicate visual organs and rare powers of plastic and dramatic composition.

M. Morot's researches and achievements in the questions of rendering violent movement are an illustration of what we were saying just now about the increasing acuity of the modern eye. It is indeed a curious fact that after Phidias and the friezes of the Parthenon we find no really adequate artistic representation of the horse in movement until we reach our own days and the paintings of M. Meissonier. The horses of Phidias, though small in size, are works of style and of practical truth, in which the principles of the animal's structure are never neglected. Benozzo Gozzoli, Donatello, and Verrocchio have represented horses walking whose movements are stiff and forced, but still in conformity with the laws of animal locomotion. These horses, however, like those in the works of Leonardo, Dürer, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, are obviously not studied seriously and ana-

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AIMÉ MOROT.

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tomically from nature. The painters of the seventeenth century, Salvator Rosa, Lebrun, Le Bourguignon, Wouvermans, Van der Meulen, treated the horse conventionally and without observation of nature. At the end of the eighteenth century Carle Vernet and Gros began to observe the horse, but inadequately. Then came Géricault, who studied carefully from nature, but yet frequently gave his horses movements which are not exactly according to the laws of locomotion. Fromentin was hampered for want of theoretical instruction, and was never satisfied with his horses. The sculptor Barye always had great difficulty in modelling horses, and his equestrian groups are perhaps the least satisfactory of his works. In the days of Géricault and Barye, however, it must be remembered that the movements of the horse had not been studied experimentally and scientifically as they have been since, notably by the physiologist Marey, by the horse-trainer Raabe, and by M. Meissonier. M. Morot, who, as we have seen, studied the horse experimentally before he thought of painting the horse artistically, has carried the representation of movement to a point where it seems likely to remain for some time to come, until the sensitiveness of the modern eye makes another step in its progressive march.

V.

The portrait which M. Paul Renouard has sketched for us from life, complemented by the study of one of the artist's pictures, reveals to us the whole temperament and talent of M. Pascal Adolphe Jean Dagnan-Bouveret. He is a small, nervous man, dark-skinned, with black hair, cut straight in a "bang" that almost touches his eyebrows; the eyes are set deeply in their orbits; the nose is short and pointed; the mustache and close-cut beard are fine and glossy; the lines of the head and of the features firm; everything in his aspect indicates tenacity, patience, perseverance, and indeed it is by dint of these precious moral qualities that M. Dagnan has achieved his high artistic position. As we see him working at his easel, applying each touch with extreme care, his entire being absorbed in the task, his whole nervous system strung up in an intense and persistent effort to do his work well, to render what he sees better than he has ever done before, to surpass himself, to paint more than conscientiously, so M. Dagnan has always labored at his art, always doubting, always hoping. We must not look for impulse in M. Dagnan's pictures, nor for extreme intelligence; this latter quality especially could not coexist with the naïveté and simplicity of heart which communicate a touching charm to all that he paints.

A pupil of M. Gérôme, M. Dagnan, achieved his first great success at the Salon of 1879 with a picture of a wedding party at a photographer's, "Une Noce chez un photographe." His principal works are "Un Accident" (1880), now in the collection of Mr. W. T. Walters; "Blessing a Young Couple before the Marriage Ceremony" (1882), reproduced in our engraving; "Vaccination" (1883); "Hamlet and the Grave-diggers" (1884); "Horses Drinking," now in the Luxembourg Museum, and "The Virgin" (1885); "Le pain bénit" (1886), also in the Luxembourg Museum; "Le Pardon en Bretagne" (1887); "Paysan Breton" and "Bernoise" (1888); "Madone" and "Bretonnes au Pardon" (1889). M. Dagnan has obtained all the recompenses that his French colleagues can give him, namely, a third-class medal in 1878, a first-class medal in 1880, the Legion of Honor in 1885, in 1889 the medal of honor at the Salon, and a few weeks later a medal of honor at the Universal Exhibition. Our engraving gives an excellent example of M. Dagnan's work. The benediction in question is a custom observed in Franche-Comté. We are in a well-to-do provincial home, which has been somewhat upset in view of the rejoicings and feastings that accompany a marriage ceremony. It is a rosy gray sunny room, with a window at the back and a larger window to the right; the roof is unceiled and the rafters visible. To the left a mahogany bed in the style of the First Empire is concealed behind red curtains. Along two sides of the room a table has been improvised on trestles, and sitting accommodation furnished by means of boards laid across from chair to chair. Against the walls we notice a crucifix, a small mirror, a tall clock. On the table to the right is a white pot with flowers in it, piles of plates, a dish full of "pain bénit," some empty bottles, a glass with wine in it. In the right-hand corner one old man remains seated at table, and two stand behind him. In the background,

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PASCAL ADOLPHE JEAN DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

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against the window, is a group of young people, boys and girls, and a baby boy, whose head just rises above the edge of the table. To the left, against the red curtains, stands the principal group, composed of the parents of the young couple, in which the most prominent figure is that of the father of the bride, with gray hair, bushy eyebrows, short side whiskers, projecting underlip, and a face wrinkled and ravaged by the passage of years and the struggles of life. Dressed in a brown coat with gilt buttons, the old man holds in his left hand his hat, and in his right hand a lighted taper, while he gives his blessing to the bride and bridegroom, who kneel before him, the bride dressed in white, with her veil, gloves, and bouquet; the bridegroom with a white rosette and streaming ribbons in his button-hole. On the floor lies the mass-book amidst some scattered rose leaves. Through the window a ray of sunshine strikes across the table and flashes on the floor, filling the whole room with gayety and making the candle flame flicker palely. This is certainly a very delicate picture; the light is lovingly studied, and the fineness of the ambient envelope exquisitely rendered. The still-life, again, is very daintily painted. The types of prosperous provincial people are full of character. They are country folks who have worked hard with some result, and whose history is written on their faces. How interesting, too, the discreet and decent attitudes of the young people, who stand with clasped hands, much impressed by the ceremony, and just a little stiff and embarrassed by their holiday clothes and their smoothly combed hair.

In this "Bénédiction," as in all M. Dagnan's pictures, we find three pre-eminent qualities, namely, sincere observation, logical execution, and emancipation from academic influence. These are precisely the qualities which characterize the best contemporary genre painting, and which are the outcome of all the recent artistic revolutions, of which the leaders have been Courbet, Manet, Degas, the "impressionists," and, in a less personal, but none the less efficacious manner, Bastien-Lepage. In the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1889, the unbiassed visitor, who judged things by the standard of his modern eye, without taking account retrospectively of the conditions and fashions and prejudices of the past, must have come away with a very small opinion of many painters of great reputation. We say nothing of the signatures which the combined efforts of the picture dealers and of the public have made famous beyond reason. But even such recent reputations as those of Manet and Bastien-Lepage seemed inexplicable in presence of the results displayed. Of all Bastien-Lepage's work, the daintiest and the most instinct with durable interest and charm seemed to be the portrait of Sarah Bernhardt. We must, however, remember that in the history of art masters are to be judged by their influence as well as by their achievements.

Without going back to the beginning of things, we may justly consider the precursors of contemporary French painting to have been Corot, Millet, and Courbet. Corot is a perfect master, a poet full of emotion, a painter full of charm, one of the supreme artists. Millet, whose painting so many admire because it is the fashion, and inwardly detest because it is devoid of material beauty, was a precursor in sentiment and in his choice of subjects. Courbet, while realist and modern in his themes and progressist as a painter of landscape, was purely classic in his tone and technique, and a skilful manipulator of all the methods and processes of the old masters. Then came Manet, a man gifted with delicate faculties of vision and notation, but whose hand was less happy in recording than his eye in perceiving. Manet's pictures, it must be admitted even by his warmest admirers, are rarely if ever adequate. On the other hand, it is evident that Manet revealed to us a new vision of nature and a new principle, which is known as the law of values. Not that the old men like Velasquez, Caravaggio, Rembrandt, and the Dutch genre painters neglected this law, but the application of it by Manet was more complete, more purposed, and more regardful of the increased sensitiveness of our modern eyes. His dominant preoccupation was to see how an object exists in the broad daylight of contemporary reality; he looked at nature simply, made no composition, painted some familiar scene, either one or two figures or a swarming crowd, guided only by the idea that light draws as well as colors an object, and that light puts each thing in its place. Hence the intense color notes of his work, the abbreviation of the drawing, the simplification

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"THE BENEDICTION."—From the painting by M. P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret.

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of the figures, the treatment of all objects as masses and not as outlines, the intense and direct "impression" which constitutes in the mind of the artist a picture, composed, drawn, and painted logically and implacably.

Here let us note that the much-abused terms "impression" and "impressionist" are quite good and useful. Manet and M. Degas, to mention two leaders, seek to reproduce the pure phenomenon, the subjective appearance of things; whereas the art of M. Bouguereau or of Cabanel superadds to the sensation perceived by the eye and the mind the uncertain acquisitions of experience and education, which have created a wholly imaginary objective world. The impressionist endeavors to record a visual sensation in all its freshness, without impairing or complicating its simple purity by the addition of hypothetical lines or masses which the eye has not directly observed. The most gifted of the impressionist painters are analysts and synthetizers, who work in a great measure with the same spirit and methods as the primitive Italian fresco painters.

Manet's doctrines about light painting, open air, the respect of values, the observation and rendering of each figure in light and in its plane, are now accepted by all the younger French painters. M. Bouguereau still continues to paint figures according to a certain lofty and refined conventionality, considering man merely as a pretext for decorative and graceful silhouettes. This I do not say in disparagement of M. Bouguereau's work, which has qualities of composition, of invention, and of technical perfection which his models of the old Roman school did not surpass. One may even predict that in years to come, when the golden *patine* of time shall have mellowed and toned down the frequent littlenesses of the brush-work, the pictures of M. Bouguereau will hold their own beside the works of those classical masters from whose names tradition has made eulogy inseparable. In the same way we must respect the talent of M. Henner, the impeccable drawing of M. Bonnat, and his rare force in the expression of character. But these are not the spirits that carry the new men with them. The leaders are, as we have already seen, MM. Puvis de Chavannes and Cazin, and the men who have adhered to the gospel of Manet, receiving it either from Manet directly or more often from Bastien-Lepage, who, being an admirer both of M. Puvis de Chavannes and of Manet, diluted their genius, so to speak, and made it potable for the weaker brethren, thus becoming in turn himself a "chef d'école." When Bastien-Lepage exhibited his picture of "Les Foins" (Haymaking) in the Salon of 1878, he was immediately proclaimed a master by a strong band of young men. At that time the picture, compared with the majority of works in the Salon, gave an extraordinary impression of brightness; the enthusiastic compared it to a window opened upon nature; the tonality, the intensity of observation of a minute unpoetical kind, and the strong and tenacious rendering were equally striking. After this success, until his death in 1884, Bastien-Lepage exercised great influence over his contemporaries both personally and by his work. His sayings were quoted: "Nothing is good but truth." "A man ought to paint what he knows and what he loves." "Everything ought to be treated as a portrait, even a tree, even a bit of still-life," etc. Of rustic birth and rustic nature, he remained rustic in his tastes. Italy and the splendor of Venetian art did not touch him; in the primitive Italians he admired only their care to treat all subjects humanly; of the intellectual aristocracy of the masters of Florence he comprehended nothing.

Of all Bastien-Lepage's admirers none was more ardent and more affectionate than M. Dagnan. After his death he wrote in a letter to a friend: "We will talk about him [Bastien] as much as you like, for with every new picture that I paint in future I shall try to think if he would have been satisfied with it."

VI.

There remains to be noticed now several men of eminent talent and of varied aptitudes, who cannot be brought under any special category. Such is M. Fantin Latour, who holds the highest rank as a portraitist of very searching, personal, and distinguished vision. Such, again, is M. Élie Delaunay, whose portraits have the grandeur of style of the old Italians, and the penetrating moral intimacy of a modern analytical novel. M. Delaunay does not content himself with a mere literal transcription of his model, but seeks to render the characteristic vision, the intensity of personal attitude and gesture,

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HENRI LEROLLE.

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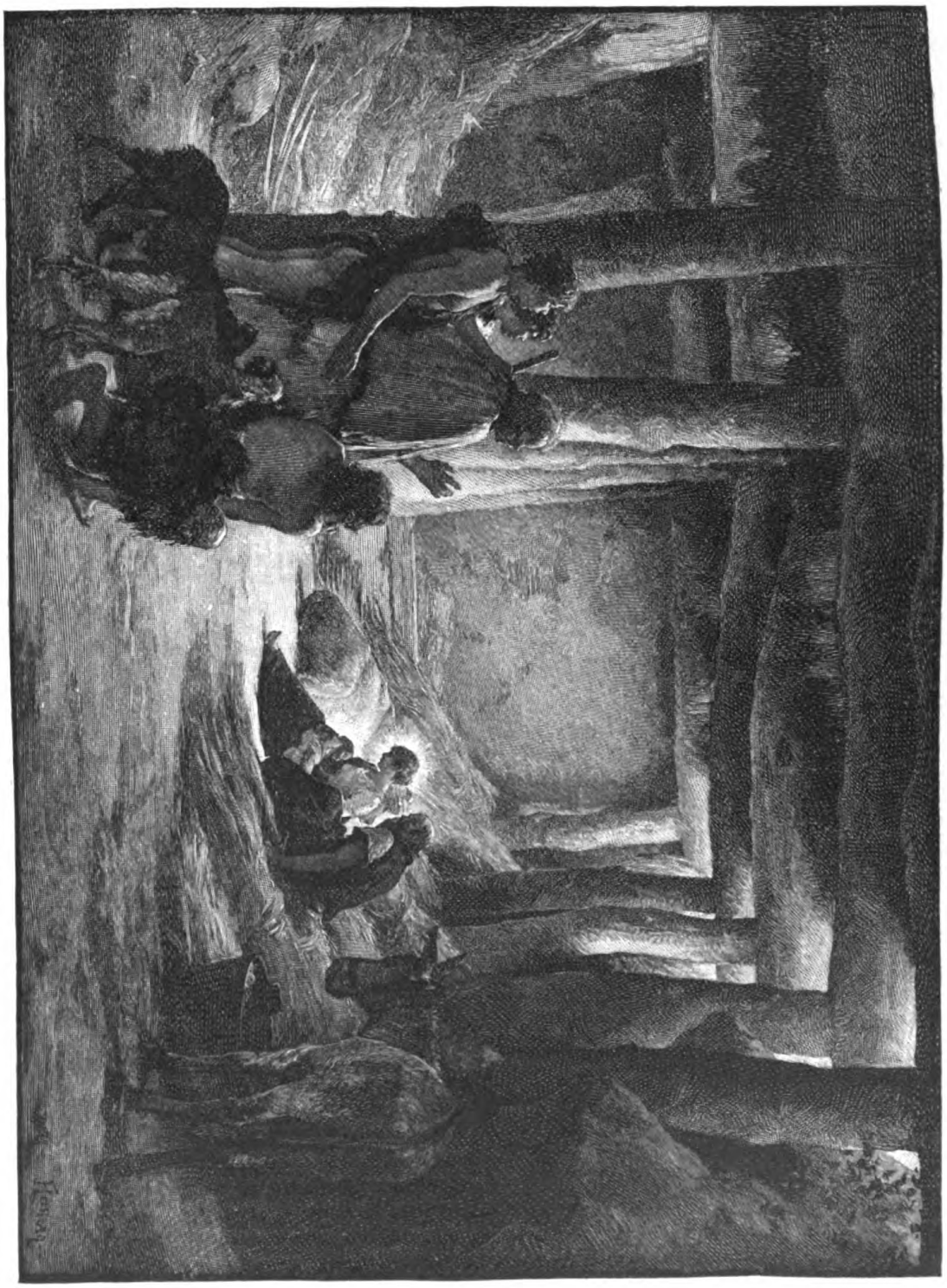
the direct and evocative image of the moral and material man, and that, too, with a freshness, a variety, and a distinction of tone of the rarest. We must mention also M. Gustave Moreau, a solitary artist upon whom his contemporaries have no influence, and who has no influence upon his contemporaries. M. Moreau's brilliant inventions, wholly erudite and archaic in inspiration, can be compared only with the rich and curious compositions of Mr. Burne-Jones, or with the works of Mantegna, of whom the English and the French artist are equally admirers.

A painter whose sincere talent and whose absolute originality place him amongst the few truly and strongly personal artists is M. Jean François Raffaelli. His pictures suggest those of no other man. They are the result of his own personal emotion in presence of reality. An independent spirit, gifted with very acute faculties of visual and intellectual observation, sure of his eye, of his hand, and of his purpose, M. Raffaelli has revealed to us new visions of nature and of humanity. He has conceived a programme of artistic activity, which he has been carrying out with unswerving persistency during the past twelve years, enlarging its scope as the field of his observation changes. He began with the poor, the miserable, the pariahs, and the social waifs who live in the desolate, melancholy suburban zones, amidst the detritus of the great city, in a gray, leprous, anæmic landscape that is neither town nor country, but a wilderness of potsherds and ingenious misery. Then he painted the lower middle classes, their life and their character, the various types of Paris, English types, landscapes and marines, the Salvation Army, the portraits of Clemenceau, of Edmond de Goncourt; and for the Salon of 1889 the portraits of two young girls, whose elegance of bearing and delicacy of epiderm presented a striking contrast with the popular types of absinthe drinkers and road-menders which formerly interested him so deeply. Such are the varied results of M. Raffaelli's art, which is based on the observation of character. It is an art of profound observation and universal application, attaching little weight to physical ugliness or physical beauty, but expressing a beauty of a different kind, which exists in the character and not in the mere type, character being understood in the sense of that which constitutes the moral physiognomy in its constant and complete expression.

It is an æsthetic curiosity analogous to the "caractérisme" of M. Raffaelli which has led that marvellous artist M. Degas to study series of subjects—milliners, washer-women, dancing girls, café concerts, the episodes of horse-racing. M. Degas has represented certain aspects of contemporary life with an implacable logic both in drawing and in color, and moreover with a synthetic and simple rendering that reproduces only the pure essence of form and omits all encumbering details. His pictures of ballet girls are, as he himself says, not simple paintings or studies, but "meditations on dancing." In them he has rendered with pitiless tenacity of observation, and often with singular violence and cruelty in the execution, the graceful, voluptuous, or painful attitudes of the danseuses, with an originality of vision and an intimacy and a modernity of sentiment which make him one of the grand figures of contemporary French art—one of those independent personalities whose works survive when those of the favorites of fashion have been forever forgotten. M. Degas is very little known to the public; he never exhibits in the annual Salons, and very rarely in any other exhibitions; his aristocratic temperament and his strong respect for his art disincline him to expose to the general and unintelligent gaze works to appreciate which demands a highly developed artistic education.

M. Henri Lerolle, whose portrait we give for the especial pleasure of his numerous American admirers, betrays in his work the combined influences of Millet, Bastien-Lepage, M. Puvis de Chavannes, and M. Cazin, each and all attenuated, utilized with remarkable intelligence, and presented with a certain attractiveness, as a clever musician might adapt for the piano the score of a grand opera. Besides many pictures of rustic subjects, M. Lerolle's principal works are "Jacob chez Laban" (Salon of 1879); "Dans la Campagne" (1880), now in the Luxembourg Museum; "Au Bord de la Rivière" (1881); "L'Arrivée des Bergers" (1883); "The Organ" (1885), now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York; "Communion" (1888); and "Albertus Magnus at the Monastery of St. Jacques" (1889), being a panel for

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"L'ARRIVÉE DES BERGERS."—From the painting by M. Henri Lerolle.

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the new Sorbonne. M. Lerolle obtained a third-class medal in 1879, and a first-class medal in 1880. Our engraving reproduces one of his best works of the imaginative order.

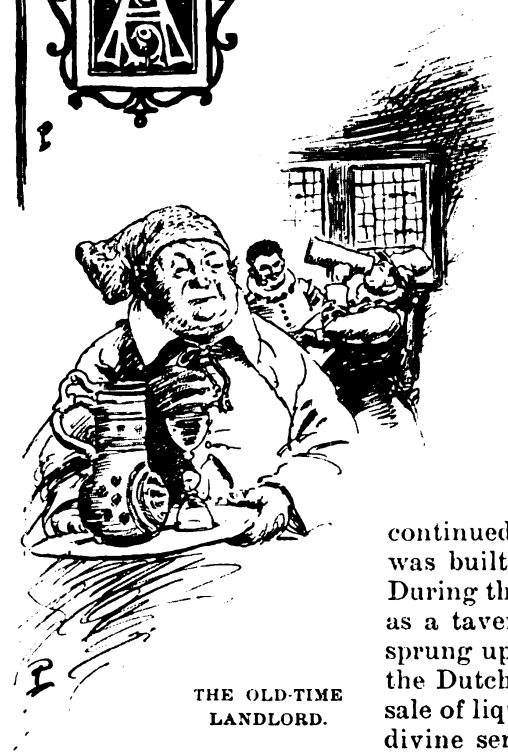
In M. Léon Lhermitte, whose charcoal drawings were the slightly confused prelude of a very robust and vigorously executed series of paintings, we find a strongly equipped artist, who, like Bastien-Lepage, and obviously under his influence, treats rustic subjects, "The Vintage," "Harvest," "Rest," and other incidents of bucolic life, with a certain tendency to embellishment and rhetorical emphasis which does not displease the simple-minded. M. Raphael Collin, combining the minute technique of Bastien-Lepage with the subdued tonality and Virgilian inspiration of Corot and M. Puvis de Chavannes, produces semi-realistic works of incontestable charm, such as his figures of women bathing in an Elysian meadow; "Été" (1884); his "Floréal" (1886), in the Luxembourg Museum; "Fin d'Été" (1888), a decorative panel for the Sorbonne; and "Jeunesse," that vast sunny landscape, with Daphnis and Chloe toying in the shade, which was one of the successful pictures of the Salon of 1889.

So we might continue to trace the filiation of other prominent French painters to the sources above indicated. But perhaps enough has been said on these points, and furthermore it is beyond the scope of the present article to enter into a detailed examination of the works of the very many artists of remarkable talent who are in the front ranks of the contemporary French school of painting. The truly great and original artists are rare, and deep as may be the interest with which we follow the development of those whose young efforts have already fixed attention, we must not be hasty in proclaiming this one or that one a master.

OLD NEW YORK TAVERNS.

BY JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS.

AS is still the case in many of the quaint old towns of Germany and Holland, the tavern was a place of chief importance in the Dutch city of New Amsterdam. Already in 1642 the travel between the eastern and southern parts of the American continent—New England and Virginia—was so great as seriously to inconvenience the Director-General, who, as the representative of the West India Company, was charged with the duty of extending hospitality to passing strangers. To remedy this and provide a more certain and convenient accommodation, a stone structure was then erected, fronting on the East River at the present Coenties Slip, which was known as the Stadt-Herberg, or City Tavern, as the name implies. On the elevation of the little settlement to the dignity of a municipality in 1654, this building became the Stadt-Huys, and so continued until the year 1700, when a new City Hall was built on the corner of Nassau and Wall streets. During the period of the use of the building on the slip as a tavern, numerous petty houses of entertainment sprung up. In the infancy of the town the burthen of the Dutch laws in regard to these was to prevent the sale of liquor to the Indians, tapping between or during divine service on Sundays, and the "use of small for-

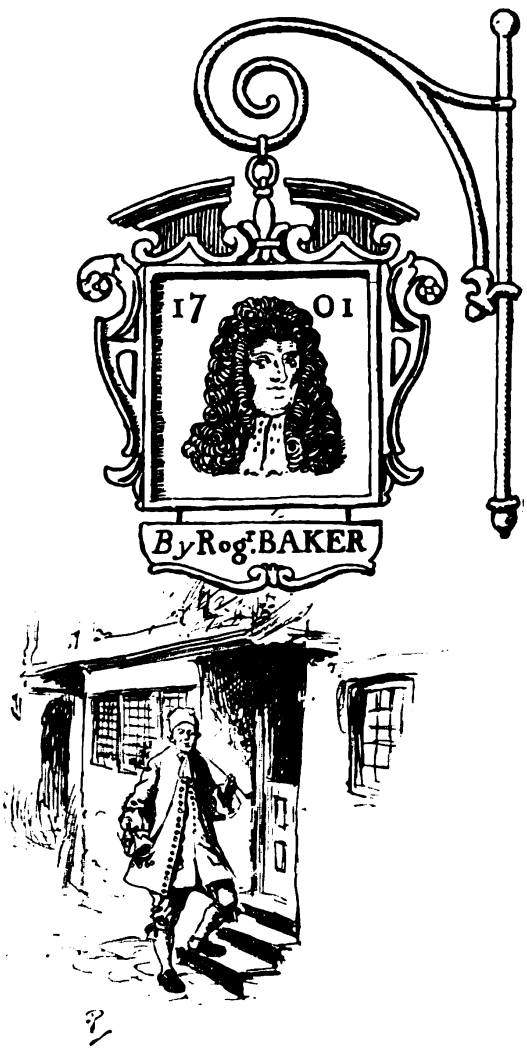


THE OLD-TIME LANDLORD.

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eign measures"; grievances which, in the words of the ordinance, were found to "tend to the dishonor of Religion and the ruin of the State."

Though there was an element of good-nature in the Dutch character which was lacking in that of their High-Dutch kinsmen, yet the innkeepers retained somewhat of the consequential and peremptory manner which Scott has admirably described in his picture of a German hostelry two centuries before. They made small distinction between their guests. The words in which Meinherr Mengs replied to the merchant Philipson might well have dropped from the lips of a host of New Amsterdam: "Signior traveller, every one here must be accommodated as well as you, since all pay alike. Whoso comes to this house of entertainment must eat as others eat, drink as others drink, sit at table with the rest of my guests, and go to bed when the company have done drinking." Erasmus, comparing his experience of a later period at the inns of France and England, with which he was familiar, notes the difference between the warm welcome he received therein, and the cold, almost sullen, manners of the autocrat of the German taverns.



"THE KING'S HEAD, KEPT BY ONE ROGER BAKER."

The English new-comers in New Amsterdam, accustomed to greater freedom, chafed at the restrictions upon the manner of their enjoyments. The public-houses lost their peaceful character, and many a broil occurred between the staid Dutch hosts and their countrymen with the English soldiers and sailors who came in with the conquest, and hesitated not to assume the air of conquerors, regardless of the fact that the city had been ceded by treaty and not taken by storm.

The honest burghers no longer gathered in the summer evenings beneath the low porch of the favored inn to smoke the long clay pipe and drink their schnapps or beer, and watch the while the quiet game of bowls or Dutch-pins—ninepins it was later called—upon the well-beaten turf of the Green, hard by. In the place of this quiet enjoyment came the rude boisterous revelry of a passing migratory population, denizens of the walls of oak which lined the New York wharves. It soon became necessary to bring the houses under more direct municipal control. In 1675 six houses were appointed to sell liquor and lodging, and eight to "sell beere and syder, *mum* and rum, and to provide for strangers," and a tariff of prices was established. French wines and Madeira ranged from one and threepence to two shillings the English quart; beer and cider were furnished at three to four pence the same measure; lodging at threepence in the beer-houses and fourpence in the wine-houses; ordinaries at eightpence to a shilling per "English meal."

This ordinance clearly established the distinction between the two classes of houses. There was a like distinction between their keepers. Those of wine-houses were termed vintners, and seem to have

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"ELIZABETH JOURDAIN, WHO LODGED HER MAJESTY'S SOLDIERS."

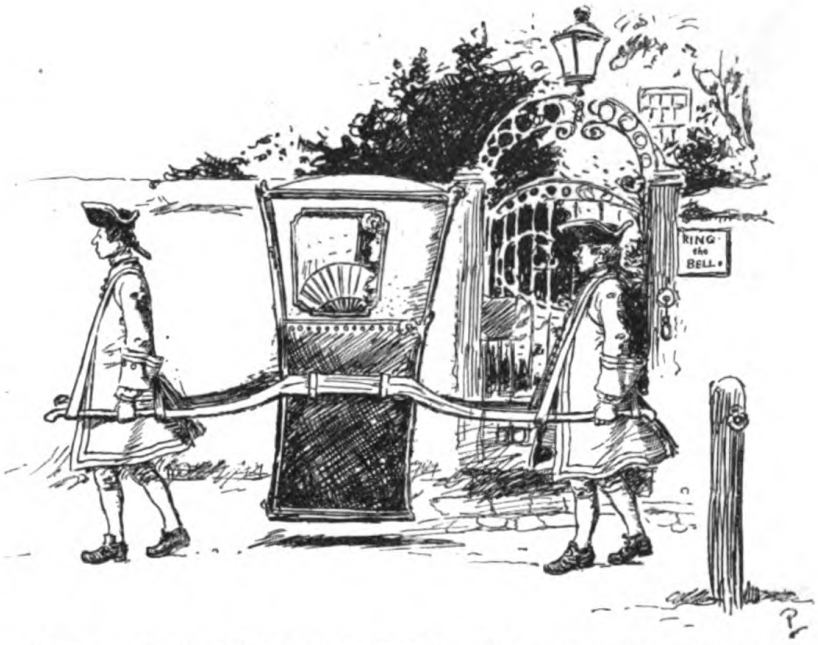
been held in sufficient esteem, holding many positions of local trust and honor. Those of beer-houses were known as tappers, and appear, if they appear at all, in conflict with the authorities in regard to their licenses and the conduct of their houses. The city was kept under strict guard in those days. The watch was set at eight o'clock every evening, after ringing of the bell, and the city gates locked at nine, and opened again at daylight. Though the regulations concerning taverns were not probably as strict as those which Scott described as in force in Germany, yet two centuries had brought little change, and his graphic words may appropriately be again quoted: "After ten o'clock no admittance, and after the watchmen have begun their rounds, he that is without remains without, and he that is within must in like manner continue there until the gates open at break of day." The mixed character of the rough, seafaring population, the numbers of desperate adventurers from every clime, and the close proximity of an Indian population, were cause enough for extreme caution.

As the city became more English in appearance, population, and customs, the taverns seem to have passed almost entirely into the hands of the newer, more enterprising race. They bore English signs, and were kept by men of English names. Of the twenty-six tavern signs the names of which are preserved in the somewhat broken files of New York newspapers of the first half of the eighteenth century, all were English, and of their hosts but four were French and two Dutch. Later, the predominance of the English was, of course, greater.

The earliest record of an English hostelry that our printed documents afford is of the King's Head, kept by one Roger Baker, where committees of the Council and Assembly of the province met for conference, according to the journal of the latter body, on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1701. Subsequent entries show that these meetings were of frequent occurrence, and always at taverns. Although the City Hall afforded abundant accommodation, these gentlemen preferred, after the fashion of the day, to negotiate over the social board. The King's Head appears to have stood in "Queen Street, without the fortifications," on a location which may be now precisely described as the northwest corner of Pearl and Liberty streets. The sign was the head of William of Orange, of "glorious and immortal memory," then near the close of his reign. Baker's rival in the patronage of the gentry was one Gabriel Thompson, who kept the White Lion, the site of which has not been handed down. His name, with the mention of his occupation, is found as early as 1683. Besides the King's Head and the White Lion, the name of only one other tavern sign between 1700 and 1730 has been preserved, that of the Boot. On the other hand, the names of keepers of taverns are constantly met with in official documents. Henry Swift appears as the host who provided the dinner given to Lord Lovelace on his arrival to

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tomers, takes in the Boston, Philadelphia, and New York newspapers, which was an adoption of the usage of the coffee-houses, then the customary reading-rooms; and Thomas Lepper, the whilom host of the Leopard, taking the house which Burns leaves, hangs out the sign of the Duke of Cumberland, and ventures upon an ordinary. "Whereas," he quaintly says, "I have often heard Gentlemen Strangers and single Gentlemen Inhabitants of this city wish for a Regular Ordinary; and since my Removal to the Sign of the Duke of Cumberland, opposite the Merchants' Coffee-house, I have been frequently advised by Gentlemen my Friends to keep one: These are to give notice that I have begun to do so on Tuesday last, which shall be continued every Day. Dinner shall be ready at one o'clock; per Thomas Lepper, from London." Mr. Lepper, if this were written *per se*, would have figured well in company with some of Dickens's masters of the English tongue. This entire want of an ordinary, or table d'hôte in modern parlance, in a city such as New York was then, is certainly singular. The reader will remember it was provided for by city ordinance, and the price fixed to be charged therefor, at wine and beer houses, in 1675. The ordinary, as we are told in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, was an institution founded in the days of James, and as fashionable as modern club-houses, "differing from them chiefly in being open to all whom good clothes and good assurance combined to introduce there. The company usually dined together, and the manager of the establishment presided as master of the ceremonies." Lord Dalgarno, rhapsodizing over its charms, says of it that "it was sacred to Bacchus and Comus, where the choicest noble gallants of the time meet with the first and most ethereal wits of the age, where the wine is the very soul of the choicest grape, refined as the genius of the poet, and ancient and generous as the blood of the nobles, and the fare something beyond your ordinary gross terrestrial food." Before the close of the eighteenth century the term "ordinary" had acquired an unsavory significance, and had an "ignoble sound"; but toward the middle, when Lepper made the experiment in New York, it was still in high repute in England. Cards and gaming were features of the London establishments, and it was a favorite place of rendezvous by day and night between the hours of engagements in business or pleasure. Lepper was unfortunate in his attempt to engraft the ordinary on his public-house. He broke up, and removed to the Ferry House at Staten Island in November of the same year, 1750. This discomfiture may have been, probably was, owing to a rough affray which took place at his house at a meeting of a club of gentlemen on the evening of the 28th of August, which was the sensation of the day, and filled the columns of the *Post Boy*. The parties to the affair were Dr. Ascrough and a hot-headed young man named Porterfield. Canes were shaken, a glove was thrown upon the table as a challenge, and finally swords were drawn. Mr. Porter-



"THE CHAIR WAS CARRIED BY HAND, AND THE HARNESS WAS WORN BY THE BEARERS."

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"CARGOES OF FAVORITE VINTAGES."

ing supplies to Sir William Johnson, who held the keys of the northern position with the tenacity of a border chief. In these days of danger the spirit of the colony rose to its highest pitch. The drum beat in the streets of the city, recruiting offices were opened at the taverns or wharves, and the prominent citizens met at their favorite resorts. In the midst of the excitement the *Sphinx* frigate arrived with Sir Charles Hardy, the new Governor sent out to take the place of the unfortunate Sir Danvers Osborne, whose suicide, two days after his arrival, had been the sensation of the previous year. Great were the festivities on Hardy's arrival, for the frigate brought something of more importance than the royal representative — the sinews of war: hard money, of which the colony was in sore need. The occasion was one of those grand pageants which stand out brilliant points in the story of the imperial city. As the barge reached the White Hall it was saluted with fifteen guns from Fort George near by, where the royal standard floated on the breeze. At the landing were clustered the high dignitaries of the province in their robes of state and bearing their insignia of office. Received with the punctilious ceremonial which was a marked feature of the period, he was escorted by a troop of horse to the government residence within the Fort, the way being lined by the independent companies of the warlike colony. Here his royal commission was exhibited in the presence of the Council, after which it was published from the steps of the City Hall before a great multitude. These necessary formalities concluded, the entire city betook itself to festive enjoyment. The Governor held a reception at the residence, where the royal healths in no small order of succession were duly drunk, the clergy no whit behind their lay brethren in their bibulous testimony of loyalty to church and state. The merriment of the day thus auspiciously begun was not allowed to flag. A grand dinner was laid at the Province Arms.



"THE DRUM BEAT IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY."

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On this occasion the courtly Governor condescended to take part in the festivities. It was the 3d of September, and the evening may have been too warm for deep potation. After the feast, Sir Charles, attended by his guests, walked to the Commons, now the City Hall Park, where were two enormous bonfires. The entire city was illuminated. The account says further "that the joy of the People was witnessed by the Consumption of several bottles of old Madeira," an odd phrase; but it is hardly supposable that that goodly vintage was lavished on the crowd. Even at that day Madeira, a wine little understood or valued in England, was the favorite beverage of the American gentleman. Cargoes of favorite vintages were eagerly bought by the gentry, and being carefully laid down, and scientifically treated, gradually established the fame of this most generous grape. Later these wines were known by the names of the importers or purchasers, but before the Revolution by no other distinction than the year of the vintage.

To the other attractions of his house Willett added that of the Dancing Assembly, the subscription to each meeting of which was eight shillings. The meetings began in November, and continued through the winter, patronized, of course, only by the *élite* of society. The ball was opened at eight o'clock, and closed by midnight. In 1759 Messrs. Duane, Walton, McEvers, and Banyar, all gentlemen of the highest fashion, were the managers. The divisions in society were carried into the ballroom, and the ladies stood upon rights of precedence and dignity which would never be for a moment tolerated by the F.C.D.C., the Patriarchs, or the Matriarchs, in their reunions at Delmonico's. Tradition retains a curious incident which shows the prevalence of such assumptions at a date far later than that when Sir Charles or Washington led the dance. The story is of a young lady of one of the manorial families, who took her place at the head of the dancing hall, in the post of honor, and held it to the close of the evening. To the managers, who protested against her assumptions, she "declined her name and qualities," and added, "Here I take my stand." The lady was a Miss Morris, of the Morrisania family who, to beauty and a graceful presence united a delightful lisp, which gave emphasis to the phrase.

Subscription concerts were also given here, another evidence of the entire absence of anything in the fashion of modern public halls for entertainment of any kind. The last notice of the Province Arms under Willett's management is of a concert, said to be the first of a series,



"THE FIRST VIOLIN WOULD BE PLAYED BY A 'GENTLEMAN LATELY ARRIVED.'"

under the direction of Messrs. Diendal and Hulett, for which they solicited the patronage of the gentlemen of the city, in January, 1760. There were no lady patronesses in those days. The rights of man were well understood, but neither the rights nor the wrongs of woman were yet on the tongues of either sex.

When Willett left the Province Arms does not appear: unfortunately there is a break in the newspaper files at this period. In 1763 one John Crawley, his immediate or later successor, sold out his household goods, in which pyramid glasses figured as a remarkable attraction, and a likely negro woman, a good cook, among his other chattels. Crawley styled his house the New York Arms.

George Burns, from the King's Head,

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AT THE VAUXHALL.

at the White Hall, succeeded Crawley, brought with him excellent grooms, and added a livery to his tavern business, stabling town horses by the month, quarter, or year. Mr. Hulett resumed his concerts of vocal and instrumental music in the Long Room. In 1765 he announced that the first violin would be played by a "gentleman lately arrived" (no names are given), "and a solo by the same hand; the other instrumental parts by gentlemen of the town." Hulett was a professor of music, and these performances were for his benefit, no doubt by amateurs of his teaching, with a little professional art added for measure's sake. This suffices to show that the youth of the city were not negligent of the fine arts, and that while the dignity of the day did not admit of their participation being announced in the public prints, they were ready to "pay with their persons" on the boards.

This year, 1765, was that of the Stamp Act excitement, and the merchants immortalized themselves and their calling by originating the non-importation agreements, which, Lord North said, had they been adhered to by all the colonies with the fidelity of New York, were alone sufficient to have brought a redress of grievances. The first informal meeting of the projectors of the plan was held at the house of Jones, who moved about this period from the Masons' Arms in the Fields to the Queen's Head, Francis's late house. Jones advertised that he had moved in on the 14th of November. It is interesting to locate the place of this first meeting, which led to results of continental magnitude, and was besides the origin of the Sons of Liberty as an organization. Jones's two locations are definitely established, and it is certain that the meeting took place either at the house on the present site of the *Herald* Building or at Francis's tavern, still standing. The attendance on this occasion, Monday, the 28th of October, 1765, being small, because of the short notice given, the grand gathering did not take place until the 31st of the month, when Burns's Long Room at the Province Arms was thronged, and more than two hundred principal merchants came into the agreement. There was a great gathering of boys and sailors at the door, who supposed, so wrote Robert R. Livingston to General Monckton, that some popular ceremony of "burying Liberty" was to be performed; but finding the merchants had dispersed, they also withdrew, and "the evening passed off quietly but for a vast deal of whistling and hurraing, and the breaking of a few glass windows."

The newspaper reports establish New York's claim of priority in this matter.

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Notices of entertainments at the Province Arms now become rare. In 1767 a benefit was given here to the Royal American Band of Music, which, no doubt, exercised its talent for public amusement. Other houses sprung up. That the fashionable gentlemen of the day did not confine their patronage is shown by the following entries concerning taverns in a manuscript diary kept from 1758 to 1761 by Paymaster-General Mortier, of the royal army. They give an idea of the current prices also at this period. The manuscript is now in the possession of Goldsbrow Banyar, Esq., of New York city.

1758	Jan	1	At the Assembly	2	6	
	Feb	18	Dinner at the Glass House	3	5	
	Mch	1	" Black Sam's	1	10	
		28	" Scotch Johnny's	5	6	
	March	30	Willett's Assembly	8		
	June	10	To the Band of Music of the 46th	8		
		18	Dinner at the Coffee House	5	6	
1759	May		Supper at Farrell's	9		
			Farrell wine	1	1	6
1760	Jan		Towards a ball at King's Arms	1	0	0
			Subscription to the Concert	1	12	0
			Subscription to a ball at Byrnes	12		
			To one week at the Coffee House	2		
	Feb	2	"	2		
		19	"	2		
	March	28	Dinner at the Fountain	8		
	April	4	Supper at Byrnes	8		
		5	" at the Fountain	6		
		18	" "	8		

Burns, in his turn, now disappears, his place being taken by Richard Bolton in 1770, who migrates from the Queen's Head. A few words here as to this noted tavern, which still remains a public-house after an unbroken existence in some form as a house of entertainment of considerably more than one hundred years. Built by Stephen De Lancey in the early part of the century, it was for some time the residence of Colonel Robinson, after whose death it was occupied for a time as a store by De Lancey, Robinson, and Co., who were engaged in the sale of European and East India goods and in army supplies. The building was sold at auction in 1759, and purchased by Sam Francis, a West Indian, who opened a tavern under the sign of Queen Charlotte, which was for many years the resort of the merchants, because of its close proximity to the new Exchange. He opened an ordinary here in 1762. Francis, however, had many irons in the fire, and especially devoted his time to the houses of summer entertainment in which he was interested one after another, such as the Vauxhall at the foot of Warren Street on the North River, then out of town. In 1765 he sold out his furniture, and, as has been elsewhere shown, leased the Queen's Head to John Jones, who moved in from the house in which he had succeeded Francis in the Fields. Jones was succeeded, in 1767, by Bolton and Sigell. They announced themselves as strangers, and "sensible that they had no pretensions to the favour of the Public." Their advertisement gives the breakfast hour of the merchants, which was from nine to eleven—late hours for even our degenerate days. They seem to have combined the attractions of a coffee-house and tavern, and to have sold jellies and cake besides.

The Chamber of Commerce was organized here in 1768, and in its Long Room its members met monthly in the evening, and around a board plentifully supplied with bread and cheese, beer and punch, pipes and tobacco, at the moderate expense of one shilling each, established the usages of trade, and settled their differences without the intervention of the law. But only for a year. In 1769 they were



"EXCHANGED THRUSTS WITH THE MERCILESS JUNIUS."

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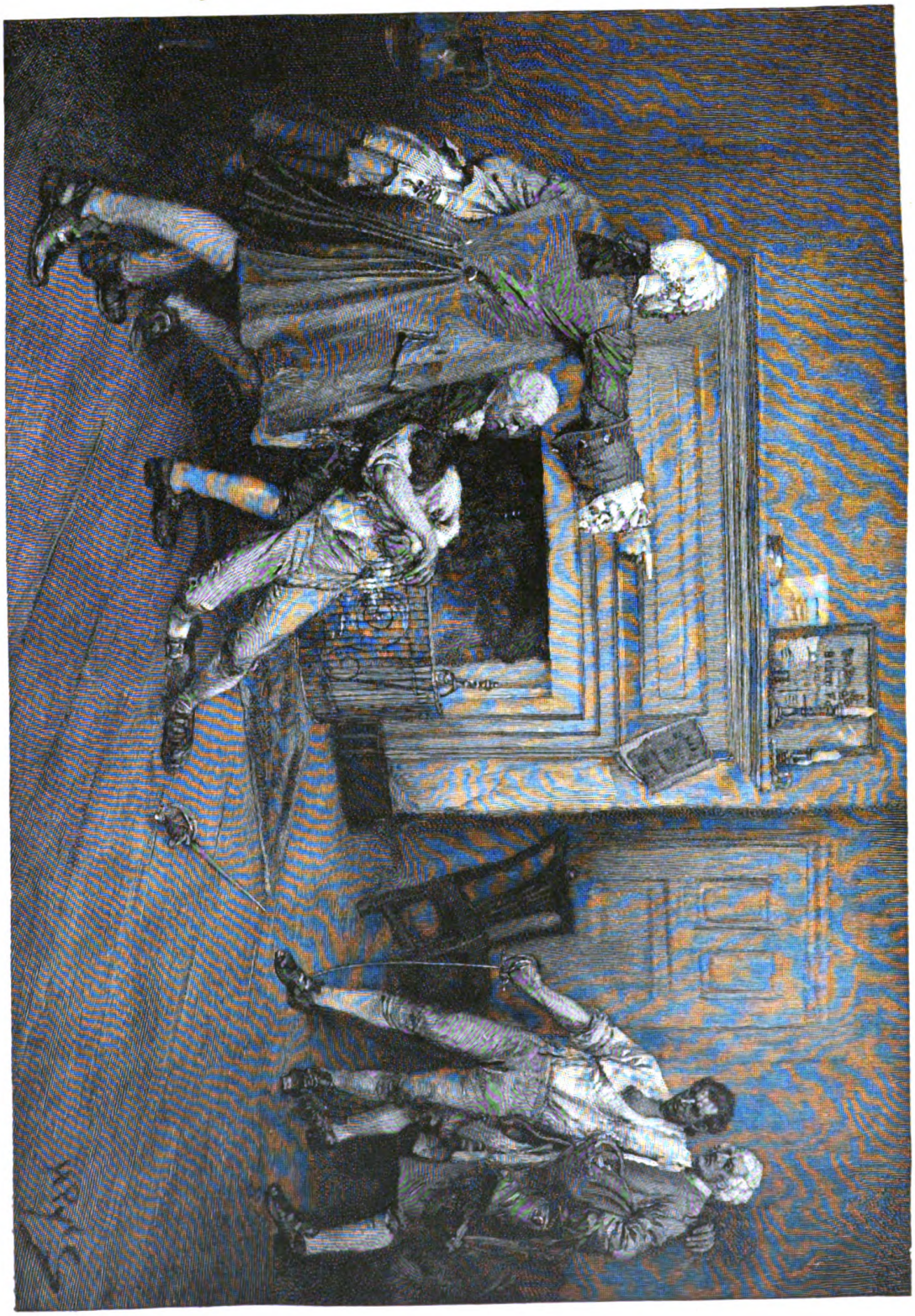


"THE VARIETY AND FATIGUES OF HIS BUSINESS."

granted the use of the great room over the new Royal Exchange. The St. Andrew's Society occasionally patronized the house, and in 1769 the principal knot of the Friendly Brothers of St. Patrick in the Sixteenth Regiment of his Majesty's foot also feasted here. In 1770 the firm of Bolton and Sigell was dissolved, and Richard Bolton continued the house on his own account. His business was extensive enough to require a butler to attend to his bar and cellar, and keep his accounts. In May, 1770, he moved, as has been stated, to the Province Arms, and Sam Francis returned to his old stand, refitted the house, and made a fresh bid for patronage, introducing the new feature, if judgment may be made from its being the first advertisement of the kind, of "Dinners and Suppers dressed to send out for Lodgers and others who live at a convenient distance," meanwhile not neglecting the Vauxhall, his summer house at the Gardens. In 1775 he made effort to sell the tavern, even by public vendue, but without success. The tide of business had gradually moved toward Wall Street, deserting even the Exchange, and the residences tended toward Broadway. The main cause of this was the terrible condition of the streets near the river-banks. The drainage was of the most simple kind, the sewers open at the top, and the city ordinances inadequate to keep them free, in addition to which the heavy tides brought back the street washings to plague those who lived near the docks. The story of Francis's tavern would of itself fill a volume, but it cannot be here dismissed without informing the reader that if he will he may to-day look out from the windows of the very room in which Washington bade farewell to his companions in arms at the close of the war. Though he will find the outer surroundings wholly changed, the Exchange down, the long dock which stood at its extremity no longer visible, but in its place blocks built up on filled-in land to the extreme water line, within he will note but little change from the fashion of the last century; the heavy rafters, the double fireplaces, are still unchanged.

Our generation has witnessed a scene which history will make memorable at this old house—the Memorial Lunch given by the Chamber of Commerce in December, 1883, in honor of their institution in its Long Room, and the supper in the evening in commemoration of Washington's Farewell to his officers in the same Long Room a century ago, when the Society of the Sons of the Revolution, now large and flourishing, was organized by the writer of this article. The room was then decorated in the old style. A turtle feast was had; long pipes were smoked. The service was by Suther-

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MEETING OF CAPTAIN TOLLEMACHE AND CAPTAIN PENNINGTON AT THE NEW YORK ARMS.

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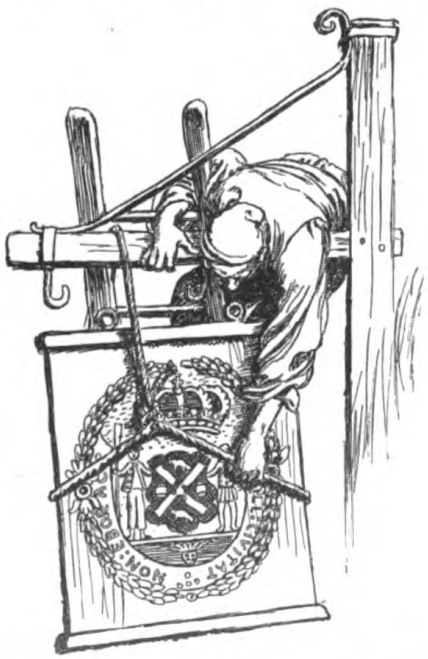
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land's men in old costume, and the toasts were drunk in tobies of ale to the accompaniment of a drum and fife played by musicians in Continental uniform, who marched around the tables to hurrahs for Washington.

Bolton put the Province Arms in thorough repair. In the autumn after his occupation it was the scene of one of the greatest entertainments the city had witnessed in many years. This was on occasion of the arrival of John Murray, Earl of Dunmore, to take command of the province. He was accompanied by Sir William Draper and Lord Drummond, the former a familiar figure in New York. When a visitor to the city the year previous he had been a constant attendant at the fives alley in the Fields, where he excited popular admiration by his skill in the game. Like many of the young bloods of Britain who are to-day the heroes of the lawn-tennis encounters, he carried away with him one of the belles and fortunes of the province, in the person of Susan, a daughter of Oliver De Lancey. But Sir William was no carpet knight. He had won his spurs fairly at the capture of Manila, and had exchanged thrusts in an encounter of argument in a defence of his friend, the Marquis of Granby, with the merciless Junius, the incognito of letters.

It may be here remarked that the name Province Arms begins to disappear. In reality the tavern had no name except its sign, which each interpreted to his fancy. The arms of the province being identical with those of the city, the old name, in the rising spirit of liberty, rapidly gave way to its equivalents, which were used indiscriminately. The York Arms, the New York Arms, the City Arms, and even the City Tavern, were not unusual.



"JOHN CAPE TAKES DOWN THE QUAINT OLD SIGN."

An authentic enumeration of the dances which were in vogue just prior to the Revolution will complete this phase of the portraiture of the manners of the time. Mr. Hulett has appeared upon the scene as a teacher of music and an impresario of concerts at the Assembly Rooms. He will now speak for himself in another capacity:

"*Music, Fencing, and Dancing.*—William Charles Hulett, very gratefully sensible of the many favors he has received from his friends in the course of a twenty years residence in the City, begs leave to inform *them* and the *public* in general that his school in Broad Street is now reopened after the holidays, and that he continues to teach at home and abroad. In Music, the Violin, Guittar, and German Flute. In Dancing, according to the present taste both in London and Paris, the Louvre, Minuet, Dauphine, Rigadoon, Bretagne, Alemande, Double Minuet, Minuet by eight, and Hornpipes; the Cotillons and English Country Dances. For Fencing, he has prevailed on a Master to attend his School, the variety and fatigues of his other business, which he means to go through with justice to his scholars, not permitting him to engage in that department."—*New York Journal, January* 12, 1775.

Careful search has failed to discover any account of several of these dances; others of them have a history. The rigadoon, or rigodon, as the French term it, took its name from Rigaud, a Marseilles dancing-master. The music is lively, in triple time. It is danced by two persons, and the figures are quite complicated. The alemande originated in Germany. Bach wrote music for it. From Germany it passed into France, where it had some success. The cotillon was always danced at the close of the ball.

These dances, strange as their names seem to us now, have been in vogue in this city in the memory of persons now living. The most noticeable feature in them all was their decorum. The stately dames of the olden time, though they would lend their hands or their cheek to the formal and reverential kiss which the courtesy of the period admitted as a tribute of respect while not a sign of familiarity, would have shrunk in horror from the close contact of the modern waltz,

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"THE MEN WHO MET AT HAMPDEN HALL."

and have considered the mad and graceless antics of the polka or the headlong plunge of the galop as little better than a travesty of the orgies of the mænads.

The entertainment given to Dunmore was the last of the colonial festivities. Indeed, at the very time it was progressing there was a rival meeting at Hampden Hall, in the Fields, where the toasts, while loyal in their nature, were dashed with a cooling draught from the fresh spring of liberty. Chief among these, and indicative of the spirit of the time, were "the protesting Lords and dissenting Commons," "the unanimity of the colonies to the latest posterity"; and Lords Chatham and Conway and General Barré were not forgotten. The fashion of the province was at this time strongly patriotic. The Whigs of the home country were eagerly supported by the Whigs of the colony, whose cause they were upholding. A New York citizen sat alongside of the great Irish orator in the House of Commons. The De Lanceys, Coldens, and their immediate following looked with distrust on the rising tide of popular feeling; but the day of division in families had not yet come, and in the broad hall of the still favored tavern Waltons, Jaunceys, Crugers, Bayards, Baches, Rhinelanders, Kembles, and Verplancks might have been found side by side with the scions of Livingstons, Morris, Alexander, Beekmans, Remsen, and Gouverneur, who, without exception, declared for the Revolution a few years later. These were the fine *fleur* of the aristocracy. The men who met at Hampden Hall, a house which belonged to the Sons of Liberty, who had purchased it to secure a home, were not of this order; chiefly mechanics and seafaring men, all Presbyterians, many of New England birth or origin, led by stout King Sears, and thoroughly ruled by the three great leaders whom the veracious Jones in his Tory history delights to call the triumvirate, and stigmatizes with glee as republicans and Presbyterians. These were William Livingston, William Smith, and John Morin Scott.

In 1771 Bolton abandoned his second experiment, and was followed in the management of the Province Arms by Robert Hull. He was a brother of the Order of St. John, and his house, in consequence, was favored by the ancient craft; but the times were not propitious for expenditure. The strict enforcement of the non-importation resolutions, renewed because of fresh impositions by the British government, paralyzed the trade of the city to the extent that grass truly grew in her thoroughfares.

In 1774 John Adams and the Eastern delegates halted at the famous sign, on their way to the immortal Congress which the Sons of New York had recommended as the only bond which could weld the colonies together. Adams says in his Diary that he stopped at Hull's, at the "sign of the Bunch of Grapes," in which, precise as he was, he committed an error.

There was a Bunch of Grapes in 1751 near the widow Rutgers, kept by one Captain George Edmonds. This was never a noted sign in New York. There was a famous Bunch of Grapes tavern in Philadelphia before and during the Revolution, and the still more famous house under the same sign has its history told in the December, 1889, number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Through all the tramp and bustle of the Revolution the City Arms continued to

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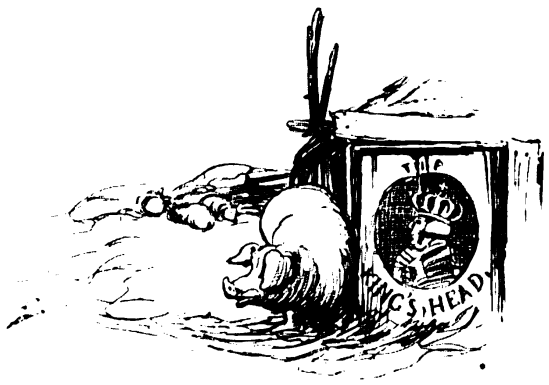
hold its own as the chief tavern of the town, though the pretty neighborhood was sadly changed by the terrible fire which swept the city after the entry of the British army in 1776, and its stately neighbor, old Trinity, was burned to ruin in the general wreck. Notwithstanding the change, the old locality still maintained sufficient charm to attract such of the fashion of the city as remained during the captivity. The officers of the British army, brilliant in their scarlet uniforms, thronged the porch and piazzas, while the girls, who loved the military, paced the Church Walk, as the mall in front of the ruins was called, in evening promenade. Within, the usual revelry and festivity of a garrison town. On one occasion the old walls were the witness of a terrible tragedy. It was an evening in late September. During the day a fleet of men-of-war, with a heavy convoy of provisions and supplies, had sailed into the harbor. During the voyage a difference had occurred between the Hon. J. Tollemache (brother to the Earl of Dysart), the commander of the *Zebra* man-of-war, and Captain Pennington, of the Coldstream Guards. The offence was a sonnet written by Captain Pennington, which Captain Tollemache took up as reflecting upon the wit of his lady; suspended at sea by the necessities of the service, the quarrel was renewed on shore. The meeting took place at the tavern. A brace of pistols were first fired without result, when swords were drawn. Captain Tollemache was run through the left breast, and instantly expired, while Captain Pennington, who received seven wounds, appears to have survived the encounter. The body of the unfortunate Tollemache lies buried within the grave enclosure of old Trinity.

Hull disappears from the tavern soon after this tragedy, and his place is taken by Hicks, concerning whose removal by the arbitrary exercise of will of Commissary Loring, of *Pandarus* reputation, the veracious Jones utters a characteristic jeremiade, Hicks being a hanger-on of the Jones family incidentally. Roubalet, whom Jones charges to have been a creature of Loring, maintained his post until the general delivery of the city of all its invading incubus in 1783.

The old order of things, the old order of men who directed them, now disappear, disappear forever, as the new nation emerges from the tumult of war.

John Cape, a patriotic Boniface, takes down the quaint old sign which had swung over the colonial building through summer and peace, winter and war, since the royal Governor abandoned it to public uses in 1754, and hung out the State Arms of New York. The old walls which had echoed to toasts to Kings and royal Governors, admirals and generals of the crown, on the 2d December, 1783, witnessed the first great entertainment given to Washington after the peace.

Here began a new chapter in the story of the building, which, under Cape, Corre, and Bardin, all famous hosts, whose history deserves to be rescued from the musty, fast-decaying records of the past, maintained its reputation until 1792, when it passed into the hands of the Tontine Association, which demolished the old structure, and erected on its site the celebrated house known as the City Hotel, the pioneer of the magnificent palaces which, combining European taste and elegance with native ingenuity and adaptation to circumstances, have made of the American hotel a national institution, famous and admired throughout the world.



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THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART THIRD.—NEVIL.

I.

IN spite of my wife's care that I should not be made conscious in Mrs. Faulkner's presence by knowing just the terms of her husband's dream, I must have been rather embarrassed in setting off upon her homeward journey with her if she had seemed aware of any strangeness in it. But she seemed aware of nothing. I could not help seeing that my company, or the supervision of some one, was essential to her. She was like a person mentally benumbed; all the currents of her thought were turned so deeply inward, toward the one trouble which engrossed them, that she appeared incapable of motion from herself. She did what I bade her with a mute passivity, as if she were my mesmeric subject, and with a sort of unseeing stare, like a sleep-walker's. My wife came with us to the station to take leave of her, but Hermia had parted with her at the moment of being left alone with Dr. Wingate the night before, and I think could not have been fully sensible of any of us since. I had a fantastic notion of being like something in a dream to her, and I am afraid I must have been like something very harassing, with the attentions I was obliged to offer her.

I tried to make them as few as possible, and to confine them to the elemental questions of eating and sleeping. These were very simply settled: she neither ate nor slept throughout the journey. I spent all the time I could in the smoking car. When I came to her with the announcement that at this or that next station we were to have five, or ten, or twenty minutes for refreshment, after the barbarous custom of the days before dining cars, she said she wanted nothing, so definitively that I could not urge her; and in the morning, after my nightmares in my berth, I found her sitting in one corner of the section I had secured for her, with every appearance of not having moved from her place since she first took it on coming aboard the car. Her cheek was propped on the palm of one hand, and she had that blind, straightforward stare.

It was a strange journey; and if our fellow-passengers made their conjectures about us, it must have been to the effect that I was in charge of a mild case of melancholia, and was rather negligent of my charge. I left her as much to herself as I could, for I understood with what a painful strain she would have to detach herself from the trouble on which her thoughts were bent, if I interrupted them, and that I could in no manner relieve her, or help her to puzzle it out. Toward the end of the second afternoon we came to one of the last stations between us and our destination, and then she started up with a long sigh, and after a moment began to put together the little bags and wraps which women travel with.

"Here we are at Blue Clay," I said, coming up to her.

"Yes," she answered; "this is the last stop the express makes before we get home."

Probably she had taken note of every point and incident in the journey with that superficial consciousness which is so active in times of trouble. She now showed an alertness like that of one awakened from a refreshing sleep, and I had an increasing sense of her having cast off the burden that had oppressed her. There was nothing of levity in her apparent relief; her exaltation was noble and dignified as her dejection had been. Perhaps she had not reached any solution of her trouble; perhaps she had simply cast it from her by a natural reaction as we do when we have suffered enough, for one time, and was destined to take it up again. But I felt that I could not be mistaken in the fact of her relief. If I was mistaken, then it was because she had a strength to conceal her suffering which I could not imagine because she had so frankly shown her suffering before. Her present behavior might have been a woman's ideal of the way she would wish to behave in the circumstances; but I still think Hermia Faulkner had found freedom, at that moment, from the stress of her preoccupation, and began to assume a certain hospitality of manner toward me, because she was able without pain to do so. She thanked me with ingenuous sweetness for coming home with her, and expressed a sense of

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the sacrifice which would have satisfied even the exacting woman who had made me make it. She asked if I had slept well, as if I had just got up; and she hoped I would not suffer by the great kindness which Mrs. March and I had both shown her, and which she would never forget. I protested, of course, that it was all nothing, and said that I had long wished to revisit the scenes of my youth, and had eagerly seized the excuse that the hope of being useful to her gave me for coming now. She answered, "Yes; that is what Mrs. March told me." As we drew near our destination she sympathized with the interest I felt in approaching the place where I had spent the happiest years of my young manhood, and helped me to make out some of the landmarks by which I hoped to identify the city I remembered. But the new city was built all out over and beyond them, and our approach was hurried by finding them within it, so that before I realized it the train was slowing up in the grandiose depot of vaulted brick and glass which replaced the shabby wooden shed of former days. I had intended to renew there the emotions with which I parted from a friend long since dead, the night I started for Europe; but I was distracted by the change, as well as by the hurly-burly of arrival, and I willingly abandoned myself to the friendly care of the black serving-man of Mrs. Faulkner who was there to meet us, and who at once brevetted me one of the family. He took my bag, and led the way out to Mrs. Faulkner's carriage, and put it in with her things before I thought to stop him.

"Oh, I can't let you take the trouble of driving me to a hotel," I said. "I will get a hack here."

"Why, surely," she answered in a tone of wounded expectation, "you are coming to *us*?"

"No; I shall be here such a little while, and—"

"But that's all the more reason why you should be our guest. My mother would be hurt if you went anywhere else; we will leave you free to come and go as you like; only you *must stay* with us."

It was useless to protest, and I got into the carriage with her.

II.

Both then and afterward, when we reached the Faulkner mansion, I was aware of not having done the Faulkners justice as personages, in our meeting at Swampscott. I had understood, in a careless way, that their occupation of that villa and the style of their living in it meant money; but Faulkner himself was such an informal sloven, and Hermia was so little attributable in character to anything about her, and the doom hanging over them was so exclusive of all other interest in them, that I had not conjectured the degree of state from which they were detached. The quiet richness of the equipage that had met us now was the forerunner of a luxurious comfort, far beyond any expectation of mine, in all Mrs. Faulkner's belongings and surroundings. She was not a person you could imagine caring for the evidences or uses of wealth; she affected you at once as exterior to all such sordid accidents; as capable of being a goddess in any gown. As a matter of fact, however, the costliness in which her whole life was clad was certainly very great.

I had forgotten the spacious grounds in which Faulkner's house stood, or perhaps I now noticed them more because all the neighborhood had been closely built up in the process of the city's growth. In the heart of the town the mansion rose from the midst of ample lawns and gardens, enclosed by a high brick wall, such as I had always said was my ideal of stately bounds; and it all looked much older than anything at the East, from the soft-coal smoke with which wall and mansion and garden trees were blackened. I suppose it was the smell of this in the air, and the mat of ivy on the house front, that confused my memories of the farther past with more recent recollections of England, and imparted to my present sensations the vagueness of both, as we rolled up under the *porte cochère*. I saw that the house must have been vastly enlarged since I had been there last, and the bulk of the elms that overtopped it, and the height of the slim white birches on the lawn before it, warned me how long ago that had been. Within, I was met by the fresh, brisk warmth of a fire of hickory limbs, that burnt on the wide hall hearth, and I at once delivered myself up to the caresses of the velvety ease in which all life moved there. These influences are so subtly corrupting that a vulgar question formed itself in my mind, as I followed the servant up the broad staircase to my room, and I wondered how

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much the invitation of such luxury might tempt a man fagged in heart and mind. I said to myself that if I were Nevil, for example, and I were in love with the heart of this material bliss, I should certainly let no fantastic scruple bar me from possession. I cannot exactly say how the formulation of this low thought affected me with a perception of Hermia's charm in a way it was not apt to make its appeal. But when I went down to dinner, and met her again, mellowed to harmony with all that softness and richness by a dress that lent itself in color and texture to her peculiar beauty, I was abashed by her youth and loveliness. I had till then thought of her so much as a mysteriously stricken soul, that I had never done justice to her as a woman that some favored man might be in love with, as men are with women, and might marry. When I now realized this I was ashamed of realizing it, and was afraid of betraying it somehow, by some levity, some want of conformity in mood or manner to what I knew of her. I suffered myself to wonder if Nevil ever had this unruly sense of her, against which something sadly reproachful in her beauty itself seemed to protest, and which I feel that I have given undue grossness and fixity in putting it into words. I suppose it was all from seeing her for the first time in colors, and from perceiving with a distinctness unfelt before that she was in the perfect ripeness of her sumptuous womanhood. Something perversely comic mixed with my remorse, when I met her eye with these thoughts in my mind, and fancied a swift query there as to the impression I had of her. I wished to tease, to mystify her, to keep her between laughing and crying, as a naughty boy will with some little girl whom he pretends to have found something wrong about. I have since thought she may have been questioning whether I read in her costume any conclusion as to the matter pending in her mind; and that she meant to express by this assertion of her right to be beautiful the decision which she had reached. If this was so, she had chosen a means too purely, too finely feminine; my wife might have understood her, but I certainly did not.

The dowager Mrs. Faulkner was there with her in the drawing-room, a plain old lady, whom I could see her son had looked like, in a rich old lady's silk. She welcomed me with a motherly cordiality, and put me on that footing of intimacy with Faulkner in the past which I was always wishing in vain to refuse. I perceived that I had for her only the personality that he had given me; she could not detach me from the period of my first acquaintance with him. She began at once to talk literature with me, as if that were the practical interest of my life; and I found her far better read, and of a far more modern taste, than her son had been. She was one of those old ladies who perhaps reach their perfection a little away from the centres of thought, or rather of talk, and in some such subordinate city as that where her life had been passed. She had kept the keen relish for books which seems to dull where books are written and printed, and she had vivid opinions about them which were not faded by constant wear. I found also that she knew personally a great many of the authors we discussed: it was still in the palmy days of lecturing, and the Faulkners had made their house the hospitable sojourn of every writer who had come to the place to read his essay or poem. She told me that I had the authors' seat at her table, and that the very chair I then sat in had been occupied by Emerson, Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Saxe, Dr. Holland, Bayard Taylor, Mark Twain, and I do not know who else.

I confess that she fatigued me a little with all that enthusiasm, but except for her passion for authorship in books and out of them, I found that I must revise my impression that she was a romantic person. Her relations with her daughter-in-law had nothing, certainly, of romantic insubstantiality; they were of the solidest and simplest affection, founded apparently upon a confidence as perfect as could have existed between them if Hermia had been her own child. She gave her the head of the table, and she let herself be ruled by her in many little things in which old ladies are apt to be rebellious to younger women. She seemed to wish only to lead the talk, but she deferred to Hermia in several questions of fact as well as taste, and though she always spoke to her as "child," it was evidently with no wish to depose or minify her. On her part Hermia, without seeming to do so, showed herself watchful of Mrs. Faulkner's comfort and pleasure at every moment, and evidently returned her liking in all its cordiality.

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There was no manner of jealousy between them, perhaps because Mrs. Faulkner could never have been a beauty, and could not even be retrospectively envious of Hermia's magnificence, and partly also because they were temperaments that in being wholly opposite did not in the least wear upon each other.

This at least was my rapid formulation of the case. The dinner was exquisite, and Mrs. Faulkner praised it with impartial jollity, assuring me that I should have had no such dinner if she had been in authority, but that Hermia's genius for house-keeping was such that its inspirations ruled even in her absence. As for herself, she did not know what she was eating.

"Nor, I hope, how much I am," I said.

In fact I felt quite torpid, after dinner. As we sat before the fire I began to have long dreams between the syllables of the words I heard spoken, and I had a passage of conversation with my wife and Faulkner, in which it was all pleasantly arranged in regard to Nevil, while I was dimly aware of Mrs. Faulkner's asking me whether I thought George Eliot would live as a poet.

I do not know whether I perceptibly disgraced myself or not. But we made a short evening, and a little after nine o'clock I acquiesced with an alacrity for which I am sure my wife would never have forgiven me, in Hermia's suggestion that I must be very tired, and would like to go to bed.

III.

It was certainly a most anomalous situation, and I woke with the brilliant idea that for my own part in it the whole thing was to take it as naturally as possible; which was probably reflected into my waking thought from some otherwise wholly vanished dream.

I found it early, as to the daylight, but in that smoke-dimmed November air it might very well be still rather dark at seven o'clock. I went out for a breath of the pensive confusion which I found still persisted in it, and inhaled my glad youth and my first joy of travel in the odor of those bituminous fumes. The grass was still brightly green on the lawn;

"And parting summer lingering blooms delayed"

in the garden, which stretched with box-bordered walks and grape-vined trellises to the wall at one side of the house. The leaves had dropped from the trees, and I picked up from the fallen foliage, soft and dank under my feet, a black walnut, pungently aromatic, and redolent of my boyhood. At the same time a faint scent rose from the box, and transported me to that old neglected garden by the sea, where I saw Faulkner die. A thrill of immense pity for him pierced my heart. I thought with what a passion of tenderness for that woman he must have planned this house, from which he was now in eternal exile, and her willingness to forget him in her love for another seemed monstrous. It was hard to be a philosophical spectator; I found myself taking the unfriended side of the dead.

In the house, when I returned to it, I was met by Faulkner's mother, before that cheerful hall fire. She put aside the damp morning paper which she had just opened to dry in the heat, and gave me her old, soft hand.

"Do you find many familiar points about the place?" she asked.

"No; I'm afraid I hadn't kept any distinct remembrance of it. At least, it's all very strange."

"You would recognize my son's room, I suppose," she said, turning and leading the way down a corridor that branched away from the hall. "The old house is all here; the new one was built round it; and we've kept poor Douglas's den, as he used to call it, just as it was."

I thought it an odd fancy she should wish me to visit the place with her, but I concluded that perhaps she wished to tell her daughter I had already seen it, if she should ask. At any rate, I had no comment to make even in my own mind: we all deal as we best can with our bereavements, and it is but lamely, helplessly at the best.

We had to pass through the library, and I recognized some of the rare editions and large-paper copies with which poor Faulkner had so quickly surfeited me; and there were two or three of his ridiculous Madonnas hung about, cold engravings with wide mats in frigid frames of black, after a belated taste for the quiet in art. They made me shiver; and in the room which we entered from the library that night, and found Nevil smoking there, we were now met by a ghostly scent of tobacco, as if from the cigars that Faulkner himself nervously had consumed, one after another, as we talked

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It brought back my youth, which seemed haunting the city everywhere: not my youth bright and warm as we find it imagined in the lying books, but cold and dead: the spectre that really revisits after years, and makes us glad it is dead.

The stout-hearted old lady pushed back a blind that had swung to across an open casement, and let in the morning sun. "We keep it aired every day; I can't bear to let it seem to be getting out of use. Hermia feels as I do about it, and she would have asked you to come here and smoke and write your letters; but I thought perhaps I had better bring you first. She was very tired, and we sat up late, talking. Will you sit down? Breakfast will not be ready till half past eight."

I obeyed, and she sat down too. I wondered what could be her motive in wishing to keep me there, and what her theory was in bringing up the last matter that I should have supposed she would like to talk of in that place. Perhaps she spoke from that absence of sensation in regard to certain interests of life which we imagine callousness in the old: those interests are simply extinct in them, and they are no harder than the young who still feel them so keenly. Perhaps she still felt them, and meant to make a supreme renunciation of the past on the spot hallowed to her by the strongest associations. I do not know; I only know that she began to speak, and to speak with a plainness that I have no right to call bluntness.

IV.

"Mr. March, Hermia has been telling me of what she learnt in Boston from Dr. Wingate."

"Yes?" I said feebly.

"It was my wish that she should go there, and see him, and find out to the last word all that he remembered of Douglas. She would not have gone without my wish; but it was her wish, too; or rather it was the necessity of both of us. After we found that paper of Douglas's, which she took with her, we could neither of us rest till we knew everything."

I nodded, for want of wit to say anything relevant, and she went on.

"I wish to say at once that I thoroughly approve of Hermia's engagement to Mr. Nevil, and that nothing she heard from Dr. Wingate has changed me in the least about it. At first, the engagement was rather a shock to me; but not more so than his offer was to Hermia; perhaps not so much." There was no faltering in Mrs. Faulkner's voice, but a tear ran down her cheek. "We are very strangely made, Mr. March. It is twenty years since my husband died, and I have never once thought of marrying again; but I cannot honestly say that I would not have married if I had met any one I loved. I know that such a thing was possible, though I did not know it then. At first, after we have lost some one who is very dear to us, it seems as if henceforward we must live only for the dead: to atone to them for the default of our lives with them, and to make reparation for unkindness. That is the way I felt when my husband died. I wanted to keep myself in communion with him. But that was not possible. Nature soon teaches us better than that; she shows us that as long as we live upon the earth, we cannot live at all for the dead: we can live only for the living."

"Yes," I said. "I never thought of it before, though."

"Have you ever known any deep bereavement?"

"No; I have been very fortunate."

"If you ever have such a sorrow, you will understand what I say as you never can without it. I had learned the truth when my son died, and I tried to make my daughter accept it from me. But she could not; she could only accept it from experience. He had been her whole life so long that she did not wish to live any other. No woman ever devoted herself more utterly than she did to him. She could not realize that as long as she remained in the world she could not devote herself to him any more; that all that had come absolutely to an end. The truth was the harder for her to learn 'by reason of great strength.' She thought that for his sake she could bear not to know what was the trouble of mind in which he died. That was a mistake."

"My wife and I thought so, when we heard of it. Dr. Wingate told me about it. But it was very heroic."

"It was heroic, yes; but it was impossible. I knew it at the time. If she had made Dr. Wingate tell her then, she could have thought it out and lived it down; or, if she couldn't have done that, then at least what makes it so cruel now would never have happened."

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"Yes, I see," I said, in the pause which Mrs. Faulkner made.

"I have always been willing," she resumed, "and sometimes I have been anxious that Hermia should marry again. Marriage is for this world. We are told that by Christ himself, and we know it instinctively. Death does dissolve it inexorably; and although I believe, as Swedenborg says in one of his strange books, that one man and one woman shall live together to all eternity in a union that will make them one personality, still I believe that, as he says, that union may or may not begin on earth, and that it will be formed hereafter without regard to earthly ties. I was not a fool, and I saw that Hermia was young and attractive, and I expected her to have the feelings of other young and attractive women."

There was a mixture of mysticism and matter-of-fact in this dear old lady's formulation of the case which was bringing me near the verge of a smile, but I said, gravely, "Of course."

"But she never showed the least sign of it; and when, after Mr. Nevil came back from Europe, their engagement took place, I was entirely unprepared for such a thing. He had been with us a great deal. We nursed him through a long sickness after that broken engagement of his in Nebraska, and he was quite like one of ourselves. In fact, his friendship with Douglas dates back so far—to the very beginning of their college days—that I can hardly remember when James did not seem like a son to me. You mustn't suppose, though, that I ever objected to the engagement, or do now. I highly approve of it. But I had always fancied that the very intimacy that Hermia was thrown into with him, was unfavorable to her forming any fancy for him. In fact, she has always been rather critical of him; and I know that she rather dislikes clergymen—as men, I mean. She is a religious person in her own way: I've nothing to say against her way. So, as I say, I was sufficiently astonished; but that is neither here nor there. I gave my cordial consent at once. James has not had a very joyous life; he has made it rather hard for himself, and I suppose that the idea of putting some brightness into it may have first made Hermia— But at any rate they were very happy together; and though Hermia had her morbid feelings occasionally about Douglas, and seemed to think it was wicked to turn from him to anybody else, and a kind of treason, still, she always listened to me about it, and would be reasonable when I showed her how foolish she was. I wanted her to put his things away, and there I suppose I made a little mistake, especially the things connected with his last days —writings and letters, and odd scraps, that she was always intending to look over, and never quite had the strength for. She consented to burn them; but she could not bring herself to do that without reading them; and so we found that paper which she carried to Dr. Wingate. Do you know what was in it?"

"No, certainly. She showed it to him in our presence, and I think she was willing we should know, but he decided very wisely that he would rather speak with her alone about it."

My feeling did not seem to make much impression upon Mrs. Faulkner.

"I suppose you do know, Mr. March, that my son was not quite in his right mind when he died?"

I admitted that I had some misgivings to that effect.

"I don't understand," she went on, "why we should be so ashamed to acknowledge that any one connected with us is not perfectly sane. As if the world were not full of crazy people! As if we were not all a little crazy on some point or other! The pain he suffered had affected his mind; it's very common, I believe; and he had a delusion that showed itself in the form of a dream, but that would have been sure, if he lived, to have broken out in a mania."

She stopped, as if she expected me to prompt her or agree with her, and I said, "Yes, Dr. Wingate told me something of the kind."

"But he gave you no hint of what the dream—the delusion—was?"

"None."

"We used often to try to think what it could be. It seemed to give him a dislike or distrust for Hermia; and we thought —we hardly ever spoke of it openly; now we must handle it without shrinking, no matter what pain it gives! We thought —that it involved some fear of violence from her. People whose minds are beginning to be affected, often have such dreadful fancies about those who are dearest to them."

"Yes, yes, I know," I said, and I hope

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I did not let my tone express the slight impatience I felt at being obliged to traverse ground I had been over with Hermia already in this quest.

"But it was nothing of that kind whatever. It was"—Mrs. Faulkner hesitated, as if to prepare me for a great surprise —"jealousy."

"Jealousy?" I repeated, and I could not help throwing into the word a touch of the surprise which she evidently expected of me. I had not followed her so far without perceiving that an old lady so devoted to literature valued the literary quality of the situation; that with all her good sense and true and just feeling she had the foible of being rather proud of a passage in her family life which was so like a passage of romance.

"Yes," she went on. "And of all things, jealousy of her with—with James." I could say nothing to a fact which I had conjectured long before, and she continued: "Dr. Wingate seemed to think that now she had better know exactly what the dream was, since the paper we had found distressed her so much, and take it in the right way. It was a scribble in one of his note-books, on a leaf that he had torn out and probably meant to tear up. It had the date, and it spoke of his having that dream again; that he had begun to have it every night, and if he fell asleep by day. The leaf was torn out at the side in places, and you could only read scraps of sentences, but it all accused her of wishing his death. It would have driven any other woman wild, but Hermia had been through too much already. She told me something of it, to explain the paper as well as she could; and she said that she knew you and Mrs. March had noticed something strange in Douglas's manner toward her the day you were there; and I urged her to go right on and consult you both, and see Dr. Wingate, and find out exactly what the trouble was."

I was silent, for want of anything fitting to say, though she seemed to expect me to speak.

"The doctor told her that Douglas had been having the dream almost a year before he died: at first every month or two, and then every week. So far as he could remember it was always exactly the same thing from the very beginning. He dreamed that she and James were—attached, and were waiting for him to die, so that they could get married. Then he would see them getting married in church, and at the same time it would be his own funeral, and he would try to scream out that he was not dead; but Hermia would smile, and say to the people that she had known James before she knew Douglas; and then *both* ceremonies would go on, and he would wake. That was all."

"It seems to me quite enough. Horrible! Horrible! I'm surprised that Wingate should have told her."

"He had to do so. There was nothing else. She got it from him by questioning; though I suppose he thought it best she should know just what the trouble was, so that she could see how perfectly fantastic it was, and be able to deal with it accordingly."

"Poor man! How he must have suffered from that unrelenting nightmare! And it seems too ghastly to drag from his grave the secret he kept while he lived." These thoughts were so vivid in my mind that I should not have been surprised if Mrs. Faulkner had replied to them like spoken words.

But she only said: "There were some strange details of the dream, which it seems Dr. Wingate recalled; he may have written it down after hearing Douglas tell it; and from the description of the church which he gave, Hermia recognized it as one here in the city: James's own church. Of course," said the old lady, ignoring the shudder with which I received this final touch, "Dr. Wingate might not have been so explicit if he had known of Hermia's engagement to James. I suppose you hadn't told him?"

"No," I said, and I set that omission down as the chief enormity in a life which has not been free from some blunders worse than crimes.

"Well, that is the whole affair, and we must act at once," said Mrs. Faulkner.

"Break off the engagement, of course," was at my tongue's end; but I found out I had said nothing when she added:

"James must know it all without delay. He has been out of town, but he will be home to-night, and he must know it before he meets Hermia again."

"Of course," I said.

"We talked it over late into the night, and we both came to that conclusion. In fact, Hermia had thought it out on the way home; and she said that just as the train came in sight of home yesterday, it all flashed upon her what she must do. She

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must leave the future wholly to James, to do whatever he thought right after he knew everything. She says it came to her like a sudden relief from pain. You must have thought it strange we could keep up, as we did in the evening, but it was the revulsion of feeling with her, and I knew nothing till you left us. She merely said, when we met, 'It is all right, mother,' and I should have thought so, if she had told me every word. The decision she reached is the only one. We must leave it to James. She rests in that, and I can't say whether the thought of my poor son's illusion troubles her or not, in itself. I know that it ought not to trouble her; but at the same time I know that it is something which we ought not to keep from James. Men often look at things very differently from women, the best of women."

V.

It went through my mind that the affections being the main interest of women's lives, perhaps they dealt with them more practically if not more wholesomely than men. Certainly their treatment of them seems much more business-like.

Heaven knows what was really in that old woman's heart, as she talked so bravely of a future from which even her son's memory was to be obliterated. Whether it was a sacrifice of herself she was completing, or whether she was accomplishing an end which she freely intended, I shall never be certain; but I thought afterward that she had perhaps schooled herself to look only at Hermia's side of the affair, and had come to feel that she could do no wrong to the dead, whom she could no longer help, by seeking the happiness of the living, whom she could help so much. I myself have always reasoned to this effect, and in what I had to do with it I did my best to bring others to the same mind; and yet at that moment, in that place, it seemed a hellish thing. I saw Faulkner with the inner vision, by which alone, doubtless, we see the dead, standing there where I first met him, by that table where we were sitting, with his long nervous fingers, yellowed at their tips by his cigar, trembling on an open page; and then I saw him fall back on the seat of the arbor in the old sea-side garden and die. What a long tragedy it was that had passed between those two meetings! Had not his suffering won him the right to remembrance? None of us would have denied this; but what was proposed was to forget him; to blot his memory and his sorrow, as he had himself been blotted, out of the world forever. The living must do this for their lives' sake; the dead must not master us through an immortal grief. All the same I pitied Faulkner, pitied him for his baleful dream, whose shadow had clouded his own life, and seemed destined to follow that of others as relentlessly; and I pitied him all the more because there seemed no one to do it but me who had cared for him so little while he lived. He had suffered greatly, and by no fault of his own, unless you could blame his folly in having his friend so familiarly a part of his home that his crazy jealousy must make him its object almost necessarily. But even this weakness, culpable as it was, was a weakness and not a wrong; and no casuistry could prove it malevolent. Something impersonally sinister was in it all, and the group involved was severally as blameless as the victims of fate in a Greek trilogy. Neither I nor any other witness of the fact considered for a moment that Faulkner had cause for the dark suspicion which was the beginning and the end of his dream.

I do not know whether Mrs. Faulkner had been saying anything else before I woke from these thoughts and heard her say, "I have spoken very fully and freely to you, Mr. March, both because you knew much of this matter already, and because I need — Hermia needs — your help. We depend upon your kindness; we are quite helpless without you; and you were one of my son's early friends, and can enter into our feelings."

"I assure you, Mrs. Faulkner—" I began; and I was going to say that the matter of my early friendship with her son had somehow always been strangely exaggerated; but I found that I could not decently do this, under the circumstances, and I said—"There is nothing in my power that I wouldn't gladly do for you."

"I was certain of that," she answered. "James must know of this—of the whole fact—as soon as he gets back. But Hermia can't write to him about it, and I can't speak to him." I began to feel a cold apprehension steal over me; at the same time a light of intelligence concerning Hermia's hospitable eagerness to make me her guest dawned upon me. Could that exquisite creature, in that electrical

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moment of relief from her trouble, have foreseen my usefulness by the same flash that showed her the simple duty she had in the matter? I do not think I should have blamed her, if that were the case; and I was prepared for Mrs. Faulkner's conclusion: "We must ask *you* to speak to James."

I was prepared, but I was certainly dismayed, too; and I promptly protested: "My dear Mrs. Faulkner, I don't see how I could possibly do that. I am very sorry, very sorry indeed; but I cannot. I should not feel warranted in assuming such a confidential mission to Mr. Nevil, by my really slight acquaintance, or by anything in my past relations with your son. I have been most reluctant to know anything about this painful business," and if this was not quite true, it was certainly true that I had not sought to know anything. "At every point my wife and I have respected the secrecy in which we felt it ought to remain, even against the impulse of sympathetic curiosity."

"Then Mrs. March did not tell you what it was when you started home with Hermia?"

"Surely not! She would have thought it a betrayal of Mrs. Faulkner that would have been embarrassing to me; and how could you suppose I would let you go on and tell me the whole story if I knew it already?"

"I didn't think of that," said Mrs. Faulkner. "Hermia and I both took it for granted that Mrs. March had told you." I did not say anything, and she added ruefully, "Then I don't know what we shall do. Is it asking too much to ask if you can suggest anything?"

I knew from her tone that she was hurt as well as disappointed by this refusal of mine to act for them; strange as it appears, she must have counted unquestioningly upon my consent. I said, to gain time as much as possible, for I had no doubt on that point, "Excuse me, Mrs. Faulkner: do I understand this request to come from you both?"

"No; my daughter knows nothing about it. The idea of asking you was entirely my own; and I made a point of seeing you as soon as possible, this morning. If you must refuse, I beg you will not let her know."

"You may depend upon my silence, Mrs. Faulkner. But," and I rose and began to walk about the room, "why should you tell Mr. Nevil what the dream was; or at least that it concerned him? We must consider that, in the light of reason, the thing is non-existent. It has no manner of substance, or claim upon any one's conscience or even interest. Dr. Wingate did not wish Mrs. Faulkner to know it; and I really think that when she insisted, he would have done wisely and righteously to lie to her about it. I'm sure he would have done so if he had known that she was engaged to Mr. Nevil. But it's too late now; the mischief's done, as far as she's concerned. The question is now how to stop the evil from going farther; and I say there is no necessity for Mr. Nevil's knowing anything about it. Treat it from this moment as the unreality which it is; ignore it."

I went on to the same effect; but as I talked, I knew more and more that I was wasting my breath, and in a bad cause, and I saw that Mrs. Faulkner even ceased to follow me. One of the maids came to my rescue with the announcement that breakfast was served. We followed her, and I ate with the appetite to which I have noticed that the exercise of the sympathies always gives an edge of peculiar keenness.

VI.

Hermia did not join us at breakfast, but I had no need to account for her absence upon that theory of extreme fatigue from her journey, which Mrs. Faulkner urged with so much superfluous apology. I began to have my reluctances about that old lady, to wish to escape from her, because I had refused to oblige her in that little matter of interviewing Nevil, and I was afraid she would recur to it. I made an excuse of wanting to look about the town, and I went out as soon as I could get away after breakfast.

Now that I was there, and had come so far, I was willing to see all I could of the place, and of several people in it whom I remembered as very charming; and I felt exasperated by the terms of my presence. I reviled myself for going to the Faulkners', though I knew I could not help it; but being their guest I could not leave them except to leave town. I strolled about harassed with the notion that I would go on the night express, and denying myself in the interest of this early departure all those little lapses into sentiment concerning the past which I had always expected to indulge when I returned to its scenes. I

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found myself unwilling to meet my old friends, with the burden on me of having to say that I was there only for the day, and to explain that I had come on with Mrs. Faulkner, and was her guest. I hated the air of mystery the affair would have; but there was one person whom I could not really think of going away without seeing. As a young man I used to come and go in her house as freely as in my own home, at any time between nine in the morning and twelve at night; she had been kind to me, and helpful and inspiring, as only a brilliant woman of the world, who is also good, can be to an ambitious, shy, awkward young fellow of twenty-two; and I decided to make hers stand for all the friendships of the past.

She made me so sweetly welcome that in a moment we had broken through the little web of alienation that the spider years had been spinning between us; and found ourselves exactly in the old relations again. I had been a little curious, after seeing so much of the world, to see whether she would appear as clever and accomplished as she used to seem; and I was glad to find she bore the test of my mature experience perfectly. After all, it is such women who make the polite world, wherever we find it; not the world them. Her tact divined, without any motion of mine, all the external points of the case, and made it seem even to me the most natural thing possible that I should have seized the occasion of Mrs. Faulkner's being in Boston to run out with her to my old home, if only for a day, and give my old friends a glimpse of me. She supposed that I must be devoted to the Faulkners for the short time I staid, and she would merely insist upon my lunching with her; she would make my peace with Mrs. Faulkner. Was not she exquisite? Had I ever met any one just like her? And what a life of self-devotion, and then of sorrow! No, no one could understand what she had been through, unless they had seen something of it day by day. But I had seen something; the most tragical thing of all, perhaps; and my wife had been so good! Mrs. Faulkner had told her about Mrs. March.

The talk naturally confined itself to Mrs. Faulkner for a time, and it naturally returned to her from whatever excursions it made in other directions. After a while, it began, somehow, to include Nevil, whom I found to be another of my friend's enthusiasms; she celebrated him with the fervor that is rather characteristic of hero and heroine worship in small places, where people almost have their noses against the altar. I trembled inwardly for the secret I was guarding, for I felt that my friend would have it out of me in an instant if she suspected me of its custody, but apparently she knew nothing of the engagement. She asked me if I had heard of that horrid affair out West which had given poor Mr. Nevil back to them again; and she said she supposed he would never think of marrying, now. She wished that he would marry Hermia Faulkner; it would be more than appropriate, it would be ideal; they were exactly suited to each other; and she could help him in his work as no other woman could. She deserved some happiness; but it would be like her to go on dedicating her whole existence to the memory of a man who was really her inferior, and who had nothing to commend him to her constancy except his love for her. Of his love for her you could not say enough; but my friend reminded me that she had never considered him the wonderful person that some people thought him; and she scouted the notion of his having married beneath him in marrying Hermia Winter. Her people were very nice people, though they were so poor; they were idealists; and her father had come West and settled on Pawpaw Creek after the failure of one of those communities in New England, which he had been connected with. As for Hermia herself, whom my friend remembered in her Bell's Institute days, she was a girl of the rarest intelligence and character; a being quite supernally above a ward politician and a pretentious dilettante like Douglas Faulkner, whose "three times skimmed sky-blue" Virginia blood was full of the barbaric pride of a race of slave-holders. As my friend went on she characterized poor Faulkner with a violent excess which would have satisfied even Mrs. March the day when she first met him at Swampscott, and he betrayed his defective tastes in literature and art; Of course, I said that this was exactly the way in which he had impressed my wife; and I defended him. But she told me I might spare my breath; that she knew I really thought just as my wife and she did about him; and that if James Nevil had not been a saint upon earth he never could have endured the man.

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"We are both saints," I suggested. "I endured him."

"Oh, no, you're not. Nevil really loved him, and I believe he loves his memory to this day."

"Well, at any rate Faulkner's out of the story," I urged.

"I'm not so sure of that!" cried my friend. "I'm afraid it's their foolish constancy to him that keeps those two from thinking of each other."

"Are you, really?" I asked, and I found a perverse amusement in playing with her shrewd ignorance so near my knowledge, which it could so easily have penetrated. "It seems to me that if they were inclined to each other, their allegiance to the dead would have very little effect. I suspect that conscience, or the moral sentiments, or whatever we call the supersensuous equipment, has nothing to do with people's falling in love, except to find reasons and justifications for it, and to add a zest to it."

"I will write that to Mrs. March," said my friend, "and ask her if those are her ideas, too."

"Oh, I know!" I answered airily. "You ladies like to pretend that it's an affair of the soul, or if possible, of the intellect; and as your favor is the breath of the novelists' nostrils, they all flatter you up in your pretension, till you get to believing in it yourselves. But at the bottom of your hearts, you know, as *we* do, that it's a plain, earthly affair, for this life, for this trip and train only."

"Shocking! shocking!" said my friend, shaking her head, which had grown charmingly gray, in a marquise manner, and evincing her delight in the boldness with which I handled the matter.

"You may be sure," I concluded, "that if these two people have not fallen in love, it's because they don't fancy each other. If they did, there would be no consideration of sentiment, no air-woven tie of fealty to a love or a friendship of the past, which would hold them in the leash. If Faulkner's ghost rose between them, they would plunge through it into each other's arms."

"Ah, now you *are* talking atrociously!" said my friend.

I had indeed been hurried a little beyond myself by a sudden realization of the fact that so far as Hermia was concerned, the past was obliterated by her determination to leave everything to Nevil; and that as soon as Nevil knew everything, he would decide, as I should have decided, that every consideration of honor and delicacy and duty, as well as of love, bound him to her. An added impulse had been given to my words by the consciousness that I was the only means of making her determination known to him, that whether she had inspired her mother to ask this service of me or not, she tacitly hoped it, and that in the end I should probably somehow render it.

But I instinctively fought off from it as long as I could, and I resolved to leave town without rendering it if possible. I spent most of the afternoon with my friend; and she sent a late embassy to the Faulkners to know if she might keep me to dinner. They consented, as they must; Hermia herself wrote that she consented only because she was so completely prostrated that she could not hope to see me at dinner, and her mother was not well; they counted upon having me several days with them, and they would not be selfish.

VII.

The Faulkners of course knew nothing of my intention of going that night, and I staid rather late after dinner, so that I should not have much more time than I needed to pack my bag and catch my train. I thought that if I could not altogether escape an embarrassing urgence from them to stay longer, I could at least cut it short. But I found that it was a needless precaution when I went back to them. Mrs. Faulkner, the mother, received my reasons for hurrying home with all the acquiescence I could have wished. She said she knew I must be anxious to get back to my family whom I had left at such short notice; that Hermia and herself appreciated my kindness and my wife's goodness more than they could ever express; and they hoped and prayed that if our need should ever be like theirs we might find such friends in it as we had been to them. I felt an unintentional irony in these thanks so far as they concerned the perfection of my own friendship, but I still had no disposition to repair its lack by offering to see Nevil for her. That, I felt, more and more, I could not do; but I stood a moment, questioning whether I ought not to renew my expressions of regret that I could not do it. I ended by saying that I hoped all would turn out for the best with them; and I added some

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platitudes and inanities which she seemed not to hear, for she broke in upon them with excuses for Hermia, who would not be able to see me, she was afraid. I said, I knew what a wretched day she had been having, and I left my adieux with Mrs. Faulkner for her. Perhaps if I had not myself been so distraught I might have noticed more the incoherent attention Mrs. Faulkner was able to give me throughout this interview. But I did not realize it till afterward. I went to my room, glad to have it over so easily, and resolved to get out of the house with all possible despatch. I had a carriage at the gate, and I looked forward to waiting an hour and a half in the depot before my train started with more pleasure than such a prospect ever inspired in me before.

In the confusion which afterward explained and justified itself, Mrs. Faulkner had failed to offer me the superfluous help of a servant to fetch down my bag, and I was descending the stairs with it in my hand when I heard a door close in the corridor which led to Faulkner's den. Steps uneven and irregular advanced toward the square hall at the foot of the stairs, and in a moment I saw a man stagger into the light, and stay himself by a clutch at the newel-post. He looked around as if dazed, and then vaguely up at me, where I stood as motionless and helpless as he. I have no belief he saw me; but at any rate, Nevil turned at the cry of "James! James!" which came in Hermia's voice from the corridor, and caught her in his arms as she flew upon him. She locked her arms around his neck, and wildly kissed him again and again, with sobs such as break from the ruin of life and love; with gasps like dying, and with a fond, passionate moaning broken by the sound of those fierce, swift kisses.

I pitied her far too much to feel ashamed of my involuntary witness of the scene; though as for that I do not believe she would have foregone one caress if she had known that all the world was looking. I perceived that this was the end; and I understood as clearly as if I had been told that she had confided her secret to him, had left their fate in his hands, and that he had decided against their love. It maddened me against him, to think he had done that. I did not know, I did not care, what motive, what reason, what scruple had governed him; I felt that there could be only one good in the world, and that was the happiness of that woman. For the moment, this happiness seemed centred and existent solely in her possession of him. But I was sensible, through my compassion and my indignation, that whatever he had done, she was admiring, adoring him for it. I saw that, in a flash of her upturned face, as I stood, with my heart in my mouth, before the tragedy of their renunciation. The play suddenly ended. With one last long kiss, she pushed him from her, and fled back into the corridor.

VIII.

I found myself outside in the night, and at the gate I found Nevil in parley with my coachman, who was explaining to him that he was engaged to take a gentleman inside the house, there, to the depot, and could not carry Nevil home.

"Get in, Mr. Nevil," I said. "I've plenty of time, and can drop you wherever you say."

It was as if we had both just come out of the theatre, and actor and spectator had met on the same footing of the commonplace world of reality.

"Oh, Mr. March!" he said. "Is that you? I *will* drive with you as far as my study, if you'll let me. I don't feel quite able to walk."

"Yes, certainly. Get in."

He gave the direction, "St. Luke's Church," and I followed him into the hack, and he shrank into the corner, and scarcely spoke till we reached the church. By the gleams that the street lamps threw into the windows as we passed them I had glimpses of his face, haggard and estranged. He tried to fit his latch-key to the door in the church edifice, and then gave it to me, saying with pathetic feebleness, "You do it. I can't. And don't go — don't leave me," he added, as we entered. "Come in, a moment."

I told the driver to wait, and I suppose he had his conjectures as to the condition in which I was getting the Rev. James Nevil into his study. He was like one drunk, and he went reeling and stumbling before me. Once within he seemed almost unconscious of me, where he sat sunken in an arm-chair, staring at the fire in the grate, and I waited for him to speak. At last I made a movement, and he took it as a sign of departure, and put out his hand entreatingly. "No, no! You mustn't go. I want to tell you—" And then he lapsed again into his silence. At last he broke

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from it with a long sigh: that "Ah-h-h!" which I remembered from the time when he spoke, on the cliffs by the sea, of Faulkner's unkindness to Hermia. "Well, it is ended!"

I had not the heart to pretend that I did not know what he meant. I said nothing, and he lifted his face toward me where I stood, leaning on his chimney-piece.

"Hermia has told me that you know about this unhappiness of ours," he said, hoarsely. "Your knowledge makes you the one human being whom I can speak to of it; perhaps it gives you the right to know all—all there is."

"No, no," I protested. "I have no claim, and I haven't the wish." I mechanically referred to my watch, and seeing that I had abundant time before my train went, I dropped into the chair beside the hearth, and ended by saying, "But I should be glad if I could in any way serve you or help you. I do know the painful situation in which you are placed, and though I can truly say that neither my wife nor I have ever tried to know of it, I confess that we have been most deeply interested, and you have both had our sympathy in a measure which I needn't try to express." I instinctively calmed my tone to an effect of quiet upon his agitation.

"You have been very good—far kinder friends than we could have hoped to find, and there is nothing that such friends as you may not know, so far as we are concerned. But there is very little more to tell. It is all over."

I thought he wished me to ask how, and I said, "Mrs. Faulkner's mother told me this morning that they were waiting to see you—or rather to let you know on your return—"

"Yes. I expected to return to-night, but I came back late this afternoon, and I went directly to them, of course. It was not what Hermia wished—it was what she dreaded most—but it was doubtless for the best; at any rate it happened. In a moment we were confronted with our question. She told me, fully and fearlessly, as she deals with everything, just what it was, and we set ourselves to solve it—to solve it, if possible, in favor of ourselves, our weakness, perhaps our sin!" His head dropped on his breast, and I saw his eyes fixed with a dreary stare on the smouldering fire. I was sensible, without looking about it much, of the character of the room. It was one of those studies which clergymen for their convenience sometimes have in their church buildings, and where I suppose they go to read and write and think, and transact church business with the officers of their church, and receive people who come to them for counsel or comfort in such straits as those which bring us in piteous entreaty before the ministers of conscience. It is a kind of Protestant confessional; and while I waited for Nevil to speak again, I recalled stories I had heard of guilty souls seeking such an asylum for that relief which we shall all know at the judgment-day, when we shall be stripped bare before the divine compassion down to our inmost thoughts and purposes. Women who have betrayed their husbands go there to own their shame; men that have cheated and stolen and lied, go there to lay the burden of their wrong-doing upon the priest of God; and with these a mass of minor sinners, with their peccadilloes of temper and breeding and deceit; as well as the self-accusers who wish to purge their spirits even of the dread of sin, and to receive the acquittal which they cannot give themselves. More and more as Nevil went on it seemed to me that the place was not favorable to a judicial examination of his own case; that the color of things he had heard there must stain and blacken the facts of his own experience, and prevent him from seeing them aright.

"The question was," he said, lifting his head, and bending that hopeless stare on me, "not what we should do, with that shadow of Faulkner's dream hanging over us, but what we *had* done—what *I* had done—to cause him the torment of such a dream."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Nevil," I broke in, "don't take that way of looking at it. You had no more to do with causing that dream than I had. The pain he suffered—the physical pain—caused the craze which his dream came from. It was a somnambulic mania—nothing more and nothing less. Dr. Wingate assured Mrs. Faulkner in the most solemn manner—"

"Ah, the sincerity of a doctor with his patient! He is a skilful man, very able, very learned; he knows all about the body, but the soul and its secrets are beyond science. There are facts in the case that he has never had before him. I

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knew Hermia first, in the loveliness of her young girlhood, and I brought her and Faulkner together."

I murmured, "Yes, I remember you told me."

"I saw the impression she instantly made upon him: it was love at first sight. But though the love of her had possessed his whole soul, he was first faithful to his friendship with me. In that childlike, simple, cordial truthfulness of his, which no one ever knew so fully as I, and which I shall never see in any other man, he pressed me to tell him whether I had any feeling for her myself, for then he would go away, and live his passion down, as best he could, and leave her to me. I assured him that I had no such feeling, no feeling but that pleasure in her beauty and goodness which every one must have in her presence; and they were married."

The silence following upon the gasp in which these words ended was not such as I could break. After a moment Nevil went on.

"I believed what I said; I have never doubted it till this day. But—how do I know—how do I know—that I was not in love with her then, that I have not always been in love with her through all his life and death? It is such a subtle, such a fatal thing in its perversion! I have seen it in others; why shouldn't it be in me? Why shouldn't we have been playing a part unknowingly to ourselves, hypocrites before our own souls? Why should I ever have consented to be with them, to qualify their home by an alien presence, through the daily, hourly lie of friendship for him, except that I loved her, and longed to be near her? Why could not I have kept the love of that poor foolish young girl, innocent and harmless, for all her levity, which she gave me out there in the West, except that in the guilty inmost of my heart there was no room for anything but love for my friend's wife, whom it had made his widow? Why—"

"Hold on! Wait! This is monstrous!" I broke in upon him. "It's atrocious. You're the victim of your own morbid introspection, of a kind of self-analysis that never ends in anything but self-conviction. I know what it is, every one knows; and it's your right, it's your duty as a man to stand out against it, and not let the honest and lawful feeling you now have damn the past to shame!"

I spoke vehemently, far beyond any explicit right I had to adjure him, but I could see that my words had not the slightest weight with him.

"And Hermia," he went on, "why should she have cared nothing for Faulkner at first? Why, when she believed she had schooled herself to love him, should she have suffered the ever-repeated intrusion of my presence in her home? Why should she have refused so long to know what his dream was? Why should we have made such haste to separate after Faulkner's death; and then why should my thoughts have turned so instantly to her, with such longing for her pity, in that shame I underwent; and why should she have honored and not despised me for a misfortune that my own folly had provoked? There is one answer to it all!"

"And the answer is that your view of the case is as purely an aberration as Faulkner's dream."

"Ah, you can't account for everything on the ground of madness! Somewhere, some time, there *must* be responsibility for wrong."

"Even if we have to find it in innocence! I tell you that your view of the situation is as false as that which the lowest scandal-mongering mind of an enemy could take of it. You are bound to let your own character—or if not your character, then her character, her nature—count for something in making up such a judgment. I will leave you out of the question, if you like, but I would stake my life upon the singleness of her devotion, in thought, feeling, and deed, to that wretched man whose misery seems such an inextinguishable poison. It's preposterous that I should be defending her to you; but if you have suffered her to share these misgivings of yours, I say you've done a cruel thing. I know—her mother told me—that after what she underwent from learning just what Faulkner's dream was—and my wife and I saw something of her suffering, both in Boston and on the way out here—"

"Ah--h—h!" he breathed.

"She had found peace in her reliance, her perfect faith in your conscience, in your sense of justice, and your instinct of right; and, if you will allow me to say so, you were most sacredly bound not to let any perverse scruple, any self-indulgent misgiving, betray her trust in you. You are a man, with a man's larger outlook,

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and you should have been the perspective in which she could see the whole matter truly. If you have failed her in this, you have been guilty of something worse than anything you accuse yourself of. Take the thing at its worst! I refuse to consider that she ever allowed her fancy to stray from her duty, but suppose that you *were* in love with her, in that unconscious way you imagine: who was hurt, who was deceived by it? What harm was done? I will go farther, and ask what harm was there, even if you knew you were in love with her? You let no one else know it—her, least of any." The words, when I had got them out, shocked me; they certainly did not represent my own feeling about such a situation; I was glad my wife had not heard them; and I saw the horror of me that came into Nevil's face. I felt myself getting hot and red, and I hastened to add, "You will forgive me, if I try to put before you the mere legal, practical, matter-of-fact view of the affair"; and I could not help remembering that it was also the romantic view, which I had found celebrated in many novels, as something peculiarly fine and noble and high, something heroic in the silently suffering lover.

"I admit that I have no right to speak to you at all—"

"Go on; I invite you to speak," he said gently.

"Then I will say that my only desire is to—to—how shall I say it?—urge that this is altogether an affair of the future, and that if you allow the unhappy past, which is dead, and ought to be buried with Faulkner, to dominate you, or to shape your relations, you seem to me to be—"

I found myself talking sophistries, and I had nothing to say when he took up the word where I broke off.

"Recognizing the fact that the future is the creature, the mere consequence of the past! Without what has been, nothing can be. Oh, we have looked at it in every light! At first, when she told me, I was as bold, as defiant, as a man can be who finds himself unjustly defamed. I said that if ever we had felt reluctance or doubt in our allegiance to the dead, now it was our right, our duty to feel none. We should accuse ourselves if we admitted that any accusal could lie against us. The very innocence of our lives demanded vindication; we should be recreant to our good consciences if we did not treat that wretched figment of a dreaming craze as it deserved. For a moment—for an hour—we were happy in the escape which my defiance won for us, and we built that future without a past, which you think can stand. It fell to ruin. We had deceived each other, but the deceit could not last. Our very indignation at the treason imputed to us by Faulkner's dream made us examine our hearts, and question each other. We could not tell when our love began, and that mystery of origin which love partakes of with eternity, and which makes it seem so divine a thing, became a witness against us. We said that if we could not make sure that no thought we had ever had of each other in his lifetime was false to him, then we were guilty of all, and we must part."

"Oh," I groaned out, "what mere madness of the moon!"

"It was not I who pronounced our sentence; she saw herself that it must be so; it was she who sent me from her."

"Yes; only a woman could be capable of it, could be such a moral hypochondriac! But if she sent you away, and you know, as you must know, that in her heart she wished you to stay, why not in Heaven's name go back to her?"

"Ah, you think I didn't go back! You think we parted once only! We parted a hundred times!"

"But," I said, "you will see it all differently to-morrow, and you must go back to her, and whether she bids you go or not, you must never leave her."

"And what sort of life would that be? A life of defiance, of recklessness, a mere futureless present! I am a priest of the Church, and I teach submission, renunciation, abnegation, here below, where there can be no true happiness, for the sake of a blessed eternity. Shall I cleave to this love which we feel cannot innocently be ours, and preach those things with my lying tongue, while my life preaches rebellion, indulgence, self-will? Every breath I drew would be hypocrisy. What heart should I have to counsel or admonish others in temptation, when I was all rotten within myself? What—"

"Ah, but only listen a moment! This would be all well enough if you were guilty of what you accuse yourself! But don't you see that in this reasoning, or this raving, of yours, you have violated the very first principle, the very

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highest principle of law? You have held yourself guilty till you were proven innocent, and you offer no proof that you are guilty, not the least proof in the world. You are only *afraid* that you are guilty; it amounts to that, and it amounts to nothing more; for I hold that Faulkner's crazy jealousy forms no manner of case against you. I confess that though I may have seemed to imply the contrary, I should not feel it lawful for you to marry his widow if you had ever allowed yourself to covet his wife. But you never did; the very notion of such a thing fills you with such shame and horror that you accuse yourself of it. I know that kind of infernal juggle of the morbid conscience; but I thank Heaven I have my own conscience in such good training now that it accuses me of nothing I haven't done; it finds it has quite enough to do in dealing with the facts; I don't supply it with any fancies! It ought to be on your conscience not to leave that noble and beautiful creature to be the prey of doubts and fears, ifs and ands, that will blast her whole life with the shame of a thief who has given up his booty to escape punishment! Suppose you look at that side of it! You say you left her because she bade you, but she bade you only because she knew you believed you ought to go; and now you must go back to her not only for her sake and for your sake, but in the interest of human enlightenment, from the duty every educated man has to resist the powers of darkness that work upon our nerves through the superstitions of the childhood of the world. You not only ought not to let Faulkner's dream have any deterrent influence with you, but, as you saw yourself, exactly and entirely because of his dream you ought to act in defiance of it, if you have the good conscience which you've said nothing yet to prove you haven't."

I saw that I had touched some points that had escaped him; we talked a long time, and at last I pulled out my watch in a scare, lest I had overstaid my time. I jumped to my feet. "Good heavens! I've lost my train!"

Nevil looked at his watch. "You have Eastern time; there's nearly a whole hour yet. I'll go to the station with you."

I would not sit down again. "Suppose, then, we let the driver take my bag, and we walk? We can talk better."

"You are very good," he said; "I should like that."

The night was dark, and we had the seclusion of a room for our talk, as we walked along together; and in the vast depot, starred with its gas jets far overhead, there was an unbroken sense of communion. Long before we parted, Nevil had consented to revise his own conclusions, and so far to take my view of the situation as at least to see Hermia again, and lay it before her.

My spirits rose with my success, and I set myself to cheer the melancholy in which he assented to my urgence. I understood afterward that he was yielding to reason against that perverse and curious apparatus which we call the conscience; and I perceived that he was loath to have me leave him, as if he were afraid to be left alone, or wished to be still farther convinced. He followed me into the sleeping car, and there he fell into the hands of that rich and cordial parishioner of his whom I remembered meeting when I went down to the steamer at East Boston to see Nevil off for Europe. The gentleman recalled himself to my recollection, and rejoiced that we were to be fellow-travellers as far as Albany.

Nevil could not hide his disappointment and vexation from me, though his parishioner did not see it. He made us both light cigars with him in the smoking-room, and he talked us silent.

The car began to move, and I said, "Well, good-by," and followed Nevil out upon the platform for a last word. "Remember your promise! Better get off!"

"Oh, I sha'n't forget that. If I live, I will see her again, and tell her all you have said. And I thank you — thank you—" Clinging to my hand, he pressed it hard, and stepped backward from the car to the ground. I saw him look up at me, and then he gave a wild cry, and I could feel the car grinding him up against the stone jamb of the archway through which the train was passing. There was a hideous crashing sound from his body, and I jumped at the bell-rope. The train stopped; Nevil stood upright, with his face turned toward the light, and a strange effect of patience in his attitude. When the train slowly backed and set him free, he dropped forward a crushed and lifeless lump.

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IX.

Hermia died a year later, and was buried by Faulkner's side; his mother lived on for several years.

It was inevitable, of course, that Hermia should accept Nevil's death as a judgment; we become so bewildered before the mere meaninglessness of events, at times, that it is a relief to believe in a cruel and unjust providence rather than in none at all. What is probably true is that she sank under the strain of experiences that wrung the finest and most sensitive principles of her being, or, as we say, died of a broken heart.

My wife and I have often talked of her and Nevil, and have tried to see some way for them out of the shadow of Faulkner's dream into a sunny and happy life. As they are both dead, we have dealt with them as arbitrarily as with the personages in a fiction, and have placed and replaced them at our pleasure in the game, which they played so disastrously, so that we could bring it to a fortunate close for them. We have always denied, in the interest of common-sense and common justice, any controlling effect to the dream itself, except through their own morbid conscientiousness, their exaggerated sensibility. We know people, plenty of them, who would have been no more restrained from each other by it than by a cobweb across their path: Hermias who would never have told their Nevils of it; Nevils who, if they had known it, would have charged their Hermias on their love to spurn and trample upon it. That evil dream had power upon the hapless pair who succumbed to it only because they were guiltless of the evil it imputed to them.

Our Nevil's death, violent and purely accidental as it was, seemed to us a most squalid and inconclusive catastrophe, and no true solution of the problem. Yet our Hermia being what she was, and Nevil being Nevil, we saw that it was impossible Faulkner's dream should not have always had power upon them; and the time came when we could regard their death without regret. I myself think that if Nevil had seen Hermia again, as he promised me, it would have been only to renew in her and in himself their strength for renunciation; and I have sometimes imagined a sort of dramatic friendship taking the place of their love, and uniting their lives in good works, or something of that kind. But I have not been satisfied with this conception; it is too like what I have found carried out in some very romantic novels; and my wife has always insisted that if they had met again, they would have married, and been unhappy. She insists that they could not have kept their self-respect and their perfect honor for each other, if they had married. But this again seems abominably unfair: that they should suffer so for no wrong; unless, indeed, all suffering is to some end unknown to the sufferer and the witnesses, and no anguish is wasted, as that friend of Nevil believed. We must come to some such conclusion; or else we feel that we must go back to a cruder theory, and say that they were all three destined to undergo what they underwent, and that what happened to them was not retribution, not penalty in any wise, since no wrong had been done, but simply fate.

Of course there is always the human possibility that the dream was a divination of facts; that Hermia and Nevil were really in love while Faulkner lived, and were untrue to him in their hearts, which are the fountains of potential good and evil; but knowing them to be what they were, we have never admitted this hypothesis for a moment. For any one to do so, my wife says, would be to confess himself worse than Faulkner dreamed them to be. She does not permit it to be said, or even suggested, that our feelings are not at our bidding, and that there is no sin where there has been no sinning.

THE END.

NOW IS THE CHERRY IN BLOSSOM.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

NOW is the cherry in blossom, Love,
Love of my heart, with the apple to follow;
Over the village at nightfall now
Merrily veers and darts the swallow.

At nightfall now in the dark marsh grass
Awakes the chorus that sings old sorrow;
The evening star is dim for the dew,
And the apple and lilac will bloom to-morrow.

The honeysuckle is red on the rock;
The willow floats over the brook like a feather;
In every shadow some love lies hid—
And you and I in the world together.

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MAKING UNITED STATES BONDS UNDER PRESSURE.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

TEN millions are "a good many" things of any kind. They seemed to be more than a good many to the officer who had to sign coupon bonds to that amount in denominations of $1000 and less, within the time and under the pressure of the circumstances about to be described. Except upon this single occasion it is questionable whether so large an amount of coupon securities of our government were ever brought together.

Communication between the United States and Great Britain was much more irregular and required longer time in 1863 than in 1890. Now, on regular sailing days, twice every week, as many as ten large steam-ships leave New York for English ports on a single tide. Telegraphic communication between Washington and London is almost as frequent as between New York and Philadelphia, and it is not interrupted unless four cable lines are simultaneously broken. Then, there was but one line of steam-ships (the Cunard), and they sailed from Liverpool and New York only once a week; only one cable had been laid across the Atlantic, and that was not in working order. Special messengers carried all the important despatches between our country and Great Britain; there was time for a revolution to break out and be suppressed on the Continent before we heard of its existence. It was such a messenger who brought the first news to America of the furious rage of our transatlantic cousins excited by the capture by Commodore Wilkes of those Confederate (almost) protomartyrs, Mason and Slidell.

About eleven o'clock on a well-remembered Friday morning in 1862, the Register of the Treasury was requested to go to the Executive Mansion immediately, without a moment's delay. He obeyed the summons, and found there Secretaries Chase and Seward, in anxious consultation with the President. They wished to know what was the shortest time within which $10,000,000 in coupon "five-twenties" could be prepared, signed, and issued. They were informed that the correct answer to that inquiry would depend upon the denominations already printed; that if a sufficient number of the largest denomination, of $1000, were on hand, they might be issued within four or five days; if the denominations were smaller, longer time would be required; that the number printed could be ascertained by sending to the Register's office, for there was a report from the custodian of unissued bonds made every day. Both Mr. Chase and Mr. Seward said that so much time could not be given; that these bonds must be regularly issued and placed on board the steamer which was to leave New York for Liverpool at twelve o'clock on the following Monday, if this could possibly be done; that the Register could command all the resources of the government if necessary, but he must see that the bonds were on board the steamer at the hour named. There was one condition—the bonds must be regularly and lawfully issued, with nothing on their face to indicate that the issue was not made in the regular course of business.

By the act of Congress which authorized the issue of these bonds it was declared that they should be signed by the Register. The construction given to the act in the department was that the Register must sign them in person, and that he could not delegate his authority. Any number of clerks could be employed in their preparation and entry, but the point of difficulty was whether the Register could sign them within the time. There were seventy hours between the time of the discussion and the hour when the securities must be on board the special train that would carry them to the steamer. The time was long enough. Ten thousand signatures and a greater number could be made in seventy hours, with proper seasons of rest and sleep. But could the physical strength of one man hold out to the end of such a dreary, monotonous work without sleep or rest? The question was one of physical endurance, only to be determined by a trial. But a few moments could be spared for discussion. It was speedily settled that the Register would set about the task at once; that he would sign until his strength gave out. He would then resign his office; the President would appoint another Register, who would complete the issue. This would lead to complications, and was otherwise

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objectionable; but the faith of the government was involved; the emergency justified extreme measures.

The immediate occasion of this sudden determination to issue these securities was a despatch just received by Mr. Seward, by special messenger, from Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our minister to the court of St. James. As already intimated, the cable was not in working order, and no suggestion of the facts had been made to the State Department previous to the arrival of the messenger. Its importance was obvious to the two Secretaries, but will not be understood by the reader without an explanation covering a considerable period of time and events which are now for the first time made public.

Mr. Adams had for several weeks been aware, and had communicated the fact to his government, that the Messrs. Laird, extensive ship-builders, were building at their yards in Birkenhead, near Liverpool, two armored vessels for the Confederate government. They were to be furnished with powerful engines and capable of great speed. When completed they were to proceed to a small unfrequented British island in the West Indies, where they were to be delivered to the agents of the Confederacy. They were then to receive their armament, previously sent thither, take their crews on board, and then set forth on their piratical cruises, after the example of the *Alabama*. After sweeping our remaining commerce from the seas, by burning and sinking every merchant-ship bearing our flag, they were to come upon our own coast, scatter our blockading fleet, and open all the Southern ports to British commerce, which would no longer be required to take the great risk of breaking the blockade. This feat was to be accomplished by vessels which had never entered a Confederate port, nor indeed any harbor which was not covered by the British or some other flag which protected the iron-clads against pursuit or capture by vessels of the United States navy.

Greater danger than these vessels never threatened the safety of the Union. In tonnage, armament, and speed they were intended to be superior to the *Kearsarge* and every vessel of our navy. Their armor was supposed to render them invulnerable. If the blockade was not maintained, an immediate recognition of the belligerent character of the rebels by Great Britain was anticipated. Even if that did not take place, all the cotton gathered in Confederate ports would be released and find a profitable market; while the old wooden vessels, now principally constituting the blockading fleet, would not resist one of these iron-clad vessels long enough for a second broadside.

The impending danger was fully appreciated by Mr. Adams. With his accustomed energy, notwithstanding the secrecy in which all the Confederate movements in Great Britain were shrouded, he had collected and laid before the English authorities clear proofs of the rebel ownership and intended unlawful purpose of these vessels. He had even procured copies of the contracts under which the Messrs. Laird were building them, and had ascertained the fact that payments on their account had been made from proceeds of cotton owned by the Confederacy. He had represented that the evidence furnished by him, verified by the oaths of credible witnesses, was sufficient not only to justify their seizure, but to secure their condemnation in the courts, and he had insisted, with a force apparently unanswerable, that it was the duty of Great Britain to prevent these vessels from leaving the Mersey, and setting forth upon their piratical career.

But, unfortunately, the sympathies of the party in power in England were not with the Union cause. It suited the view of the law officers of the crown not to interfere, and to excuse their inaction by raising objections to the legal sufficiency of the evidence. The situation was perfectly comprehended by the President and his cabinet, but remonstrance appeared to be unavailing, and the departure of the vessels was expected at an early day.

Hopeless as the task appeared to be, neither Mr. Adams nor his active agents relaxed their efforts for a moment. Their recent investigations had been prosecuted with such energy that the minister had finally been able to furnish the British Premier with the sworn affidavits of some of the officers and men actually enlisted in Liverpool and other English cities for service on these vessels; that the advance payments to these men had been made by Confederate agents; that the ships were to leave the Mersey at an early appointed date for an island near Bermuda; that their guns and ammunition had

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already been sent thither. Mr. Adams had also secured the names of several of the ships' officers, with copies of their commissions, bearing the signature of President Davis and the seal of the Confederacy.

The last instalment of affidavits forwarded by our minister proved to be more than the crown lawyers could digest. They covered every defect named in their former objections; they could not be answered even by a special demurrer. They were re-enforced by the caustic pen of Mr. Adams, whose argument so clearly pointed out the duty of the English government in the premises that it would obviously be regarded as conclusive by every one but these lawyers, who possessed the exclusive power to move the slow authorities of the customs to action. The crown lawyers finally decided that the demand of Mr. Adams must be complied with, and that an order must issue prohibiting the departure of these vessels from the Mersey until the charges of the American minister had been judicially investigated.

There were, however, some incidents attending this most important decision which prevented its communication from giving to Mr. Adams a satisfaction wholly unalloyed. The decision had been withheld until the vessels were on the very eve of departure. The order must be immediately served and possession taken by the customs authorities, or the vessels would escape. The crown lawyers, properly enough, observed that the affidavits furnished by Mr. Adams were *ex parte*—the witnesses had not been cross-examined. If Mr. Adams should fail to prove his charges by evidence which would satisfy the judicial mind, and the vessels be released, the damages caused by arresting them might be very heavy. It was a settled rule of procedure in the courts in such cases to secure the payment of such damages beyond any peradventure. The restraining order would, therefore, be issued, but it would not be enforced against the vessels until these damages had been secured by a deposit of £1,000,000 *sterling in gold coin!*

The situation was well known to be critical. Within three days the vessels were to sail for their destination; if necessary, they might sail forthwith. The cable was useless—broken or disabled—and Mr. Adams could not communicate with his own government. Without such communication he had no authority to bind his government as an indemnitor, or to repay the money if he could borrow it. Even if he had the fullest authority, where was the patriotic Briton who would furnish a million pounds on the spur of the moment to a government which was believed by the party in power in Great Britain to be *in articulo mortis*? Unless, therefore, the crown lawyers supposed our minister to have anticipated their decision by providing himself with this money, they must have known that this condition could not be complied with, and that they might just as well have declined to interfere. If they had intended that these ships should not be prevented from making their intended crusade against our commerce and our cause, no better arrangement could possibly have been devised. It is not to be denied that suspicions existed that such was their purpose.

But the unexpected sometimes happens. The event which prevented these floating engines of destruction from entering upon their intended work was as unanticipated as a miracle. It constituted possibly the most signal service ever rendered by a citizen of one country to the government of another. It was all the more noble because it was intended to be anonymous. The eminently unselfish man who performed it made a positive condition that it should not be made public; that not so much as his name should be disclosed except to the officers of our government, whose cooperation was required, in order to transact the business in a proper manner and upon correct principles. So earnest was his injunction of secrecy that his identity will not even now be disclosed, although he has long since gone to his reward.

Within the hour after the crown lawyers' decision, with its conditions, had been made known to Mr. Adams, and when he had given up all hope of arresting these vessels, a quiet gentleman called upon him and asked if he might be favored with the opportunity of making the deposit of coin required by the order. He observed "that it had occurred to him that if the United States had that amount to its credit in London, some question of authority might arise, or Mr. Adams might otherwise be embarrassed in complying with the condition, especially as communication with his government might involve delay; so that the shortest way to avoid all difficulty would be for him to

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deposit the coin, which he was quite prepared to do."

Had a messenger descended from the skies in a chariot of fire, with $5,000,000 in gold in his hands, and offered to leave it at the embassy without any security, Mr. Adams could not have been more profoundly surprised. He had accepted the condition as fatal to his efforts; he had concluded that nothing short of a miracle could prevent the departure of the vessels; and here, if not a miracle, was something much like one. He made no secret of the pleasure with which he accepted the munificent offer, provided some method of securing the liberal Englishman could be found. The latter seemed indisposed to make any suggestions on the subject. "It might be proper," he said, "that some obligation should be entered into, showing that the American government recognized the deposit as made on its account; beyond that he should leave the matter wholly in the hands of Mr. Adams."

The existing premium on gold was then about sixty per cent. in the United States. It would have been largely increased by the departure of these iron-clads. The "five-twenties" or "sixes" of 1881, as they were popularly called, were then being issued, and were the only securities upon "long time" then authorized by Congress. The best arrangement that occurred to Mr. Adams, and which he then proposed, was that $10,000,000 or £2,000,000 in these bonds, to be held as collateral security for the loan of £1,000,000 in gold, should be delivered to the lender, to be returned when the loan was paid, or the order itself was discharged and the coin returned to the depositor. The proposition of Mr. Adams was satisfactory to the gentleman, but he said that to prevent the disclosure of his name the deposit should be made in coupon and not in registered bonds. The coupons were payable to bearer; the registered were required to be inscribed on the books of the Treasury in the owner's name. Mr. Adams then volunteered the assurance that these bonds, to the amount of $10,000,000, should be transmitted to London by the first steamer which left New York after his despatch concerning the transaction was received in the State Department at Washington.

It was this assurance of Mr. Adams which the President and both of the Secretaries desired should be made good. They regarded the faith of the government as pledged for its performance, and that faith they proposed should not be violated.

All the details of this transaction were not then disclosed. They reached the government in private, confidential despatches from Mr. Adams, some of them long afterward. The despatch in question was understood to be confidential; certainly that part of it which related to the deposit and security proposed. It was necessarily brief, for in order to reach the steamer the special messenger had to leave London within a very few hours after the proposition of the deposit was made. There was enough in it to show that an inestimable service had been rendered to the country by some one to whom Mr. Adams had pledged the faith of the nation for the transmission of these bonds by the next steamer which left New York. There was no dissent from the conclusion that the pledge of Mr. Adams, if it were in the power of the government, must be performed.

No time was wasted in discussion. It was suggested as a precautionary measure that a request to delay the sailing of the steamer should be made, and the consultation ended. It may as well be mentioned here that the effort to secure delay was unsuccessful. It could not be complied with except with the consent of the officers of the company in Liverpool, and they could not be reached by cable. The steamer would sail at twelve o'clock on Monday.

It was next ascertained that only $7,500,000 in coupon bonds of the denomination of $1000 had been printed. The remaining $2,500,000 must be made up from denominations of $500. This involved an increase of two thousand five hundred, making an aggregate of twelve thousand five hundred bonds to be signed between twelve o'clock on Friday and four o'clock A.M. on Monday.

The theory of the statute which required a bond to be signed by the head of the bureau from which it issued originally was that the signature was some safeguard against forgery, was an evidence of authenticity, and a check against unauthorized issues. In issues of so large amounts as were made during the war, it was found to have a trifling if any value. But the labor imposed was continuous and severe;

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in the present instance it became dangerous to health and life; for there is no muscular exertion more severe, certainly none so inexpressibly dreary, as that of writing one's own name hour after hour, day after day, over and over again. Such, however, was the law; it was necessary to the legality of the issue that all the requirements of the law should be complied with. It will be seen in this instance at what cost obedience to this provision of the statute was secured.

When the bond issues of the Treasury required an average of two or three thousand signatures daily, every means of doing the work rapidly was necessarily employed. The signature itself was changed. If each initial letter had been written separately, in the ordinary way, the day was not long enough to finish the task. The whole name was then written at a single movement, without raising the pen from the paper, or once arresting its motion. The bonds were laid before the officer in piles; the instant the pen was raised at the end of the name, an experienced messenger removed the bond, leaving another exposed for signature. In this way it was possible to write ten signatures in a minute. If any one is inclined to doubt the rapidity or the exertion involved in doing this, he is advised to try the experiment.

In the present instance the Register knew from experience that serious work was before him, which would affect his health, and might endanger his life. He endeavored to set about it with judgment and discretion. He called in an experienced army surgeon, informed him that he intended to continue to sign his name for just as many consecutive hours as his strength would permit; that he was desired to remain in constant attendance, administering such food and stimulants as would secure endurance for the longest possible time. The necessary supplies were procured, the arrangements perfected, and the Register was ready to begin his work at twelve o'clock on Friday.

The first seven hours passed without any unusual sensations. He had signed for that length of time so frequently that it had become a custom to which the muscles had adapted themselves, so that they worked uncomplainingly. In these first seven hours three thousand seven hundred signatures were made. But within the first half of the eighth hour there were evidences of great muscular discontent, which soon threatened to break out into open rebellion. As the time slowly wore on, in the forenoon of Saturday, every muscle on the right side connected with the movement of the hand and arm became inflamed, and the pain was almost beyond endurance. It was necessary to continue the work, for if it should be suspended for any considerable length of time the inflammation might become so great that control over the motion of the arm and its farther use would become impossible. In the slight pauses which were made, rubbing, the application of hot water, and other remedies were resorted to, in order to alleviate the pain and reduce the inflammation. They were comparatively ineffectual, and the hours dragged on without bringing much relief.

During the course of Saturday afternoon the acuteness of the pain sensibly diminished. The muscles, finding that resistance was unavailing, had to give up the contest. A series of sensations followed which, though less difficult to endure, were still more alarming. A feeling of numbness commenced in the hand, and slowly crept up the arm to the shoulder, producing an effect as if the hand and arm were dead. With this came a distortion of the fingers, so that the pen, instead of being held in the usual manner, was placed between the first finger and the thumb. It might have been expected that this condition of the muscles would have changed the form of the signature. It did not to any great extent. The constant repetition of the same movements seemed to result in their continuance independently of the will. The signature was still a fair one.

It is unnecessary to describe all the details of the devices and means resorted to to prevent sleep and to continue the work. Changes of position, violent exercise, going out into the open air and walking rapidly for ten minutes, concentrated extracts, prepared food, stimulants more in kind and number than can now be recalled —every imaginable means was employed during the night of Saturday. Notwithstanding their use with a liberal hand, it became evident that weakness was gradually asserting itself, and that the time was approaching when the work must cease from pure exhaustion. The surgeon decided that within two or three hours at the latest the strength would give out, and that the time had come when the officer

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should resign, and another Register be appointed.

It is quite probable that the long-continued exertion had to some extent influenced the mind of the Register, and that his objections to the change proposed were more imaginary than real. The names of two Registers appearing on the same issue of bonds was an apparent irregularity which might require explanations and involve delay. Calling on the President to appoint another Register on Sunday was, to say the least, an impropriety which would excite public comment, even if the act itself were legal, of which some doubt was entertained. It was four o'clock on Sunday morning; only a few more than two thousand signatures would complete the labor. The Register determined he would finish the task, although the surgeon earnestly advised him that it would involve a considerable danger to his life.

I have not, and had not at the time, a very accurate memory of the events of that Sunday morning. That I could not remain in the same position for more than a few moments, that the bonds were carried from desk to table and from place to place to enable me to make ten signatures at a time, that my fingers and hand were twisted and drawn out of their natural shape—these and other facts are faintly remembered. The memory is more distinct that at about twelve o'clock, noon, the last bond was reached and signed, and the work was finished, the last hundred bonds requiring more time than the first thousand. One fact I have special cause to remember. This abuse of muscular energy eventually caused my resignation from the Treasury, and cost me several years of physical pain.

After the bonds were signed I suffered more than at any other time during the process. My nervous system was so thoroughly shattered that during the night of Sunday sleep was impossible. On Monday night, after three full days and nights during which I had not lost consciousness for a moment, I fell asleep from pure exhaustion. My subsequent experience can only be interesting to myself; certainly not to the general reader.

The bonds reached the steamer in time, and the promise of our minister was faithfully kept. Whether an actual deposit of the bonds was made, I do not know. From the published statements at the time it appeared that no effort to deliver the vessels was made after the objections of the government were made known. In fact the iron-clads were shortly after sold to one of the Eastern powers, and their field of operations was the Mediterranean instead of the American coasts. The ability of Mr. Adams to comply with the condition and furnish the security was accepted as the end of the controversy. It is not known that the deposit of the coin required was ever made. It *is* known that a few months later every one of the bonds was returned to the Treasury in the original packages, with the seals of the Treasury unbroken.

Many years elapsed before the Register atoned for this violation of the laws, which never fail to punish those who break them. While he remained in office there was no day in which he was not reminded by a sharp rheumatic twinge of the events of that Sunday morning. After he had left the Treasury there were five long years in which he could never promise that he could perform any professional labor at any fixed date in the future.

The issue of these bonds afforded an opportunity for some measurements showing the great bulk of paper used in the whole issue $513,000,000. I did not leave the Treasury that Sunday morning until I had seen these measurements made. The denominations of the coupon "five-twenties" were "fifties," "one hundreds," "five hundreds," and "one thousands." Of the registered the denominations were the same, with the addition of "five thousands" and "ten thousands." Only a small fraction of the issue was registered, and the certificates used were ordinarily "one thousand" and under. The twelve thousand five hundred bonds, representing $10,000,000 of the present issue, were a reasonably accurate average of the whole issue. These $10,000,000 were made into packages of $1,000,000 each, of the same length and breadth of the bonds themselves, one bond being laid, without folding, upon another. Each package was covered with one thickness of wrapping paper, and then bound as closely as possible with strong cord, rendering each package as thin as it could be made. The ten packages were then laid in a single pile, one above the other. They measured six feet four inches in height. From these data each one can compute for himself the height of the pile of paper used in an issue of $513,000,000.

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AN EX-BRIGADIER.

BY S. B. ELLIOTT.

"KNOW General Stamper?" and the speaker looked at me with an expression of wonder in his eyes that amused me; then he smiled. "Know General Stamper—'old General Billy'? Of co'se I do. Where were you raised?"

"Not in Alabama," I answered.

"I thought as much," came with a ring of pity in the voice. "There's nobody in *this* State has to ask who is General Stamper."

We were standing outside the door of the only thing in Booker City that could be called a building—Booker City, that might have been described as a "wide place in the road."

Over the door of this building was the sign, "*G. W. S. Booker, General Merchant*"; a little lower down came a smaller sign, "Post-office." On either side the shop, and out behind it, stretched the unbroken pine-barren; in front the trees had been cut away, and the wheel tracks between the ragged stumps showed dimly the street of the future. Beyond the stumps came a ditch that cut through the sandy soil and deep into the red clay; across this ditch two old "cross-ties" made a bridge to the railway.

Across the railway there was a blacksmith's shed, and one or two shanties where some bloodless-looking people, with straight, clay-colored hair and vacant eyes, made shift to live. And this was Booker City.

The train had left me there ten minutes before this true story opens; my valise stood just inside the door of the shop; my overcoat was buttoned against the chill February wind. I had come straight through from New York, sent out by a great railway syndicate as a sort of private detective, to look into the merits of Booker City. By profession I am a civil engineer.

"We send you because you are a Southern man," my chief had said, "and will therefore understand the people and win their confidence. I want you to go down to this 'Booker City,' and see this 'General William Stamper.' Look the whole thing up incog; be anything you like, and draw for anything you may want. Here is a map of the city."

So I packed my portmanteau and started for Booker City. Arriving, I asked the only man I saw as to General Stamper, with the results given above.

"Where does General Stamper live?" I went on.

"'Cross the railroad 'bout a mile. He owns moster this county; I own some, though. I own this store and down the railroad 'bout a mile; but our fam'lies were always friends, and me and General Stamper persuaded the railroad to have a station here. I've got Stamper in my name." This last was said proudly.

"And you got the station in order to make your land more valuable, I suppose?" in a mild tone.

My companion turned on me slowly. "Not exactly," he answered; "for it couldn't be made much more valuable"—putting a piece of tobacco in his mouth. "We've got coal and iron right back here in the hills, and a big syndicate behind us; we'll have five thousand people here by next month."

"Roosting on stumps," I asked, "and feeding on pine knots?"

"Maybe, and maybe not," he answered, quietly; "and maybe by that time you'll have money enough to come back and see."

"If not, will you have money enough to lend me a dollar or two?"

"I'll have it, you bet; but whether I'll lend it to *you* or not, that's another question; and yonder comes General Billy."

I looked in the direction indicated, and coming through the pines I saw a muddy old buggy, very much bent down on one side, and drawn by a gray mule; of course the harness was helped out with pieces of rope, and the slim, rascally looking negro boy who drove was ragged; so natural were these things to that kind of vehicle that I scarcely observed them; but the man pointed out as "General Billy" caught my attention instantly and firmly. When the buggy stopped I saw that his left arm and right leg were missing, but, in spite of that, he leaped out quite nimbly. He was a large, ruddy man, dressed in a baggy suit of gray jeans, with a soft black hat drawn well down on his head, and from under it some thin gray hair curled over his coat collar. His eyes were bright and deep set, and twinkled as merrily as if a third of him were not in

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the grave. He swung himself along with great agility, and had a cheery voice.

"And how is the father of my country to-day?" he cried as he hopped into the shop. Then, balancing himself skilfully, he hit my friend Booker a pretty solid blow with his crutch. "George Washington Stamper Booker! By gad, man! if your name had done its duty it would have destroyed you long ago; every day I am expecting to hear that it has struck in and killed you. And your name?"—leaning on his crutches and eying me keenly. "You look very familiar somehow."

"Willoughby is my name," I answered.

"Willoughby? The devil! Kemper Willoughby?"

"John Kemper Willoughby," I amended, in some surprise.

"Oh, blast the John! Here, shake!" extending his one hand, that seemed to me to be marvellously small. "What kin are you to old Kemper Willoughby of Chilhowie?"

"Grandson."

"Bless my eyes, my *dear* boy!" and he wrung my hand painfully almost. "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this meeting; no, sir, not five thousand; no, not Booker City itself," throwing back his head with a ringing laugh.

It was a sweet laugh, and his voice had a tone in it that made me think of my father; his face was clean-shaven, too, like my father's, and his mouth and teeth and laugh reminded me of Joseph Jefferson.

"There was something in the cut of you," he went on, "and in the setting of your eyes, that took me back to some fig-trees in your grandfather's back yard. You looked as your father Kemper used to look when we were stealing figs—it was not really stealing, you know; only Mrs. Willoughby was saving the figs for something. God knows what women save things for, but they are always doing it. But you looked just like him—surprised, and amused, and a little disgusted with yourself. All the Willoughbys look alike—all cut out of the same piece of cloth. See here, General Washington Booker, look alive, and hand out the mail. I want to take the boy home," rattling on without drawing a breath. "Fifty years ago we were in those fig-trees. And your father?"

"I am the only one of the name left," I answered, briefly.

"Good heavens!"—taking up the one letter that Booker laid on the counter—"only one, and there used to be such lots of them—Willoughbys world without end; only one left—only one!" and, leaning on his crutch, he looked at me sadly. "The war, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes."

"And at the last we went under, all for nothing; and now we must be patient, and say we were wrong, or, at the least, unwise, and forget those who lie under the sod! Never! And, by gad, sir, I'll make something out of them—something! Forget, sir? No, sir. There's too much of me under the sod—me, myself. I'll not forget. But come, my boy, we'll have some supper and a talk, and maybe some 'condensed corn,' ha! ha!—'will you have sugar in yourn?'—and I'll tell you about those figs your dear grandmother did not save. Ah, we had ladies and gentlemen in those days—ladies from afar. I have a little girl at home, God bless her! She keeps house for me. Come on: where are your traps? Here, look alive, you young imp!"—to the negro. "Get out, sir, and put this gentleman's bag in, and you hang on behind; and don't you dare to drop off, or to get hurt. Get in, my boy"—to me. Then, calling back: "Don't answer any telegrams without consulting me, Booker; not about your own land even. Do you hear?"

"All right, general."

"Now we are off," as with wonderful ease he got into the buggy. "You can drive, of course, and will not be afraid of a runaway," laughing. "Booker City has not made my fortune yet, so I drive a mule; but just wait a little bit—just wait. I will sell every stump and tree before long, and come out on top. Have you anything to invest?"

"No," I answered, leaning forward to thrash the old mule, and for the first time realizing my position—almost a spy! Well, I need not be; but how to get out of it? Write that I preferred not to report? That would kill Booker City as dead as Hector. Write what had come to me from the general's talk? Die the thought and the thinker! Besides, *what* had come to my knowledge? Nothing, really; but one thing was certain—I *could not* be his guest, and at the same time hold my present position. I thrashed the mule again, but a wave of the ears was the only answer; then the general turned to the back of the buggy.

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"Get down, there, you miserable rascal!" he cried. "How dare you ride at ease, and let a gentleman exhaust himself on this beast! Get down, sir; yes, and be in a hurry." The riding at ease meant that Jupiter was hanging on to the back of the seat with his hands, while his feet were clinging to the springs of the vehicle.

He dropped off now as nimbly as a monkey, and picking up a stick as he ran, came abreast of the jogging mule very easily.

"Hi! hi! Git up, you w'ite debbil; git up!" he cried, prodding the mule as he ran. "Hi! hi! I'll make you know; I'll make you go; I'll poke you troo an' troo —hi! hi!"

"That's you, Jupiter," cried the general; "poke him lively. You'll be President of these United States yet—ha! ha! Get up now, quick, you lazy dog," as, with a grin that seemed to meet at the back of his head, Jupiter made a dash at the buggy, and swung himself into place once more. It was a wild race we were having then. The mule was cantering, with his ears backed, and his tail going round and round like a windmill.

"Negroes and mules were made for each other," the general said, as he pulled his hat on more firmly. "They understand each other in a way that can be explained only by affinity; and to see a negro on a mule is like hearing a mocking-bird sing on a moonlight night in summer—the 'eternal fitness' is satisfied."

While he talked we had come at a rattling pace through the pine woods, and now were moving more slowly along a red clay road, that, fringed with blackberry briers, ran narrow and deep between rail fences. Presently we began a long ascent, still between rail fences, and the mule settled down into a walk once more.

"We are nearing home now," the general went on, "and soon we'll see the ancestral roof-tree, which will be turned into a foundry shortly, I hope. I used to have some sentiment, sir, but poverty unscrews the spinal column of sentiment. I'll be hanged if I can stand living from hand to mouth here, where once I lived on the fat of the land. No, sir. I'll sell every stick of timber, and every foot of land, and throw in the malaria for nothing. I've starved long enough on 'befo' de wah' memories. I'm sick of it, and it is not wholesome. I want to take my child away from this African atmosphere. Her blood and breeding will show anywhere, sir; and with a few shekels to put a halo around her head, why, she can do and be what she likes—God bless her! And I'll make those shekels; I have a few already. But just after the war, I'll give you my word, sir, I was an absolute beggar. I borrowed money, and went to Mexico—well, that is a story."

We had reached the brow of the hill by this, and half-way down the other side I saw an oasis in the red fields and a glimpse of a white house. A square white house it proved to be, with deep piazzas, and a long wing running back, and an old garden in front, with cedar-trees and flags, and woodbine on trellises; there were some oak-trees and locust-trees, all bare of leaves; and the fence and gate were on their last legs. I had seen innumerable places like it in the inland South, felt familiar with the gullied gravel-walk and the "corn shucks" door mat, even with the red clay footmarks that extended into the hall, and felt that I knew quite well the slim, fair-haired girl who greeted us with "How are you, pappy darling?" Then she stopped, looking at me frankly from a pair of handsome brown eyes.

"A friend of my youth, Agnes, my dear; a Willoughby of Chilhowie, where my happiest holidays were spent. Kemper Willoughby, his father, was my boyhood friend, and this afternoon I found him stranded in Booker City. I knew him by his eyes—good eyes. Shake hands; both hands, if you like. If he is true to his blood, you'll never find an honester gentleman."

So we shook hands, smiling the while, and I was glad of my blood when I looked in her eyes, and hated, without reason, my good chief in far-away New York.

A Willoughby of Chilhowie—poor old Chilhowie, lost in the war, and now great phosphate-works. The old name had a goodly sound to it, and the brown eyes took a reverent expression almost. Evidently she had heard stories of the old place and people. The rooms were carpetless—desolate expanses rather—but the fires were grand, and the few homely chairs were most comfortable. After a while we had a good country supper, then Agnes brought some tumblers and sugar, and Jupiter appeared with a kettle, that soon was singing on the fire, and the general hopped over to a cupboard in the

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wall and brought out a black bottle. My case was full of cigars, but the general preferred his pipe.

"I got that pipe in Mexico," he said—"a long story."

"A disgraceful story, pappy," his daughter added, bringing her work-basket from a far table—"a story that will shock Mr. Willoughby." She was seated now, with the fire-light playing on her delicate features and fair hair, and as her little hands filled the battered old pipe, she looked up lovingly at the old man. "You must give Mr. Willoughby your pedigree before you tell that story."

"Oh, confound the pedigree! Willoughby *is* a gentleman, therefore he knows one under any disguise. Will you 'have sugar in yourn,' my dear boy, and the story of the pipe, or rather of the time when I got the pipe? It is the joy of my life—that time; it was life! And that old pipe was the beginning of the first comfort I had after the war. I had fought for four years in the cavalry, part of the time with Forrest. We were not what you would call a godly set, Agnes; but good fellows, who would die, or worse, would come near to lying, for a friend—brave fellows: God bless every man of them! We were a reckless set, and death meant nothing to us; but we lived, ye gods! Life since has seemed a faded rag. Well, I lost my leg first. I had a hand to hand scuffle for it, and I will not say how many I sent to their long homes—it hurts Agnes—but—well, my leg went; and not a year after, my arm. I killed the rascal who shot me in the arm. Then came the surrender"—his voice losing its cheery ring—"and I was fit to murder right and left. I could not stand it, or I thought I could not, and trundled off to Mexico. Beautiful country, my dear fellow, lovely, but the lowest down nation on the face of the earth to call themselves Christians, not morals enough in the whole nation to satisfy one respectable old-time darky. I could not stand it, and determined to come home, no matter what was the state of the country. But how to get here. I had the whole kingdom of Texas to cross, and no money and no railways, and only half rations in the way of legs. I worked my way to the Rio Grande on a broken-down old mustang. About ten miles from the river I came to a Mexican jacal, and hesitated about going in, they are such treacherous villains. But I was hungry, and pausing outside the door I heard a groan. Somebody in distress, I thought, and cocking my pistol, I pushed my way in. An Englishman lay there; he had passed me two days before, travelling across country with a party of Mexicans, but I had caught him up again, and at the last gasp. The place was empty, save for him, and a pot of tomalis steaming near the fire. I looked at the Englishman first, but he was dead. I had heard his last groan probably, and his murderers had been run off by my approach. His pockets were rifled of everything save this pipe—a good pipe in its day; meerschaum, you see, and had a fancy stem; but I prefer a joint or two of cane. I was glad of the tomalis; but I did not think it safe to linger, as I did not know the number of the Mexicans. My clothes and shoe were too ragged, however, to leave a dead man as well clothed as that Englishman was, so I helped myself to a part of his wardrobe. I had not been so well dressed in years, and I laughed a little at myself. 'You look as nice as a preacher,' I said. Then folding up my old clothes, I left them near the dead man, and taking some more extra tomalis, I left the house. 'As nice as a preacher,' the words came to me again: it had been a phrase in the army when a fellow was extra well dressed. 'As nice as a preacher?' Why not? Who had a better time than preachers? Why not be a preacher? I could not help laughing a little at the thought. Why not be a preacher for the time? And visions of fried chicken and hot biscuit came over my mind, and fiery steeds furnished by adoring flocks—why not? I laughed out loud as I jogged on in the darkness. A preacher? What kind? What kind? Out on the border that did not matter. As far as my experience in that country went, all one had to do was to swear one had had a call; then preach and eat. That was more than twenty years ago, you see. So I did not come to any decision, but left it all to chance.

"I was so much entertained by my thoughts that I was surprised when I found myself at the river. It was day-dawn, and, as luck would have it, I found some Mexicans with a boat just where I reached the bank. I seemed to strike terror into most of the party, and I shrewdly suspected that it was the Englishman's clothes that did it; most prob-

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ably they had been among his murderers. Some ran away, but two remained, and agreed to put me across. Of course they thought I had money, but I kept my pistol lined on them, and when we reached the other bank, my pay was to jump ashore, and tell them in their own language that I was to meet a party of Americans there, and that they had better skip with my blessing and the old mustang. They did.

"I shall never forget my first day as a preacher. I thought of the character so much that at last I began to imagine myself one. I arranged sermons with the utmost facility, and all that I had ever learned of catechism and hymns and prayers came back to me. The day passed swiftly enough, although hopping along on crutches was such weary work that I began to think longingly of even my old mustang.

"About sundown I reached a settlement —a cattle ranch—but evidently not of the highest character. Yes, they would take me in. The woman of the house had a pathetic face, and looked at me searchingly, almost suspiciously.

"'I am a man of peace,' I said, in answer to her look, 'and I have lost my way.'

"'You look like a preacher,' one of the men said.

"I bowed my head.

"'I thought as much,' he went on, turning to the woman, whose face had brightened up.

"'I 'ain't seen a preacher in five years,' she said. 'Ain't you hungry?'

"'I am, indeed, my sister,' I said; 'as hungry as your spirit must be.'

"'Now you're shoutin'!' the man cried, slapping his leg. 'That's the way to talk it. I've heard 'em a hund'ed times; an' mammy would always come to me an' say, sof'ly, 'Go kill fo' chickens, Billy.' I'd know that talk anywhere. Golly! go kill something, 'Liza—a horse—the baby—anythin', an' call in all the fellers; bound to have somethin' to eat. Gosh! your stomach thinks your throat's cut, don't it, mister?'

"I was wild to laugh, by gad, sir! the rascal hit the nail so squarely on the head; but I answered quietly enough, 'I *would* like a little food,' adding, meekly, 'if you have anything to spare.'

"The man went out roaring with laughter, and the woman came close to me.

"'Did you ever marry anybody?" she asked.

"It gave me a sort of chill for a minute.

"'No,' I answered; 'I am not married.'

"'That ain't what I mean,' she said. 'Me an' Billy have changed rings, an' promised befo' the boys, an' mean it, too; but we ain't had no minister nor no magistrate, an' somehow I'd ruther have some words said. It's been three years gone now sence we changed rings.'

"'And you wish me to say a few words?' I asked, my compunctions fading as the woman's story went on.

"'Yes, if Billy's willin', but he don't like preachers much. He don't believe in 'em; but I do. I'll ask him,' and she went out.

"This was a position I had not counted on, for the official acts of the clergy had not occurred to me, and for a few moments I wished myself well out of the dilemma; but I must go on now, for to show these men that I was deceiving them might mean death. So while I waited I trumped up, or tried to trump up, the Episcopal marriage service; but something else would come instead, and looking into the matter afterward, I discovered it to be the catechism; but then I knew only that it would not serve my purposes, and I was still at sea when the woman returned.

"This time she was followed by several men, among them 'Billy.'

"'Come in, boys,' he cried; 'we're goin' to have a weddin', me an' 'Liza, an' that means a supper; don't it, 'Liza? An' to-morrer we'll have to loan Brother—What's your name, mister?'

"'Stiggins,' I answered, with a back glance at Mr. Weller.

"'Stiggins,' Billy repeated. 'We'll have to loan Brother Stiggins a horse. I tell you, boys, it's a good thing we've got somethin' to drink to-night, an' me an' 'Liza 'll change rings again.'

"It was a trying moment. To save my life I could not remember anything to begin with, and as the couple took their places in front of me I felt puzzled to death; but I *could* not fail, and I made a mad dash.

"'What is your name?' I asked, solemnly.

"'Billy Sprowle,' was answered promptly.

"'What is your name?'—to the woman.

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"'Liza Dobbs.'

"'Who gave you that name?' was the thing that seemed to come next, somehow, but I realized at once that it would not do, so determined on a common-sense question, and asked: 'Are you both of one mind in this matter? Answer as you shall answer at the last great day!' and I let my voice fall into profound depths.

"'Yes,' came from the couple; and from the subdued expression of the company I saw that my voice had impressed them. This encouraged me, and I made another grab among my memories.

"'William, will you have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to have and to hold until death us do part?' And the words tumbled out so glibly, once I got started, that I left the 'us' unchanged, and recklessly plighted my troth along with them. But they did not notice this, and Billy's 'Yes, sir,' came like a shot. 'Eliza, will you have this man to be thy wedded husband, to have and to hold until death us do part?' I said once more.

"'Yes.'

"'Change rings,' I went on, 'and both of you say, "With this ring I thee wed, from this day forth for evermore."' They obeyed, Billy looking meeker and meeker as the service went on; then joining their hands, I looked at the company sternly, saying, 'I pronounce William and Eliza Sprowle to be man and wife.'

"By this time lots more of the service had come to me, but somehow I could not bring myself to say it; it seemed to stick in my throat. But what I *had* said had made an immense impression. Every man there looked at me with something of awe in his eyes, and I heard one whisper, 'A rale sho-'nuff preacher'; and the answer, 'You bet; he crawls me.'

"The ceremony over, I sat down by the fire to wait for further developments, and the men stood about awkwardly. By this time, however, I felt quite in character, and said, in a mild tone, 'Have you much of a settlement here?'

"'Not much,' the oldest man of the group answered, 'an' the nighest neighbors is ten miles off. It's a right lonesome country.'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'but good grass.'

"'That's so, an' free. Billy Sprowle has made a right good thing of comin' out here, him an' these boys; I 'ain't been here long.'

"'Do the Mexicans trouble you much?' I went on.

"'Not as much as they'd like to.' Then, with an effort, 'Do you think killin' a Mexican is any harm?'

"'No,' I answered, promptly, then cleared my throat slowly—'no, not if they molest your property.'

"The man passed his hand over his face, looking at me curiously, while I gazed sadly into the fire. After a moment's reflective scanning of me he drew nearer, and putting his hands in his pockets, stood looking down on me.

"'You've got common-sense, mister,' he said, 'if you *are* a preacher, an' you answered mighty lively at first 'bout killin' Mexicans; you *know* they oughter be wiped off the face of the earth?"

"I gave him look for look. 'My brother,' I said, 'I fought for four years in the war, and, as you see, half of me is in the grave. I don't stand back on killing or on being killed when it is necessary. And I like hunting too,' I went on, 'but I don't like to hunt buzzards.'

"'Shake!' he cried, holding out his hand; 'that's good 'bout buzzards; Mexicans an' buzzards *is* one. Sakes-er-mussy!'—turning to the rest—'that's sense, boys, preacher or no preacher.'

"They all drew near after this, and sat down near the fire: they had fought too, and war stories were plenty, and before supper was over we were the firmest friends.

"Next morning, however, after the night's reflection, Billy came to me, confidentially.

"'Are you a sho-'nuff preacher?' he said; 'or did you jest put it up on the old girl? It won't make no diffrunce to us boys, you know, an' 'Liza's done eased off 'bout bein' married, an' we won't make her onressless by tellin' her no better—but *are* you a preacher?"

"'Why not?' I asked, drawing myself up. 'What have I done that a preacher should not do?'

"'Oh, nothin'—nothin'!' rather hurriedly; 'only you've got so much horse-sense, an' preachers, you know—'

"'My brother,' I said, gravely, and I laid my hand on his shoulder in a way that would have done credit to an archbishop, 'you don't understand; I got my sense before I was called to be a preacher; I was a man first, and then a preacher. Do you see?"

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"'You bet; an' you'll *always* be a man?'

"'Always.'

"'Thet's good,' heartily. 'I'd like to hear you preach.'

"Well, those fellows could not do enough for me; they lent me a horse that was to be left at the next town; they rode a long way with me, and Billy gave me a Mexican dollar as a marriage fee. But poor 'Liza, her gratitude was pathetic, and she brought her little child for me to bless. That got me, rather, but I gave him the best I had; it was the last blessing my dear old mother gave me; 'The Lord bless and keep you, my boy, and bring you home at last,' she had said. I gave it to the little fellow, and the mother cried. And I did not feel mean a bit for deceiving them, for I had done good. I had made that woman happy, and had raised the clergy in the estimation of these men. To tell you the truth, I felt myself a missionary.

"About sundown I reached a little town, a very small affair, and stopped at the largest house I saw, and the hardest-looking case I had ever seen came to the door. I asked if I could stop there; he said he would see, and went back into the house. Then a woman came—harder-looking than the man, if that were possible. I told her I was a man of peace, and wanted to spend the night; that I made a point of going to the houses of the best people in the town, because they would have the most influence, and could help me in my work. That woman's face was like a flint when I began, but before the end of my speech the whole expression had changed.

"'I ain't no 'Piscopal,' she said, the defiance that had left her face still lingering in her voice.

"'Of course not,' I answered, glibly. 'I take you to be a wash-foot Baptist.'

"'How'd you know that?' she cried.

"'There's a look in your face,' I said.

"'My soul an' body! Come in,' and she flung the door wide. She put me in a very decent room, and presently I heard wild shouting and a cannonade of sticks and stones. As I had distrusted both the man and the woman, I was startled for a second, but the screech of a chicken restored my equilibrium. 'Fried chicken for the preacher,' I said to myself, and determined that I must become accustomed to that side of the ministerial life—and a very good side too. In a marvellously short time I was called to supper.

"'I s'pose you don't mind havin' a bate,' the woman said; 'so I jest killed a chicken, and knocked up a few biscuit.'

"I did have a little feeling that the chicken was scarcely dead, and that the biscuit had rather a jaundiced look; but I had been intimate with starvation too long to be fastidious, and I ate with a will; and as I remember it now, the coffee was not bad.

"'Is you goin' to have a meetin'?' was the woman's first question as I took my seat at table. 'I 'member you said somethin' 'bout your work, an' we 'ain't had nothin' but 'Piscopal religion here for a long time.'

"'And you don't like it?' I parried.

"'No, I don't; there ain't no grit to it; I want my religion to have some sperrit; I'd ruther have a revival now than money; an' the 'Piscopals jest keep right along quiet an' easy, an' I 'ain't got no mo' patience with 'em. I'm tired.'

"'Is there a clergyman here?'

"'No; he's dead. He come for his health, an' worked, an' died 'bout a month ago; we 'ain't had nothin' sence; but if you're a Baptist preacher, there's nothin' henders why you can't have a meetin'.'

"'If you think so—'

"'Yes, I *do* think so: you look like you kin preach.'

"'Yes, I think I can.'

"'Then I'll send John out. John! I say, John!'

"The man who had opened the door for me came in.

"'I want you to go round this town, John,' she began, 'an' tell the folks that Brother— What's your name?'

"'Stiggins.'

"'That Brother Stiggins will have a meetin' to-morrer, startin' right early.'

"John looked at me slowly, then said the one word, ''Piscopal?'

"'No!' and the woman looked as amiable as a sitting hen. ''Ain't you got *no* sense, John Blye? Did you *ever* see a 'Piscopal look like him? He looks like he's got grit. Go 'long an' tell Brother Williams to come over an' help 'range 'bout it; go 'long.'

"I must confess I felt rather queer as the combat thickened round me. After all, suppose I could not preach? And I said, mildly, 'Is Brother Williams a good preacher?'

"'No, he ain't'—frankly; 'but he's a mighty good prayer. I've heard him

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pray right along for a hour, an' it never seemed like he drawed a breath. Yes, he's a mighty upliftin' prayer; he'll help you, don't you fret. Jest you preach, an' hit hard too, an' Brother Williams he'll raise all the hymns an' do the praying; an' he does line out hymns beautiful.'

"This made me more comfortable, and it was easy enough to arrange matters with Brother Williams, a small, red-headed man—a druggist—a fussy, nervous little creature, with a long red nose that he used as a speaking-trumpet. Very soon he and Sister Blye had arranged all the details; even the hymns were chosen, and nine o'clock the hour fixed on. I was awfully tired; but I chose my text, and dreamed out my sermon, for by morning the whole thing was in my mind—a grand thing, with enough fire and brimstone in it to destroy the universe. 'Where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched'—that was my text. I tell you, Willoughby, I have often thought that I missed my vocation in not being a preacher. If you could hear me once, I believe you would be converted yourself. By Jove, sir! all the town was there the next morning, in a big place like a barn, which all creeds used in common. Brother Williams was there, and his nose looked longer and redder than before.

"We started them off with a hymn; then Brother Williams prayed: such a prayer! It was ridiculous, sir! I was dying to laugh. If you could have heard his instructions to the Almighty, and his fault-finding too: it was awful. But Sister Blye—the way in which she groaned and grunted over Brother Williams's presentation of the shortcomings of the Lord was edifying in the extreme. Then we had another hymn—a regular dynamite fuse; but nobody showed any signs of religion except Sister Blye. Then I began. I began quietly, but in the deepest voice I could muster. First, I gave a picture of heaven, quoting Milton copiously; but my audience was quiet under that, and I realized that they were in a coolly critical frame of mind. Further, I realized that *I* had no idea of heaven, or eternal bliss, or *anything* eternal for that matter. I could not conceive of eternal bliss, for the happiest moments of my life had been passed in battle. I tell you there's nothing like the rush and madness of a charge, and you know that is no vision of heaven. I think I failed in my description of heaven; so, according to my plan, I came down to this life. I knew that through and through, and I flayed humanity alive and rubbed salt in. Then they began to prick up their ears, and Sister Blye looked uneasy. I liked to see it, and a determination came over me to do a little good, if possible. And I believe I did. I gave them the devil for a good half-hour, straight from the shoulder. Then I dropped down to hell, and *then* I made the fur fly! I knew sin and remorse;" and the general's face grew grave, and he laid his hand on his daughter's shoulder. "Yes, I knew hell better than heaven; it came easy, and I drew it strong. In twenty minutes that place was like Bedlam. I have never heard or seen anything like it, and never want to again. Such howls and screams and shouting! I did not know what to do exactly, for nobody could hear me, so I stopped and sat down. Well, sir, little Williams, who had been lying flat on the floor, howling, hopped up as spry as a cricket, and lined out a hymn. It was the best thing he could have done; it served as a vent for the excitement, and they sang with a will. Then he prayed, and exhorted people to come up and be prayed for; in fact, he got up a first-class revival on top of my sermon; then he took up a collection, to pay my expenses, he said. I don't know how much was given him, but I think he and Sister Blye got a very good return for their labors; they gave me five dollars. I refused to preach any more that day, and told them I must go on. Well, sir, people followed me to the next town—followed to hear me preach again, they said. There was a real Baptist preacher there, a very good fellow, who kept a shoe shop. He was delighted with the thought of a revival; and he and Sister Blye and little Williams arranged the programme. I had caught on to their methods by this time, and determined to take up my own collections. I did the work, and was determined to get my pay. We were in that town three days, and every one of them field-days. You never saw the like; such a raging, tearing time I have never conceived of. But the funny part was that when the collecting time came, and I started out on my own hook, Sister Blye and Williams and the other preacher all dashed after me full tilt, and it was simply a race; but many refused to give to any one but me, which made me have

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fewer compunctions about taking the money, for it showed me that they understood each other.

"By Jove, sir, at the end of three days everybody wanted to be baptized, and I nearly exploded when their own preacher told them that there was not enough water anywhere short of the Gulf to wash away their sins, but that he would do the best he could for them in the water-hole outside the town.

"I did not take any hand in that: the official acts I did not touch, nor did I ever pray in public; but I did not see any harm in telling them their sins, and in making them wish they had never been born because of the fright I put them in. It was pitiful. But I did good; I know I did good; and I made money. By this time I had learned all the tricks of the trade, and my brother preacher proposed that we should agree to work Texas for three months, I doing the preaching, and he doing everything else; that we should dismiss Sister Blye and Williams immediately, and divide the proceeds into two parts instead of four. That fellow—Stallings was his name—was something of a wag, and he told Williams and Sister Blye that we had entered into a partnership, and did not want them any more; that we had concluded to stop the circus business and teach religion.

"It was astonishing how much money we made after that, and how wonderfully successful we were. The papers took us up: 'Stallings and Stiggins,' and their grand revivals; their preaching and praying and singing, and the rest of it. We went from town to town in style, lived on the fat of the land, and had as many horses as we wanted. And I added a postscript to my sermons that any people who changed their creeds under stress of excitement were renegades and fools. I wish you could have seen Stallings's face the first time I tacked that on; but it took like wildfire. All the preachers in that town came to hear me, and thanked me for my sermons; and after that Stallings and I gave something always to every Protestant church in every town, with always the proviso that it was to go to the preacher's salary—that much extra. Well, that got out, and the effect was miraculous: money flowed in. Don't you see that I did good? Then the scoldings I gave! By gad, sir, they should have taken the skin off. Bless your heart, how I went for the people for not doing their duty by the ministry! Why, Dante's lowest round was nothing to what I promised them if they did not do better.

"But the end of it all was wonderful. We were at a little town not far from the Louisiana line, and I was preaching fire and brimstone for dear life, when a face in the congregation caught my eye. It was the saddest face I had ever seen; past middle age, with sunken cheeks and silver hair. But it was the eyes that took hold of me—big, pitiful brown eyes that looked hunted and starved.

"After I had seen that face I could not preach anything but comfort and hope: I could not say anything hard to that woman. When I came out she was waiting at the door.

"'I want to speak to you,' she said, and took hold of my arm. 'You come from my part of the country—I know it by your voice—and you are a gentleman, if you are—' And she paused.

"'If I *am* an itinerant preacher,' I put in.

"'Yes; it does seem strange to me,' she answered, frankly; 'but you *are* a gentleman, and you come from the South Atlantic coast.'

"'Yes,' I admitted, beginning to feel thoroughly ashamed of my position; 'and is there anything I can do for you?'

"'I have come to you for help,' she answered, tremulously, 'because I seemed to recognize you in some way; and yet your name is not a coast name—Stiggins—I have never heard it.'

"'Outside of *Pickwick*,' I amended. 'But where do you live? Can I go home with you and talk to you?'

"'Just around the corner. we have one room. Yes, you can come: my daughter is there.'

"In five minutes we reached the room—a poor miserable little place, but absolutely clean—and sitting there sewing, a young girl, not more than eighteen. She looked up in surprise.

"'Mamma!' she said, and I seemed to hear my own little sister speaking, so familiar were the accents.

"'This is Mr. Stiggins, dear, the preacher; he comes from home, and will help us.' Then motioning me to a seat, she went on: 'My name is Vernon—one of the South Carolina Vernons, you know.'

"'And your maiden name?' I asked, rising in astonishment.

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"'Asheburton.'

"'Marion Asheburton?'

"'Yes,' her eyes dilating with wonder.

"'And a long time ago, when I was a little boy, you were engaged to Jack Stamper, and he died?'

"'Yes—oh yes! Who *are* you?'

"'Willie,' I said—'Willie Stamper, the little brother: don't you remember?'

"'How, then, is your name Stiggins?' said the daughter, severely. But the mother asked no questions, needed no proofs; she simply fell on my neck, and cried as if her heart would break. You see she had gone back to her first love, and her first sorrow—had gone back to days when prosperity and luxury were the rule. Poor thing! poor thing! Then our stories came out—hers pitiful beyond compare; mine, that seemed to grow more vulgar and disgraceful as I told it. The telling of that story was an awful grind until the girl laughed—the sweetest laugh I had ever heard. God bless her! They were destitute—these Vernons—had moved to Texas, and the father had died, leaving the mother and child to struggle alone, poor things! When I met them they had not tasted food for twenty-four hours. I took charge of them at once, and sent them over to New Orleans to wait for me. I had a good deal of money by that time, but could not break my engagement with Stallings, and it lacked a month of being out. But I preached for all I was worth that last month, and tears and dollars came like rain; and at the last I had literally to run away from Stallings. He said we would make our fortunes if we staid together; but I explained to him that I was not so anxious about making money as I was about looking up some heathen I knew across the Mississippi. So we parted, and I left Texas with two hundred dollars in my pocket, besides what I had sent Mrs. Vernon.

"Well, we were married—the girl and I—and came home here to Alabama, where I have managed to live ever since. But I have never been as rich as I was when I was a preacher, for all my expenses were paid, I had horses to ride, I lived on the fat of the land, and had more clothes made for me by adoring sisters than ever since. It was a wonderful time. Agnes here thinks it was disgraceful, but she laughs sometimes when I tell the old story, just as her mother did. They are forgotten now, those happy-go-lucky old days, and my little wife lived only a year—only a year."

The fire seemed to burn low as the old gentleman paused, and the girl laid her head on his shoulder.

"But I *have* lived," and he drew a long sigh. "Yea, verily, life was worth living when I first set out; and the war"—shaking his head—"I would not take anything for those years of excitement; by gad, sir, that was life, sure enough! And just after the war it was not so very bad; there was some novelty in being poor, just at first, before we learned to strive and grind; but now the grind is awful, perfectly awful! For everybody is grinding now, rich and poor, old and young. Rich people do not stop to enjoy, because they want more, and poor people cannot stop to enjoy, because they have nothing. We have lost the art of being satisfied—an art the South used to possess to a ruinous extent. We are losing the art of having fun, the art of enjoying simple things. We are learning to be avaricious, for now in the South position is coming to depend on money; so all grind along together; and I hate it."

"But when you sell Booker City, papa," suggested the daughter, with an earnest faith in word and look, "then you will have enough?"

The twinkle came back to the general's eye, and he tossed off the last of his toddy with a wave of the hand.

"That is true, little girl—when I sell Booker City."

But I did not want to talk of Booker City, and the keen old fellow noticed it, and cocking his head on one side, he said,

"You don't believe in Booker City?"

"I don't know anything about it," I answered; "but I believe in *you*."

"And you *may*, my boy"—heartily; "and I tell you Booker City has a grand future."

I lifted my hand. "Don't tell me," I said, "until I tell you." Then I blurted out my story. "Of course I will resign," I finished, "and they may send another man."

The general rubbed his chin. "Don't be rash," he said. "Write your chief the whole story; let him recall you; let him come out himself if he likes. To resign because I happen to be a friend of your father is a 'befo' de wah' sensitiveness which we cannot afford now. That fine

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old sensitiveness! it was silly sometimes, but exquisite. We cannot afford it now, however; and by the time we can afford it we will have been made so tough in the grind for money that we will have lost the cuticle necessary to it. That is the reason it takes three generations to make a gentleman. For myself, I don't think he can be made under five or six. However, accepting the proposition, the first generation cannot afford to be a gentleman; the second generation might be able to afford it, but don't know how; the third generation can afford it, and maybe has learned the outward semblance, and so the saying has come. But to have all the 'ear-marks,' to have the thing come naturally, to have it so bred in the bone that a man can't help being a gentleman, and has hands and feet and ears all to match—that kind of thing takes five or six generations. And even after six generations I have seen the 'old Adam' crop out in broad thumbs or big ears.

"Now you have all the points, Willoughby, but you cannot afford that 'befo' de wah' sensitiveness. Don't resign, but tell your story, and give your honest impressions; for the first generation cannot afford even a comfortable lie; it requires 'a hundred earls' to let a man lie with impunity. Humanity is still too crude—all except the French and Africans—to put up with a lie, except under very extraordinary circumstances of success or position. So after you have seen Booker City, and have heard all my plans, then write; but don't resign because you happen to find a friend in me, and so may be suspected of collusion. If you have no idea of collusion, don't be afraid of suspicion. Tell him that I am your friend; then, if he suspects you, he will send another fellow down; but if he has any sense he will not send to supersede *you*. If he does, why, you come over to my party—me and George Washington Stamper Booker"—laughing—"and by gad, sir, we'll work those fellows for all they are worth; we'll never let them rest until our fortunes are made, and Booker City is the London and Paris and New York and Chicago and Rome and Athens and everything else of the South all rolled into one, not to leave out Pittsburgh and Boston—yes, sir; and we'll invite your chief down, and we'll take him to drive with Jupiter and the mule, and tell him about those palmy days in Texas over a good hot toddy, and by Jove, sir, he'll be one of us in twenty-four hours. We'll make him build a memorial for Sister Blye, and save a corner lot for Stallings. Just let him dare to supersede you, and so help me over the fence if I am not such a friend to him as will make him wish he'd never been born. I have not forgotten how to preach, and I'll make that old Dives think he's reached an infinite prairie on an infinite August day and not a water-hole in sight; but don't you resign."

I took the general's advice; but it was a hard letter to write, and I am afraid it was a little stiff. But the general was right; I was not superseded, and in time my chief did take a drive with Jupiter and the mule, and heard the story of the Texas days told as no pen on earth can write it.

THE EVOLUTION OF HUMOR.

BY PROFESSOR S. H. BUTCHER, LL.D.

TWO psychological facts have, more than any others, offered resistance to evolutionary theory, the sense of the sublime and the sense of the ludicrous; and of these the ludicrous in particular, to which I will now confine myself. How has this perception aided the survival of the fittest? In its developed form it is easy to see how it may ally itself with other faculties and become a factor in progress. But, according to strict Darwinian doctrine, it must have had a utilitarian value at each and every stage of its growth; otherwise it could not have come into being. The difficulty therefore presents itself when we go back to its early beginnings, and seek to connect them with the rudimentary wants of primitive man. What was the use of the ludicrous in the struggle for existence? To the savage, life is earnest, roots are scarce, foes and reptiles are many. In Cooper's novels one reads of the noiseless laughter of the savage as he makes his way through the bush. He feels no inclination to awake tigers by peals of laugh-

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ter. Such conditions of life do not develop a genial sense of humor. Nor can we wonder at a tribe in Ceylon, the Veddahs, who had never been known to laugh, and who, when asked why they never laughed, gave the good reason that they saw nothing to laugh at. What, then, was the use of laughter to early man?

An attempt has been recently made by more than one writer to resolve the ludicrous into an emotion of pure malignity, man's disinterested delight in the infliction of suffering. This is, in fact, a revival of the theory of Hobbes, whose words, though well known, I will here recall: "The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison of the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly. For men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they suddenly come to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonor." Now, spiteful glee, though not in itself an emotion which tends to insure victory in the struggle for existence, yet is correlated to certain victorious qualities, such as strength of body or superiority of mind. It is not the laughter, but the faculty of which it is the accompaniment, that indicates success. We may observe a similar fact to-day among village rustics. One who is physically feeble, insignificant in appearance and stature, becomes a leading spirit, simply because he has got the gift of caustic speech. And in a primitive community and among backward people it can well be conceived how great a force would be wielded by a man of ready and sarcastic tongue. Ridicule would become one of the keenest of weapons. Among the Eskimo, we are told, there are no law courts, but public meetings for the settlement of all disputes, and for the punishment of all crimes, except such as involve a death penalty. At these meetings the opposing parties contend together in satirical songs. Counsel are not employed on either side, but in their stead the friends of the litigants may sing in turn, if the principals are weary. The cheering and the dissent of the assembly express, as it were, the verdict of the court on the merits of the case. (*Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo*, Rink.) Doubtless, too, in savage jokes there is often a latent cruelty. A Murut chief was taking the oath of allegiance to the British North Borneo Company, and was vowing to renounce head-hunting and other like pastimes. "He was chopping away at the stick, repeating the oath in a loud voice. When he came to the part, 'May my wife die' (if ever I take another head), he stopped short and exclaimed, with a grim smile, 'I have no wife. You Peluans cut off her head long ago.' And the Veluans gave a sort of laughter, in which he joined, the crowd around rolling about on the ground, convulsed with merriment." (*Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, 1888, page 21.) Even now malignity in its various manifestations enters into many forms of mirth. Derisive laughter accompanies not only the triumph over enemies, but the momentary discomfiture of friends; for there is in civilized as in savage man "a something not wholly unpleasant in the misfortunes" (or, rather, the minor misfortunes) "of our friends." The practical joke is an obvious survival of primitive malignity, toned down into playful malice. When nature fails to produce the minor mishaps of life, man or boy steps in and makes practical jokes to help out (as Aristotle might say) the design of nature. Where the modern school-boy (who may be taken as a fair type of man in process of being evolved from the savage) would play a practical joke on the body of his friend, his savage ancestor would dance over the body of his prostrate enemy and raise a laugh of victory. The barbaric and childish delight in the humiliation of others is visible in rustic sports, in the pantomime, and in Punch and Judy. I remember being much struck at the representation of a play of Aristophanes, to observe how many jokes, once good ones, are now flat, but that one perennial joke remains which never fails to delight mankind—to see an actor kicked off the stage. Again, at a burlesque, such as the play entitled *The Private Secretary*, in laughing at the Curate we take our revenge for all the dull sermons and mumbling priests we have ever heard. That Curate is the vicarious sufferer for a world of parsons.

Plato, in the *Philebus*,* gives us a subtle analysis of the pleasure of comedy. His view is essentially the same as that of Hobbes. According to him, the pleasure of the ludicrous is caused by the sight of another's misfortune. But, with a far deeper insight than Hobbes, he points out

* *Philebus*, pp. 48–50.

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that the misfortune which provokes laughter is the self-ignorance (ἄγνοια) or folly of others (and not any serious calamity), and that this folly must be accompanied by an inability to hurt us. Fear casts out laughter. Powerless self-ignorance is the object of comic laughter.

Among savages an ignorant breach of etiquette provokes merriment. An act which, if done by a native, would involve most serious penalties, and perhaps draw down the vengeance of the Great Spirit, is merely amusing when it arises from the foolish ignorance of a stranger. A New Zealander, for instance, will never lean his back against the wall of a house; to do so is to break a "tapu"; but if a European, entering the house of a native, leans his back against the wall, and ignorantly violates the sacred usage, the company is highly amused. (*Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders*, Shortland, pp. 112–113.)

Now the theory of malice as a constant ingredient of the ludicrous, though it admits of many applications, will not explain even primitive humor in all its forms. Certain kinds of jokes in which no malice can be traced are everywhere and among all people laughed at. Livingstone somewhere tells us of an African tribe who, when for the first time they were dressed in their clothes, rolled about upon the ground in fits of inextinguishable laughter over this novel situation. The New Zealanders used to divert themselves with a game in which a number of boys, ranged in a row, at a given signal stand on their heads and kick their heels in the air, keeping time with a song which they sing. (*Traditions*, etc., p. 157.) Similarly if a Samoan chief of importance went to a public meeting, he took in his train, we are told, one or two humorists, who, by oddity in dress, gait, or gesture, tried to excite laughter. (*Samoa*, Turner, p. 129.)

Nor are savages unacquainted with more intellectual forms of wit. They love making puns, and very bad ones. Much of their fun, again, consists in framing riddles, somewhat of this character: "Twenty brothers, each with a hat on his head." Answer: "A man's fingers and toes." This is Samoan ingenuity. The following riddles are Albanian, but still in the savage manner: "Two brothers near together; a mountain divides them." Answer: "The eyes." "Wood on this side, wood on that side, flesh in the middle." Answer: "A child in its cradle." "Wherever it goes, it writes on the wall with silver." Answer: "A snail." Numberless such riddles might be quoted which can scarcely raise a smile in us, and which certainly could not be guessed, as the points of resemblance are so remote that a hundred answers equally suitable might be invented. The propounder of such riddles might, on the malignant theory, possibly laugh; but why should those who fail to answer them laugh on the same theory? In truth, the pure pleasure of malice, though it enters into much savage laughter, cannot be traced in all varieties of it. There is an element of mere playfulness in savage mirth which resists this analysis. Malignant enjoyment cannot be the ultimate explanation or single source of the ludicrous. Even if we take the pleasure arising from the degradation of others, we may see that, viewed as a source of comic enjoyment, it is of a complex character. There is, first, the pleasure taken in the suffering of others for its own sake; and, secondly, the pleasure afforded by a sudden contrast, in this case a contrast between previous eminence and sudden humiliation. The pure ludicrous is not due to the gratified feeling of malignity, but to the discovery of this contrast. Still, the mere contrast is not generally piquant enough. The joke becomes all the better if it is made a little more pungent, and so it is usually seasoned with malice. Such is the well-known pun on the word "No-man," which is addressed to the blinded Cyclops in the Odyssey. Here the play on the name is not a pun pure and simple; it is at the same time a practical joke involving serious consequences. The pun on the word is highly flavored by the accompanying malice, and by the thought of the miserable plight in which the use of this witticism left the giant. In all such cases the laughter is primarily due not to malignity, but to a certain incongruity. Otherwise how account for the fact that genuine malignity, as distinguished from playful malice, generally finds other modes of expression than laughter; also that great and painful reverses of fortune provoke not mirth, but pity? The enjoyment with which we view the trivial mishaps of other men is at once expelled by the spectacle of real suffering. The primary source of the pleasure, then, is not in

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the sight of suffering, but in a particular kind of contrast. Take away all malice, and laughter is still awakened.

Among the earliest forms of comic literature is parody, whether the mock-heroic, where mean things are made ludicrous by dignity of language, or the burlesque, where great things are degraded by mean words and associations. How can we here apply the principle of malice? It would surely be far-fetched to maintain that we are enjoying a sympathetic triumph with the author of the parody over the original poet, who is perhaps dead and buried; though Mr. Bain does go so far as to say that "much of the enjoyment of mankind arises from victimizing in idea the absent, the dead, and the imaginary. Doubtless the satisfaction would be still greater to see the sufferers writhing under the infliction; but this has its drawbacks, in consequence of our possessing a tender and sympathetic as well as a malevolent side." (Bain, *English Composition and Rhetoric*, Part II., p. 241.) Again, take the joke consisting in a surprise due to an unexpected turn given to the last words, in which so much of the humor of Aristophanes consists. Over whom do we here triumph when we laugh? Whose is the discomfiture? Not, surely, the poet's. Do we then laugh at ourselves as being the victims of a species of practical joke, as looking for one thing and getting another? We might in certain cases laugh at ourselves an hour afterward when the annoyance of a disappointment has passed off; but we could hardly laugh at the disappointed self of a second ago, the more so when the disappointment itself was pleasurable, not painful. A special form of this last kind of joke is the anticlimax, which answers pretty exactly to Kant's definition of laughter as "an emotion arising from the sudden transformation of a strained expectation into nothing." Mr. Bain says: "By the very nature of the case this is a species of humiliation or degradation." But again we ask: Who is humiliated? Can it be the person who is himself provoked to laughter? A good instance of the anticlimax is a story (unpublished, I believe) of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which I heard Mr. Lowell tell. Once upon a time everybody in the world agreed that at one and the same moment they would all raise a shout which should reach the moon. Accordingly all clocks, watches, and chronometers were set to exactly the same hour and second. When the moment came, every one was watching and listening to hear the others shout, so no one shouted, except one deaf old woman in the Sandwich Islands.

These instances are almost enough to show that malicious laughter does not account for all instances of the ludicrous. It will carry us along the line of development up to satire, in which there is an echo of triumphant laughter, a tone of scorn; it will explain sarcasm, caricature, and irony; but there it stops short. The pure comic eludes this analysis. Indeed, if Hobbes's explanation were adequate, the man who laughs would resent the sight of hundreds of others laughing in his company, the egoistic glory of superiority being diminished in proportion as others share in it; whereas, in fact, laughter is contagious, and the pleasure is intensified by being shared with others.

Aristotle's brief account of the ludicrous in the *Poetics* (ch. v.) is a step in advance of what Plato arrived at. He, too, it is to be observed, is speaking with special reference to comedy. "The ludicrous," he says, "is a defect or deformity that causes no pain or hurt; as, for instance, the comic mask is deformed and distorted without causing pain." The limitation expressed by the words "without pain or hurt"—either, that is, to the object of laughter, or sympathetically to the subject—is of profound importance, and must be always borne in mind as a necessary qualification. We laugh at a pompous alderman falling in the mud, or at a man running after his hat in the street; but we do not laugh if some one is violently thrown from his horse. But even more significant is the omission in Aristotle of malice, in which Plato had found the essence of the ludicrous. Aristotle speaks of "ugliness," "deformity," and this, together with the word "defect," will include not merely what is physically ugly, disproportionate, unsymmetrical; not merely the frailties, weaknesses, and infirmities of human nature, as distinguished from its graver vices and crimes; but also, if we take into account Aristotle's views about beauty, the words may not unduly be extended to embrace the incongruities, absurdities, cross-purposes of life, its blunders and discords, its imperfect correspondences and adjustments, and that in matters intellectual as well as moral.

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But Aristotle's definition is still wanting in exactness; for though the ludicrous is always incongruous, yet the incongruous (even limited as he does limit it) is not always ludicrous. Mere incongruity pains and jars us, if we simply contemplate it as such. We desire fitness, symmetry, adaptation, or our sense becomes blunted through familiarity, and the incongruity no longer strikes us. The most inharmonious combinations in time appear natural and fitting. Incongruity, in order to be ludicrous, implies a transition, a change of mood, resulting in the discovery either of an unexpected resemblance where there was unlikeness, or an unexpected unlikeness where there was resemblance. There is always a blending of contrasted feelings, but the contrast must be "without pain or hurt." To "see a joke" means to discover the unexpected relation established by such a change of mental attitude. In some cases mere juxtaposition of material objects not usually united is sufficient to excite laughter. An unexpected combination of physical peculiarities strikes upon the senses. The mind passes rapidly from one group of objects to the other. They are brought together in thought by an instantaneous process. By the law of association their incongruities are discovered, and the discovery is immediate. But in most cases a more conscious mental operation is needed to establish the relation, from which an inference is then rapidly drawn—rapidly it must be, for a joke discovered after an hour's mental agony ceases to be a joke.

In Addison's *Spectator*, No. 371, we have an account of a wit at Bath who invited to dine with him half a score of men, all of them with long chins, whose "mouths were in the middle of their faces." The ludicrous effect was here due to finding united in the same assemblage a number of men of a particular physical type, the specimens of which are generally kept apart in nature. The combination was intended to appear due to accident—to be a curious coincidence. If intentional, the rudeness would get the better of the absurdity. Here the apparent absence of conscious intention heightens the comic effect, if it is not essential to it. But in many instances the presumed presence of will and free intelligence is necessary to make a thing ludicrous, *e. g.*, in reading the lines of a newspaper consecutively through all the columns. The momentary amusement is derived from the illusion that the incoherent combination of words and phrases is not accidental, but is intended to make sense.

The ludicrous in all its varieties will be found to involve a mental transition which exhibits an unexpected coincidence between incongruous objects or ideas. The pleasure of parody arises from the discovery of a contrast between form and substance; that of anticlimax from the surprise due to the contrast between great expectations and small results, between promise and performance. The humor of exaggeration is due to the disproportion between the idea and the expression of the idea, and frequently involves a union of incommensurable magnitudes. Of this kind is much American humor, as, "The tree was so high that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it." A pun is the discovery of similarity of sound under diversity of sense. It is a sort of practical joke played upon the mind, but the victim or patient (if we may so call him who is made to laugh) experiences an altogether painless pleasure, whereas in the practical joke the spectator only, and not the victim, enjoys the situation. A "bull" is the result of an attempt to hold two mutually exclusive ideas, two unreconciled contradictions, in the mind at the same moment. It results from a mental agility, which passes so rapidly from one point of view to another as to leave out the intervening links of thought. The only reason that Irishmen perpetrate more bulls than Englishmen or Scotchmen is that they are a more quick-witted race. "Tim, are you married?" "I am not." "Then a mighty good thing for your wife." Or, "Isn't it better to be a coward for five minutes than a corpse the rest of one's life?" Or, "Died of the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances." Or again, "If he had lived till next Tuesday he'd have been dead three weeks." Of the same kind is Lamb's reply when an article was returned to him as not being suited to the taste of the present day: "D—— the present day; I'll write for antiquity."

Man is a logical animal. In his serious moods he likes to discover order in the world outside, and to exhibit order in his own thoughts. But in his playful moments he delights in inconsequence, in the interrupted order of thought or of

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events; yet he still pays this tribute to reason, and his sport so far resembles his more serious activity, that he requires that his inconsequences shall seem consequent. The unconnected ideas are so arranged as to suggest rational coherence. Nonsense must wear an air of sense. If that condition is satisfied, the nonsense may be got up in artistic dress, and a fine art of nonsense is created. The broken order of the universe, with its connections still seemingly maintained, creates a passing and pleasurable surprise.

Inconsequence, real or apparent, as a source of the ludicrous, may be seen in its simplest and least artistic form in the naïveté of a rustic. A Sussex peasant, for instance, thus described the peculiarities of his clock: "No one understands that here clock but me. When the hands point to twelve it strikes two, and then I *know* that it's seven o'clock." The peasant doubtless reasoned correctly about the ways of his clock, though the form of his statement sounds illogical. An answer of Lamb's, on the other hand, which he records in his *Letters*, is delightful in its real inconsequence: "We travelled with one of those troublesome fellow-passengers in a stage-coach that is called a well-informed man. For twenty miles we discoursed about the properties of steam, probabilities of carriage by ditto, till all my science and more than all was exhausted, and I was thinking of escaping my torment by getting up on the outside, when, getting into Bishop's Stortford, my gentleman, spying some farming land, put an unlucky question to me. 'What sort of a crop of turnips do you think we shall have this year?' Emma's eyes turned to me to know what in the world I could have to say, and she burst into a violent fit of laughter, maugre her pale, serious cheeks, when, with the greatest gravity, I replied that 'It depends, I believe, upon boiled legs of mutton.'" Still deeper is the humor of Sterne. "It is not without reason, Brother Toby, that learned men write dialogues on long noses." There is not only here the contrast between premises and conclusion, but also that generalizing faculty which, as we shall see presently, is a mark of the highest humor.

It is curious to note how the various modes in which the humorist playfully presents life have their close analogies to the forms of thought under which the mind of the lunatic involuntarily works. We may trace the resemblance from the lowest kinds of humor upward, *e. g.*, from the "bull," whose frequent equivalent among madmen is some such contradiction or illusion as that which endows a man at once with the different personalities of Julius Cæsar, the Prince of Wales, and the Apostle Paul, or, by annihilating the accident of time, makes him the contemporary of all the human beings who ever lived. Whether the madman in turn finds his ludicrous in the prosaic realities and orderly sequences of the outer world, as they have stamped themselves on his memory, I do not know. But, at any rate, such reasoning as is described above, while it is the logic of bedlam, is the sport of sane men. Among those humorous freaks of reason which result in the inversion at once of the ordinary sequence of events and of the relative magnitudes of things may be quoted a passage from De Quincey's well-known paper on "Murder." (Vol. IV., p. 45.) "If once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking; and from that to incivility and procrastination. Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop. Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder or other of which he thought little at the time."

Often it happens that it is only by knowing the thought of another that an incident becomes truly comic. Irony is a conspicuous instance in point. It properly consists in saying something less than you mean, and it produces its effect only on those who know the hidden meaning and intention which underlie the words. That effect may, according to circumstances, be either comic, or tragic as in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, or in the scene on Mount Carmel between Elijah and the prophets of Baal—"Cry aloud, for he is a god, etc." In comedy irony is one of the most familiar modes in which humor exhibits itself. As a typical situation, one may take a case in which the spectator has been admitted into the secret of a play. The character on the stage is ignorant of this secret, and uses expressions which to the audience, who interpret them in the light of the facts, have a meaning entirely different from that

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which they have to the speaker. The amusement arises from the discovery of this very discrepancy—the contrast between fancied knowledge and real ignorance—and the pleasure is heightened if the dupe of the piece imagines himself to be the one knowing man in it.

Ironical humor is greatly indebted to the lie circumstantial. The result is a mixture of plausibility and absurdity, a series of transitions from the possible to the impossible, a combination of serious air with trivial intention. Irony ranks under humor of the malicious type, and produces a complex emotion which is distinct from the pure ludicrous.

We have seen that in all cases the ludicrous involves the discovery of a congruity in a seeming incongruity, or *vice versa*. We can now distinguish between wit and humor. Wit is an unexpected combination of unlike ideas in such a way as to bring out a certain similarity between them. Humor is an unexpected combination of like ideas in such a way as to bring out a certain dissimilarity between them. In both cases there is a transition of thought; there is a perception of likeness and a perception of unlikeness. But in wit the dominant impression is that of likeness; in humor, of unlikeness. "Dogmatism is puppyism full grown," is a brilliant instance of wit and humor combined. Wit has been sometimes described as a faculty of seeing resemblances; but the man of science and the poet, each in his own way, see resemblances or analogies, and are not, therefore, said to possess wit. Wit involves a *transition* from the perception of difference to that of resemblance; and that transition must be rapid. Wit is and always remains an intellectual surprise. Humor, too, in its rudimentary forms, involves such a surprise. Here, too, we have the sudden transition from one idea to another; from the like to the unlike. But humor undergoes changes which almost transform its original character. We can hardly recognize the primitive humor, say, of the practical joke, in the delicate and evanescent quality which distinguishes the writings of the great modern humorists. We speak of a "flash of wit" and of "a vein of humor." Wit coruscates; humor glows. Wit is an intellectual faculty; humor is based upon temperament and feeling. Wit generally plays upon the surface and establishes fanciful connections; humor strikes deeper and seeks out real discrepancies. Wit must be consciously present in the mind of the speaker; humor may reside only in the thought of the hearer. Some would limit the term humor to its higher kind, as here described; and indeed we do generally so restrict the word "humorist." Yet the process by which primitive humor is deepened and enlarged may be traced, and its essential identity seen under successive modifications. First, the abruptness of the mental transition is toned down. Instead of glaring contrast we have subdued lights and shades. We pass quietly from one mood to the other. There is no longer a single vigorous shock of surprise, a sudden glow, and then a burst of laughter, but an imperceptible blending of ideas, a sort of tickling of the soul. We do not at first suspect that there is anything to laugh at. At last the absurdity overcomes us, and though we do not break into an audible laugh, a ripple of merriment passes over the surface of the mind. So it comes about that humor, unlike wit, is not a single mood, but includes a series of shifting moods. It is a diffused atmosphere; it is not here or there. We cannot place our finger on it. It eludes us; it is versatile; it takes the color of a man's whole mind and mode of thought. Personal peculiarities and temperament determine it. It is multiform and yet individual.

The next stage is reached when sympathy fully enters as an ingredient into humor, which is thus indefinitely extended both in depth and range. The growing social instinct is hurt by the egoistic glory of malicious humor. The instinct of the ludicrous, finding itself in collision with the sympathetic instinct, seeks out new kinds of contrast, other forms of incongruity, in which it may indulge itself apart from the spectacle of another's abasement. Sympathy and humor are thus led to form an alliance—the fact which, of all others, is of most far-reaching consequence in the evolution of the ludicrous. Sympathy deepens insight, and sympathetic humor directs its observation to the more serious realities of life. The sense of the incongruous in life has in most men been effaced by familiarity. Humor, enriched and informed by sympathy, looks below the surface of things; it rediscovers the inner incongruities and deeper discords to which use and

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wont have deadened us. It finds material everywhere both for laughter and for tears, and pathos henceforth becomes the companion of humor. Sensibility takes the place of malice, affection of contempt. The eye of the humorist recognizes his own affinity with the humanity which provokes him to mirth. He does not, like the satirist, stand apart from men in fancied superiority. He laughs at them, but with them he laughs also at himself.

We said above that humor in its lighter mood playfully concocts obvious fallacies, which the sane man for the moment accepts as serious, placing himself in the mental attitude of one deranged. But humor in its more serious activity penetrates to the secret inconsequences which underlie action, to the undetected fallacies, the contradictions between premises and conclusions, between means and ends, which pass unnoticed, the inverted logic which is the law of human life.

The ordinary comic writer laughs at individual men. Or else he isolates and exaggerates certain traits of character, and so constructs types of particular follies. He gives us the miser, the vain man, the misanthrope, the pedant, the poltroon, and invites to the show grave and sane and respectable people, men and women who look on from outside, and laugh complacently at that in which they have no part or lot, and give thanks inwardly that they are not even as those others. The deeper humorist has less respect for his audience, and less contempt for the characters he puts upon the stage. The world for him is not divided into fools and sages. It is one in which all are fools, each after his kind. The doctor who tends the madman is himself touched by some disorder, and may well bear with the eccentricities of his patient. To the humorist there is no such thing as individual folly, but only folly universal in a world of fools. Humor annihilates the finite. As Coleridge says, "The little is made great and the great little, in order to destroy both, because all is equal in contrast with the infinite." Uncle Toby, in *Tristram Shandy*, with his campaigns and his fortresses is an epitome of the follies of the race. The philosophy of *Tristram Shandy* may be summed up in this—the infinitesimally small governs the world. This was a branch of psychological inquiry which Sterne made his own. The great effects produced by insignificant causes he worked up into what might be called a *moral molecular theory*. The atom of the moral world is the hobby-horse. Always and in all men it is somewhere to be found, at the back of the wisest brain—an infantile survival. It lasts into old age. It is not only the ruling passion, but, if we may so say, the ruling faculty in man. It inspires the imagination, and the imagination moves the reason. Reason is the nominal sovereign, but the reality of power rests with the hobby-horse.

This universalizing gift of humor, which meets us occasionally, but very rarely, in ancient literature, as in *The Birds* of Aristophanes, attains its highest perfection in *Don Quixote*. *Don Quixote* in its origin may have been meant merely as a parody on books of chivalry, but as the story develops we find that it is the veracious history of a would-be knight, to whom every inn is a castle, who tilts at windmills and fancies he is fighting giants, whose imagination dwells in a world of oppressed duennas, while the mean reality that corresponds to that dream is Dulcinea del Toboso. Don Quixote has in him the soul of a hero, and wants only sanity to make him one. But he is no ordinary madman; his delicacy and nobility of feeling inspire us with both pity and affection. He speaks the very language of poetry. His mind works lucidly when it is diverted from his monomania. He can give excellent advice on the government of states. Through his character there runs a pathetic contradiction; his acts and his aspirations are in ceaseless disagreement. He aims at the sublime and falls into the ridiculous, and yet he never forfeits our respect. Over against him Sancho is set as a foil, the prosaic nature who attempts to rise to the level of the heroic. But he too is a complex being; selfish and yet devoted, simple and yet subtle, believing everything and doubting everything, full of shrewd common-sense and of extravagant credulity. Man and master are each a tissue of contradictions, yet each a living personality. Each character presents a contrast with itself and an equal contrast with the other. Taking the book in all its relations, it is a summary of the contradictions of human life, of the disproportion between the idea and the fact, between soul and body, between the brilliant day-dreams and the waking reality. We re-

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call the saying of Socrates in the *Symposium* that the genius of tragedy and of comedy is the same; and elsewhere Plato with profound insight speaks of τῇ τοῦ βίου ξυμπάσῃ τραγῳδίᾳ καὶ κωμῳδίᾳ, "the whole tragicomedy of life." (*Philebus*, p. 50.) Humor is the meeting-point of tragedy and comedy. The humorist sees the irony of destiny; he sees around him shattered ideals; he is aware of discords and imperfections; he accepts them all with playful acquiescence, and is saddened and amused in turn.

Not that the toleration with which the humorist contemplates the sight of human imperfection implies, as is sometimes said, an enfeebled moral sense. He is not half-hearted as a moralist; rather, he is not strictly a moralist at all. For the time being the moral sense is kept in abeyance, or is but feebly aroused. Comedy considers life from another aspect than tragedy. How, it may be asked, can we laugh at a selfish old sensualist like Falstaff? Simply because comedy isolates its field of vision; it regards the world under certain limited relations. Sin as sin it does not bring into its horizon. Sin it apprehends not as having its source in a depraved will, but rather in its intellectual aspect as want of self-knowledge, or folly. This folly, manifesting itself in action, with all its unconscious absurdities, is the subject-matter with which humor deals. Humor is not, indeed, incompatible with strong moral convictions. Cynicism is sceptical, but the best humor is not cynical; and it is a striking fact that seriousness and humor constantly go together. The most serious nations in Europe have, on the whole, been the most humorous. In literature England and Spain stand out pre-eminent. Scotchmen are humorous; not perhaps witty, for mere intellectual rapidity does not appear to be one of their marked characteristics. They are a serious race. Their thought is tinged with theology. They have been conversant from childhood with the deepest problems of existence. The two worlds of the flesh and the spirit stand for them very near together, and they pass rapidly from one to the other. The contrasts and dissonances of life stand out more apparent to eyes which have "been used to look on man's mortality." When the moral tension is for the time relaxed, the mind makes itself merry precisely with these contrasts. The faculty which can at will invert the relative values of all things in the universe, which can annihilate the great and small, rests on a belief in something transcending small and great, which can in turn transform the most trivial incident or person into one of infinite significance. Humor implies belief, not scepticism. We can therefore understand how, in the ages of faith, religion has been itself very lenient to pious worshippers, and has not resented what believers do in sport. In mediæval Europe Catholicism tolerated a startling burlesque of religion, and found its choicest material for humor in the person of the devil. The Greeks, not having a devil, had to spend their humor on their gods, and in doing so did not derogate from their dignity. Such sportive irreverence was very different from infidelity. Had Aristophanes been a sceptic, he could not have dared to trifle with the gods as he did. In short, those only can laugh heartily who believe sincerely in something. The play of humor needs a serious background. Humor lives upon conviction.

Let us now gather up the threads of this discourse, and mark the direction in which our argument seems to point. First we will compare our results with the position maintained by Mr. Bain. His view appears to be that malignant pleasure is the original and determining element in the ludicrous. Next, that so deeply seated in our nature is the disinterested delight in others' misfortune that malignancy always continues to constitute the essence of the ludicrous, and may be detected by analysis under whatever disguises and refinements, and however much tempered by the action of sympathy. Now if we assume for the moment that the ludicrous was in its origin inseparable from malignant and triumphant laughter, and if we admit, what is beyond dispute, that malice, either playful or contemptuous, forms no small part of the recorded humor of the world, yet surely it is only by a forced interpretation of psychological facts that we can find this primitive malignity in every variety of civilized humor. If our foregoing analysis is at all correct, there are many modes and forms of laughter in which no surviving malignity, contempt, or superiority can now be traced. It is, however, characteristic of a certain school of philosophers of the present day to attempt to explain all moral and mental facts simply by reference to

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their origin; to interpret them as they are now, and in their essence, by what they were in their bare rudiments and beginnings. It cannot be too often repeated that the psychological history of a sentiment, emotion, or faculty is distinct from the philosophic account of its essence and character; that the flower is not explained by the germ; that the actual, the developed, the realized perfection is not explained by the undeveloped, the inchoate, the latent possibility.

Others (*e. g.*, H. D. Traill, *National Review*, February, 1888) give up the attempt to reduce the ludicrous in all its developed forms to the malignant type. They maintain the same theory as Mr. Bain with regard to its origin, but hold that in some at least of its manifestations it has divested itself of the original ingredient of malice under the influence of sympathy, and that what was once an antisocial and antipathetic emotion has been transmuted into one of an opposite character. But this explanation appears not to harmonize with all known facts. If, as is pretty certain, savages and primitive people everywhere to-day laugh at absurdities untinged by malice, and altogether apart from any triumphant superiority, we may reasonably infer that in early man also there was a sense of the ludicrous which was awakened by the perception of pure incongruity.

We are thus led up to the view that the ludicrous is not in its essence antipathetic any more than it is sympathetic, but that it allies itself at one time with malice, at another time with sympathy, and sometimes again is detached from both. If we disentangle these emotions, we perceive that it is the *shock of surprise at a painless incongruity that produces the pleasure of the pure ludicrous.* The last stage in the upward ascent of the ludicrous is reached when it is associated with sympathy. Hereby it gains extension over a fresh area; it is, moreover, deepened and sweetened, and becomes a saving faculty to the race of toiling mortals. The sense of humor preserves sensibility from degenerating into sentimentalism; it keeps earnestness from becoming fanaticism; it helps a man to maintain his balance and sanity of mind in the complications of life. Many are the uses of civilized humor under our social conditions of to-day. But we are still confronted with difficulty when we go back to the question asked at the outset, How did the ludicrous minister to the primitive necessities of man? We have already seen what explanation the evolutionists can give of the utilitarian value of malicious humor. But if our conclusions are correct, this is but one kind of humor. How are we, on strict Darwinian principles, to account for the development of that kind of humor which is unmixed with malice? It is hardly satisfactory to say that the faculty of seeing the ludicrous in things adds to the joy of the community, heightens its vitality by releasing a surplus fund of energy, and so indirectly increases the active powers of that tribe or people which has cultivated it, and the chances of their success in the struggle for existence. That might be true as applied to ourselves, but hardly as applied to early man. The pure ludicrous entered, indeed, but entered rarely and as a slight ingredient into his anxious existence. There must have been far too little scope and occasion for it to admit of its adding appreciably to vital energy. In short, evolutionary theory, in the form in which it is commonly set forth by its scientific exponents, that is, as a mechanical, not a teleological system, fails to account for the origin of non-malicious humor. It cannot point to any precise end served in its undeveloped forms. Recent morphological inquiry has a curious bearing on this point. Biologists have lately been busy discussing the meaning of a certain organ, to which in the present stage of its development it appears impossible to assign any utilitarian value. The case I allude to is the electric organ in the tail of the skate, on which Professor Cossar Ewart read a paper before the Royal Society (*Phil. Trans.*, Vol. LXXIX.). Other aquatic animals which possess such organs use them to advantage as electric batteries against their foes. But the electric organ of the skate, though a most complicated mechanism, a structure as elaborate as any in the animal kingdom, appears to be of no benefit whatever to its possessor. The electricity which it is capable of generating and discharging is so slight that it cannot be felt by the human hand, and is only audible in the telephone. This imperceptible shock can scarcely be conceived as serving any purpose of defence. Various convincing reasons are brought to prove that the organ is not in process of degeneration, but in process of

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evolution. If, then, this complex and highly specialized mechanism still remains without a functional use, all the greater is the difficulty of conceiving how it can have aided the survival of the fittest in the earliest stages of its growth. It points, it would seem, to something beyond itself from which it derives its meaning; it appears to be prophetic of the future. If this result should be scientifically established, it would lead to a profound modification of the current theory of evolution. If instead of saying that everything must have had a use, or it could not have come into being, science has to say that everything must have had at least a prospective use, the whole philosophy of evolution will be altered. Now, evolution has, as it fancies, satisfactorily accounted for the growth and development of most of the faculties of the human mind. But it has not been able to explain the sense of the ludicrous, except on the disproved assumption that it is in all cases malignant in origin. On this subject the evolutionists may still have something more to say. Meanwhile, looking to the mental facts as we find them, and accepting as a provisional hypothesis the scientific conclusions above referred to, we may suggest that the perception of the pure ludicrous, or non-malicious humor, in primitive man resembles the action of the immature electric organ, which is as yet of no practical utility to its possessor, but whose meaning and value are prospective, and which will some day justify its own existence.

SUSAN'S ESCORT.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

I.

SUSAN ELLSWORTH is as nice a girl as I know. I wish that you and I, dear readers, knew more such. She lived just out from Boston; not at Jamaica Plain, but at one of the most convenient stations on that admirable Providence Railroad—my road, so far as a person may be said to own it who by many punch-tickets builds up the fortunes of the stockholders. Susan Ellsworth was and is a school-mistress in one of the public schools of Boston. Like most such ladies, she had a fancy for living at a great distance from her school, and went and came by rapid or slow transit as the gods and Mr. Whitney might provide. This was in the daytime, and was easy.

But Susan had more difficulty in the evenings. Her brothers lived, one in Alaska, one in Yokohama, and a third was studying medicine in Vienna. She was engaged then to a man far away, and is now, if, indeed, she be not married before this story goes to press. Still, she had what I may call a passion for evening concerts and lectures—nay, let me whisper it, for a rollicking, laughing burlesque, if the Vokeses or some other nice people came along, and, most of all, for the opera when it was really good. Now all these brothers were earning their own board bills, so that Susan Ellsworth was not fleeced by them, as most good schoolmistresses known to me are by their brothers. And as her salary was good, she could indulge her passion for these evening entertainments, for she was still young.

She tried at first bold independence. Boston, she said, was a civilized city. The streets were light, and when electricity came in they were very light even at night. So she pretended to be bold when she was frightened. She went into the station at Park Square by rail. She took street car or sidewalk to the Institute, the Opera-house, to Mr. Hale's reading, to the Old South lectures, to the Museum, or wherever she went. When the entertainment was over she crowded into a car, or put herself in the wake of some large walking party going her way. And so she pretended to herself and to fellow-graduates from Vassar, to whom she wrote descriptions of her independent Boston life, that she was not afraid.

All the same she was afraid, and knew she was; and she was always well pleased when, just in time for the theatre train out to Readville, she found herself safe in that hospitable station.

And one night her fears were justified. She had gone to a natural history lecture. It was really the best thing in Boston that winter, the most exciting, the newest, and the most entertaining. So dear Boston had let it wisely alone, and there were not

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a hundred people in the hall. No one, as fate ordered, went Susan's way, and so it happened that a drunken dog on two legs staggered up to her, and asked if he should not see her home. Susan was horribly frightened. She said nothing, but almost ran. Fortunately that friendly policeman, the old man who patrols that section, came round the corner. She gasped rather than spoke. He saw the trouble, gave the drunken dog a bit of his mind, and walked with Susan to the station. But she had learned her lesson very thoroughly. She dared not try mock courage again, nor purchase her independence so dearly. For a fortnight, almost a month, she was horribly dependent.

"Dear Sarah, if you are going to the opera to-night, may I join your party? I have a ticket, but," etc.

"Dear Mr. Primrose, are you going to hear the bishop? May I," etc., etc.

"Dear Mrs. Armitage, would it trouble you and Mr. Armitage," etc., etc., etc.

And generally it proved that Mr. Primrose was not going, or that Sarah was to stay in town, or that it would trouble Mr. and Mrs. Armitage. Sometimes poor Susan bought two tickets to the opera and treated some cub of a pupil. But this was intolerable in the long-run. She really thought she should have to abjure the world, have her beautiful hair all cut off, give up all the modest amusements and vanities of her life, and enter a convent.

II.

But necessity is the mother of invention. One day when Susan was at Hollander's to be measured for a new walking dress she saw whence her safety might come. For she actually stepped back a moment for a lady to pass her, and then it proved that the lady was no flesh and blood lady, but only the frame of a lady, with her frock stretched over her neatly, and a bonnet where the head is usually. Susan recovered herself from her little blunder, passed her hand within the sack, and lifted the pretty creature from the ground. She found that she was by no means heavy.

You see, of course, what she determined on. In two days she had made for herself an escort. She bought a cheap and light gossamer overcoat, a travelling cap, a dozen toy masks, and at a second-hand clothing store a pair of badly worn check pantaloons. She also bought rattan enough, and the wire of hoop-skirts, for her purpose. She sewed to the bottom of the pantaloons two right-foot arctics, which Hugh had left when he went to Vienna, because they matched only too well. From the rattan, with an old umbrella slide, she made a backbone and two available legs to support the mackintosh, and on the top of the backbone she could adjust either of the masks which she preferred with the travelling cap. The whole thing would shut together like a travelling easel. The mask would go into her leather bag, which, like others of her sex, she carried everywhere. The rest could then be slid into a long umbrella case, rather large for a patent umbrella, but not so large as to challenge attention. Susan finished her little manikin early in the afternoon. The hours crawled, they stood still, till evening came, when she was first to put him to his trial. He was to go to *Lohengrin* with her, and she had bought only one ticket for both.

Fortunately it rained like fury. It did not seem curious that one should carry two umbrellas. She might be returning one, for virtuous and true people, like Susan, do return umbrellas sometimes. Arrived in Boston, Susan went out-doors to that sheltered lee where you wait for Cambridge street cars. In an instant she had opened up her new friend to his own proportions, and in a moment more, by an act not dissimilar, she opened her own umbrella. A moment more, and she slid her arm under the cape she had sewed on his mackintosh, and they crossed Park Square together.

He was a little man, he stooped in walking, and was ungraceful in movement. But most men are this and do thus, Susan said bravely and truly to herself. He was not so tall as she; neither were any of the school-boy cubs on whom she had been depending. He had nothing to say; neither had they. Better than this, he said nothing; alas, most of them were not so wise. He could be squeezed into a very small corner if they were waiting for a crowd, or at a crossing; but they stepped out and tried to perform deeds of gallantry. So that, as she walked with him, delighted to see how people turned out for them, Susan, as she balanced his advantages and his disadvantages, said that the good far surpassed the evil, as Robinson Crusoe did on a similar emergency, and as the reader will, if he will

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fairly compare the plus and the minus of this well-governed world. Both parties sped down Boylston Street safely, and arrived without any adventure before the Boston Theatre. There Susan walked into the alley by the side with him, as if she had been a carefully attended ballet girl a little late. In a second more his face was in her bag, and his bones in her light umbrella case, and Susan—alone as it seemed, but really never less alone—was on her way up to the family circle, where her two umbrellas took place beside her, in time for all to see daybreak in the opera.

III.

Prosperous and happy girl, Susan followed her new career with success and cheerfulness such as she had never looked forward to. There was in her life none of the embarrassment which the other girls felt, who did not know whether they should or should not insist on paying their own car fares when their attendants offered to pay. Her escort never proposed that they should stop on their way to the train to eat an ice, and never terrified her by waiting so long in the ice-cream saloon that she thought they had both missed the train. Her escort never annoyed her by depreciating Wagner, or by overpraising that sweet air in *Trovatore*. On the other hand, she saw in a week that the other girls regarded her with a certain sort of respect, not to say admiration and awe, which she had never been conscious of before. To be met in the street, now with a dark Italian, now with a foolish-looking Irishman, now with a German who scowled and knew everything, now with a light-hearted Yankee who seemed a Harvard Junior or Sophomore—this affected Susan's reputation among her young friends of her own sex. They were not surprised. No; they knew she was well worthy of any amount of admiration. Not surprised,—no, only,—well,—yes, it was different from what it was the year before, when Susan had been poking about as if she were nobody and nobody cared for her.

It would be wrong to say that Susan cared for respect or admiration so cheaply bought. But if you had asked her she would have owned that she was glad that she was no longer the subject of commiseration among her young friends. In truth, she took a higher grade than a girl engaged to only one person, and hers is a grade much higher than the girl who had six brothers.

Yet I really think it was a mistake that one evening when Susan, having a pocketful of complimentary tickets for the recital, took Mr. Mackintosh into Chickering Hall with her, and let him sit by her side to listen, instead of leaving him with her umbrella in the anteroom. But the recital was really first-rate, so the audience was very small. Susan was very much interested in the success of the young lady who was giving her first concert, and she thought that every seat that was filled was an advantage to her. But you see, of course, that it made other people talk. Here was this handsome young man sitting by Susan, and for a week her fair friends were asking who he was, and how she came to know him. But she did not at first appreciate this, so she made the mistake more than once, and I think he heard more good music than was good for him.

But as for her, in "these halcyon days of his first success," she enjoyed her winter as she had never enjoyed a winter before. If you choose, in Boston, there is nothing you may not see and hear and know and understand in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters that are supposed to be under the earth. Susan found her time full, her hands full, her heart full, and her brain very much more than full. When she was not in school she was writing up her notes or reading, that she might be in a measure prepared for Mr. Barton, or Mr. Goodale, or Mr. Shaler, or Mr. Wright, or the rest of the *savants*. She knew the difference between a kame and a drumlin; she knew the difference between a moth and a behemoth, and how the trunk of one was related to the trunk of the other. She knew that she was herself an ascidian, and she was as eager as any one to work out the links which connected her with her grandfather's great-grandfather. She dipped into Buchner and Helmholz, and even went back to Helvetius and D'Holbach that she might get the doctrine at the fountain. So she understood that if a giraffe without a long neck only wants one enough, he will get it by stretching up his neck to the top of the palm-trees; and that if a seal on the beach wants a pair of legs, and tries for them hard enough, he will develop them, and that what there is left of his tail will

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dwindle down into insignificance. This is the doctrine of the *nisus*, or effort. Susan, who was a good girl, satisfied herself with the effort to be very wise, and hoped that it would come out all right; but little did she think all the time how the same doctrine was soaking into Mr. Mackintosh's empty head, and what a nuisance it would be to her.

This is the reason why I feel sure it would have been better to have left him in his case with the umbrellas at the door. But, as you will see, it was an annoyance, if you were walking to a lecture with a party, to have to make some ridiculous excuse for staying outside; and also it seems rather cheap to confess that you always go to the play or lecture with a man who cares nothing about Shakespeare or geology, and prefers to stay elsewhere. It was to the scientific lectures and the really first-class concerts that she took him most, for to those a school-mistress of her grade was almost sure to have free tickets sent her. As to places where she paid for tickets, she never dreamed of taking him there.

But it was really as great a misfortune to him as it was to her. Empty-headed creature as he was, of course he listened to nothing, heard nothing, and understood nothing at first. And it never occurred to Susan that things would not stay on this easy and cheerful basis. But nothing stays on the thoroughly comfortable basis. People always attempt improvements, which often result in ruin. So it is that Voltaire says that "the better is the enemy of the good."

One night there were some very bright and wonderful stereoscopes. And poor addle-pated Mr. Mackintosh could not help having the rays come through his gray glass eyes into that empty camera-obscura of his head. And of course the picture could not help showing itself all upside-down and hind side before. But it amused him and pleased him. And that night his mask had very large ears, so that he could not help listening a little. And then he listened more. For the man was gesticulating and quoting and illustrating and making it very plain, so that if Mr. Mackintosh would only "make an effort," as Mrs. Chick said, all would be well. I suppose he did "make an effort," as far as rattan and whalebone could, and so he formed that habit, which proved bad for him, of listening to the man more. As for keeping his eyes and ears open, he could not help that, for none of the masks were made with eyes or ears that opened or shut, and he had to look and listen whether he wanted to or not. The rest of us are more fortunate.

Susan, quite unconsciously, hurried on the mischief which had been begun, by talking to him herself as they walked home from the lectures and concerts. I do not think she did this for practice in talking. For she talked a good deal in the school-room, and, though she is a modest girl, I think she must know that without special practice she is as good a talker as you shall meet with in a long day. But she was sensitive and conscious about the deception which she was keeping up with Mr. Mackintosh—or with the public in the affair of Mr. Mackintosh. Dr. Primrose preached that terrible sermon of his about "Truth" just then, and made it clear that any conscious deception was a lie, whether you said a word or not. This worried her a little. For was she not consciously deceiving every loafer on Washington Street or Boylston Street? Had she not made Mr. Mackintosh on purpose that she might deceive them? But a certain under-consciousness that she meant no wrong sustained her against Dr. Primrose, and at first the stings of conscience only pricked her so deep as to make her resolve that she would not be found out—no, not if she met Dr. Primrose and Mrs. Primrose both. So she thought it more prudent—that was the word she used in discussing it with herself—to keep up an animated conversation with Mr. Mackintosh in the street when she observed that any one was near them. And indeed this proved so agreeable, as conversation is apt to when you do all the talking, that she kept it up all the time from the lecture or concert to the station. After they came to the station, she always folded him up in some recess of the ladies' waiting-room. For the Providence Railway conductors are pitiless, and would have been sure to demand a ticket for him.

"That is a magnificent harmony at the end of the third act." No audible reply,—but one so seldom hears both sides of a conversation. "I was not sure but Gloria strained a little in striking the *non;* but it was all so good that it is absurd to pick out flaws." Again Mr. Mackintosh's voice is lost as those firemen rush

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by. Or, "Could you quite follow him in what he said about the permanence of type? How can it be, if the type is permanent, that we should notice the transition, as Mr. Shaler pointed it out Tuesday? But then, I am not quite sure if Mr. Shaler and Mr. Barton quite agree about that. You must remind me to ask him. Or we might send a note to *Notes and Queries.*" Now if the bishop himself had heard that, or Mrs. Bishop, neither wouldn't have minded, or remembered afterward, that Mr. Mackintosh said nothing.

IV.

But, alas, simple Susan carried on this rattling and interesting conversation quite too far and too long. Mr. Mackintosh had been making all the "nisus" or "effort" he could, in listening to the stereoscope man, and he had all the encouragement of the success of the giraffe and the seals. Now here was this bright, wise, merry Susan Ellsworth who bore him along, who was the result of just such efforts as he was making. And he found it much more agreeable to listen to her sweet, low-toned voice just in his ear, her breath fragrant as clover, and her hand under his arm beating a pulse in keeping with all she said—he found this much more agreeable than straining his poor little new wits to make out what the man on the platform a hundred feet away was howling about. So he was always distressed when any of her friends joined them to take advantage of his protection, and when Susan turned away from him to speak to Maud or Clara. To say the truth, this did not happen often. For Maud and Clara had the same proper pride about hitching on upon other people's escorts as had governed Susan in her independent days.

While poor Mr. Mackintosh made this nisus or effort to hear, he was all the time making wild and futile efforts to speak. For these he had wretched organs and more wretched opportunities. For one night in the family circle, where Susan had unfolded him after they had passed the ticket gate, he had seen the policeman seize two boys who were catcalling, and hale them off he knew not whither. So poor Mr. Mackintosh was frightened, and did not dare to try experiments in-doors. Then, as soon as they came to the railway station, Susan always ruthlessly shut him up, and he had no organization at all. Literally he "went to pieces," and it was not slang to say so. One night, in a high gale, Susan was dragging him beside her—or rather behind her—and he tried to speak, but nothing but a great howl came out, which was half a sneeze. She did not suspect that he had anything to do with it. And the poor creature was dreadfully mortified by his failure.

But another night, very imprudently, she left him sitting in a chair, in the anteroom of the hall of the "Sons of Idleness." The hall had been hired for a "reception" which was given by the graduates of Vassar to one of the professors who was going to Germany on his sabbatical visit. Susan thought she was safe in leaving Mr. Mackintosh in a dark corner without folding him up. And so she was. He sat, with his chin on his hands, as she left him, and thus he had, for once, the chance to try his various gruntings and howlings, and to pass through the experiments of the ascidian to the more articulate language of the man.

Fortunately for him, he had some lessons just when he needed them most and expected them least.

For one of the other escorts, who had been taken into the reception hall, came running out, and helplessly rushed up and down the waiting-room, annoyed that he found no one there. But in his despair he saw Mr. Mackintosh.

"Ugh—ah—glad to see somebody—ugh—could you—can you—yes,—would you tell me, please,—ugh, you know,—don't you see?—where the water is?—Miss Maelstrom—ugh—is faint—you know!"

Mr. Mackintosh's time had come. Imitation was his cue, clearly, as in Rosenthal and Prendergast. With one sublime effort, he echoed the other, wondering, as he did so, whether perhaps he had as much brain.

"Ugh,"—tremendously prolonged,—"ah,"—shorter, but very long,—"glad to see somebody,"—this hopelessly indistinct from eagerness, like an Edison turned three times too fast; "could you—can you—can you—could you,"—this slower,—"water—Maelstrom—ugh—ah—yes, you know." But fortunately, in his agony gesticulating like a school-boy who forgets his piece, he pointed his finger to the looking-glass, where stood pitcher and tumbler in full sight of both of them.

"Ugh—oh—thanks—yes—so much—so much obliged, you know,—thanks—ugh,

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"ONE NIGHT, IN A HIGH GALE, SUSAN WAS DRAGGING HIM BESIDE HER."

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oh, Miss Maelstrom"—and Mr. Knowitz vanished with his tumbler.

Mr. Mackintosh had tried and had succeeded, and on these sounds he practised all the evening.

Would she give him another chance for practice? Alas, no! or it seemed no. That night as they went home there was a great group of Vassarites, all bubbling over with fun—effervescing and sputtering as so many bottles of XX might do which had been warmed at a sociable all the evening. And he thought Susan had never been so remorseless as she was in undoing him that night. The next evening was worse. A gentleman joined her on the other side. And poor Mackintosh was afraid for his very life as they swung along. It was not till the third night that he had a chance, or so it seemed to the poor witless creature.

V.

But on the third night the chance came. Susan was in the highest spirits. The night was clear and cold, and they devoured the pavement as she rushed him along. "Well, my dear Mac," said she, mercilessly, "that was first-rate. I do not wonder women want to speak, if they could speak like that. Mac, if I could get Mr. Edison to give me one of his plates, I would attach it to you, and you should repeat the end of Mr. Bryce's lecture."

"Ugh—ah—you know—well—Miss Susan—ugh, ah—give me a chance—you know—and I will do-'em-all." The end was badly run together.

"What, you—my dear Mac!" This was all Susan said, and she almost dropped him in the gutter in her surprise, and she lost her own speech for laughing. She laughed so that she shook him from his cap to his arctics, and all the poor breath he had in his limp ribs was knocked out of him. And when she came to herself, all she could say was, "Poor dear Mac! I beg your pardon, but"—then she broke down again—"but whoever dreamed of your talking?"

But then it was poor Mac's turn. She had to listen, and he told her, with many unnecessary "ughs" and "ahs," and "you knows," and "don't you sees," that he was sure he only needed more practice to speak quite well. It was true that he could not manage *r*, and he always called *th d:* but so did many gentlemen he met. He needed extra breath, but "ugh" and "oh" seemed to help in this. And when he had not an idea, he could fill in with "don't you see," and "you know."

"You poor dear thing," said Susan, compassionately, as she unscrewed his head and put it in her bag, "you are really eloquent."

VI.

But the reader will see that a good girl like Susan could not shut up the face just now eager in its entreaties, and go to sleep, after she had silenced it, without serious thought. Here was a matter of conscience more formidable than that question about veracity which Dr. Primrose had started. Was it quite honorable in her, was it fair, nay, was it right, to start this poor feeble creature in his career, to let him partake of a little taste of the wonders of science, of art, and of music, and then to snuff him out, like a candle, simply because she chose to? Susan tossed in her bed a good deal before she went to sleep, with these questions troubling her. And early in the morning, when the singing birds first wakened her by their carols to the rising sun, she rose, screwed Mr. Mackintosh together, tied him to an armchair in her entry, and left him to enjoy the sunrise. As she went to sleep again she could hear him practising an imitation of this morning hymn of the birds, who were Plymouth Rock cockerels. The poor brainless creature did not know any better; he had taken it for granted that these were the morning songs of men. Susan was pleased with herself for this act of mercy, and she did not take him to pieces till it was time for her to go to school.

As it happened, he was this time shut up—and, so to speak, ceased to be as an individual—longer than had ever happened to him before. For, to her delight, as the school recess came, Susan received a card, and visit close following, from George Farmer, the fine young engineer officer to whom, as I said, she was engaged. By good luck, and by good strategy of his own, he had got himself ordered to Boston, to make a contract for some ice for the meat cars of the Cattaraugus and Opelousas Railroad. With good luck, this ice contract and certain subsidiary negotiations were made to last a fortnight, and during that whole time Susan needed no escort other than George, and, in truth, thought very little of any other. But at last the last day of George's visit came,

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"HE SAT WITH HIS CHIN ON HIS HANDS."

as last days will, and then she began to think how dreadful it would be to have nobody but Mr. Mackintosh to go anywhere with her. Still, she was less disposed than ever to cut off her hair and to retire into a convent.

Wisely, therefore, the girl submitted the question to her lover. But she did it in a guarded way, which I would not recommend to other good girls in a like position; if, indeed, there ever may be such girls. As they came home from the Symphony on that wretched farewell night, she said: "George, I want your advice. You are so good, and—and you are never jealous. You see, when you are away, I have no one to go with me to the concerts, you know, and the lectures."

"No; you used to boast of your independence when I first knew you."

"I know—yes, I did. But I was very foolish." And then she told him of that horrid fright she had. And he was very angry, and swore—just a little—and made her promise to run no such risk again. This made it easier for her to go on.

"No; I knew you would not let me. That is why I did not write you about it. But what I did—you must not be angry—was to hire a poor stick there was, with nothing to do, to come and go with me. You do not mind that, do you?" And here she looked up at him with her most roguish and confiding smile. But George's face clouded; she could see it did.

"I don't know," said he. "That would depend. What sort of creature is he—an old man?"

"Oh, I do not know. Don't be jealous, now. I do not suppose he is very old; perhaps he is very young. You see, he was deaf — and dumb — and blind — and could hardly walk. So I did not suppose you would care."

At this George grinned a somewhat ghastly smile, and said he didn't care quite so much; but asked how, if the man was deaf, he could enjoy the concerts.

You will observe also that Susan wandered from Dr. Primrose's instructions. She said Mr. Mackintosh "was" deaf and dumb—she did not dare say "he is"—and

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there was conscious deception again. In answer to her lover she said: "Enjoy the concerts? Who ever said he enjoyed the concerts?" She was a little reassured, as women are, because he had made an unimportant mistake. "You do not suppose I ever bought a concert ticket for him, do you? No; I take him as I would take a cab after the concert was over. Dear George, you must not be jealous of him more than you would be of a cabman."

"You do not take a cabman's arm," said George, a little irresolutely; and Susan shuddered as she recollected with how firm a grip she had to take all the arm Mr. Mackintosh had. "What is the wretch's name?" continued he.

"Name?" said Susan. "Do you ask your cabman's name? I never asked him. We call him Mr. Mackintosh, from the coat he wears, but I never asked him his name. I do not believe he has any."

This encouraged George a little; but still he said he did not think it was nice or wise, and that nobody but as innocent and sweet a girl as Susy would ever have fallen into so silly a plan. He even asked if other girls in Boston had to hire their escorts. At which Susy said that other girls had escorts who did not live in the Rocky Mountains, or in Opelousas either; and at that Mr. George had to come down from his high horse. It ended by a compromise. She agreed, when she went anywhere alone, to order a cab regularly at a stable he named, and he declared that the next time he came to Boston he should pay the bill. Whether she would let him or not was left undecided in the final ceremonies of the farewell. For he left in that horrible train which goes off at eleven at night, and there was no question but that he must go.

So all Susan had got by asking advice was that she was worse off than she was when she asked for it. This is what is apt to happen, dear Clara, when you do not tell your whole story to your adviser.

VII.

And now she must deal with Mr. Mackintosh alone, by her own unassisted sense, such as it was. Really it was stronger, as the reader has seen, in the inventive and mechanical lines than it was in the philosophical and ethical lines.

Of course she could have left Mr. Mackintosh where he was—his legs and arms in the glazed umbrella case, his masks in her alligator-skin bag, and his arctics on the floor of her closet. But, as has been said, she did not think this fair. She had thought of burning him up. But she was too strong a Protestant; her reminiscences of Smithfield and John Rogers were too strong, and that she would not do. She had called him into such being as he had, poor creature, and she would not destroy her own work. "That would be simply mean," she said to herself; "that would not be fair."

So she took another morning when the cocks were crowing, and screwed him together, and tied him to a chair as before. Poor Mr. Mackintosh did not know how long he had ceased to exist, any more than Mr. Hyde knew how long Dr. Jekyll had been running the machine. Nor was the poor thing as wretched as the girl chose to fancy him. For, as he had none of that essence which loves and fears, hopes, admires, and worships, he had nothing worth remembering, if he could remember, as he could not; and nothing to look forward to, if he could look forward, as he could not. But this, simple Susan did not consider. She simply screwed him together. He listened to the cock-a-doodles, as he did before; and if he had thought, as he could not and did not, he would have thought that this was thus and then was now.

Then Susan went to bed and slept till the dressing-bell rang. As she dressed, she began a little note to George, for she had promised to write to him twice a day. But after breakfast, before school-time, she came up and brought Mr. Mackintosh into her room and locked the door. He had never been in that room before.

"Mac," said she, "I shall not want you any more. What do you want to do? What do you like to do most?"

"Oh, ugh, ah—you know—don't you see—well, you know—"

And Susan was patient, for she often had such remarks addressed to her by her partners who were not skilful in extempore speech. So she waited. And at last it came, as gas comes after the puff of air in a poor gas-pipe.

"If—you know, Miss Susan—I could go to some of those parties—receptions—like that of the Sons of Idleness. Indeed, Miss Susan, I can talk as well—as the young men I see there."

"I think you can," said Susan. "I

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"MAC, I SHALL NOT WANT YOU ANY MORE."

should be ashamed of my work if you could not. I had thought of that, Mac. But I cannot do it, for you have no pumps nor patent-leather shoes. And your trousers are not good. I have no money to throw away on parties. Think of something else, Mac."

It is not worth the while to load the page with poor Mac's "ohs" and "ughs" and other "spaces." In substance he then asked if he might not be a juryman. "I thought I could; you know they do not have to know anything, and, indeed, are better when they do not."

"That is good, Mac. I had not thought of that, but I will," said the girl. And so she took his head off and shut him up, and took this plan into consideration.

But of course she did not assent to it. That same day she read the Court Calendar, and was distressed to think that she had yielded even for an hour. When she went home she put Mac together, and told him that this would not do.

"Then," said he, very piteously, "might I not be an under-editor to an independent journal. You know they do not have any opinions, and are very proud that they do not. I am sure I never had any opinions. I do not know what an opinion is." But this time Susan was not deceived; this was only the jury plan under another form.

Then Mac pleaded, quite eloquently for him, that he might stay just what he was. He had seen the red-capped messenger men at the station. He envied one of them his one arm, because practically poor Mac had no arms at all. "Now I could not go of errands, Miss Susan. But you

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say yourself I do my work well. You could fasten me at the door, and any one who wanted me would unfasten me."

"My dear Mac, you do not see. The secret would be discovered, and then the roughs would not mind you. Don't you see, Mac, you cannot knock a man down. You might as well be a woman, for all the good you are in your own business, unless people think you are a man. And if they do think so, it is because I 'consciously deceive' them. Oh dear! Oh dear! I wish you had never been born!" And the poor girl broke out crying. But she did not say, "I wish I had never been born," for the memory of George's last kiss came to her.

"I had thought," said Mac, "of voting. What you say of women reminds me that they cannot vote; but I can."

"No, you can't," said Susan, smartly, for she knew. "You have not registered, and you have not been assessed."

"I could register," said Mac.

"You can't register; it's a very smart person who knows how to register; and besides, you can't read the Constitution. So it would be of no use if you could register."

"No," said Mac, sadly, "I cannot read the Constitution. You don't think I could be a minister?"

"No, you couldn't. There are some kinds that know very little, but they all have to know something."

"Nor a doctor?"

"N-o, Mac; at least, I believe not. I think they have to know something."

"Nor a lawyer?"

"No, certainly not. You have no eye-teeth. And they have to be cut before you are a lawyer. I heard Judge Jeffries say so."

And then they waited. "I will talk to you again by-and-by," she said. And then she ran down stairs to meet the postman, and found just a little postal-card, on which George had written in French that she was the dearest girl in the world, and that he should always love her. Immediately on this she took Mr. Mackintosh to pieces, dressed herself for the Appalachian Club, went to Boston, and tried her pretty cab for the first time. It was really an elegant little coupé, and the stable-keeper had put the driver in livery. George had written to him from Springfield that the coupé must wait for Miss Ellsworth every evening.

But the next morning Susan brought her little drama to an end.

She screwed Mr. Mac together once more, and said, "Tell me yourself what you want to be."

"Could I not be Vice-President," he said; "till the President died, you know; or Lieutenant-Governor, or something like that?"

"Oh no, Mac; they might not know when to unscrew you."

"Could I not be a trustee? I believe trustees have to be cautious, and not do the rash things other people do."

"I had thought of that, Mac, and I inquired. But you would have to give bonds. Now no one would give bonds for you. I am sure I would not." This was cruel in Susan; but sometimes she is cruel.

"Then, Miss Susan, why cannot I be what I am?"

"Because I do not want you."

"But somebody else might want me. I could stand in front of tailors' shops with new clothes on. I should like to be that. I see a great many young men who do that and nothing else, and they seem to like it very much."

"You dear old Mac!" cried the girl; "you have more sense than any of us—at least more than I have. It is the best sense possible to be what you are, and pretend to nothing more. I knew that, though I have never tried it, for Mr. Emerson says so."

So she went with him to Cutter and Dresser's that very day. They are the great ready-made clothing men. And they took Mac at once off her hands literally. And they put on him that handsome Garrick you saw me wearing yesterday. That was the way I came to know the story.

And—will you believe it?—one day when they had dressed him in a costumer's suit as Dromio of Syracuse, old Mac forgot, and began walking up and down the balcony on which he was standing. The people in the street saw it, and fancied he was a wonderful automaton. They stopped in hundreds to see him, and of the hundreds scores went in to buy.

That was the beginning of the triumphant success of Cutter and Dresser. They owed it all to Susan, and I think they will send her a pair of salt-spoons for her wedding.

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THROUGH BUSH AND FERN.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.



A STOCK RIDER.

"WHAT is the dominant note of Australian scenery?—Weird melancholy." These words were written by one who knew Australia well, and who could describe it with more poetic insight, if not with more picturesque detail, than even Mr. Henry Kingsley. But though Mr. Marcus Clarke was right in stating that weird melancholy formed the dominant note in the landscapes of Australia, it must be borne in mind that the island-continent is of so vast extent that no single feature, however characteristic of the whole, will be applicable to every part. The passenger by one of the Orient or P. and O. steamers, who merely obtains brief glimpses of Melbourne and its beautiful village-dotted bay, or who is entranced with the loveliness of Sydney Harbor, has not seen the Australia of the colonist, nor would he do so by now visiting the environs of any of the capital cities, save perhaps Perth, the chief town of the colony of Western Australia. For, though it is the country that has longest preserved its ancient features, though it is the *oldest* land in the world, Australia proves as amenable to the altering influence of colonization as did America when the axes of the settlers slowly cleared away forest after forest; so that now one might walk down Collins Street in Melbourne as unconscious of any save atmospherical differences as if he were promenading Fifth Avenue in New York or Regent Street in London. Even in Victoria, which is by far the smallest of the Australian colonies, there are differences so marked as to preclude any sweeping descriptive statement; the aspect, for instance, of that portion of it known as *Australia Felix* (a name once applied to the whole Victorian dominion) being as unlike the mallee-scrub lands and sandy tracts of the northern and western Wimmera District as the latter is to Hyde Park, while neither of them exhibits any resemblance to the intricate fern forests of Gippsland and the tropical undergrowth of the "palm districts." Yet, after all, the garden of Australia is very circumscribed, and the dominant note of the scenery of the island-continent can with justice be said to be that of weird melancholy. In time to come the prevailing hue of vegetation will not be more sombre than that of Italy, with its dull gray-green olives, while there will, in all probability, be greater brilliance both from native and foreign botanical glories; and even now it is the immense preponderance of the dull-toned eucalyptus that has prevented full recognition of the fact that the floral vegetation of Australia is essentially luxuriant and splendid.

It is strange that even some Australian writers unintentionally perpetuate the general European misapprehension as to their country (in its *fauna* and *flora*) as being a land of universal contradictions. True, there are many such, but when we find even an accomplished writer like Mr. Marcus Clarke speaking of "our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume," we wonder if he and others who express themselves similarly have really observed more than the mere general aspect of a new and strange land. For, as a matter of fact, there are no forests in the world where so multiform and continuous fragrance is perceptible as in the "bush" and "fern" of Australia; the flowers and flowering shrubs are often as exquisitely scented as they are brilliantly colored, and the acacia, the palm, the fern-tree, and many others, afford grateful and delightful shade from the scorching rays of the summer sun. Moreover, the birds are far from being universally songless. The

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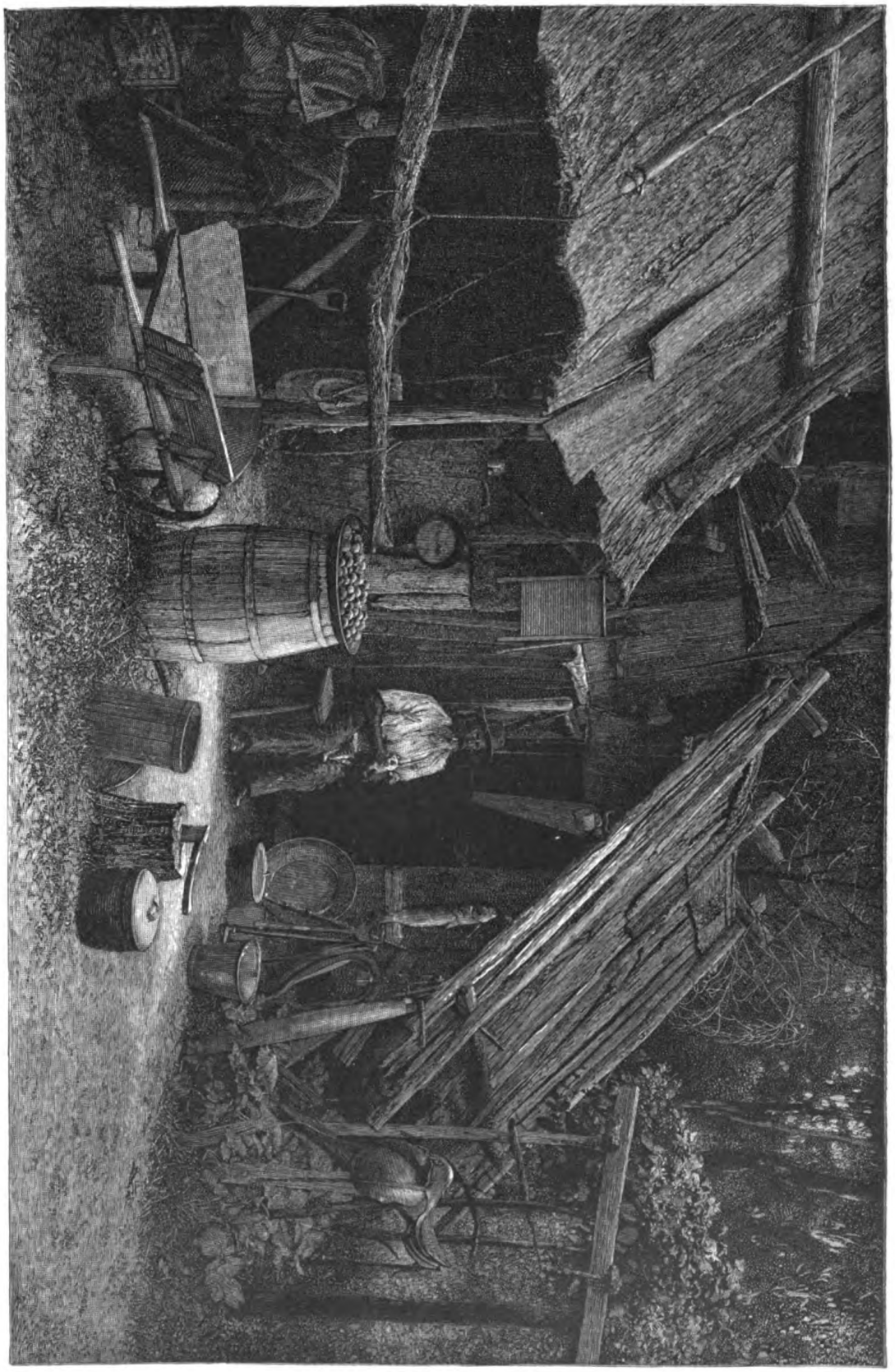
THE DUCK-BILLED BEAVER.

magpie, or "singing crow," has as full and sweet a note as our blackbird, as well as a much more varied song; the lyre-bird has as wonderful replicating powers as the mocking-bird of America, and a much sweeter and finer music of its own; and the gorgeously colored robins have notes as thrillingly sweet as any consort of "Jenny Wren" in England. But while it is true that there are fewer song-birds in Australia than in any other country, it must also be borne in mind that some of these, like the lyre-bird and the bell-bird, are shy of man and his haunts, and are thus only occasionally heard, though in real forest solitudes their voices, especially in the morning, are frequent. The writer remembers his astonishment when he first heard a magpie singing from a fragrant wattle-tree in full golden bloom—a burst of native melody so unlike anything he had been led to expect from this "songless" land.

But of course, speaking generally, the contradictions of Australia are very marked and peculiar. In the first place, the sun, which to us has a southerly position in the heavens, and when in the meridian reflects our shadows to the north, is northerly to the colonists, and in consequence at noon reflects their shadows to the south. With them the winds are the reverse of what we experience; the south wind is that which brings cold; the north, that which brings heat; the west—at least in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia—is not regarded as healthy in the summer and autumn, while in the same colonies the east wind is pleasant and exhilarating. Then of course, as is well known, the seasons are the opposite of what they are with us—in July the winter cold reaches its maximum; September is the joyous spring month; Easter occurs in the middle of autumn; and Christmas Day or New-Year's Day may be reckoned as midsummer. From the gum trees the bark peels, and on their branches the leaves are horizontal instead of vertical; there is a native cherry where the stone is found *outside* the fruit; the bees are said to be without sting; the swans are black; there are birds that imitate the sounds of suffocation and demoniac laughter, the swish of a stock whip, distant church bells; the cuckoo calls his cry by night, and the hoot of the owl is heard by day; there are huge lizards several feet in length, and great hairy spiders; an animal that is part fowl and part beaver; a bird that is apparently clothed with long hair and is wingless, walking about like an armless Fuegian; there are animals that stand or leap on two legs, and can put their young within them again at will; there are dogs that never bark, and squirrels that apparently fly.

Contradictions always fascinate the attention if not the imagination; and when these contradictions are as peculiar and impressive as those which we find in Australia, the fascination is all the stronger. But to nothing does the average mortal get so accustomed as climatic and natural surroundings, and it is not every one who is able or even willing to feel that love of desolation as desolation which is so characteristic of all true children of Esau; yet the Australian of the bush and the desert has, or at any rate had, something of the same spirit as still animates the Kirgheez on their desolate Tartar steppes, or the Bedouins on their trackless deserts. Of this spirit the average Australian of the towns knows nothing; even more than his English visitor does he cling to civilization, and, unlike him, cares little for nature—little, indeed, for anything beyond such pleasures as are to be obtained wherever a large community is gathered together. Let any stranger endeavor to find out from a Melbourne youth, for instance, in what direction from the city the finest pedestrian or equestrian trips can be made, and he will probably get but meagre information; let him inquire as to the best ways and means of seeing that fascinating country of Gippsland which is within comparatively easy reach, and he will get none. Yet the colonial youth are by no means effeminate; they are fond of boating and

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SELECTOR'S HUT, GIPPSLAND.—From a photograph by N. Caire, Melbourne.

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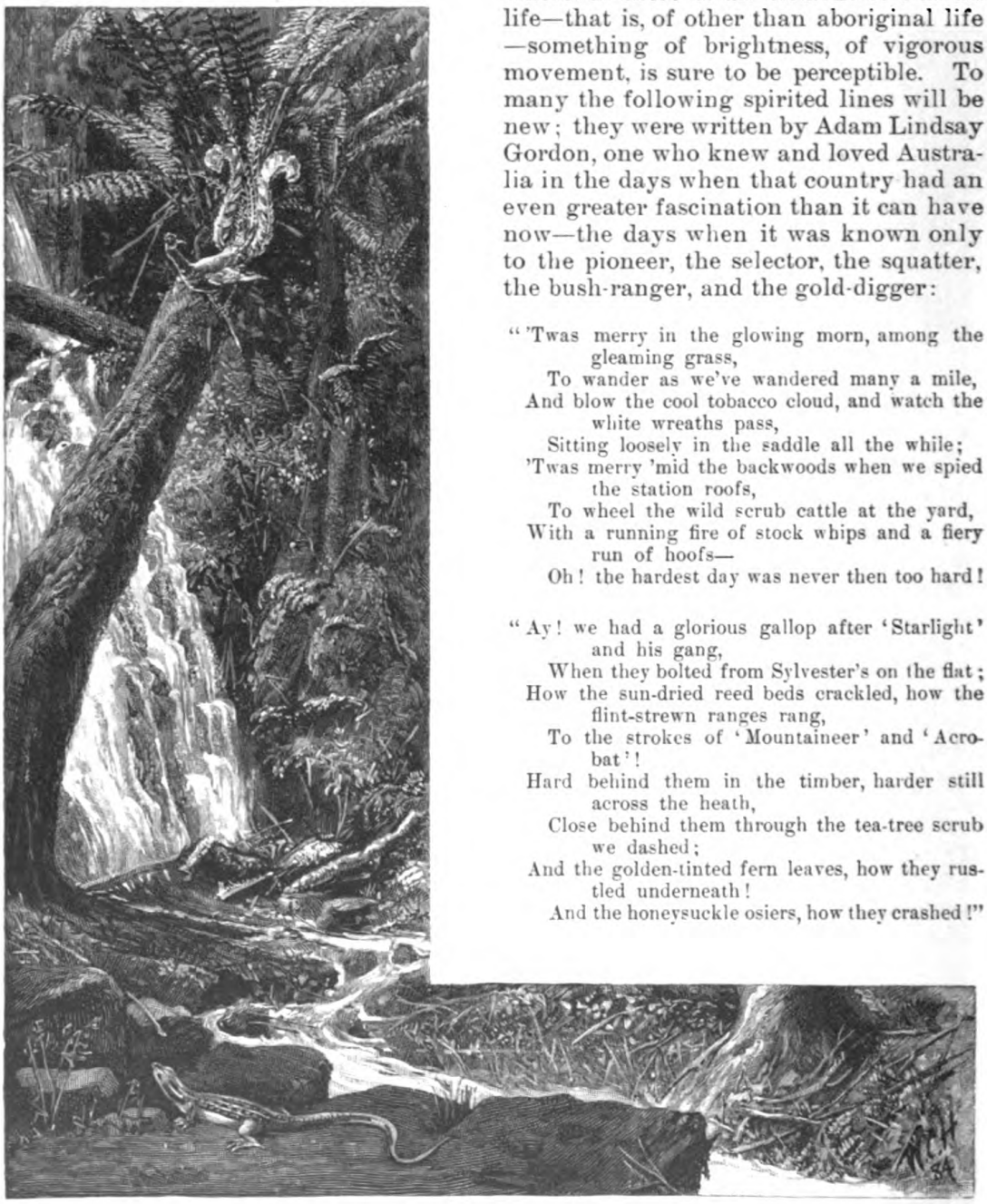
hard rowing, are good horsemen, and rival their English brethren in cricketing.

The *bush*—what fascination there is in this little word to any one who has really penetrated it, who has lived in it, who has been impressed by its desolation, its strange unfamiliarity! It is a somewhat prevalent idea at home that an Australian forest—the *bush* of the colonists—is either an inextricable jungle, or at least a woodland dense with an intricate, parasitical undergrowth. But this, while frequently true of the gullies and valleys of Gippsland and the semi-tropical palm districts of New South Wales and Queensland, is not characteristic of the bush proper. The latter consists of an endless "round" of similar trees growing at a considerable distance from each other, so that a horseman can easily ride between them at a good pace without any unusual caution.

Silent, desolate, as the bush may be, wherever there is an element of human life—that is, of other than aboriginal life—something of brightness, of vigorous movement, is sure to be perceptible. To many the following spirited lines will be new; they were written by Adam Lindsay Gordon, one who knew and loved Australia in the days when that country had an even greater fascination than it can have now—the days when it was known only to the pioneer, the selector, the squatter, the bush-ranger, and the gold-digger:

"'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while;
'Twas merry 'mid the backwoods when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard,
With a running fire of stock whips and a fiery run of hoofs—
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard!

"Ay! we had a glorious gallop after 'Starlight' and his gang,
When they bolted from Sylvester's on the flat;
How the sun-dried reed beds crackled, how the flint-strewn ranges rang,
To the strokes of 'Mountaineer' and 'Acrobat'!
Hard behind them in the timber, harder still across the heath,
Close behind them through the tea-tree scrub we dashed;
And the golden-tinted fern leaves, how they rustled underneath!
And the honeysuckle osiers, how they crashed!"



IN THE FERN FOREST—THE LYRE-BIRD AND LIZARD.

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EUCALYPTUS FOREST, GIPPSLAND.

A month or so after my arrival in Melbourne I received an invitation to join a friend—an adventurous colonist of the pioneer type, and knowing well all the colonies—residing in Beechworth, to spend some time in visiting friendly squatters at their remote stations in the Rivernia District, to have a "private exploration" of the alpine regions of southern New South Wales, and to return by way of eastern Gippsland, Omeo, and the Bogong ranges. Of this offer I was only too glad to take full advantage. Situated about two hundred miles to the northeast of Melbourne, and lying amongst the upper reaches of the fertile Bogong Range, the small town of Beechworth is one of the pleasantest places in Victoria.

It was in the full tide of summer as, leaving our first halting-place near the source of the Yackandandah Creek, my friend and myself started one morning in February in continuance of our ride south through the ranges that rise and swell and slope away in mighty hollows, sweeping, like immense green waves, around the bases of those lofty and little-known Australian Alps, of which Mounts Hotham, Kosciusko, and Feathertop are the chief glories. Although early, the heat of the sun was already very powerful; but its effect was more bracing than enervating, owing to the clearness and dryness of the Australian atmosphere. Following a well-defined bush path under the tall gum-trees, the latter gay with myriads of parrakeets and brilliant rosellas, and resonant with the harsh shrieks of indignant cockatoos, we came at last to more varied vegetation, and found ourselves passing through one of those beautiful fern forests for which this division of Victoria is more especially famed. As the ordinary gum forest is called the bush, so all land covered with undergrowth of any kind is called the "scrub," whether such undergrowth consists of luxuriant tree-ferns and cabbage-palms, or of the dull-looking, desert-loving mallee-scrub. In the mountainous districts of Gippsland and New South Wales the upper ranges are also dense with sassafras, acacias, wattle, peppermint, and other trees and plants, dense enough at any rate to deserve the appellation of "scrub" as opposed to "bush."

On entering this fern forest, the delicate

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green of which was most refreshing to the eye after the sombre uniformity of the blue-gums, the scent of late-flowering wattle struck me as peculiarly delicious, mingling as it did with the aromatic fragrance of the peppermint and other allied plants, and the penetrating sweetness of a parasitical flower with lovely blooms of purple and golden yellow. The clear musical notes of a magpie swelled into a joyous sunrise song, and rang far through the fresh clear air; while above the chatter and screaming of breakfasting parrots and busy butcher-birds gurgle every now and again the hoarse chuckle of the laughing-jackass. Suddenly, from some unknown cause, there ensued an almost complete silence; but before many seconds were over a shrill burst of laughter came from the depths of the forest, succeeded by peals of the same demoniac jubilation from seemingly every quarter; while, as if indignant at some slight, the innumerable parrots and cockatoos redoubled their shrieks, and the still more distractingly innumerable parrakeets, rosellas, and lories dashed to and fro among the branches of the trees like tiny red and green meteors. The shrillness of the blent sounds was astounding, and was increased by the incessant *birl* of the tree-locusts (*Tettigonia.*) It was some minutes at least before the ornithologic vituperation calmed down, and the average amount of morning noise alone possessed the forest. The scrub was far from being dense here, and my friend pointed out to me, besides many beautiful varieties of wattles, the weeping-myrtle, the native cherry, the musk-aster, one or two varieties of honeysuckle, a beautiful climber—probably a clematis—a few magnolias and orchids of resplendent hues, and some particularly fine grasses, besides many other flowers and shrubs unknown to unscientific eyes. Above these waved in intricate profusion the sturdy branches of the *Dicksonia antarctica*, and, as we proceeded further, that still more graceful fern-tree the tall *Alsophila australis*.

Once my friend suddenly drew rein, and motioned me to do likewise. For a few seconds I heard nothing; then sharp and clear through the silence rang the crack of a long whip, and I expected to see some stock rider, or perhaps some strayed packman, issue from the scrub. But with a quick "Hush!" my companion whispered to me that what I had heard was only the "whip-bird," and that what he wanted me to see was a lyre-bird, whose native note he had heard a moment before close at hand. Very shortly a somewhat low but sweet burst of melody, though within a limited compass, came from a glade to the left, the greater part of which was shrouded from sight by intricate fern-tree growths; with rapid transitions the song thereafter rose and fell, now imitating the joyous freedom of the magpie, now the laughing gurgle of the jackass, now other forest denizens. Again silence, and then—right in the midst of the fern glade—I saw for the first time a bird I had often heard of, and which I was anxious to see. The lyre-bird, or mountain-pheasant (*Menura superba*), is extremely shy, and though by no means rare in certain districts, is thus comparatively seldom seen. In size it very closely resembles the common pheasant, and is of an auburn-brown color; but it would not be a specially attractive bird were it not for the large and delicately graceful tail feathers, which, when fully erected, exactly resemble the instrument after which the bird is called. Like the shark, and perhaps the cuckoo, the mountain-pheasant is generally accompanied by a satellite, in this instance the latter being a small, jerky little bird, popularly called the "pheasant's mother"—but none such was visible to our eyes on this occasion. The whip-bird, or coach-whip bird, referred to is generally heard in the scrub proper, and has received its name from its habit of ending its loud cry or note with an abrupt crack, like that produced by the long lash of a stock whip.

As we rode on the sun grew higher and higher in the heavens, and a gradual silence crept through the forest with the ripening noon. The scrub, which had lately been so full of life, appeared to be deserted by its noisy denizens, and only at rare intervals the muffled chuckle of the jackass broke the stillness. Erelong we came suddenly and unexpectedly upon a rare sight in an Australian forest, and a few yards further brought us within a charmed circle, than which I have seen nothing of the kind more lovely. Immediately before us lay a quiet pool, of an intense azure hue at its centre, but with wide margins reflecting the green fern-tree fronds and all else flowery and beautiful that grew near; fringing its edges were great quantities of a beautiful species of iris; beyond, and forming a cir-

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FERN-TREE GULLY, GIPPSLAND.

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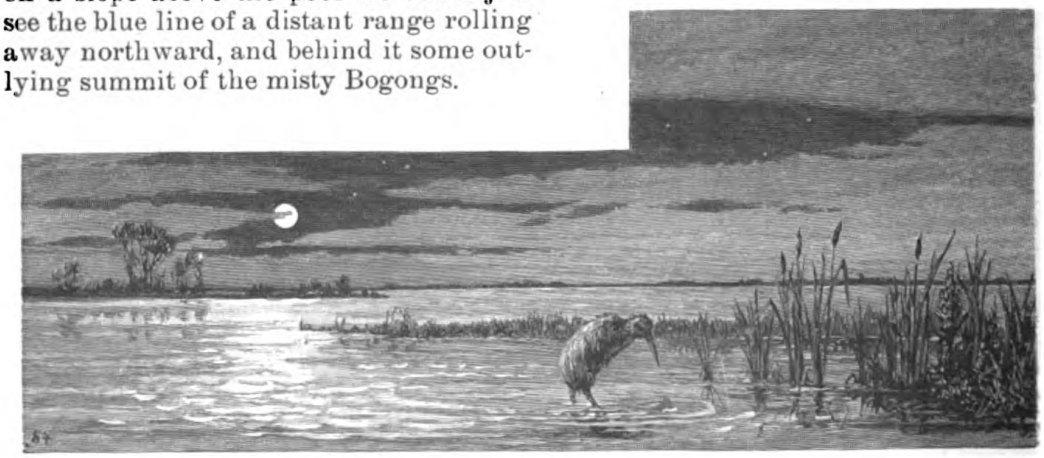
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cular wall, varying from five to eight or nine feet in height, were thick magnolias in magnificent full bloom, and whose delicious fragrance made the air seem heavy with sweetness; over these waved the long, delicate green fronds of the tree-ferns and shimmering acacia sprays; while beyond, a glimpse was caught of the summits of the lofty blue-gums darkly silhouetted against the purple-blue sky. Not a breath of wind stirred leaf or flower; not a sound was heard save a faint, almost inaudible hum at irregular intervals, or an occasional subdued rustle—as of a leaf falling to the ground, or a bird drowsily shifting its position in the dense green shade. Hark! what was that? Like a far-away village bell, a soft sound rings, or rather swells mellifluously, through the still air, and now another and another, a silvery tolling, exquisitely impressive and even solemn in these hushed and lonely solitudes. Wonderfully and at first startlingly strange as the illusion was, I had already fathomed that I was listening to the bell of no forest sanctuary, when my friend whispered to me, "The bell-bird!" The solemnity of the noon seemed to deepen, and the promised vigor of the day to subside into a luxurious dream. Having dismounted and tied our horses to a tree, we betook ourselves to an hour or two's mid-day rest; and as we lay below a huge spreading tree-fern lazily smoking, with the scent of the magnolias in the warm air, and the dreamy call of the distant bell-bird rising and falling at solemn intervals, we became drowsy, and doubtless each indulged in a good deal of unspoken sentiment. If so, it certainly did us no harm. From our resting-place on a slope above the pool we could just see the blue line of a distant range rolling away northward, and behind it some outlying summit of the misty Bogongs.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at mid-day in midsummer. In the former the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those we are accustomed to in our Northern latitudes, load the air with the sweetest scents. At sundown again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The tree-locusts in myriads shriek their deafening "p-r-r-r-r-r"; drowsy opossums snarl in the gum boles; and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, the harsh cry of the crane, mingling possibly with the strident screams of a returning flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the prolonged howl of the wandering dingo. The dead of night is not so still as the universal quiet of midsummer noon.

As the time lengthened into late afternoon we half reluctantly continued our way. Leaving the magnolias behind us, we passed through a perfect fern paradise, nothing meeting the eye but the intricately innumerable fronds of tall tree-ferns above, and the dense undergrowth of ferns proper of all sizes beneath. Here and there orchids were plentiful, and a beautiful creeper that I have never seen elsewhere. After a while we emerged from the fern scrub and entered an abrupt



MOONLIGHT ON THE LAGOON.

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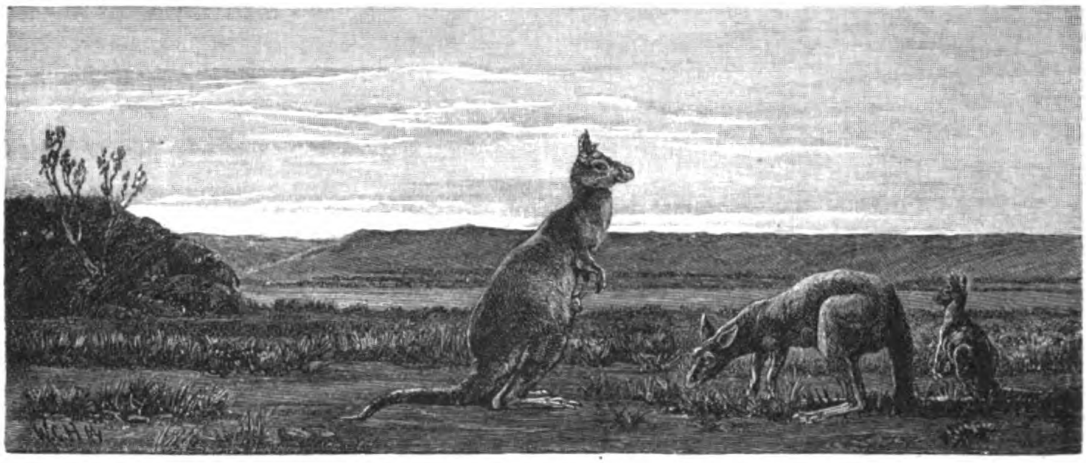


STOCK RIDER BITTEN BY A SNAKE.

belt of gums; passing through which we came upon a sloping plain of very green grass, considering the late season. The sight we beheld was now a very beautiful one. We stood upon a kind of plateau, and could see for miles northeast, east, and south. Below us was a deep gully, dense with tree-ferns. Rising from this, a monotonous wall of sassafras, white-gum, stringy-bark, etc., rose sheer back till it merged in an olive wave that perpetuated itself in endless rolling ranges, getting bluer and bluer as they swept into the distance, until their purple lines broke against the solemn summit of Mount Kosciusko in the east, and in the southeast against that great succession of towering peaks which guards the sources of the Murray River. Mount Bogong heaved his rounded shoulders apparently close at hand; and that most beautiful of hills, Mount Feathertop (about 6500 feet in height), rose in silent grandeur into the serene southern skies. Like a twin-brother, the rugged mass of Mount Hotham, the Ben Nevis of Australia, towered alongside. So intensely clear was the atmosphere that the tree-clad slopes of Mount Feathertop were as distinctly visible as though but a mile or two away. The whole scene was most beautiful, and one never to be forgotten. Toward sundown it became still more so; for that magical blue that haunts so many of the hill districts of Australia just before the close of day, began to steal forth from the farthest eastern ranges, and lay like a transparent veil over mountain and tree-clad height and drowsy slope. Only those who have seen in the mountainous districts this ineffably delicate and tender blue can know what magical effects it produces, even on those ranges covered with nothing but the sombre olive of blue-gum foliage. It induces an aspect of strange unreality, and seems to spiritualize every object it infolds; at times, too, it brings distant objects startlingly near, and I have more than once witnessed the peculiar phenomenon of distant ranges apparently moving toward me, till at last they lay as if only half a mile away, wonderfully distinct and yet ethereal.

We had traversed the ridges of Mount Kosciusko, from which one of the most magnificent panoramas in Australia is obtainable; we had looked straight down into a precipitous gorge of 3000 feet, and beheld the sources of the Murray brawling turbulently along the barren bed; we had ridden close to the famous "Murray Gates" themselves, and had watched the youthful river grow rapidly into the great flood that for many hundreds of miles would sweep onward till it met at

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KANGAROOS.

last the far-away surge of the Antarctic Sea; and at last we had come to Albury, a New South Wales town on the extreme border, and built in close proximity to the great river. Albury, besides being an important depot in the great grape districts hereabouts, is also the centre of an extensive tobacco farming, and I passed along more than one lengthy "field," filled, apparently, with large lettuces of dark green color and sturdy growth. We had come hither to join a friend who promised us some swan shooting, and it thus came about that early one morning, about an hour before dawn, we found ourselves crouching under the shelter of some wattles growing close to the Murray lagoons. Not a sound was to be heard save the monotonous swish of the river as it swept slowly onward, except when at rare intervals some restless parrot or cockatoo made a transient disturbance somewhere in the forest. The stillness, the semi-darkness, the sound of the rushing water, our expectancy, all rendered the hour one of mingled solemnity and excited tension; and it was with difficulty that at least one of our small party repressed some sound when within a few feet a venomous-looking snake wriggled away with a faint hiss from a bunch of knotted grass. Our position was as dangerous a one as we could well experience, for the swamps surrounding these scarcely moving lagoons are perfect breeding and feeding establishments for serpents of the most dangerous kind; and though we were well protected by long leathern jack-boots, it was by no means certain that we might not receive a fatal bite elsewhere. A small gray-green viper, the bite of which the natives assert to be fatal, is frequently seen in the Murray districts, especially north of the river; but by far the two most dreaded are the highly venomous black-snake (*Pseudechis porphyriacus*) and the death-adder (*Acanthophis antarctica*); the first of these two averages six feet in length, though specimens have been killed extending to eight feet, and while of a strong carnelian red below, is of a rich black above; but the repulsive death-adder, which never exceeds three feet in length, has a broad, flat head, a short, thick, dull-hued body speckled with splotches of sickly yellow and pale brown. It is a kind of viperish earwig, for its tail is armed with a prong, and terrible stories are told of the speedy and dreadful effects of its double sting. Whether the death-adder really has the power of dealing death at either extremity is very doubtful; much more likely, considering its stumpy size and awkward movements, it uses its prong as an instrument to hold its struggling prey, whether that be bird or lizard or kangaroo-rat; but nearly all bush colonists stick to the statement as to its "killing at both ends." What renders it doubly dangerous is its habit of coiling itself on sandy places, where it looks just like a small ridge of burnt sand, or the decayed remnant of a portion of some tree branch. I have been assured, on what I consider reliable authority, of the truth of the following: Somewhat to the north of the Blue Mountains a stock rider, dismounting to pick up his fallen pipe, was bitten by a death-

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adder on the wrist and again on the thigh —stung by the poison fangs of both mouth and tail, according to the narrator; miles away from even the nearest shepherd's hut, his comrade could do nothing for him save to offer to cut away the bitten portions, and tie up tightly both leg and arm above the respective wounds; but the man obstinately refused, muttering hoarsely that there was no hope, and begging his friend to put an end to his agony. Within twenty minutes he lost consciousness, while his body began noticeably to swell; in an hour it had become horribly distended; and in another twenty minutes or so it literally burst. From other sources I have heard of the same fate happening to dogs that had been bitten; so the foregoing is by no means impossible, even if, as is likely (owing to the possibly disordered state of the man's blood through drink or other causes), an extreme case.

Vast hordes of kangaroos roam over the interior of Australia, and sometimes prove a source of the most serious trouble to squatters. At one station, for instance, in the Riverina District (that is, the fertile province between the Murrumbidgee and the Murray), where the writer was making a short stay, the owner had just been bewailing the increasing scarcity of pasture for his sheep, about six thousand in number, when one morning to his horror a stock rider brought in the information that vast herds of kangaroos were by force of numbers driving the sheep off the runs. It was estimated that at least fifteen thousand were advancing from the now barren inland plains. A hunt, or rather battue, on as large a scale as was practicable was hastily organized, and dire was the destruction ultimately dealt amongst this devastating army. The largest of the marsupials of Australia, the kangaroo (of which there are eight species, varying from the small kangaroo-rat to the great gray kangaroo), is the only one of its race that is not distinctively nocturnal in its habits. Thus the wombat (*Phascolomys*), by no means a rare animal, is rarely seen save by moonlight or in the morning twilight; and the same may be said of the koala, or native bear, a harmless animal that feeds on the gum-tree leaves, and has its abode either in a ground burrow or in some hollow tree.

Much rarer and very infrequently seen is the water-mole, platypus, or duck-billed beaver, as the colonists used to call it; this strange and uncouth animal is, or was, most easily to be seen on the low banks round the shallows and lagoons, which are of such frequent occurrence from July to December along the courses of the Murrumbidgee and the Murray. Rather more than a foot and a half in length, it is covered with a soft brown fur, sometimes almost gray, and has an ashen-colored broad flat proboscis, more like the bill of a duck in shape than anything else. No stranger "contradiction" exists in Australia, unless it be the apteryx, a weird, melancholy-looking bird of the stork kind, that seems to be covered with long stiff hair instead of feathers, and which is wingless, its appearance, as seen at dusk by the side of some river or swamp, being either ridiculous or "uncanny," according to the mood of the spectator. Besides the nocturnal animals already mentioned, there are to be found in this part of Australia at least nine species of long-eared rats, who build their nests in the trees and bushes; a variety of opossums, or rather phalangers, of which the largest is about three feet in length to tip of tail, and a great many (said to be over twenty) species of bats, of which the most notable is the large frugivorous bat of the genus *Pteropus*, known to the colonists as the "flying-fox." The fiercest of all Australian animals is the vicious little "Tasmanian devil," which many readers may have seen in some menagerie.

Other denizens of the plains are the swift emus and cassowaries, year by year becoming rarer. As to the river fish of southeastern Australia, they are few, and not particularly pleasant for edible purposes, the chief exception being the delightful "Murray cod"—a large fish occasionally reaching a maximum weight of from thirty to forty pounds. The writer saw one caught which weighed about eighteen pounds, the bait in this case, as in general, being a tree-frog; but the fish gave much less play than the salmon, and "caved in" much more rapidly.

It was on the Murrumbidgee, the *beautiful river*, as this the native name signifies, that I first saw any number of swamp-haunting birds. My friend and myself had reached the river considerably before dawn, and after having ridden along its northern banks for some time, diverged to the right till we came within sight of

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an inlet or lagoon that spread inland from the stream's course for the space of about a square mile. A harsh croak overhead told us that we must be cautious if we did not wish our presence to be discovered, the noise we had heard having proceeded from a raven, a gloomy-looking bird closely resembling in size and appearance its European relative, but with a voice even more dissonant and melancholy. Again, as we rode quietly through a kind of osier undergrowth, a startled clucking issued from some low dense scrub close at hand, and an alarmed brush-turkey (*Tallegalla lathami*) scuttled hurriedly along, and at last took to heavy flight—fortunately, however, without seeming to extend its alarm further in the direction we were going. This bird, somewhat larger in body than an ordinary domestic fowl, has a rather ungainly appearance, and, instead of hatching its own eggs, deposits them in some mass of decayed vegetable matter, or in mounds of sand, leaving the rest to the maturing power of the intense sun heat. At last we descried a clump of river-side vegetation in close proximity to the lagoon, and such as promised ample shelter, and in a short time we had secured our horses in the midst of the scrub, and had ourselves crept forward till almost at the water's edge. Around us was a thick osier scrub, and immediately in front tall green-brown reeds, with a kind of iris plant, which had ceased flowering, intermixed; while overhead spread the graceful branches of the swamp-oak, a tree which I had never seen in Victoria, and which seemed to me something between a spruce and a Scotch fir. Dawn was imminent, but still no cry or other sound broke the stillness, but suddenly my companion drew my attention to a spot about three hundred yards to our left, and there I saw standing motionless two tall "native companions," having that air of resigned melancholy and intense reverie so characteristic of these birds and their allies in all parts of the world. Of a slate-color, varying from dull gray to grayish purple, and approximating four feet in height when erect, the Australian crane, or "native companion" of the colonists, is a handsome and stately bird. Generally there is no variation of color in an individual, though all have a red skin about the eyes, which is at once noticeable. All of a moment, and without apparent cause, for the first gleam of daybreak had not yet occurred, one or two cries rang out harshly, and immediately a whole chorus of aquatic sounds resounded in all directions: herons, plovers, snipes, spoon-bills, and curlews all seemed to be present, the cries of the last-mentioned rising with that wailing sound so familiar to ears which had heard them so often on the other side of the world. By far the most predominant in numbers, however, was a species of ibis, long-billed like all their kind, and it was almost with a sense of deceived vision that I beheld such immense numbers of them rise all around, and, joined by other flocks from the Murrumbidgee and its backwaters, sway through the air like living clouds.

What a day of intense heat followed that morning! Within a couple of hours after sunrise the windless air seemed like the atmosphere of a furnace, and though by this time we had reached our previous night's shelter, a shepherd station known as Bidgee Bend, we were nearly exhausted. For the time and place we had made a luxurious breakfast of ordinary mutton, coarse damper, and black tea varied with crayfish from the Murrumbidgee and a small edible plant having a taste somewhat between spinage and water-cress; but neither this nor our fatigue enabled us to sleep through the noon hours as we earnestly hoped to do. While lying on a rough shake-down and lazily smoking, my eye happened to glance at my saddle, which was lying close at hand, and right in the midst thereof I saw a large scorpion with its tail raised in that way which is known to signify a vicious state of mind. Hearing my exclamation, the stockman looked round, and without a word reached for a long-lashed whip, and with a blow of the shaft put an end to the possibly dangerous intentions of our unwelcome visitor. Of an extremely laconic nature, our shepherd friend never uttered a word he felt to be unnecessary, and when, after having asked him if he saw scorpions frequently hereabouts, and received a monosyllabic reply in the affirmative, I added, "Any other kind of vermin?" he muttered, sleepily, with his pipe in his mouth, "Bull-dog ants, hairy spiders, centipedes, bugs."

Somehow or other the day wore on, and at nightfall we reached our hospitable friend's quarters on Wild-dog Flat, as he had named the plateau on which the log house was built.

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ROBERT BROWNING.

BY AUBREY DE VERE.

HIS feast of Life was rich—this life of ours:
All human things 'neath yonder azure cope
For him were deep in meaning, wide in hope.
Nor those alone: above our brakes and bowers
Mad dance he saw of Genii scattering flowers.
His Fancy kept a key strange gates to ope;
Became at will that quaint kaleidoscope
Which turns all shapes to patterns, then devours
The last to fashion new. His grasp was large:
He knew that, with the suffering heart of man
Compared, all matter-worlds but fill a span.
His Song had shafts that pierced a spirit-targe;
Its flight outsoared the agnostic poet-clan,
Faithful to humblest Song's implicit charge.

December 23, 1889.

STEAM FROM A SAMOVAR.

BY E. H. LOCKWOOD.

IT was in a shabby South German capital, about five o'clock in the afternoon of a reeking November day. The streets were slippery with a paste-like substance composed of powdered limestone and condensed fog. All the streets of this city are as ugly as an architecture that varies between ponderous pomposities in Renaissance and elephantine gambols in rococo can make them. But some of these streets are fashionable and some are not, and the Frau Baronin would never live in one of the latter as long as she could find a landlord to wait for his rent, and tradesmen to supply her with bread and bier in exchange for promises to pay. The remaining requirements of a well-descended impecunious family could always be provided for by judicious borrowing. Ready money was easily obtained from that class which bordered upon and sometimes invaded the only class which had any claims to consideration. One met them everywhere—the salaried government officials, the aspiring authors, artists, professors. They often got themselves called "von," Court Directors and Court Counsellors, and Doctors of this and that. One played at friendship with them, and made believe to consider them as equals. Afterward it was no trouble to convince them of the contrary, when they had parted with their money, or had otherwise ceased to be of use. One is not lady-in-waiting to a Grand Duchess in one's youth for nothing. The Frau Baronin, then, had never stooped to dwell in any but a fashionable street, and so it was in one of extra wideness, among houses of extra highness and clumsiness, that she was living when she met with the two Americans. The Frau Capellmeister told her about them one day—pupils of her husband, two rich Americans—and the Baronin felt at once that here was an opportunity not to be trifled with. Negotiations were entered into, greatly facilitated by inexperience on the part of the foreigners, and one morning in September the descendant of a long line of Von Räuberfels, standing in her bulging bow-window, watched the approach of these two well-dressed strangers in a droschke, followed by a porter wheeling two palatial trunks on a hand-cart, and was warmed by a lively rush of the same emotions that used to cheer her hungry, noble ancestor when he looked down from his square tower on the hill upon merchants from Italy coming up the road.

These ladies had not come to the Baronin's to board. They were received into the Baronin's family, and their money was received into her large and lonesome pocket. There were several other large features about Madame von Räuberfels besides her pocket. These were her ankles, for instance, and her wrists, and her handsome, showy figure, and her family connections, and her experience.

The last furnished her with an inexhaustible fund whence she drew those brilliant narrations for which she was fa-

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mous, and with some of which she was now enchanting Mrs. Lyman.

These two ladies, upon being made acquainted, had entered at once upon a curious sort of competition. They were both aristocratically minded, and one was learned, but they had been bragging at each other for the last four weeks with the crudeness of two shop-girls. And, to use the words of the late Mr. Pepys, it was "pretty to see" how they believed each other. Not easily misled on familiar ground, each was at a loss in the new world presented to her. Moreover, the Baronin had collected much valuable information from novels, travellers, and newspaper correspondence about the immense wealth of Americans; and Mrs. Lyman knew all that the biggest history books could teach about the importance of Barons.

They were in an upper room, the one with the bow-window. Outside, the fog settled and ran down in heavy drops. The early twilight darkened rapidly; the meaningless lumps and balls on the Renaissance "Palais" opposite loomed like an embodied indigestion through the gathering mist. The new acquaintances, delighted with one another, made no such comparisons, however, as they bragged and listened, and listened and bragged, and in the mind of each schemes were forming as dull, ambitious, tasteless, and material as the building they looked out upon without seeing. Meanwhile the night fell, and lamps could no longer be postponed by thrift.

The Baronin jingled a small bell on a little table near at hand. She did it just as the Grand Duchess used to jingle hers thirty years ago, when her lady-in-waiting was a handsome and needy Freifräulein. She was a Frau Baronin now, almost as handsome, and even more needy.

First and last, she had seen much brilliant society — crowned heads, and coroneted ones, and heads whose laurels ought, at any rate, to have raised them to a level with the highest of the others. For the rest, she liked plenty of fat in her gravy, plenty of vinegar in her salad, plenty of brass in her music, and plenty of scandal in her conversation. In the latter respect she found Mrs. Lyman tedious. The American lady was impervious to *double-entendre*.

The Baronin sat on a shabby old green divan, before the still empty tea table. Mrs. Lyman sat opposite, on a shabby old green sofa. She occupied the right-hand corner at the Baronin's request, and she felt that it was a throne. Andreas brought in a lamp and then the tea. The Von Räuberfels crest on Andreas's buttons would not have diverted an experienced eye from the fact that his coat was unnecessarily large. They were fine buttons, but they seemed to be arranged upon a smock-frock; and Andreas himself, although he was clean, produced an effect of having lately descended from one of those artless elevations with which the foreign peasant loves to adorn his door-yard, leaving the pitchfork for convenience as an apex. The Baronin felt as if he needed some explanation, and said, after he had retired, that he was just come from one of their estates. They liked, she added, to be served by their own people. Mrs. Lyman assented with an intelligence which left no doubt that she had always preferred being waited on by hers.

But the Baronin's explanation was not necessary. Mrs. Lyman had not seen enough of German rural life to be reminded of it by Andreas. She had not seen much of any foreign life, for the reason that it was only eight weeks since she sailed from her native land. She indulged in no detracting reflections; she made only reverent observations. And in regard to her present position, she merely felt it to be eminently proper that a lady of New England birth, with carefully constructed opinions upon all the great questions which concern man's moral and intellectual progress, intimately acquainted with what the best writers have agreed one ought to feel about art, science, music, and literature, and sustained by a firm resolve to encourage all of these, as well as morals and religion — that such a lady should be served, in the right-hand corner of the sofa, with tea out of a samovar, by a Baronin's man-servant in crested buttons.

Setting down the samovar with unaccustomed, red hands, Andreas brought the milk jug against the receptacle for sugar in a lurch too audible to be ignored. The Baronin's varied career had led her through worse embarrassments than that, and she smiled it away.

"My late husband," she said, touching the thing, which looked like an Albert biscuit box, "ordered this made for me from a number of silver spurs that had been collecting for generations in his family.

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They were found in an old chest at Rereuth, one of our estates."

This could only be answered in one way by a woman who knew how to appreciate her privileges.

"Dear Frau Baronin!" she cried—but the Baronin had called her "liebe Meesses Laihmahn" first—"how very interesting! and how it reminds me of something that happened at home! When my grandfather, Judge Grumpington, inherited the old homestead, he found—"

But at this moment the door opened, and a person entered whose presence always exercised a discouraging influence upon this sort of conversation. Mrs. Lyman closed her lips firmly. The Baronin looked very gracious. After all, it was only Mrs. Lyman's half-sister who came in—Mary St. John. I say only, because that is the way Mary herself would have put it.

Her manner of advancing was characteristic. It was a straight line. To find the shortest distance between two points was a process eminently congenial to her at all times. The Baronin watched her approach with curiosity and interest. She was thinking, "That girl must be very rich to be so *nonchalante*." She mistook Mary St. John's directness for arrogance, and arrogance she respected.

Madame von Räuberfels, making silent reflections upon the desirability of riches, let her own tea cool while she served her guests, and talked charmingly all the time. They understood her and she them extremely well, seeing neither could really speak the other's language. She did not attempt English, preferring to explain anything she said which the others failed to understand by its equivalent in French; but she was seldom at a loss for the meaning of an English sentence if one was spoken in her hearing. Mrs. Lyman, for her part, never used an English word when she could think of a German one. Her sentences were constructed according to the syntax of her mother-tongue, and pronounced as might have been expected from a lady who, being without a musical ear, constructed for herself prosodial rules, the originality of which was never in dispute.

Mary spoke fluently a language drawn from the pages of Scheffel and Dahn. It was often graceful, not unfrequently quaint; always intelligible, but never modern conversational German. She pronounced charmingly. Even to an ear that heard her foreign accent it was a pleasure to listen when she spoke.

The Baronin took a fresh cup of tea for herself, and smiled her handsome smile across the table. Mrs. Lyman sat holding her cup in one long, fair hand, and stirring it with the other. The little finger of the latter and a plated, crested spoon were having a duet all by themselves about the gentility of their respective owners. At least, so it looked to Mary, as she settled her eye-glass on her short straight nose, and glanced about her with much relish of the situation.

"Now," she thought, "the Herr Baron must come, and then we shall have nothing left to wish for."

Her desire was gratified almost immediately. Andreas, hurrying in, said, "The Herr Baron drinks tea with the Gnädigen Frau," and then hastened back to hold the door open for his master.

Three pairs of eyes watched Baron von Räuberfels with about equal interest, as he crossed the sitting-room and came up to his mother's side, when he kissed her hand, with a high-shouldered, tight-waisted bow.

His mother looked like the great lady she wanted to be, as she sat there self-possessed and smiling, glancing from her son to her guests and back again.

She received him with a mixture of humor and tenderness, which was almost too much for Mrs. Lyman, who welcomed him, in her turn, with a quite maternal benignity that afforded Mary unspeakable delight, for the Baron was at least four years older than her sister.

The Herr Baron was large and pink and blond. His eyes were small and gray, with contracted pupils. His mouth was small and tight. His teeth were beautiful, and so were his hands. His manner had something both of the authority which comes with a habit of being deferred to, and the ill-ease that arises from vanity.

As he crossed the room he was thinking that he was a handsome fellow, and a titled fellow, and a dangerous fellow, and that it was of the last importance to all these women that he had arrived in their midst; he was thinking that he despised them for being women, and he was thinking that he would like to know what they thought about him.

It certainly could not have been his desire that these somewhat contradictory

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mental processes should be revealed to any one but himself, who was, after all, only half conscious of them. Nevertheless Mary had obtained some rather satisfactory glimpses of them by the time he had made his compliments to her sister, and was turning to her. To be sure, it was not the first time by many that she and the Baron had met, and she said to herself now, not for the first time, as she returned his greeting, "Yes, decidedly he is lovelier than the American variety."

The Baron sat down on his mother's left hand, and turned politely to Mrs. Lyman, who immediately addressed him. The moral elevation of Lucretia's voice, seeking to convey all the culture of New England through the difficult medium of German constructed according to Lindley Murray, sent thrills of fun through her attentive sister.

"Ihre Frau Mutter sagt dass Sie haben gereist sehr viel, Herr Baron," said she.

Not a muscle changed in either German countenance, and the Baron replied that he had travelled a little.

"But travel," cried the Baronin, in her full, pleasant voice, "that is something we Germans know nothing about compared to your countrymen. You simply ignore distances. My son has visited Sicily, but if he had been an American he would have kept on in a straight line to Central Africa: would he not? He has been in St. Petersburg, but one of your countrymen would not have stopped this side of the Ural Mountains. As for the North Cape, what was that when he did not at least try to find the north pole?"

Mrs. Lyman had the tact to follow her hostess's lead, and called upon the Baron to relate his adventures. The Baronin knew that he would be at his best in telling them, and he knew it too. He talked long and brilliantly, pleased with an audience so fresh, whose intelligent interest had such a piquant, unaccustomed flavor.

Mrs. Lyman listened with genuine delight, and looked, as she forgot herself in listening, like the clever, innocent-minded lady of good stock she really was.

This hour around the samovar confirmed all the party in the opinions they had already formed about each other. Madame von Räuberfels and her son became quite positive that their guests were people of consequence in their own country; Lucretia felt that she had been right when she wrote home that she was enjoying exceptionally fine opportunities for studying the elevating influence of rank upon select natures; Mary was more than ever persuaded that it was worth a longer journey than the one to Europe only to see her sister and the Baronin together. She was perhaps the best pleased of them all, and that is saying a great deal.

The Baron could make nothing of Mary, excepting that she was pretty, quiet, and more self-possessed than a young woman had any right to be. He directed many searching glances at her, all of which she saw. But Lucretia, sitting very upright, and looking about her with eyes full of her own imaginings, saw nothing but them, unless it were some sentences in a letter she meant to write that evening.

That evening, after the opera, she did write, long and eloquently. The most important part of her letter began: "We have now been members of this most delightful family for nearly two months, and I am more and more charmed with them. As my friend, the Frau Capellmeister, says, they are '*innerlich von Adel.*' Yes, dear Laura, their long descent," etc. "The Baroness is," etc. "The Herr Baron," etc.

She sealed and directed her letter, and then she felt ready for a little judicious conversation. Rising from her desk in the private sitting-room adjoining the chamber where she and Mary occupied two narrow little German beds, she passed in to where that young lady was preparing for rest with dainty precision. She always took the necessary steps in the same order, and, since they came to live at the Baronin's, one of the first was to get rid of the "plumeau." This was a bag of feathers, too short and too narrow for warmth, but heavy enough for suffocation. It was covered in old silk of a raw green color, and was laid on the bed with the side where the green had run to yellow in spots downward. She picked this up, carried it out, and dropped it on the sitting-room floor.

"I should like," she said, coming back, "to drop it out of the window." She let her eye-glass fall, passed a pretty hand over her even brows and short straight nose, and gave herself a little shake. But, as usual, she had her bit of fun all to herself. In any attempt at presenting the humorous side of things to her sister she met with about as much response as a kitten would who fixed a bantering eye

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on a historical picture of the elder Kaulbach. Something of much greater importance engaged Lucretia's whole attention at present, and she spoke of it at once.

"Mary," she said, "how do you like the Herr Baron?"

With a perversity for which there was really no excuse, Mary replied that, as a rule, she didn't care for cushion-backed men.

"I think, Mary," said Lucretia, quite calmly, "that it must matter very little to a man whose ancestors went to the First Crusade what kind of a *back* he has." Only italics could express the cold scorn of her emphasis.

"Have you and the Frau Baronin been having another genealogical match? I wouldn't if I were you."

"We will not discuss that, please. But I should like, if you can be serious, to know your opinion of Baron von Räuberfels."

"Well, I can't see my way to agree with you," said Mary, employing a favorite phrase of her sister's when she was arguing with somebody about agnosticism, or pessimism, or hypnotism. "But perhaps you meant that it doesn't matter to the Baron what kind of a back his ancestor had, since he went with it to the First Crusade."

"Mary!"

"Or perhaps that it does not now matter to the ancestor what—"

"Mary!"

"Yes? Oh! Well, good-night, Lu dear," and throwing her thick braids up over the pillow to get them out of the way, Mary laid a warm cheek on a cool palm, and treating herself to one more quiet laugh, fell asleep.

But Lucretia's blameless head remained long awake, revolving many things.

Next day the Baronin sent for a hired carriage and made some calls. Andreas opened the carriage door, and stood with his banded cap in his hand until she was seated. Then he climbed up beside the driver, who sat gravely on the box, with a cockade on the side of his hat, for all the world like a real coachman. Sometimes (and this, as luck always goes, happened mostly before the smartest houses) Andreas became so absorbed in holding the carriage door that he forgot about his cap. And when he descended from the box he invariably did so with a lunge, as in simpler and happier days he had been used to come down the mountain-side.

The Frau Capellmeister stood in her Alt Deutsch window behind the curtains with a group of ladies when the Baronin drove up.

It was the Frau Capellmeister's *jour fixe*. Tea was steaming on a side table, and dishes of little sweet greasy cakes stood ready beside the cups. The grand piano stood in the middle of the room, and the Herr Capellmeister was playing an adagio from one of Beethoven's earliest sonatas. He played it as if it were a scene from *Tristan und Isolde*, and people whispered to one another how plain it was that Wagner was Beethoven's lineal descendant, only greater.

Some of them sat with their eyes shut, and they were so pleased with thinking about the evolution of Wagner from Beethoven they did not mind having the loud pedal remain down through several changes of key.

The stir was all the livelier afterward when this intellectual and emotional strain was relaxed. People stood up and walked about, and formed into groups, and everybody talked at once, of course.

The Baronin passed from one group to another, seeking something which she did not immediately find. Wherever she heard English spoken she paused, and lingered in the close vicinity. First she heard old Mrs. Bounderbee, in two-button gloves, and a "basque" of the year 1859, low in the neck, long on the shoulder, wide in the skirt. She was describing an article her husband had just sent off about the Ultramontanes and the Socialists. This was not what the Baronin wanted; neither was she satisfied with a wrangle between little Miss Wormwood and her mamma as to whether the mamma should or should not leave Miss Wormwood alone; although of this she made great capital afterward—the Baronin was an admirable mimic—as illustrating the manner in which American girls are brought up. It was not, however, for the present purpose at all satisfactory, and her step grew impatient, though her face remained serene; but the next move brought her in view of something which was so exactly what she had been looking for that she immediately turned her back to it.

In a small anteroom, opening from the large salon where the grand piano and the violin and the harp and the 'cello were,

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sat little Mrs. Bell on a divan, and she was entertaining a lively, laughing party, all Americans, who had collected around her.

The Baronin stood at a small table covered with those photographs called "Gallery of Modern German Masters," and seemed to be amusing herself with collecting them into groups. Although her English was much better than she generally confessed, it failed her sometimes when several people talked together, and she was obliged to make a good many little groups of photographs before she succeeded in understanding enough of what was being said behind her to pay her for the trouble she had taken.

The first satisfactory word she heard was very satisfactory indeed.

"Mary St. John," said Mrs. Bell. "Her half-sister. Not even that really. Mr. Grumpington, Lu's father, married Mary St. John's mother. Grumpington; yes, that was Lu's name. You knew, I *hope*, that she was a Grumpington?" with a pretence of anxiety. "Ah, yes! I see she has told you. Perhaps you can recall some mention of her late grandfather, the Judge, also? You can? I am *so* glad! Lu would not be the delightful creature she is without him. Did you ever happen to be present when the Judge returned into limbo on the sudden appearance of her sister Mary? This is something to have lived for. I don't believe, as a rule, in materialized spirits, but I certainly have seen the Judge take his departure in a sort of dignified huff."

All this was Greek to the Baronin, but she listened patiently.

"Lu says," continued Mrs. Bell, "that Mary is an undisciplined young person. Lu is twenty-five and Mary is twenty-three. But Lucretia has been a New England matron for the last six years, and Mary is not even engaged."

"How is it," asked another voice, "that Mary is rich, and Lucretia is not, if they had the same father?"

"But they did *not* have the same father, or mother either," repeated Mrs. Bell, rather impatiently; "and anyway Mary's little fortune came from her mother. But it is only a little fortune after all. About two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

The Baronin dropped a handful of Modern German Masters, and they assorted themselves as she passed out of the door and into the dressing-room.

The Baronin tied on her bonnet in deep indifference to contrasts of that sort. She had met her hostess in the anteroom, and taken leave without going back to the salon. She told the Frau Capellmeister that that had been the most successful *jour fixe* within her remembrance; and hurried away now down the interminable stairs across a damp court to the carriage. Once seated, she leaned back in her corner, and said aloud: "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! One million marks! Thou dear Heaven!"

On the following afternoon the Herr Baron came into his mother's sitting-room earlier than usual. Things were going worse and worse with him. He was both depressed and surly. Whatever she said he contradicted, whatever she proposed he refused, whatever she opined he found absurd. Yet, in their way, they were confidential together.

They spoke eagerly and bitterly about a lawsuit that had just been decided against them, and some bills that had been presented for the twentieth time; about a reception to be given soon by one of the royal princesses, and the impossibility of the Baronin's going in that same old gown, and the impossibility of her having a new one; and about a business journey which the Baron must make, and the expense of that.

At last silence fell between them, and they sat and watched the weather, of which there was always enough, whatever else failed.

Presently the Baronin spoke again. "Yesterday was the Frau Capellmeister's *jour fixe*."

"Well, and did her husband stretch himself at full length on the key-board?"

"No; he was contented with twisting his legs three times round the piano stool."

"What moderation! And how many notes fell under the piano?"

"Could I count them? I was not there for that."

"For what, then?"

This the Baronin did not answer directly. She remarked, instead, "There were some Americans there."

"They are everywhere," said her son, with a fine sneer.

"That little Mrs. Bell was there."

"She with the voice of a jay?"

"All Americans have jays' voices," said the Baronin, impartially. "I went and stood near her. She was speaking of our guests."

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"Let us make an exception in their favor," said her son. "Our guests have the voices of doves."

The little red mouth of Herr von Räuberfels was not pleasant to see as he mentioned the ladies under his mother's roof. It expressed his opinion that they were alone, certainly weak, and possibly unprotected. His cynicism did not disturb his mother, who found in it the flavor of her favorite French authors.

"It is as I thought; they are rich. At least the unmarried one has two hundred thousand dollars. And she is not even engaged," said the Baronin, carefully quoting her authority.

"Haven't we had enough of American heiresses, mamma?" asked the Baron, and this time his sneer was very like a snarl. His mother said no more. She resumed her watch of the whirling snow-flakes. The Baron, who was naturally talkative, now had nothing to say. It was nearly five o'clock.

Suddenly the Baronin rose and retired to her own room. A ring at the outside door which she had heard before departing was followed, as she had expected, by light steps running up the bare wooden stairs. She stood and looked about the place she called her "boudoir," at the coarse dotted "Swiss" of the toilet table, the meagre strip of cheap carpet, the shabby jute curtains, the fireless stove. She listened and heard the door between the Americans' sitting-room and her own open and shut; then she sat down in one of the shabby chairs, and looked out at a prospect of snow-flakes falling between her window and a blank wall.

Mrs. Lyman had subscribed with enthusiasm to a course of lectures in the German language about woman and the poets. This was lecture day. On going out she had said to her hostess, as they pressed each other's hands on the landing, "Dear Frau Baronin, may I leave Mary in your care this a-h-fternoon?" She had to say it in English, for she was in a hurry, and could not think of how to put it in German. And the Baronin pressed her hand once more, and said yes, she might. That I suppose was the reason why she had just sought her solitary boudoir—to think how she could best take care of Mary.

And Mary, who was twenty-three, heard from her room, where she sat making herself low-spirited over a play by Ibsen. It did not take her long to put on some fur-lined overshoes and a warm wrap, and by the time Lucretia had reached the wry-necked statue of Goethe, Mary was passing under the rampant horse of the great Elector, half a mile in the other direction, enjoying two things which her soul loved —a rapid walk in a snow-storm and independence of humbug. That was she who had just returned. The sister could be counted on not to return in another half-hour. Madame von Räuberfels wrapped a shawl around her, and gazed out again at the snow-flakes and the dead-wall.

Mary, coming in from her walk in the best of spirits, left umbrella and overshoes with the maid at the door, went quickly up to her bedroom, laid off hat and jacket, touched her soft brown hair lightly with both hands, and passed through her own sitting-room into that of the Baronin, more than ready for a cup of tea. She expected to find her admirable hostess in the same place on the old green divan which she had never once failed to occupy at that hour since they made her acquaintance. But before she had advanced far it became evident even to her short-sighted eyes that there was no one present but the Herr Baron, who stood bowing by the window and placing a chair for her. She did not take the chair, preferring the little old fauteuil she had occupied the night before; that at least did not lean back at an angle of forty-five degrees, which is a style of arm-chair not suited to any one but giants.

She had lingered so little that the sweetness of the new snow still clung about her. A little cool, fresh breeze stirred the stove-heated air of the room, and was shaken softly from the folds of her gown as she seated herself on the old fauteuil. Her eyes were shining with serene pleasure in living, and her color was bright.

The Baron bowed the requisite number of times, and sat down with his back to the light, conscious of himself, conscious of her, and conscious that she was a young lady and alone with him.

This doubled and twisted consciousness of his had been a source of much amusement to her until this moment. But she had never met him before excepting in the presence of his mother and her sister. She began to perceive now that it could border on offence. She grew a little quieter, and her color died away. Her eyes remained bright, but not with pleasure. She

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had recognized the Baron quite from the start as a European specimen of a class not unknown at home. But she reflected now, for the first time, that foreign species have other markings than their relations in America. Whether the national and caste atmosphere in which the Baron lived from birth to death formed a denser medium than that through which the young American made her observations, or whether the difference lay in his own powers of vision, it is certain that she made several distinctions which had no existence for him. In his eyes a gentleman was a man who possessed a hereditary right to go to court. Any woman old and plain was a caricature to him; young and pretty she was a cigarette advertisement. He leaned back, a little too much at ease for good-breeding, and prepared, with cynical confidence, to show himself master of the situation.

"I saw you at the opera last evening, mein Fräulein."

Yes, she said, she was there, but left him in doubt as to whether she had observed him and his friend Graf Habenichts. And yet their uniforms had been very, very beautiful.

Not being a man of much originality, he now took the second regular step in a conversation suited to a young lady. He told her, what always made the four unmarried daughters of the old Freiherr von Papp topple about on their chairs and cry "Ach! Gott! Herr Baron!" namely, that she had looked enchantingly lovely on that occasion. Why this should have called up in her mind a vivid picture of a certain mechanical wooden soldier belonging to her little cousin at home, which could present arms, but couldn't fire, and could throw out his legs, but not march, no one, the Baron least of all, might explain. But it did, and sent her suddenly out of her reserve into a bright little laugh. Good! now we were getting on, as was to have been expected. And how did the opera please her?

The opera would have pleased her better if the singers had sometimes sung true, and the orchestra had sometimes played piano. And, suppressing another laugh at his amazed face, she told him in a few words what sort of music she had heard in her native city.

Of course he did not believe her, but her apparent knowledge puzzled him; he assumed that it was superficial, and became curious to see how soon he could prove it to be so. But the Herr Baron was led a longer way than he had anticipated.

At last, unable to meet her on her own ground, and with some new ideas about the extent and quality of that ground, he took up his position on the Bayreuth performances, which, of course, she had never heard, and astonished her with the critical analyses of Von Volzogen. Naturally, she had nothing whatever to say on that subject. Lucretia had read a long critical analysis of those critical analyses, and could have contributed much wisdom to the discourse if she had been present. But Mary liked to take her impressions at first-hand when she could, and postponed her study of the Wagner cult until after she should have heard Wagner at Bayreuth.

She was very much interested and not a little puzzled. Her fixed attention flattered him, and her quick intelligence invited him to talk his best. He felt as if all those metaphysical subtleties were his own, instead of another man's. He sat up straight on his chair, and once more, as on the previous evening, he surprised her with the cleverness of his conversation.

Mary, on her part, found herself in possession of unexpected fluency, and ventured on a range of expression quite beyond her courage if she had taken thought to be afraid.

"Wagner," said the Baron, "was not only the greatest composer that ever lived, he utterly dwarfed all the others, making them into pedants and children."

"Wagner," cried Mary, "was the equal in creative power of any artist, poet, or musician that ever lived. But Bach and Beethoven lived on spiritual heights which Wagner and his school can never reach."

"Spiritual heights!" The Baron did not believe in anything spiritual, but he did believe in the hypocrisy of women. He had been growing secretly tired of the conversation, which he found too impersonal. The brutal element in his nature lay at all times dangerously near the surface. Although it had already spoiled more than one chance in life for him, when it chose to assert itself considerations of prudence were seldom able to keep it under. In any discussion, even with men, he always felt personal irritation. His ancestor the Crusader had always insulted the noble maidens under his wife's care

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when he met them alone, unless they had powerful male relatives.

These are the best explanations I am able to offer for the fact that at this point Herr von Räuberfels's small light eyes suddenly grew very narrow, and the fulness on either side his nose increased as his lip went up, and he said:

"I would rather kiss in Hunding's hut than chase one, two, three of a bach fugue around an organ-loft, if that is what Miss St. John means by 'spiritual heights!' Confess, now, wouldn't you also, mein Fräulein?"

It was done. Looking out from behind his blond lashes, he saw the coarse question fall away from her level eyes and quiet mouth like a black beetle from a block of marble. The polished surface does not know the thing had tried to settle there.

It is much pleasanter for a gentleman of spirit to put young girls out of countenance than to be out of countenance himself. But the latter was Baron von Räuberfels's portion during the silence which ensued, while Mary sat at her ease and seemed to forget him, and he raged to know that if any one spoke again it would have to be himself.

The silence was audible to another also. His mother heard and understood. It was not the first time of many. A minute more, and she came hurrying graciously in, followed by Andreas with the samovar, and laid a caressing hand on Mary's shoulder.

"You will forgive me, my dear, I hope? Such important letters to send by this post! And now, I am sure, we are both longing for a cup of tea."

Yes, Mary said, she would like a cup very much. But the Baron thought he would go and read the papers in Café Herrebklatsch.

When Madame von Räuberfels next morning asked her son what he had said to offend Miss St. John, he told her "Nothing." That did not deceive her any more than it did him, but she was far too much afraid of him to press the question. She lived in that state of helpless dependence upon him as head of the family which the German law provides for the declining years of a widow; and she knew only too well how ready he was to make her feel it.

But the desire of her heart grew all the stronger for suppression. He had come in that morning to take leave for his journey to Salzburg. There was to be an absence of several weeks, on account of that forlorn-hope they called "business," namely, the sale of some heavily mortgaged forest-lands. This necessity was as great a relief to-day as yesterday it had been unwelcome. Whatever he had done, Mary would have forgotten it by the time he returned. The Baronin was accustomed to see men easily forgiven. So she took comfort, and made herself such a charming hostess that both the Americans forgot to reflect what an extortionate price they paid by the week for her hospitality.

The chill and drizzle of November slipped into the drizzle and chill of December. The sun, which began by not appearing until 8 A.M., presently altogether left off coming out. Such daylight as there was between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon came from behind what looked like a gray India-rubber curtain. The paste in the streets made one think of the horrors bad little boys used to work at school with scraped pencils and wet sponges. The puddles grew deeper, and began to freeze into grimy ice ponds, and heap into dismal piles of dirty snow. Gusts of wind tore out from under the archways, and draughts waited for their prey in the huge stone passages. The badly plastered, much frescoed walls, which would not hold a picture nail, were none the less strong enough to collect and retain great store of smells. In the midst of this depressing reek there came now and then, quite irrelevantly, a day of exquisite beauty. Snow fell and clung softly. The long chestnut *Alleen* became vistas leading to fairy-land; the parks were fairy-land itself. Sometimes the sun came out for a few hours, and showed the great white marble gate covered from top to bottom with a fine lace-work of frost against a tender blue sky. Then high sharp gables threw violet shadows upon the snow on the steep slant below them, and Mary was grateful for every bit of red on the old corrugated tiles, for the courts, and the *Erkers*, and the dark archways that made frames for them.

Christmas came and went. Mrs. Lyman and the Baronin vied with each other in an exchange of thrifty presents and civil speeches under the lighted fir-tree. The candles shone on chunks of leathery

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gingerbread covered with strong honey and almonds, on papers of chocolate tied with red ribbon, and on pairs of gloves. Mrs. Lyman wrote home that now she had been permitted to share in a real German Christmas, and that this simplicity in an aristocratic home was more than touching, it was elevating.

Those who knew this lady best often remarked that, for a woman who had such a will to be worldly, Lucretia was sometimes very naïve.

The holidays passed, Twelfth-night was over, and the weather settled down into the black cold of a snowless January. Mary asked herself why they had been induced to spend the winter in this place when they had had everywhere to choose from. But she knew the reason had been a desire to cultivate their minds. On what now seemed to her insufficient evidence, they had been firmly persuaded that there were depths on depths in art and music which could only be sounded in this particular city. Circumstances had not favored the development of this strong persuasion into an article of belief. Mary's æsthetic faculties had not received all the cultivation she had looked for, whatever might be said of her powers of observation and her knowledge of the world. She felt the life growing tedious, looked longingly toward Italy, and began to consider plans for getting thither as soon as possible. But when she mentioned any of them to her sister, she met with so much resistance that she ceased urging them openly for the present.

All the edification which Mary failed to receive appeared to descend in a double portion upon Lucretia. There never was a woman more ready to think as she ought to, if only she could find out what that was; and here at least she felt herself on solid ground. If anything were certain in this uncertain world, it was that most eminent authorities had agreed in considering this a city where it behooved one to be appreciative. So she was, deeply. She sat at concerts beside the shuddering Mary, and listened to the Eroica Symphony played through in one awful fortissimo, with sforzando thunder-claps. She did not know that she had heard it at home every winter for fifteen years until she read the name on the programme. Then she remembered to have heard some one say that the influence of Wagner had worked a great change in the readings of Beethoven, and said it too. When the great barytone—who, the Baronin had told them beforehand, was a very great barytone indeed, a Bayreuth barytone—came forth and sang Schubert's "Doppelgänger" without producing a single note in the key in which it was written, she told Mary that was something to remember all the days of their lives. Mary said so it was. There were many mysteries in the arts of painting and sculpture also that became as noonday now to Lucretia. And the illumination she received on the subject of German renaissance and rococo, and the admiration she obediently felt for them when told how truly great they were by a learned professor and two art critics, whom she met one evening at Mrs. Bounderbee's—all this and much more she confided over the samovar to her friend the Baronin, who agreed to everything.

Her sharp-eyed hostess had not failed at last to read many of Mrs. Lyman's affectations. But there was a delicate refinement of thought in the American woman, an almost maidenly purity, in fact, which the Baronin was much too intelligent not to recognize as sincere; there was a fastidiousness of personal taste and habits, and a familiarity with what the Baronin was accustomed to consider as luxuries for great ladies; and there was a dignified uprightness in matters of honor—all of which Madame von Räuberfels could not separate from her ideas of exalted social position. They were grown great friends by this time, their harmony nothing marred by occasional glimpses of the titled lady's inborn insolence. To do her justice, she held herself well in hand; all the more, perhaps, because Lucretia possessed a fine flourishing insolence of her own. They had long, long confidential talks at bedtime, after Mary grew tired and excused herself. Their themes were many, but always led back to one favorite subject — their own greatness. And once started on that, for every Saracen-killing Crusader the Baronin set forth, Lucretia produced an Indian-killing Governor; for every estate, an old homestead; for every Court Chamberlain—the Judge.

When the 15th of January came, it was welcome to every one. To Mary, because there remained only a fortnight till the 1st of February, and on that day she meant to be going over the Brenner Pass.

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The others hailed it because it was to bring the Baron. The forests had been sold, the mortgages paid off, a few hundreds remained. The Baron was returning in rather good spirits, and it was tacitly understood that he was prepared to take up the matter which his mother and Mary's sister had so much at heart, and carry it forward with energy. Madame von Räuberfels hoped that before another winter it would have become possible to replace Andreas by a trained lackey whose insolence was inherited from a long line of liveried ancestors, and to add a coachman whose furs should overshadow even the furs of their Royal Highnesses' coachmen.

Mrs. Lyman had her visions too, but they were more complex, and a little vague. Perhaps if they could have been reduced to visible form they would have resembled a rapidly spinning wheel more than anything, whose spokes were notes of admiration, with names for the thick ends, names of people and things she was busy appreciating. The spokes changed back and forth, interlaced, unwound, glowed, and faded, in true Catherine-wheel style. But the hub never changed. It was formed of a seven-pointed coronet.

Not being informed of her sister's resolution about the Brenner, Mrs. Lyman naturally had plans of her own. Unlike those of the Baronin, they extended no further than April, and a certain well-known resort in Tyrol, and they mingled the twenty-four bronze statues around the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian with chamois hunters in gray and green and a certain old Gräfin von Spitzl, whose company the Baronin had promised her, in a juxtaposition that had nothing incongruous in it for Lucretia. The Gräfin was Madame von Räuberfels's dearest friend. She had a horse profile, and a lineage so ancient that the Wittelsbachs and Hapsburgs were parvenues beside her. She often took tea with the Baronin —and when she met Mrs. Lyman next day on the street never looked at her. Lucretia said that was because the Gräfin was so near-sighted. This trip to Tyrol was often discussed between the Baronin and Mrs. Lyman. Both expected a great deal from it. And the latter had no manner of doubt that when spring came she should be cultivating her art and history in the society of the statues, and her morals and manners under the auspices of a Gräfin and a Baronin. It cannot be denied that all the instructors she had selected were capable of astonishing her by the wealth and variety of their information.

The afternoon train from Salzburg was dashing along at the mad rate of speed characteristic of German trains. Baron von Räuberfels stood in the window of a second-class carriage, holding a cigarette between his white teeth, and smiling with his red lips under their blond fringe. The onion-shaped towers of his native city lay already before him, not more than three miles away, and he had reason to believe that unless arrested by an accident he should be at the central station within an hour. The sooner the better. Baron von Räuberfels was impatient. Eight weeks is a long or a short time, according to the manner in which it has been spent.

For that matter, it would seem as if the interval had not been without its diversions for the Herr Baron. There was a forester's house in those deep woods of beech and fir where his business chiefly lay. It contained the usual "Bauernstube," full all day and all night of drinking peasants, hunters, and revenue officers, for the frontier was not far away. Two maid-servants brought the beer. They were young, black-eyed, high-colored, vain, jealous, and violent-tempered — a kind of female society in which Baron von Räuberfels always felt at home. He liked to bandy coarse jests with them, to flatter their vanity, excite their jealousy, and set them quarrelling with him and each other. An ignorant girl of that sort was seldom so bad that she could not become much worse after a short acquaintance with the Herr Baron.

Half a dozen steps from the forester's was the Jäger's house, well sheltered under a hill. Federl and Maier, the Duke's gamekeepers, lived there. Their two neat beds, covered with coarse blue check, stood in opposite corners, their peaked old hats and gray jackets hung all over the walls, between clusters of antlers—chamois, stag, and roe. From the rafters hung tails of beavers and brushes of foxes; their skins lay on the floor. Guns, trout rods, traps, calls, decoys, and Maier's zither stood around in corners, on tables, and in the deep window-seats, and the whole place was festooned with growing ivy. A cozy den to sit and gossip in with the two tall,

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grave, humorous Jäger. He accompanied those two good comrades and respectful attendants many a day, dressed like them in a becoming suit of gray and green, followed by a couple of busy, bandy, wagging "Dachs" dogs. Sometimes they passed near one of those places where the game is fed all winter; deep in the forest, close under the mountain-side. Leaving the main road, they stole silently in under bending fir boughs, between gray, mossy beech stems, till they were near enough to catch a glimpse of racks filled with fragrant hay, which also strewed the ground, and of shadowy figures moving lightly across an open space. The men held their breath, lurked behind trees, advanced just one step too far; there was a toss of antlers, a moment's poising of dainty heads, and away rushed the stampede up the mountain. Then they too, dismissing caution, rushed forward, and saw for one instant longer little roe and chamois pausing on the rocks above to look back at them; noble stags in full flight, disappearing at one bound behind the thickets; does and fawns standing almost unconcerned amid the general panic. The next moment, and there was nothing but gray rocks, brown Alms, and the twisted clumps of evergreens.

Usually the two game-keepers stuck faithfully to their work, hunting impartially foxes and poachers. But there were days when, as they started out, the chamois beard and curling cock feathers set up from the backs of their old hats with a swagger, their eyes met the Baron's significantly and glanced away in silence; the two dogs, looking half reckless, half disapproving, and wholly compromised, jogged close to their heels, disdaining any pretence of business. Then it was a brisk walk, a brisker climb, a plunge down the other side, and they came to a little black, weather-beaten inn—the Inn of the Jolly Hunter; and there was a still there, where schnapps was made from the gentian roots that grew on the slopes close by. Then a long carouse with such company as might be found there, and Federl's good-natured blue eyes and Maier's sensible gray ones were soon in no condition to distinguish between a poacher and the Duke himself.

If I have succeeded in making the reader at all acquainted with this nobleman, he will *not* be prepared now to hear that in spite of all these agreeable occupations time had hung heavy on the Herr Baron's hands. But it had, and the *ennui* had been chafed by delay into feverish impatience. The satisfactory sale of his forests, and the unwonted possession of ready money, did not suffice to divert his mind from the fortune which he believed lay within his reach. The angry squabbles of Hani and Nani over the privilege of serving him with fried batter and beer, although highly diverting, were not able to make him forget for one moment the sting of Mary St. John's contempt. He had no objection to marriage. He knew it was the only modern means by which a Herr Baron of expensive tastes could safely possess himself of other people's property. His desire for Mary's fortune became concentrated and intense by contemplation; but it was feeble beside the fierceness of his longing for absolute power over Mary herself. The recollection of her fair color and bright eyes, and the fresh breath of newly fallen snow that had stirred about her as she came in, haunted him, and awakened what he called love. Yes, he said to himself, he was in love. And he should have known, for he had said the same thing often before. Day and night he thought of her quiet, pale face and level gaze, that ignored him after he had made his speech. He did not regret the speech, nor was he in the least ashamed of it, but he raged again and again when he remembered how like a clumsy schoolboy he had sat there before her, helpless in the midst of the situation he had created. Baron von Räuberfels's mind was often a pleasant visiting-ground for philosophical spirits of the non-celestial order. It became now quite a favorite resort for connoisseurs from the lower regions, who cocked their heads on one side and surveyed the picture-gallery on view there with much intelligence.

The Baron, then, rejoiced and was impatient as he stood in the car window and watched the big cathedral looming ever nearer, and with it approaching those brief bridal days whose sentimental rapture was to be succeeded by the long satisfaction of spending Mary's money and teaching her her place. She should not, he thought—and this was what brought the plump pink smile under the thin blond mustache—she should never know what it was to have a will of her own after she had once called him master. He remembered several young women, wives of his very good friends. Mary should one day

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resemble those well-disciplined spouses of the higher military.

The train continued to devour space at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and finally dashed into the station. Little signal bells tinkled, other locomotives squealed, porters trotted, uniformed officials frowned and strutted. It was like a down-town German toy importer's at Christmas-time. Into the midst of this mighty cosmopolitan hurly-burly the Baron descended. Andreas, cap in hand, greeted him, and climbed into the coupé after his bags. The Baron strolled slowly up the platform. Across the rails, but quite near, a train was leaving. A gay party came fluttering down, and entered a first-class carriage just as it moved off.

The gentleman who had so lately arrived from Salzburg stopped and stared, and then he swore. Andreas, serious and painstaking, hurried up with the bags.

"Shall I call a droschke for the Gnädigen Herrn?"

"Andreas—" began his master, but checked himself, and merely told him to fetch a droschke, and be quick about it.

"You may put the rugs in here beside me, and take the large bag with you on the box," said he from the droschke window. "Is your mistress well?"

The Gnädige Frau was well. Andreas had learned by this time to hold on to the door with one hand and keep his cap in the other. It looked well, even when the carriage made its trip for sixty pfennigs, and the driver's nose matched the trimmings on his uniform.

"Are the American ladies with my mother still?"

"They were, gracious sir; but exactly this afternoon they had gone to spend a fortnight at Liebling-see. They went with a party of friends newly arrived; very 'elegant' friends!"

Andreas, who had heard his mistress use this word in speaking of Mrs. Lyman and Mary, and felt pleased at his own tact in using it to describe their company, was therefore startled at being ordered, with an oath, to stop his chatter and shut the door. He obeyed punctiliously, and climbed up beside the driver, to whom he confided, in answer to a jerk of the thumb toward the inside passenger, and an interrogative look, that if he could get the back wages due him, he would never consent to remain in a service where the soup was all water.

As the vehicle rattled off, the gentleman inside accompanied its progress with a stream of curses so solid and so grotesque that they might have attached themselves to the "Palais" fronts in passing, like a new kind of baronic decoration.

The party he had seen starting for Liebling-see were in better spirits. The newly arrived lady was Mrs. Lyman's "Laura." And Laura had more knowledge of the world than Lucretia. If Mrs. Lyman had desired to impress her correspondent by that letter in November, she had succeeded. Laura had come out of her way in going from Paris to Italy in order to tell her so. What more she told was certainly unexpected, but it produced one effect which was very welcome to Mary; it caused her sister to enter with enthusiasm into that plan for crossing the Brenner Pass at an early date. The story, whatever it was, was being repeated now in that first-class carriage which held the party Baron von Räuberfels had recognized with so little satisfaction. How he would have hated to hear Laura—he had already hated Laura herself for several years—saying, in her mocking voice, which he knew only too well:

"Yes, my dear, that was he—the very man. He followed the girl to Wiesbaden. They were almost engaged. The father arrived, and he had been making inquiries. They were far from satisfactory. There was a scene; the Baron left under a cloud; the girl got herself talked about next week with a new adventurer. Oh, I assure you, a very commonplace affair. But it made a great talk. To hear the other foreigners, you would have thought the rich Americans were the only vulgar element in it. But the Von Räuberfels, mother and son, were just as bad form in their way."

And now came Mrs. Lyman's compensation for that want of humor which her friends sometimes considered a defect. She never suspected that she had been making herself ridiculous. She enjoyed the scorn she now felt for her late friends quite untempered by self-knowledge. She enjoyed, too, the lively descriptions of the Baron's wooing which Laura and her mother and her brother were giving, laughed at the grammar of the impossible Americans, and despised mercenary marriages with a pleasant sense of her own culture and disinterestedness. Laura and her brother were very amusing. It was

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a gay party in that coupé. Mary's was the only grave face there.

One afternoon a gorgeous sunset was sending floods of misty gold down the street. The fat-legged Cupids, holding solid wreath-like festoons of sausages above the house door opposite, seemed to bask in the glow; the window-panes glistened joyously. Baron von Räuberfels entered his mother's sitting-room a few minutes before five, and stood looking about him. The room was empty, but the samovar was already there, and he could hear his mother's voice on the other side of the door which led to Mrs. Lyman's apartments. The door opened and let out a little gush of talk. His mother came in, followed a moment later by Mrs. Lyman, and, after a long interval, by Mary, as if she were half disposed not to come at all.

There was a becoming light in the shabby old room. The Baronin's large handsome figure, small regular features, and pretty faded complexion never looked better. Her face was set with an expression of controlled excitement, a bright color burned high up on either cheek. Her lips were scarlet. She came quickly to the tea table, and began to move the cups about. He did not notice her; he was watching the door of Mrs. Lyman's apartment.

"Curt!" she said, sharply.

"But what?" he said, turning to her in surprise.

"Say what you have to say now; it is your only chance."

His reply was merely a rapid stringing together of several saints' names, but it expressed anger and incredulity. She glanced back at Mrs. Lyman, who was serenely making her way toward them, and muttered, bitterly, "They leave to-morrow."

Mrs. Lyman came in her turn within the rich glow of the large bow-window. She bore it even better than the Baronin. She was as tall as her hostess, and fairer, as well as much younger. The light caught the waves of her rich auburn hair, and rested pleasantly on her pure-looking mouth and chin. The composed insolence of her eyes and nose above was simply ineffable. It said that she had learned, since they parted, that almost everybody was a Baron, and had decided in future to associate with nothing lower than a Graf. There was much ease, but no motherly benignity this time, in her greeting to Herr von Räuberfels, who was occupied with himself, and did not notice any change in her, but met her with square-shouldered phlegm. His blond coloring outshone in transparent brilliancy the complexions of the two ladies. There was a spark in his close gray eyes.

The February sun dipped and was gone. A gray light filled the room. Mary came quietly in. She had been standing on the other side of the door, asking Fate if there were no particularly unpleasant medicine it could offer her instead of tea out of that samovar? Or would it accept the sacrifice of a little finger as a substitute? Receiving no answer, she said: "Well, I'll make it a tooth! There!" But Fate declined to consider the proposition.

Comforted, as she always was in a dilemma, by indulging in a bit of quiet nonsense, she pulled herself together, and slowly joined the others.

There was no one but the Baron with whom to exchange greetings, for she had already met his mother many times that day since their return.

Completely upset by his mother's words, by the memory of their last meeting, and doubt as to her reception of him, the Baron lost all the phlegm which usually served him instead of composure, and once more behaved like a self-conscious school-boy. She saw it, but without mockery. Her smiles could never be awakened by another's discomfiture. Her manner, which was already kinder than it had ever been before, grew still more gentle. The same thought which had imparted an extra self-possession to the retroussé lines of Lucretia's nose made Mary's eyelids fall in regret and perplexity. To the Baronin, whose suppressed excitement pained her, her manner was winningly respectful. And whatever it was that had brought out her humility and Lucretia's arrogance, it was enough to make her forget for the moment the son's offence to herself.

Baron von Räuberfels, thinking only and always of himself, was watching her closely. He looked for resentment, but did not find it; for embarrassment; that was also wanting. What was it, then? He could not tell. The first thing evidently was to find out what his mother's words had meant. Mrs. Lyman saved him that trouble.

"Wir mussen sagen adieu Morgen,

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Herr Baron," said she, in her Lindley Murray German.

"Ah! Why was that? But it was impossible!"

No, Lucretia assured him, it was not at all impossible. They had decided to go to Rome at once with their friends the Berkshires. These were, she told him, her charming old friend Mrs. Berkshire, with her daughter Laura and her son Frank. The Berkshires were an old Massachusetts family. The Herr Baron might have heard of them. They were travelling very pleasantly, with two maids and a—

Mary interrupted here, asking for more tea, and adding half a dozen questions in rapid succession. But she did not make anything by that, for in the first pause her sister went composedly on—

"With a courier."

"That is because the mother is quite old and feeble," added Mary, quickly. "They are very simple people like ourselves. We are glad to be with them because they are old friends, and we were beginning to feel just a little homesick, in spite of your goodness to us, dear Frau Baronin." She said it in English, calling her that for the first time, and smiled in her face with such frank kindness that the painful flush which had settled there at the mention of Mrs. Berkshire's name faded away.

The name was lost on Baron von Räuberfels. He had been looking at Mary when it was spoken. He saw her face change, and her gentle deference to his mother increase. And he marked that she avoided looking at him. As to what her sister might be saying, after she had once confirmed his mother's warning, he had no will to seek for a meaning in the odd mixture of English construction with German words, and a pronunciation that she had invented for herself, which Lucretia offered him in the way of conversation. Moreover, the change in her deportment was making itself felt at last, even to his self-absorption. He began to see that he disapproved of Mrs. Lyman. But he had no time now to consider why. Every faculty he possessed was awake to another problem—Mary. So long as she remained self-possessed there seemed to be no satisfactory solution. But when she changed color and avoided his eye! Baron von Räuberfels said to himself that a man must be dull indeed who could not understand that. His mother too, although she was far better informed as to facts than he, could find no other explanation for the manner in which Mary was treating them both than the one which convinced her son. That a person could suffer for another's mortification, that you could treat people with respectful attention only because you had discovered they had no claim upon it—the Frau Baronin and the Herr Baron must have been supplied with a new set of faculties to recognize motives so impractical.

The Baron's eyes were like two narrow sparks, and his cheeks flamed too, in the twilight. He looked at his mother, and she returned the look.

Andreas, curious, clumsy, and painstaking, in blue and buttons, brought in the lamp.

"Dear Mrs. Lyman," cried the Baronin, "you have quite forgotten to show me that set of peasant silver you brought from Liebling-see. Would you kindly let me see it now? To-morrow we shall forget it in the leave-taking. Andreas, take the lamp into Mrs. Lyman's room for a moment. But, no, my dear"—to Mary—"we will return immediately. Ah, do not, I pray, leave us so early this last evening." Her voice was almost imploring, and revealed the agitation her face had suppressed.

If Mary had never heard from Laura Berkshire the story of Baron von Räuberfels's misadventure with an American heiress, she would not have remained now. As it was, she thought, "They will know I know it, and avoid him. They have been mortified enough." So she sat still.

The only light now came from the lamp in Mrs. Lyman's sitting-room. It stood on a table close by the open door, and threw its rays almost to where Mary sat. The two elder ladies stood by the table, outwardly as intimate as ever.

"Here," said Mrs. Lyman's voice, "are the head pins; these are the chains. Are not these filigree buttons exquisite? And this"—holding up a clasp—"is the Schliesse."

She called it "Schee-say," and Mary was smiling mischievously in the shadow where she sat, when she was recalled to herself by the Baron taking a chair close beside her. Her startled look broke the last hold of his self-control, and in another moment he was pouring out a declaration of love. When she could gather her

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astonished self together, she found that it was a declaration not of his love only, but of hers. He never once asked her. He assumed everything, and overshadowed the proud American girl with strange foreign diminutives of endearment and possession.

She had risen, and they stood for a moment facing each other. A crescent moon was shining over the "Palais" roof opposite. There was light enough to show her white face. "The Herr Baron has made a mistake," she said. "He will find the person he is seeking in Hunding's hut."

The next moment he was alone.

ENGLISH LYRICS UNDER THE FIRST CHARLES.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

JONSON, Massinger, Bacon, Otway, and Chapman were living yet, to mark the after-glow of the unparalleled splendor which filled the reign of Elizabeth, when Charles the First ascended the throne. Their race, indeed, was not to be perpetuated. Hardly had their sonorous cadences died away, or become in part absorbed into the noble prose-writing of the next generation, when the new poets flocked in abreast to divert temporarily the whole order of things. Few in authority have spoken with the graciousness they merit of these fugitive singing-birds, coming thus in the breathing-space between two mighty eras, fluttering, as it were, between the pinnacles of old achievement, their memory so vapor-like, their work so experimental and light. Individuality these slender poets had, and, in not a few instances, exquisite taste and spirit. It may be to their loss now that they did little for art's sake, but spent their sensitive, correlative lives in pleasing one another and the King. If they have not their due number of appreciators among us, it is only because of a suspicion that, despite their heedless grace (which to-day arrives at the dignity of a lost science), they are too much like ourselves—anticipating the lyric tendencies of the latter half of the nineteenth century by their own masterpieces in miniature, and by their unfailing preference of emotion above action, and of beauty above stability.

I.—JAMES GRAHAM.

James Graham, the intrepid Marquis of Montrose, the hero whose story in Aytoun's splendid ballad every boy knows by heart, the Scotch peer, serving in French armies, joining the Covenanters on his return to England, and presently zealously espousing the King's cause, incessantly on the field, planning sieges, retreats, campaigns, and dying on the scaffold at the age of thirty-eight, had apparently no time for gentle pursuits. But without turning aside to the quiet of any study, he sang his battle songs as he lived them: his words are the very fibre of his work. Doomed at the last to be literally torn piecemeal and hung over the gates of four cities, he lamented solely that he had not limbs enough to furnish all Christendom with proofs of his loyalty. It was impossible that partisan feeling so strong as this should not have pervaded his verses. His soul-stirring elegy on Charles, "great, good, and just"—which our friend Pepys fell a-singing of to his own tune one morning before he was out of bed—is said to have been written with the point of a sword. If the circumstance were related of everything attributed to Montrose, it could be readily believed. Bellona masquerading might have been his Muse. His vocation betrays itself line after line. He was not a literary man, but a soldier, as Mr. Lowell says of another, "with an Æolian attachment."

His most popular lyric, "My Dear and Only Love," stands as the fairest illustration of his nervous diction. Several stanzas in the same metre, beginning, "My dear and only love, take heed," are, by a repeated error, frequently printed as its supplementary part. The air whereto the words were put was exceedingly well known in England ere "Montrose's Lyns" made it so eventually in Scotland. Sir Walter Scott intelligently revised the close, but the famous second and last verses can afford to stand precisely as their author left them:

"An Alexander will I reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on the throne.

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He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

* * * * *

"But if thou wilt prove faithful then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more."

In Montrose's imperious rhyme, little of it as he wrote, his turn of thought is recognizable throughout, sometimes reaching a charming felicity of language, oftener marching over its ill endings so proudly that one repents of having noticed them. Thus when he speaks again of Alexander:

"As Philip's noble son did still disdain
All but the dear applause of merited fame,
And nothing harbored in that lofty brain
But how to conquer an eternal name,
So great attempts, heroic ventures, shall
Advance my fortune or renown my fall."



JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE. OB. 1650.
From the original of Vandyck, in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Montrose.

He puts this haughty yet smiling footnote to Cæsar's Commentaries,

"Tho' Cæsar's paragon I cannot be,
Yet will I soar in thoughts as high as he."

How true Montrose was to his ideal as he saw it, history tells. Under happier auspices, with leisure and opportunities, he would have done much for our early literature. Few lyrics surpass his in conciseness and completeness. Even as it was, though his music was swallowed up in the noise of war, and so passed, it could not fail of its influence; for his note, of all struck in his time, is sincerest and most direct, and, to use the word which old Fuller sagaciously coined, is most like "cordiloquy," frank, and ebullient as water from a spring. Less of the court than of the camp, simple, upright, chivalric, Montrose was the King's singer pre-eminently. The poet in him happened; but his manliness was no accident. It would be hard to name any of his compeers at once so steadfast and so serious as he.

II.—SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Leigh Hunt, a critic supremely alive to all beauty, once said that had Anacreon been a fine gentleman of the age of Charles the First he would have written the "Ballad on a Wedding." In the sportive irony of this delightful performance Hazlitt also found a freshness and purity like the breath of the morning. On it rests Suckling's chief claim to the remembrance of posterity.

One is inclined to treat Sir John offhandedly on slight acquaintance, so full is he of childish rogueries. But a shade of sober interest comes over our dealings with him when he is regarded as the friend of Ben Jonson, Carew, and Hale of Eton; the cordial appreciator of Shakespeare; the pride of his contemporaries; and the hope of all England, until his strange and sudden death on his way to France ere he had seen his thirty-fourth year out. He himself, less volatile than his verses, had a streak in him of deep

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thoughtfulness. He was born either at Whitton, in Middlesex, or at Twickenham, between 1608 and 1612, his father being Comptroller of the Household to James I., and a man of grave and studious temperament. The boy, who inherited his mental quickness, was remarkable from his cradle, and is said to have spoken Latin fluently at the age of five. In his early youth he affiliated himself with the political and religious controversies which were even then muttering throughout England the menace of civil war, and wrote an elegant and forcible letter on the needs of the times. He travelled, with keen eyes open, on the Continent, and after gratifying a longing for military experience, emerged whole (under Providence, rather than under Gustavus Adolphus) from a dozen battles, sieges, and skirmishes, barely twenty, and covered with honor. Returning homeward, he entered upon dramatic composition, and lavished his money on the wits about town. With his wonted impetuosity, Suckling raised and equipped a troop of horse for the King's service, at an enormous personal expense. But his one hundred gaudy soldiers ran ingloriously away when the Scotch defeated the royal army in 1639, and their deserted leader was ridiculed right and left by the thankless wits. Not even his proper prowess was respected. The attacks were mostly in the metre of his famous ballad; and many of them, in a waggish parody of its opening line, winged their "I tell thee, Jack!" back to him, like an arrow of his own feather.

Lloyd thinks the unfortunate affair helped to shorten his days. Some other shades of anxiety fell at this time over his bright life, for he was impeached by the House of Commons for conspiring to rescue the Earl of Strafford, and was hurried to the Continent to avoid his impending trial. A rumor was started by Lord Roscommon that Suckling's valet, having stolen a precious casket, poisoned his master, into whose foot he struck a knife before making his escape. Warton states a little more plausibly that on being robbed, Sir John, eager for pursuit, "clapped on his boots in a passionate hurry," and, pierced by an unperceived rusty nail, suffered mortification of the heel, and died in May of 1641. But we know that the Spanish Inquisition had hurt him, mind and body; and it looks more than likely that he brought about his own death, while insane, by poison. Such was the end of poor Suckling, kind as Titus in his little realm, and brilliant as Alcibiades.

None of his plays have survived. Pepys saw a comedy of his, *The Goblins*, which he was pleased to call "pretty." "The Session of Poets," whose bantering humor marks it as a sort of shabby progenitor of Lowell's "Fable for Critics," is, like all of Suckling's writings, of posthumous publication. Whatever wit there is in it is irretrievably marred by the laxity and roughness of the rhythm. But at his best Suckling is delightfully buoyant, fresh, and animated, with all the warm impulses of youth at his beck. Some of his minor pieces have an irresistible charm. He is never quite tranquil, and inclines to be amusingly caustic and restless. "Why so Pale and Wan, fond Lover?" with its peculiar little vehement epilogue, is very characteristic of him:

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well won't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

"Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

"Quit, quit, for shame! This will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
(The Devil take her!)"

Such gay and disdainful trifles are frequent in Suckling's pages. More than all the minstrels of his era, he would be anything rather than tedious. He has the art of saying much in few words, and of never pushing beyond limits. He seems to have had a shy dread of being thought seriously tender or melancholy: his revelations of feeling are gingerly, to say the least. He runs into a quaint reserve so soon as he touches the border of sentiment. His compliments are all frolicsome. "Since I saw you I have been planet-struck!" he sighs to Lady Seymour, and you imply with surprise from the context that this is but the fantastic expression of a real emotion.

Scire si liceret quæ debes subire, Suckling puts into his own terse and whimsical English:

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"If man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know.
But if he undergo it,
Tho' he know it,
What boots him to know it?
He must undergo it."

"A Soldier" is among the brightest of his lyrics. Its saucy swagger is unique:

"A man am I of war and might,
And know this much, that I can fight,
Whether I am in the wrong or right,
Devoutly.
No woman under heaven I fear;
New oaths I can exactly swear;
And forty healths my brain will bear
Most stoutly."

In "The Metamorphosis" we have the last of gentle Sir John and his rogueries:

"The Little Boy, to show his might and power,
Turn'd Io to a cow, Narcissus to a flower,
Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable; but, by th' mass,
H'as metamorphos'd me into an ass!"



SIR JOHN SUCKLING.
From an original picture in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Suckling was comparatively free from the faults of his contemporaries. He was satisfied, surrounded as he was with adulation, busy, famous, and certain of his public, to be himself, and to forbear striving after effect. Yet even he mounted ever and anon on stilts, prefiguring the august shapes of Cowley and Waller, who walked seldom on anything else. Suckling's brain was too healthful and free for lengthened conceits, and his offences in that particular are so light and elusive that one is not certain whether he is not "playing as if." The desire of fame, or the desire of any reward beyond the flash of beauty's angered eye, or her smile in token of his praises, seems never to have entered his mind. He used his sparkling pen with childlike unconcern, and died too young to have shown the best that was in him.

III.—RICHARD CRASHAW.

No one who comes adventuring after the loveliness of these far-off isles of song will ignore Richard Crashaw, whose life closed in a foreign land just as Cromwell began to gather authority into his strong hands, and who is as detached from the vital influences of his day as if he had inhabited the world alone. His life passed in consecrated quiet. Born in London about 1616, he inherited from his father, an author and preacher, a predilection for mystical and devotional subjects. An Anglican minister expelled from his living, a courtier taking no preferment, he died, in 1650, Canon of Catholic Loretto, helped to that office, through Cowley's kindness, by the exiled Henrietta Maria. His poetry, deeply religious, is surcharged with the purest enthusiasm. He began his "Steps to the Temple" while haunting St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, and the sanctuary shadow lengthens over his pages to the last. Always fervent, his opulent diction rises at times into the utmost energy and dignity: wonderful lark-like flights, rapturous and brief. Pope, the prince of borrowers, openly appropriated him and openly admired him, saying of his disinterested habit that "he writ like a gentle-

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FRANCIS QUARLES.
From a scarce print by Marshall, prefixed to his "Enchiridion."

man, more to keep out of idleness than to establish a reputation." But Crashaw, if ever man did, became an author rather because he could not help it. He was one of the seraphic host "who continually do cry." Cowley, like Selden, praised and befriended him, and sang of him in his familiar "Elegy":

"Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven!"

Crashaw's boyish epigram on the miracle at Cana, long supposed to be Dryden's, and his "Wishes" concerning

"The not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me,"

are not strange to modern ears. He was an incessant translator, and is said to have been skilled in music, drawing, and engraving.

With all Crashaw's beauty and aptitude of phrasing, his work is irredeemably injured by the false Italian basis on which his style is built, and by an aggravating redundancy of conceits and forced metaphors. "No poet since his time, save Swinburne," comments Mr. Maurice Egan, in an excellent sketch of Crashaw, "has been so given to dilution and repetition." A paragraph from "The Weeper," taken at random, will show better than disquisitions where and why he failed to outlast some of his less gifted fellows:

"Hail, silver springs!
Parents of silver-forded rills!
Ever-bubbling things!
Thawing crystal, snowy hills,
Still spending, never spent:
I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!"

His sudden checking of expletives in order to explain to the saint his precise drift, looks hopelessly funny nowadays. Yet let none give the author, who had in him so much of what himself calls "intellectual day," any but the gentlest raillery. His diction, to use again his own stately lines, comes oftenest in

"Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers."

IV.—WILLIAM HABINGTON.

William Habington's is a more unfamiliar name. Of an illustrious Catholic family, one or two of whose scions had the distinction of being hanged, drawn, and quartered for the sake of Mary Stuart, his father suffered two imprisonments, and his mother, Lord Morley's daughter, is said to have been the writer of the famous letter of warning whereby the Gunpowder Plot was discovered. Born in 1605, in the midst of anxieties, Habington grew up to be an exceedingly placid and urbane poet,

"singing thro' the world
In most melodious unconcern."

He wooed and won his Castara from the parental bosom of Herbert, Lord Powis, and spent his life both before and after in sounding her praises. "Habington," says Campbell, "is ostentatiously Platonic." But his mind was chaste and calm, and its natural outcome was in just such moderation as is apt to seem cold. He was little of a critic toward his own work.

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He has few fine spurts; but his best has the quality of impressiveness and sweetness. The "Description of Castara,"

"Like the violet which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betrayed,"

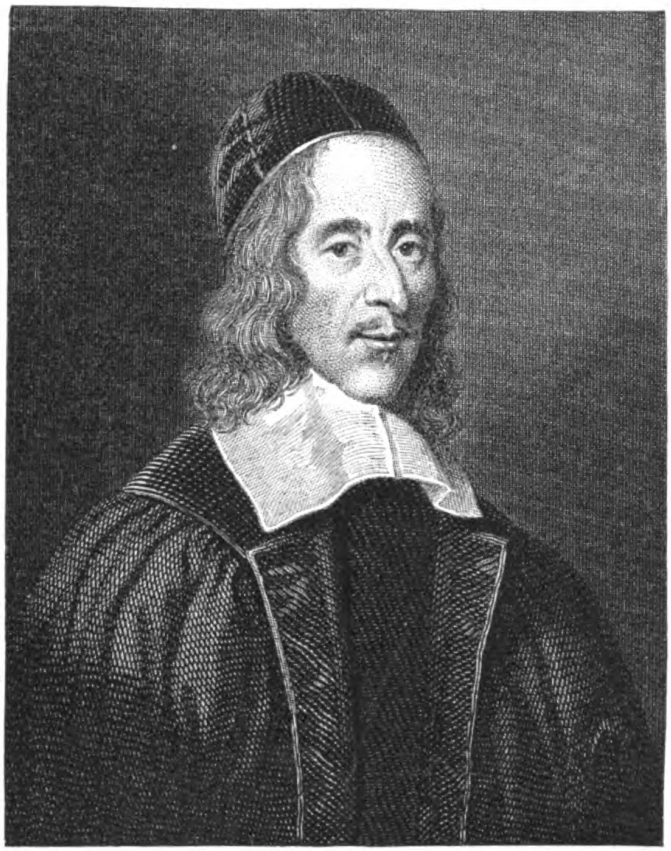
immediately recalls Wordsworth's maiden,

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden to the eye";

just as another line of Habington's,

"Folly boasts a glorious blood:
She is noblest, being good,"

reverts to Tennyson's celebrated phrase in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." It is interesting in the extreme to search out the analogies, suggested at every turn, between our modern poets and this Caroline choir. A play of Habington's was enacted at Whitehall in 1640, and another, with prologue and epilogue supplied by Butler, after the Restoration. Habington's sympathies were certainly royalist; but his political attitude was curiously neutral; without double-dealing, he saved himself the "forlorn estate" of Wither, and the martyrdom of Montrose.



GEORGE HERBERT.
From a scarce print by White, prefixed to his Poems.

V.—FRANCIS QUARLES.

Not of such judicious make was Francis Quarles, a poet much underrated by his successors, who, subscribing himself the King's "true-hearted and loyal liegeman," kept his faith good through all consequent personal misfortune, even to the loss of his property and the destruction of his beloved libraries. His mind was entangled far more than Cowley's in the "cobwebs of the schools." Reading his voluminous pages is like walking swiftly over a ploughed field, where any progress becomes a matter of discomfort. Yet his prose has delightful vigor and simplicity.

His major efforts are "Job Militant," "A Feast for Worms," "The History of Esther," "Sion's Elegies (Wept by Jeremie the Prophet and Periphras'd by Francis Quarles, 1624)," and "Sion's Sonnets, Sung by Solomon the King, and readapted after the same Fashion." Far more valuable, however, are the "Emblems," the "Divine Fancies" (dedicated in 1630 to the King), and the "Enchiridion," of which Headley wrote, "Had this little book been produced in Athens, its author would have been numbered among the wise men of his country." The Scriptural "periphrases," it is scarcely necessary to add, are not above mediocrity; "for when," asks Dr. Johnson, *ex cathedra*—"when has any poet succeeded in sacred verse?"

Quarles is noticeably quaint, as we now understand that word, in his phraseology. Grosart has made a Quarles glossary, recording his use of many obsolete words, which have a singular interest. He wrote a number of epigrams of great pith and sense. He had as much piety as Vaughan or Crashaw, and was far more of an ascetic than either. Yet his couplet on faith runs:

"The oft-shaken tree grows faster at the root,
And faith's most firm that's sometimes vrg'd [*sic*] with doubt."

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ROBERT HERRICK.
From a rare print by Marshall, prefixed to his "Hesperides."

Quarles was the writer of the fine Westminster Abbey epitaph on Drayton, once attributed to rare Ben himself:

"Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they and what their children owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory and preserve his story;
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee."

"Fade" in the ninth line may be an old misprint for "fall," as Quarles was careful in his metaphors. His elegies are full of feeling, despite their odd structure. He closes that to the memory of his brother, Sir Robert Quarles, by translating him in an ecstatic singing condition to the "sacrosanctious quire." Be it some warrant for present and future homage given to Quarles in his due measure, that Phillips, John Milton's nephew, wrote him, probably with Milton's sanction, "the darling of our plebeian judgments."

VI.—GEORGE HERBERT.

The gentle and virtuous lines of George Herbert find and fill their places yet in minster aisles and in the text-books of children. He has enjoyed in generous measure the homage of Coleridge and of Ruskin. Of Herbert little need be told, for the wisdom of "Jacula Prudentum" is on a thousand tongues, and his little chant,

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,"

is one which all English-speaking readers remember. A younger brother of the eccentric and romantic Lord Herbert of Cherbury, he was born at Montgomery Castle in 1593, and died, the beloved rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, in 1632. He had been a delicate and promising child, much attached to his mother, of whom later John Donne wrote,

"No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face."

Herbert's career was one of exceeding outward peace, and the "light, joy, leisure," which made the heaven of his fellow-poet's dreams, were not lacking him on earth. Yet he had his long and keen mental struggle to make his name the moral power it is. He had tasted the world, and known what it was to see

"brave glory puffing by
In silks that whistled,"

as he beautifully sings in "The Quip." His volume *The Temple* was published posthumously under the supervision of Nicholas Ferrar, his close friend. A pretty fac-simile of this first edition of 1633 was printed two years ago in London by T. Fisher Unwin, containing an admirable prologue on Herbert by the author of *John Inglesant*.

VII.—ROBERT HERRICK.

A still richer immortality has awaited Robert Herrick. Of the troubled Cavalier, the pagan clergyman, the city-loving

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wit, the wine-and-honey poet who lacked contemporaneous praises, but believed fully in his own perennial fame, nothing can be said that is not now superfluous. His faith is amply rewarded. His veriest trifle, instinct with life, has become

"the lyric
Ever on the lip."

Every modern lover of spring grass, of holiday music, of mistletoe and country cream, is also a lover of Herrick. Of him latterly much has been sung and said; but he has had no tribute above Mr. Abbey's exquisite imaginative drawings, in the sumptuous volume published by the Harpers, here overseas, in the year of grace 1883.

VIII.—THOMAS CAREW.

Thomas Carew, like Herbert, was the junior brother of a knight, and a zealous Royalist. On returning from his travels he was appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Sewer in Ordinary to Charles I. He led a revelling, butterfly life, and died at fifty, according to Clarendon, "with the greatest manifestation of Christianity which his best friends could desire."

Carew was very popular, living on familiar terms with Donne, May, Suckling, Lovelace, Jonson, and Davenant, and hearing on every side his own glad and fluent verses sung to the music of William and Henry Lawes. Pope studied him, and of course borrowed from him. Suckling's insinuation in the "Session" that Carew wrote with difficulty is not to be implicitly believed. All evidence goes to prove that his "trouble and pain" were expended not on the actual bringing forth, but rather on the polishing and emending of his work. The most elegant lyric poet of his age, he is yet, as Hallam justly remarks, inferior to Waller in choice and judgment, in the nice knowledge when to stop, in the equability which never offends, and in attention to the unity and thread of his little pieces. Carew's literary faults are everywhere outweighed by an ease and grace indescribable. Amatory and laudatory in the extreme, he is apt to throw saving hints at Celia, his "Ungrateful Beauty":

"That killing power is none of thine!
I gave to thee thy lips and eyes;
Thy sweets and graces all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies:
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightnings on him that fixed thee there."

And in the midst of further threats that what he has made he can unmake, we discover one noble, steadily marching couplet which even Pope might have hesitated to alter:

"Wise poets that wrap Truth in tales,
Know her themselves thro' all her veils."

Carew can reach the heart with simple, unforced pathos. In his epitaph on the Lady Mary Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham's little daughter, he alludes to the child's parents and sad friends, and so closes:



THOMAS CAREW.
From a picture by Vandyck in her Majesty's collection at Windsor Castle.

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"If any of them, reader! were
Known unto thee, shed a tear;
Or if thyself possess a gem
As dear to thee as this to them,
Art thou a stranger to this place,
Bewail in theirs thine own hard case,
For thou, perhaps, at thy return,
May'st find thy darling in an urn!"

For so correct a writer, he is singularly unwary at times, and slips unexpectedly into the ridiculous. In another epitaph, embosomed in admirable numbers, starts up this astonishing triplet:

"the soul grew so fast within
It broke the outer shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin"!

The "New Year's Wish to his Majesty" is wholly in the half-arch manner of Carew:

"Circle with peaceful olive boughs
And conquering bays his regal brows;
Let his strong virtues overcome
And bring him bloodless trophies home;
Strew all the pavements where he treads
With loyal hearts or rebels' heads."

Charles was doubtless gratified at the prospect of the "bloodless trophies," and at the invitation, all too appropriate for a Stuart, to walk over his dear friends and lovers; but had his eldest son been reigning, the court poet might never have heard the last of the alternative in the final line.

Carew's minor songs are uniformly sweet and ingenious. Capable of sustained effort, it was his habit to devote his energies to exquisite trifles. One of them had the identical refrain, "Ask me no more," which we now associate with an interlude in "The Princess." Worthy of all praise, likewise, is his masque, *Cœlum Britannicum*, with its beautiful running prose commentary. It is singular that Carew's "Primrose" ever could have been regarded as Herrick's. Its note of indefinite sadness is scarcely attributable to the poet of the "Hesperides," whose daintiest fancy had habitually a more robust expression. How glistening and frail is the whole texture of this little antique lyric! One handles it precisely as if it were the gentle early blossom it commemorates:

"Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears:
The sweets of love are wash'd in tears.

"Ask me why this flower doth show
So yellow, pale, and sickly too;
Ask me why its stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
O, I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover!"

That is very tender and natural. Carew was a born artist, conscious as Dryden, who, when he went against his finer sense, even in a transient mood, was well aware of it. He led the harping gallants of his day, and outvied them in extravagant flatteries; yet

"a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,"

in his own words, prevailed with him beyond all the allurements of sense.

IX.—RICHARD LOVELACE.

Survivor of Suckling and Montrose, and third in that trio of soldier-poets, Richard Lovelace was a most interesting writer. Born in Kent in 1618, of a race illustrious for military talents, himself of remarkable personal beauty, he led an active life in the Royalist service, falling at length from affluence and social cheer into absolute penury and oblivion. He was the Philip Sidney of his day in valor and in patience, and seems always to have clung to Sidney's memory. Lovelace's Lucasta, for whom his book was named, was Lucy Sacheverell, who, believing him to have died of his wound, married another shortly before his return to England. Richard, not incurably grieved, afterward won an humbler wife, but died in 1658, alone, in a miserable lodging near Shoe Lane. His daughter and only child is said to have espoused the son of Lord Chief-Justice Coke, and to have brought as her dowry her father's Kentish estates. Yet her father perished in extreme indigence. It was a grimly tragic end to a career so brilliant. Once, indeed, in Praed's gallant measure,

"For him the proudest bowed beneath a feather;
For him the coldest blushed behind a fan."

His poems were printed in the following year, by William Godbid for Clement Darby, with an elaborate frontispiece and portrait. It is Carew Hazlitt who suggests that the "Dick" of Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding" may have been Richard Lovelace. The two were certainly friends, and the conjecture is a pleasant possibility.

Like all good men and true of his day, Lovelace embroidered his Saxon speech with conceits and filigrees. Rash as are

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his pretty strophes on "Amaranthe's Shining Hair," on "Lucasta Paying her Obsequies," and on "Gratiana Dancing," who will abide this agricultural apostrophe of a lady's glove:

"Thou snowy farm with thy five tenements!"

whose figure is carried on in cold blood through rents, tillage, and ejections? His versification is generally hasty and heedless. Some allowance for the lack of smoothness may be made here, as well as for Suckling, since neither lived to supervise his printed book. Lovelace's phraseology is frequently naïve to the last degree. "Reverend lady-cows" are in his pastures; and his apostatizing acquaintances are "as the divel not half so trewe!" He rendered literally the diverting old French sophism, *Si Jacques le Roy du Scavoir:*

"If James, the king of wit,
To see me found not fit,
Sure this the cause hath been:
That, ravished with my merit,
He thought I was all spirit,
And so not to be seen!"

"The Falcon," "The Snail," and "Female Glory" afford a good study of Lovelace's wonted manner. His two noblest lyrics are simply incomparable.

We owe to the Parliamentarians, and to their propensity for caging the King's singing-birds, Lovelace's romantic and spirited prison-songs to Lucasta and to Althea. The second is generally known by the initial line of the closing stanza, "Stone walls do not a prison make." It is too long for insertion here, and too precious to divide into sections; but every reader will rate it as a masterpiece. Sir Roger l'Estrange figures in Hannah's *Courtly Poets* as the author of an elaborate monologue on the "Liberty of the Imprisoned Royalist," strikingly like Lovelace's, and partaking of its energy and cheer. It has, moreover, its own felicities:

"My King from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?"



RICHARD LOVELACE.
From an original picture at Dulwich College.

It might surprise Lovelace, who had but a modest opinion of himself, despite the popular adoration, to know how many bosoms have throbbed over his farewell "To Lucasta on Going to the Wars." Its high tenderness is very characteristic of his genius. This song is like the "Dear and Only Love" of that other rapid writer, Montrose, inasmuch as no painstaking could have made either more shapely and strong; and they rank together as two "beautiful old rhymes," more chivalrous in thought and expression than any of their kindred in English literature:

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I flee.

"True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

"Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more!"

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X.—GEORGE WITHER.

A voice less hopeful, George Wither's, sang from the stormy depths of his eventful life, still looking to his art for cheer and comfort:

"Therefore, Muse, to thee I call.
Thou, since nothing else avails me,
Must redeem me from my thrall:
If thy sweet enchantment fails me,
Then adieu, life, love, and all!"

The plaint profited little; for he never wrote again with his accustomed grace, once having mingled in the world's harsh strife. Reaping his early successes under James I., and a few years later, for his ingenuous satire "Abuses Stript and Whipt," committed to the Marshalsea, his yet indomitable fancy there producing "The Shepheard's Hunting," he became a warm Loyalist and Churchman under King Charles, and again, on second thought, the most fiery Puritan in England, espousing the Parliamentary cause, and rising to the rank of Major-General. Denham once interceded for him when there was question of capital punishment, saying, laughingly, that he would not be considered the worst poet in England if only his brother bard might be spared. Wither's last publication was in 1641; he was thereafter wholly and deeply engaged in civil interests. "Wither's later years," says Edward Parr, "were worn out with discord and fanaticism, with penury and sorrow." In the plague of 1625 he remained in London with his wife (herself a celebrated wit and something of a poet), living in a hut on the banks of the Thames, and nursing the sick with unstinted devotion. At the Restoration, Wither's property was confiscated, and he was a second time imprisoned, removed from Newgate to the Tower, and kept in durance three years; assuaging the weariness of lonely hours with the fumes of Sir Walter's weed, for whose consolations he solemnly blessed Heaven. In 1667 he died, and was buried in Savoy Church, in the Strand.

Wither's character was marked by seriousness and probity, and his convictions are reflected in natural and virile verse; that produced in his youth is of wonderful sweetness. His career has no "strayed honor"; and he talks high-handedly to judges and Kings. Considering the enormous bulk of his writings, he preserves an astonishingly even excellence. It is impossible for him to be hurried or ambiguous. First and last, he is pertinaciously clear; his measures balance like Pope's own; his speech is the most obvious and explicit thing in literature, where even the drivel, inevitable enough, is not too vexatious. His fame must have faded early, for in 1699 the sententious John Pomfret, one of Dr. Johnson's worthies, was able to announce, "To please every one would be a new thing, and to write so as to please no one would be as new, for even Quarles and Wither have their admirers!" To Wither the public owes one very comfortable household adage in the "Christmas," an antidote to melancholy logical as some of Burton's:

"care will kill a cat!
Therefore let's be merry."

His best-known lyric, admirable of its kind, bears an over-strong kinship with the stirring lines of Raleigh, "Shall I like a hermit dwell?" On the other hand, one of Sheridan's glees in *The Duenna* may be considered its clear and sportive echo. This was surely written in the Cavalier days, and is as full of defiant laughter as anything of Suckling's:

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

"Shall my foolish heart be pin'd
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

* * * * *

"Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I shall ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I would die ere she should grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?"

XI.—WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

Drummond of Hawthornden's is among the "sweet names" of Charles Lamb's election, "which carry a perfume in the mention." His whole character was at-

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tuned and bent to the sequestered scenes in which he passed the greater portion of his life. Pledged to the solemn League and Covenant, he was at heart devoted to the King's cause, even when required to furnish recruits from his estates against him. His affiliation with political events was stronger than he knew: grief for the death of Charles is said, probably with some exaggeration, to have hastened his end, in 1649. Born at Hawthornden, in Mid-Lothian, under Elizabeth, he studied for the law, but abandoned it on coming into possession of his inheritance, and went over to the Muses. His first love affair had a pathetic termination, and under the shadow of that loss he composed many of his most tender and melancholy sonnets.

Like a modern writer of transcendent genius who has never been popular, Drummond may be called "the poet for poets." He is celebrated in a negative sense, because Johnson, with what Hunt signalized as his "amazing unacquaintance with poetry of the highest order," overlooked him completely; and because Gifford abused him with satanic harshness for the injudicious records of the "Conversations" with Ben Jonson, and of his opinion of the burly laureate, who came to see him in 1619. Something of the concession which Hawthorne claimed for his books is due to this mild-mannered scholar of ours. Every word of his, outside his political anagrams, "requires to be read in the clear, brown, twilight atmosphere in which it was written"; and his volume also, "if opened in the sun, is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages."



GEORGE WITHER.

"What I was, is passed by;
What I am, away doth fly;
What I shall be, none do see;
Yet in that my Beauties be."

Drummond's genius was very delicate and decorous. He was an assimilator, in the best sense, through habit. But the question how far his inter-resemblances with Sidney, for instance, are accidental becomes often imperative. Not to cite other illustrations scarcely less pertinent, two sonnets on "Sleep," both of great loveliness, Sidney's and Drummond's, will invite comparison image by image, and line by line. If a coincidence merely, as is not unlikely, it is remarkable in the annals of English authorship.

The sonnets of Drummond are inferior only to Milton's and Wordsworth's, and are wonderfully individual. Those who value them at all are apt to prefer them to almost anything else, and, like Hazlitt, Sir Egerton Brydges, and Professor Masson, to keep for them an ever-freshening

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personal fondness. Drummond's sensuous and plaintive verse, reminiscential itself of older English prosody, is prophetic ever and anon of Gray, or even Keats. His line, worthy of one who "abhorred bustle,"

"Far from the madding worldling's hoarse discords,"

is doing duty to-day, with a trifling difference, as a familiar and melodious quotation from the "Elegy." In his "Hymn for Friday," too, the sharp ear catches a strain Tennysonian, if ever such were:

"Give the rewards of joyful life;
The plenteous gifts of grace increase;
Dissolve the cruel bonds of strife;
Knit fast the happy league of peace!"

It was Drummond's boast that he "English'd the madrigal." His poetic diction is unfailingly chaste and noble:

"My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow."

"Trees, far happier than I,
Grow! till your branches kiss that lofty sky
Which her sweet self contains;
O make her know mine endless love and pains,
And how these tears which from mine eyes did fall
Helped you to rise so tall!"

"Spirits
Arched in squadrons bright."

"What was dismarshalled late
In this thy noble frame."

"The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth."
"This great round....this palace visible."

"Echoes
Rung from their flinty caves."

Two epitaphs, published among Drummond's posthumous poems, none of his appreciators are prone to forget. They have the accent of dreamy abstraction which pervades his work, and their ductile and sensitive lines are ranged with the most vital conciseness. Both of haunting beauty, what commendation would not wrong them?

"In shells and gold pearls are not kept alone:
A Margaret here lies beneath a stone,
A Margaret that did excel in worth
All the rich gems that Indies both send forth,
Who, had she lived while good was lov'd of men,
Had made the Graces four, the Muses ten."

"Fame, Register of Time!
Write in thy scroll that I,
Of wisdom lover and sweet poesy,
Was croppèd in my prime,
And ripe in worth, tho' green in years, did die."

To the fine Maitland Club edition of Drummond, 1832, is prefixed a portrait, very open-eyed and "starchly mild," which was copied from a miniature preserved at Hawthornden. Drayton and Daniel were his friends, and he valued especially the affection and approbation of Montrose.

XII.

Such is the imperfect summary of these charming old poets. Within a year of Drummond's death and that of his royal master, we find only Lovelace, Wither, Herrick, and Habington surviving their comrades in song. Much of their romantic fire went with them; the lyrists of the next reign were to inherit part of their excellence, and to debase such tendencies as they occasionally showed into intolerable earthiness and grotesqueness. In 1649, when the great change of English history came to arouse the spirit of its young men, Henry Vaughan, one of the most delightful of unremembered poets, and Andrew Marvell, who stands clearly in the late sunshine of his fame, were under thirty; Waller was forty, with his large, languorous intelligence yet half dormant; Milton was resting on the laurels of his youth; Denham and Cowley were collegians; and Roscommon, Rochester, and Charles Cotton still boys. These all, and their doings in literature, belong rather to the Commonwealth, or to the "merry, dancing, drinking, and unthinking time" of Charles the Second. The superbest lyric of their day, indeed, "The Glories of our Birth and State," was written by Shirley, the dramatist, and published in 1659, on the eve of the restoration of that prince who loved it, as he could strangely love at times serious and high-souled things.

Of the group, Herrick and Drummond now seem securest of remembrance. Six others besides them—Carew, Montrose, Crashaw, Wither, Suckling, and Lovelace—have each left at least one exquisite and definite legacy to those who have a feeling for the sweet mellow by-gones of English song. It is worth while to consider that they were primarily "gentlemen of a company," and that in that court where so much tyranny was engendered they were sustained by the constant encouragement of the King. All save Wither were his constant adherents, and for all he made an atmosphere of emulation and good-will until the storm broke, and it fared illy with them as with him. Charles

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had "a passion for the fine arts," and prided himself on aiding the rising painters, actors, sculptors, musicians, and authors of his day. What magnificent fidelity he won from them in return! The majority of them realized the personal ties which bound them to the throne when the test came. Brome, Cleveland, Cartright, and Fanshawe wrote his party songs, and one of these rebuked the complaints of his fellow-sufferers with his whimsical, "Tush! poverty's a royal thing!" It was from a sense of intellectual reliance as much as from any misguided principle that Thomas Fuller rose in Westminster pulpit, midway in the long constitutional struggle, to announce his daring text, "Yea, let them take all, so that my lord the King return in peace." Marvell, also, who was not of Charles's following, was outdone by none of the literary brotherhood in deference for him personally.



WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

His Majesty handled pencil, brush, and pen. Under the title *Reliquiæ Sacræ Carolinæ* his writings were published shortly after his death, an enlarged edition in folio being reprinted at the Restoration. Bishop Burnet hands down the "Elegy," supposed to have been written in Carisbrooke Castle, and transcribed by a gentleman-in-waiting, who swore it to be a true copy. Walpole, marking its rugged rhythm, comments on its strong sense and piety. It shows as clearly as any act of Charles's life that he had exalted notions of his own prerogative, and that he was a superior person, even at his prayers.

"Great monarch of the world!"

he cries, and proceeds to what is perilously like fraternizing with the Most High:

"Record the royal woe my suffering sings;
And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line,
To track the treason of my foes and Thine."

Now "truth's seraphic line" is a phrase worthy of Dryden. It is a pathetic reflection, in relation to one who, whatever his errors in a position of responsibility, was a considerable factor in the nation's mental life, that the too literal fulfilment of a well-wisher's benison was the certain cause of his downfall.

"Long may his only dear and he,"

sang the poet, alluding to Queen Henrietta, the "nimble black-eyed lady" of Vandyck's portrait—

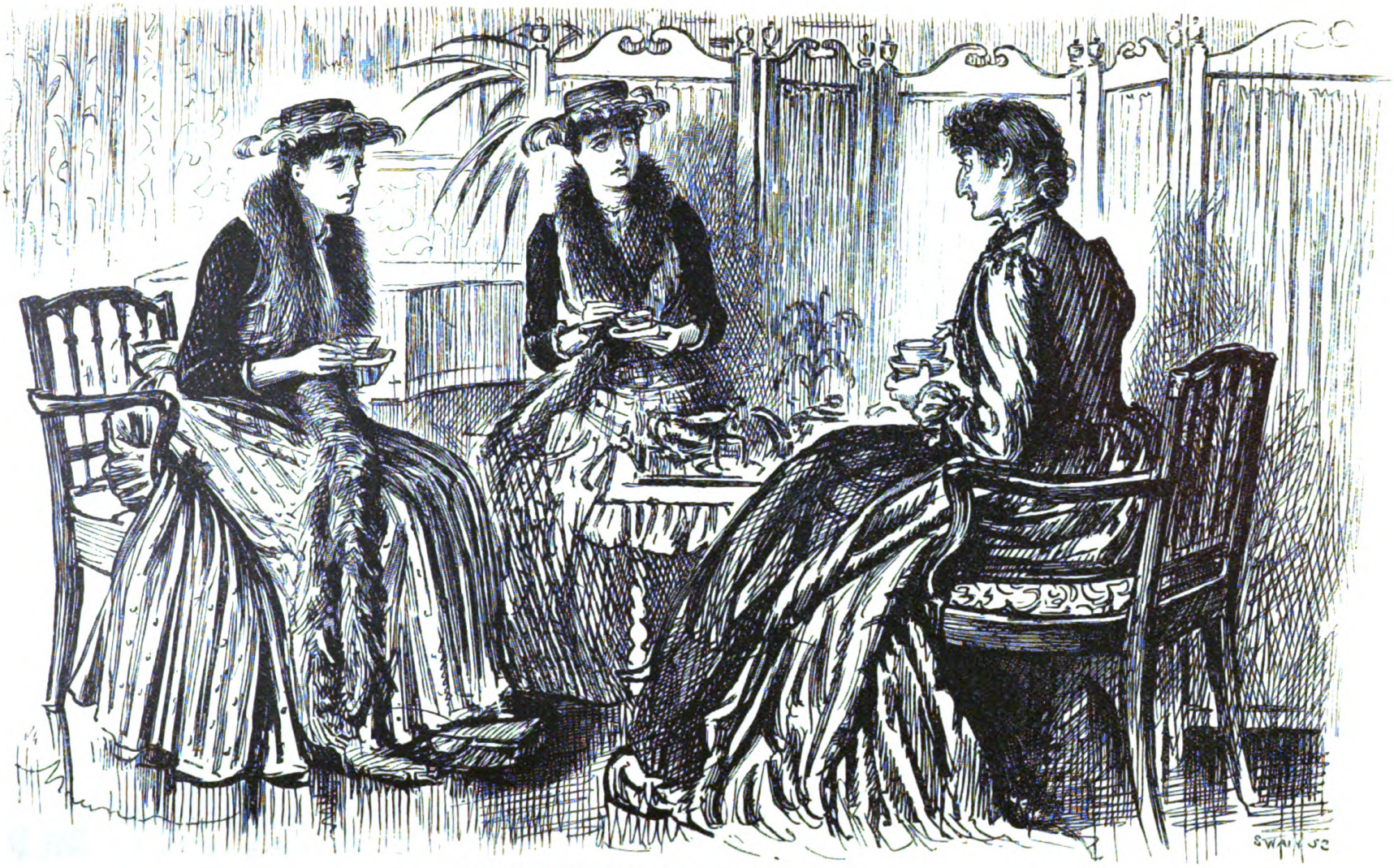
"Long may his only dear and he
Joy in ideas of their own!"

Alas! it was granted them to do that unflinchingly and past all hope of political reform. Had they paused in time, there might have been no intermission in the wearing of lovelocks and satin doublets, in the laughter and lute-playing and graceful leisure of the English court, and the world might not have needed the homespun figure of Cromwell, from whose awful earnestness the Fine Arts fled, panic-stricken, away.

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FELINE AMENITIES.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

THE MISSES TIPTYLTE: "Such fun! we're going to Mrs. Masham's fancy-ball as Cinderella's ugly sisters—with false noses, you know!"
MISS AQUILA SHARPE: "What a capital idea! but why false noses?"

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Editor's Easy Chair.

A SENATOR of the United States evidently doubts the truthfulness of the adage that although you may lead a horse to water, you cannot make him drink. He does not see if you can do the one, why you may not do the other. The Senator was deeply interested in a measure which he advocated, and complained that the press of the country seemed to have conspired to say nothing upon the subject. In other words, the press was less interested in it than he, and this is a situation which is always trying. "You are not interested in this question, sir," said a legislator to his colleague: "well, sir, all I can say is that you ought to be interested, sir." "Quite the contrary," replied the colleague: "from my point of view you ought not to be interested."

The Senator, however, would have accepted no such rejoinder. Since the press had conspired to neglect so important a subject, he would at once discipline the press and arouse the public mind. If he could only be returned to the Senate, he said, for fifty or sixty years, he would provide for the free distribution among the people of at least half a million copies of the Record of the proceedings of the Senate. Forewarned is forearmed. Upon that platform even the richest man in the country might be defied to secure his election to the Senate. This appalling course the Senator evidently supposes would punish the refractory newspapers by drawing away their readers to the daily *Congressional Record*, while it would electrify the torpid country with a sense of the vast importance of the measure that he advocated.

His confidence that the publication and diffusion of his views would arouse the country must have been based both upon observation and theory. He had observed, probably, that the actual publication of his views by word of mouth in the Senate Chamber commanded the admiring attention of his colleagues, and consequently he inferred that their publication in print would enforce similar regard from the country, while his theory, probably, was that people generally read papers which are supplied to them gratuitously. Now the attention of an audience is by no means always due to agreement with the orator, while the paper which finds its way most rapidly to the basket is that which is not paid for.

It is true that light and air and the beauty of the landscape cost us nothing:

> "'Tis only heaven that is given away;
> 'Tis only God can be had for the asking."

But the value of things into which human labor enters is tested by the cost. It is true that a free distribution of Shakespeare's works would stimulate here and there a taste and secure a pleasure which might be otherwise unknown, and if newspapers of corresponding worth and attraction should be circulated freely, they might produce similar results. But can it be safely assumed that the debates of the Senate have a charm like that of Shakespeare's verse, or even, without so large a claim, that the Senatorial treatment of public topics is more agreeable to the public taste than the editorial treatment?

The Senator overlooked the fact that it is the very function, the *raison d'être*, of the newspaper to select and summarize and make readable. The news of every day is now so varied and enormous that its newspaper treatment in proper proportion and with skilful choice and comment is the art upon which the success and prosperity of the paper depend. The delivery of the speech of the Senator may occupy a week. It would make a book if fully printed, and, alas! where would the readers be found? Even the Senator's sole chance of reaching the eye of the public lies in the quick apprehension and light touch of the newspaper, which figuratively makes pemmican of his speech, so that the hurrying reader may taste and be nourished. The Senator has read of "the gardens of Gul in their bloom." Is he aware that whole gardens of roses go to one drop of the attar?

He is reported to have said, "This great American press of ours is the source of more mischief in the country than there would be if we had no press at all." If in the warm impatience of debate he made this remark, it is one which he would hardly leave in that form in the cold, corrected copy. He was doubtless vexed that the press paid little attention to subjects which especially interested him. But would it not have been a fair-

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er and wiser conclusion that the newspaper, which holds a sensitive finger upon the public pulse, was aware that the public was not interested, and might not that fact have suggested a little suspicion upon the orator's part that possibly he overestimated the importance of the question?

There may come a time, said the Senator, when a dog-fight will not seem more important to the press than a great measure to secure the public welfare. But that time, he added, pathetically, has not yet been reached. Is that quite accurate? Has not that time always existed? Is there one great public interest upon which the press has not taken sides, and debated with great ability and vigor? It has, indeed, often recorded brutal fights of man and beast with disgusting fulness of detail, and its news columns, in great cities especially, seek sensations of every kind. But also it discusses all great public questions with such force that it sometimes seems to affect public opinion as strongly as the Senate itself. Sometimes, also, if the public seems to a Senator to be indifferent to the subject which he thinks to be transcendently important, it is because the press has already demonstrated to the public that it is not transcendently important, but may be most wisely neglected.

It is as useless for a Senator to attack the press as wholly remiss in its duty as to attack the House of Representatives. Congress and the press are the two great deliberating forces in the country, and the press has the advantage of speaking to and for public sentiment more constantly and not less intelligently than Congress. Editors and members of Congress, indeed, are generally advocates. They contend for the victory of their views. But it is a contention in which the weapons are facts and arguments as well as appeals to prejudice and passion, and the tribunal is the good sense of the country. It is a contention which is in its nature endless. But thus far the judgments have been, upon the whole, singularly wise and humane, and civilization and liberty have no just cause to complain.

WHEN we were children was there any thought more awful than that of a loud laugh in church? There was a curdling tradition of a boy who once laughed out loud in the middle of the sermon. If bears had immediately entered the door, and marching up the broad aisle, had seized the culprit and consumed him in the pew, the appalled children would have thought it only a just though awful retribution for such iniquity. To snore was as bad, but it was an unconscious sin, and, possibly, a fellow-feeling produced a kindly forbearance of judgment. But laughter—that was an offence which was not to be condoned. Devils laugh at holy things. Must not the hapless child who exploded in laughter in church be a son of ——! Yet it did sometimes happen.

It was the very necessity of solemnity which seemed to breed that dire desire. Innocent children have suffered acutely in the effort to restrain a merriment which was causeless except in the conviction that merriment was wicked. Satan seemed to grin and chuckle, and the nervous fear of laughing presently ended in a laugh. The same disposition sometimes assails us in our riper years. Great men who take themselves, as the French say, *au grand sérieux*, and great occasions which should be treated with becoming gravity, do sometimes touch the sense of humor, and give us, as the boys say, "lots of fun."

Even the solemn project of an international commemoration of the discovery of America has been productive of some secret laughter, not because a World's Fair is not a worthy and commendable enterprise, nor because the memory of Columbus may not be fitly honored upon the four-hundredth anniversary of his great discovery, but for quite other reasons. The fun begins at the beginning. Columbus, for instance, is a mere pretext, an excuse. We do not care about Columbus. There is no sense of national gratitude to him as to Washington or Lincoln. Moreover, the land that he discovered is not and has never been part of our country, and the sudden determination that in honor of his discovery we would have a Fair transcending all Fairs in history is not without an impression of cheerfulness akin to humor.

The allegation of immense enthusiasm on the subject in New York was still more amusing because nobody seemed to know anybody who was enthusiastic. "I have subscribed largely, of course," said the proprietor of one of the large hotels, "but I don't want the Fair, because it will hurt my business. My house is always full, but when the Fair comes I shall disappoint old patrons, and when the Fair goes the

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town will be full of cheap rival impromptu hotels. I hope it will go to Chicago." Mr. Rufus Choate begged his daughter to accompany him to the opera that he might not dilate with the wrong emotion. But we have all been apparently dilating with an emotion that we did not feel, lest somebody should point out that we were not dilating, and were guilty of lacking the emotion. If somebody, instead of hurrahing for a Fair in New York, asked a question about it, he was severely denounced as an enemy of the Fair, a recreant New-Yorker, and an emissary of Chicago.

But when it was clear, as the worthy divine said of the knotty theological debate, that "much might be said upon both sides," suddenly the words of the statesman canvassing for his re-election were justified: "I am led to believe that the situation is exceedingly brittle." For the whole enterprise assumed a political aspect. The skies darkened. There were angry flashes and sullen peals. This smooth-seeming scheme is a trick, then? (to speak in Carlylese). After all, it is not Fair that is meant, but foul? Your Columbus is a mere big stalking-horse; nay, a huge Trojan horse, his belly distended with party majorities and intrigues and patronage, and the end of all not the glory of American industry, but—party success!

It was indeed a brittle situation. Our rainbow bubble was about to collapse in disaster and abundant showers of tears. But Knickerbocker wit was equal to the emergency. The people themselves were summoned to pronounce. Is not our happy government itself the immortal fruit of compromise? Shall brethren fall out and New York lose the Fair for want of compromise? Perish the thought! Are we not all brothers? Do we not all want the Fair? Shall we trip ourselves up? Shall we break our own heads? And in one fervent acclamation a compromise was decreed, over which strong men might weep tears of fun and joy—a compromise unequalled since that of the cotton and linen sheets, where compromise was effected upon the linen.

But the comedy then opened into another and decisive act. It was assumed that the compromise had settled the question, and that the great Fair was practically secured for the great metropolis. Certainly it was not seriously doubted in New York that New York would have the Fair. The citizen, lover of his comfort, who is even now crowded and crushed in the cars and in the street, and who waits long and angrily for his turn at the restaurant, began to ask, ruefully, "How ever shall I manage it?" He foresaw the city preparing to exchange such comfort as it has for the universal discomfort which such a Fair must bring. He did not dare to think and wonder aloud, for he knew that he should hear a sudden cry, "Light! light! turn on the light, and reveal a masked and lurking enemy of the Fair!"

He did not even dare to say, "Let us, at least, be true. Why should we lie about this thing, and pretend that we shall enjoy discomfort and jostling and universal inconvenience and bother? Have a Fair if we must, as we have the mercury at 100 degrees in summer, or twenty degrees below zero in winter. But don't let's say we like it."

Great benefits and of many kinds were anticipated from the Fair in New-York. But for all advantages we must pay the price, and every sensible citizen of the great city knew that he would pay for the advantages of the Fair in his personal comfort. Let us hope that he would have paid gladly, but let us also hope that he would not have pretended that he does not pay. It was a thorough New-Yorker who said that he was very glad that the country would have the benefit of the Fair; "and," he added, "I rejoice to think that the country will not lose the benefit even if a kind Providence should carry it to Chicago."

But when the compromise was thought to have saved the Fair for New York, this kind of remark was heard with scorn, and the enthusiastic "boomer" of the great city replied to the plea for comfort in Carlyle's contemptuous phrase, "What business have you to expect to be happy?" or, with a curl of contemptuous lips, in Macaulay's resonant music,

> "Leave to the soft Campanian
> His baths and his perfumes;"

but added, proudly,

> "Blest and thrice blest the Roman
> Who sees Rome's brightest day,
> Who sees that long victorious pomp
> Wind down the Sacred Way."

Alas! in the very moment of anticipated triumph, when the compromise, like a new constellation, was just about to ascend the

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heavens, the unforeseen occurred, and Congress voted that the Sacred Way was not Broadway, but Michigan Avenue.

In the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York has a noble hall for a great academic or other stately ceremonial meeting. There is no other place in the city in which the inauguration of the new President of Columbia College, or the celebration of the centenary of the Supreme Court of the United States could have been conducted so impressively. The enormous building provides ample and becoming rooms for the assembly of those who are to proceed in procession to the stage; and as the procession turns and descends the spacious staircases in the corridors, the spectacle is like that of Paul Veronese's ample Venetian pictures, where corridors and galleries and balconies hold a brilliant multitude gathered for a great event.

The inauguration of the new President of Columbia, if not properly a great event, was very significant. New York was a little city when King's College opened its doors in 1754, and it closed them again about twenty years later, to begin its career after the Revolution as Columbia College. But out of those doors had passed the real leaders of New York in the Revolution, the men who largely moulded the State. None of the colonial colleges were great schools of learning. But out of them came a host of the fathers of the Union. Two-thirds of the framers of the Constitution were college men, and Columbia College, through John Jay and Alexander Hamilton — to mention no more—has a proud right to claim a share in the beginnings of the nation.

It is an inspiring tradition which every son of Columbia cherishes. For a century the college has stood in the city, and for the larger part of the time in its very heart. The city has been a miracle of material progress, and during all its amazing annals, the college, joined in later years by the University and the College of the City of New York, has represented the dignity and the force of the intellectual life and of educated leadership. But its relative actual influence upon the city has not been always that of its earlier day. It is pleasant, therefore, to see in the late inauguration another step of advance in the later course of the college, and to hear in the speeches of the day a tone of forecast which cheers the future prospect.

Dr. Pepper, the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, at the dinner in the evening, did not admit the justice of the assertion that a college in the city is ill-placed. But Dr. Storrs was reported at the dinner of the Amherst Club to have ventured to doubt whether a rural college was not more fortunate in its social aspect, as certainly it is more beautiful for situation, than its urban sister. Residence undoubtedly promotes the spirit of college comradeship, and "college life," in the American sense, would seem to be unknown to students who merely attend recitations and lectures. Constant and familiar association, like acquaintance with Lady Elizabeth Hastings, is in itself a liberal education.

One result due probably to non-residence was observable at the Columbia dinner. As the feast in the hall, draped with Columbian white and blue, began, the orchestra played a selection of college songs. But there was no immediate and involuntary recognition of them by beating time and humming the refrain, which is usually irrepressible at such a banquet. Perhaps it was a fine sense of decorum that restrained all response. Possibly the musical ear of the company was not alert. Perhaps the alumni were inly marking time and warbling unheard. But the restraint was complete, and if the revellers had never heard a college song, the alluring melodies, like the earthquake at Thrasymene, could not more expressively have

"reeled unheededly away."

But residence in our American way can be hardly so important as we are apt to suppose, because there is no such residence in the German universities, and Germany is the land in which more than elsewhere the universities are of the highest importance, and the students are a familiar and organized body. If anywhere there be a distinctive student life and a spirit of *camaraderie*, it is in Germany, where the air resounds with student songs, but where the students do not live in dormitories, and quadrangles are unknown. The university town, however, is generally not large, and there is constant association of the students out of the lecture-rooms.

In a great city this becomes impracticable. But the situation merely tends to

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determine the character of the college, which will incline more and more to become a university. This was the anticipation of President Barnard, of Columbia, and it is apparently that of President Low. President Eliot, of Harvard, also, in his admirable speech at the dinner, spoke of the natural pride of the city of New York in such an institution as Columbia College. But it is obviously a latent pride, for upon his visits to the city nothing struck him as more incongruous than the college buildings with the buildings seen by the mind's eye which in such a city such an institution ought to occupy.

Since the accession of President Barnard, however, Columbia has been steadily resuming its old relations with the city. It is adjusting itself to the changed time and circumstance. New York is no longer a little trading town; it is a great metropolis, a huge manufacturing as well as commercial mart. Its chief school should be commensurate with the demands of such a community. In the most comprehensive sense it should be a university in which every branch of knowledge might be taught, and the dignity of letters and the spiritual power of education be illustrated and maintained.

This was the forecast and the significance of that memorable day of inauguration, "a day of reason, of the clear light, of that which makes us better than a flock of birds and beasts."

WHOEVER had the happiness of knowing the late George P. Bradford, who died in Cambridge at the opening of the year, upon reading that he was the son of a stout sea-captain of Duxbury, must have recalled Charles Lamb's description of one of his comrades at the old South Sea House—"like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter." A more gentle, truthful, generous, constant, high-minded, accomplished man, or, as Emerson, his friend of many years, said of Charles Sumner, "a whiter soul," could not be known. However wide and various and delightful your acquaintance may have been, if you knew George Bradford, you knew a man unlike all others. His individuality was entirely unobtrusive, but it was absolute.

The candor of his nature refused the least deceit, and rejected every degree of indirectness, without consciousness or effort. His admirable mind, the natural loftiness of his aim, his instinctive sympathy with every noble impulse and humane endeavor, his fine intellectual cultivation, all made him the friend of the best men and women of his time and neighborhood, and none among them but acknowledged the singular charm of a companion who asserted his convictions by his character, and with whom controversy was impossible. Mr. Bradford had the temperament, the tastes, and the acquirements of a scholar; a fondness for nature, and a knowledge which made him her interpreter; yet still more obvious were the social sympathy and tenderness of feeling that brought him into intimate personal relations which time could not touch.

Something in his appearance and manner, a half-shrinking and smiling diffidence, an unworn and childlike ardor and unconsciousness, a freshness of feeling and frankness of address, invested his personality with what we call quaintness. He was always active even to apparent restlessness, not from nervous excitement, but from fulness of life and sympathy. You might think of a humming-bird darting from flower to flower, of a honey-bee happy in a garden. He graduated at Harvard, meaning to be a clergyman; but the publicity, the magisterial posture, the incessant constraint of the liberty which he valued more than all else, with the lack of oratorical gifts and of the self-asserting disposition, soon closed that career to him; afterward he was one of the most cheerful and charming figures at Brook Farm in its pleasantest day. All his life he was a teacher, mainly of private classes and generally of women, now in Plymouth, now in Cambridge, now elsewhere, but, wherever he was, always beloved and welcomed, and bewailed when he departed.

Mr. Bradford was unmarried, and there was a sentiment of solitude in his life, but it was scarcely more, so affectionate and devoted were his relations to his kindred and his friends. His elder sister, Mrs. Samuel B. Ripley, was one of the most admirably accomplished women in New England, living for some years in the old manse in Concord in which Hawthorne had lived. Mr. Ripley was the son of the clergyman who married the widow of his fellow-clergyman who saw from the manse the battle at Concord Bridge. Mr. Bradford was very fond of the old town, and Mr. Emerson had no friend who was a more welcome or frequent

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guest than George Bradford, who came to look after the vegetable garden and to trim the trees, and in long walks to Walden Pond or Fairhaven Hill to discuss with his host philosophy and poetry and life. The small gains of a teacher were enough for the simple wants of this scholarly gentleman, and after middle life he went often to Europe, and few Americans have ever gone more admirably equipped. He travelled sometimes with a tried comrade, sometimes alone, and a life already full was enriched and enchanted still more by these happy journeys.

Indeed, the recollection of George Bradford is that of a long life as serene and happy as it was blameless and delightful to others. It was a life of affection and many interests and friendly devotion; but it was not that of a recluse scholar like Edward Fitzgerald, with the pensive consciousness of something desired but undone. George Bradford was in full sympathy with the best spirit of his time. He had all the distinctive American interest in public affairs. His conscience was as sensitive to public wrongs and perilous tendencies as to private and personal conduct. He voted with strong convictions, and wondered sometimes that the course so plain to him was not equally plain to others.

It was a life with nothing of what we call achievement, and yet a life beneficent to every other life that it touched, like a summer wind laden with a thousand invisible seeds that, dropping everywhere, spring up into flowers and fruit. It is a name which to most readers of these words is wholly unknown, and which will not be written, like that of so many of the friends of him who bore it, in our literature and upon the memory of his countrymen. But to those who knew him well, and who therefore loved him, it recalls the most essential human worth and purest charm of character, the truest manhood, the most affectionate fidelity. To those who hear of him now, and perhaps never again, these words may suggest that the personal influences which most ennoble and sweeten life may escape fame, but live immortal in the best part of other lives.

Editor's Study.

I.

ONE of the most curiously interesting books we have read for a long time is Mr. Carl Lumholtz's account of his life among the cannibals in Australia. It is curious and interesting not only for the novel matter of it, but for the manner too, which is to the last degree simple and informal. Whatever it may have been in the original Norwegian, the narrative is quite without what we call "style" in its English; but we do not mean by this that it is without charm. In fact, it has a very great charm, which seems to reside in the author's wish to realize without literary parade of any sort the facts of an experience almost unique. In a field that offered unrivalled opportunities for pictoriality he has been content to give his adventures and record his discoveries with the accurate drawing and faithful coloring of a scientific illustration; they have in this way a value that they could have won in no other; and they reflect with admirable distinctness the training and temperament of the author. As member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, he went out to Australia, partly at the cost of the University of Christiania, for the purpose of studying the native life, and making collections for the zoological museum of that institution. He found two new marsupials, one a tree-dwelling kangaroo; and he made other important contributions to natural history; but to the general reader the attraction of the book will be the close-at-hand investigations of the savage habits and customs which Mr. Lumholtz could not have helped carrying on in the pursuit of his scientific inquiries.

Upon the whole, life among the northern Australians could hardly be desirable on any terms, and on their own it seems not acceptable. Their religion is a fear, their existence a series of escapes from starvation and homicide, their morality a mere tribal obligation to the most elementary fealties, their polity an ultimation of the principle that might makes right within the tribe as well as without: a despotism of the strong hand tempered by cunning. In the society of these children of

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nature certain persons skilled in Devil-devil, as they call the invocation of their supreme demon, and certain old ladies accomplished in catering to their simple appetite for human flesh are the ruling influences. They are all cannibals, as opportunity offers; and in default of enemies to eat, they will sometimes eat their friends; they will even eat their children, though this is exceptional. Otherwise, they live mostly upon poisonous roots, which have to be carefully prepared; upon worms and grubs; upon snakes and lizards; and upon such birds and beasts as they can kill, though they are not good hunters and are poorly weaponed for the chase. They go naked, and almost houseless; a shelter of boughs is their conception of a house. After four years among them, and the bestowal of inestimable benefits in tobacco, Mr. Lumholtz could not flatter himself that he had ever succeeded in appealing to any sentiment but fear in them; they did not kill him because they imagined him an adept in Devil-devil, and because they were afraid of the Baby of the Gun, as they called his revolver; but they would not have eaten him, because they had found that upon the whole white men did not agree with them. In spite of their fears they had accesses of treachery in which they longed so much to kill him that it was never safe to let them get behind him; and apparently no kindness could win them to affection. On such conditions life began to be for him at moments the poor possession that it seemed to them; and he experienced a deep despondency mixed with indifference, from which he had to pull him together with a strong effort of the will at last, in order to escape from the psychical miasm of their most miserable existence. ' They were children, and bad children, with no lovable traits that he could discover, and cruel and filthy in their ignorance. In spite of their abominable customs and their squalid conditions, the life of the open air and of the woods and hills is so wholesome that fine physical types are not rare; and in this fact there might be some hope for the race, if it met the least justice in contact with the whites. But on the frontiers, says Mr. Lumholtz, "any savage discovered by the white men runs the risk of being shot. Poison was laid in the way of the blacks once when I was in Queensland. . . . A squatter . . . . shot all the men on his run because they were cattle-killers, the women because they gave birth to cattle-killers, and the children because they would in time become cattle-killers." The blacks show the curious readiness of our own Indians to merge the tribal fealty in an allegiance to government when employed as police, and are murderously destructive when used against their own race, as they commonly are in Australia. Mr. Lumholtz feels that their complete extinction is only a question of time; and little as he could like them, he denounces with abhorrence the atrocious injustice with which they are treated by the English law as well as the English lawlessness.

II.

Our race, in fact, has not been the slowest to murder, at any time, and has gone more than half-way, usually, to meet the most homicidal savages on their own ground. Even where its gifts in blood-shedding have not been called out by contact with an inferior race, it has contrived to kill within its own ethnical limits in a measure which would not discredit barbarians who hold man-slaying in honor. The reader will find interesting illustrations of this trait in Mr. Reuben Davis's otherwise very interesting *Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians*. A red stream trickles through half the course of these pleasant memoirs, which does not become vivider when it broadens into the current of the great rebellion, though undoubtedly it deepens. Among the "polished and accomplished" gentlemen whom Mr. Davis remembers almost without number in his long and eventful life, the use of the knife, the pistol, and the rifle seems to have been the prompt resort in differences of opinion; and so far from condemning it, the venerable author records his own experience in that method of controversy as frankly as if it were the usage of good society everywhere. Very early in his career in Mississippi he attacked with a pocket-knife another gentleman who insulted him at an evening party, upon some question "as to the precedence of claim upon the attention of one of the ladies"; and after he became a leading member of the bar, he resented an adverse ruling by trying to cut the throat of the court, while the court beat him over the head with a hammer.

Grotesque as this seems, however, the ferocity depicted with no sense of its difference from the impulses of polished and

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accomplished gentlemen everywhere was not inconsistent with much that was really noble and fine. The men who got drunk, and swore like pirates, and slashed one another with knives, were neither liars nor thieves; a sincere and fervent piety gave a religious cast to the intellectual life; there was some old-fashioned love of literature, especially poetry; there was a high ideal of womanhood, which the good and beautiful women inspired by their daily lives; and there was a sense of real fraternity in the unstinted hospitality and the eager helpfulness of the whole people. But in doing justice to the good traits of such an anomalous civility, we must not forget that it was founded upon the cruel and corrupting barbarism of slavery, and that it was essentially abominable in being essentially aristocratic. The ease with which Mr. Davis secured the acquittal of gentlemen who had killed other gentlemen is not more remarkable than the difficulty he had in saving from the gallows a poor man who slew a rich libertine for attempting the virtue of his wife. In his case justice was disposed to be inexorable; and the low-down homicide had a narrow escape.

III.

Those interested in the study of conditions will find somewhat to their taste concerning our Southwestern populations at a still earlier day in the first volume of Mr. Henry Adams's history of the United States during the second administration of Thomas Jefferson, which is so largely occupied with the famous conspiracy of Aaron Burr. The clear light which the historian throws upon this plot to dismember the Union gives an oft-told tale the charm of novelty, and must set it before most readers for the first time, we fancy, with all its amazing suggestions of opéra bouffe. It seems to have been such a conspiracy as might have been carried on in the rarefied air of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. The chief conspirator, who has been Vice-President of the republic he proposes to mutilate, is in league with the General-in-Chief of its army, who has been for twenty years in the pay of the Spanish King for little secret services rendered him from time to time. They both treat their plot with such frankness, and write and talk so loosely about it with the eminent politicians and leading citizens in complicity, that nearly everybody in the West and Southwest knows something of it, and one distinguished jurist keeps the Chief Magistrate of the republic constantly informed of it by letters, which the Chief Magistrate constantly ignores. The affair runs prosperously along. The person who is going to dissolve the Union, as a little preliminary to becoming Emperor of Mexico, collects men and arms, and sets sail down the Mississippi in pursuance of his purpose. By this time his fellow-conspirator, the General, has made up his mind to have him shot as soon as he falls into his fraternal hands; but the intending Emperor is arrested at another point. He is a man of approved courage in battle and duel, but he now falls into the greatest terror. At the same time the Chief Magistrate of the republic has roused himself, and he moves heaven and earth to have the conspirator convicted of treason and hanged; but in this he is frustrated by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the republic, who is the Chief Magistrate's enemy. The *primo tenore* escapes, and the whole ends happily, the curtain coming down upon the chorus of lawyers, judges, generals, and conspirators joining in lively song and dance business.

Not quite this, perhaps; but something extremely like it. But what we meant, when we turned from Mr. Davis to Mr. Adams, was that the phase of later life which Mr. Davis describes is foreshadowed, or rather foreshown, in the earlier phases studied by Mr. Adams with a far keener eye and with a perfect perspective. There can be no doubt of the historian's consciousness of the loose social structure, the weak sense of collective interest, the intense and exaggerated individualism fostered by the exigencies and opportunities of pioneer existence, which evolved the civilization Mr. Davis is so proud of. At the same time he treats it with that sort of fine toleration, that delicate and penetrating justice of his, which give a kind of æsthetic beauty to his criticisms of communities and men. His truth is unsparing but it is not unkind, and with a humorous perception of whatever was ridiculous in the situation, he is always alive to whatever was important and finally significant. Jefferson is probably not the kind of man Mr. Adams would admire, and yet how unfailingly he lets his reader see when and where Jefferson was admirable! He could not have been

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charmed with that period of our national adolescence, and yet how faithfully he turns all its good points to the light!

One rises from his book with one's pride of country and faith in human nature (when it is good-natured human nature, especially) rather refreshed than otherwise; for one says to one's self, If that poor little nation which we were then, and those raw, ignorant, often conceited, headstrong, turbulent people, could struggle past so many perils without and within, what may we not hope for, having come to our present pitch of wisdom, refinement, and power? It was indeed the day of small things with us under Jefferson's second administration. The mighty republic of to-day was then nearly always cooling its heels in the antechambers of monarchy. Majesties and ministers bid it about at pleasure, and between Napoleon and Pitt its habitual diet was an humble-pie which we certainly should not stomach for a moment now. At home the ties that bound the States together were so frail that the only wonder is Burr did not carry out his plot with triumphant success. It is Mr. Adams who seems the first to have studied the sources of his failure in traits of folly, recklessness, and fantasticality which have not heretofore had their due representation in any study of a man reputed wicked indeed but not weak or unwise in his own way: that is, the way of the transgressor.

IV.

After all, Jefferson may have been quite well aware what he was about in his lax treatment of Burr's conspiracy. Perhaps he knew the man enough to feel easy and almost indifferent while a man of his make was plotting the end of a republic and the future of an empire, and believed that he could be safely trusted to bring himself to naught if he were given time enough. Perhaps he understood the nature of the Western people too, and perceived that, although they held their allegiance loosely, they were not fools, and were not likely to be led into treason by conspirators so *bouffe* as Burr and Wilkinson. It is a charitable theory, which the kindness Mr. Adams leaves one feeling for Jefferson rather inclines one to; and it is not inconsistent with Jefferson's final wish to have Burr hanged. At any rate we can use a leniency of conjecture in the case which would have been impossible to many of Jefferson's contemporaries. These could keep no terms with him either in their thoughts or their words, and one satiric poet of the time addressed him some metrical reproaches which are amusing enough now:

"And thou, the scorn of every patriot's name,
Thy country's ruin and thy council's shame!
Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!
Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's Cave;
Thou who, when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whisker'd minion fall;
And when our cash her empty bags supplied,
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide;
Go, wretch, resign the Presidential chair,
Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.
Go search with curious eye for horrid frogs
'Mid the wild waste of Louisianian bogs;
Or where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.
Go scan, Philosophist, thy Sally's charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of State."

We have become so tolerant of scientific inquiry that we should not at present consider it so very loathly or unworthy to search for "horrid frogs," or to dig for "huge bones," if the ends of knowledge were to be served; to scan one's Sally's charms might still be objectionable. But apparently these acts were all classed together as vices and follies in the minds of Jefferson's enemies when William Cullen Bryant hurled his burning heroics in the teeth of the dastard head of the republic. The poet was, to be sure, only sixteen years old at the time he demanded Jefferson's resignation, but he seems to have been as mature in his thinking as many other Federalists of his day. He came afterward to be a champion of Jeffersonian democracy when there came to be a Jeffersonian democracy, and as occasion served his inimical brother journalists waked these slumbering strings of his lyre. They found it a good joke to set them vibrating in the newspapers, but probably their music did not trouble Mr. Bryant much.

He was not a man of much humor, but he had the greatest common-sense, the utmost singleness of purpose, and the purest integrity; all his long life long, he had the wish, as he had the singular happiness, to dedicate his eminent powers to the right. The story of such a life could not be told too often, and we have to thank Mr. John Bigelow for newly telling it again in one of the most agreeable vol-

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umes of Mr. Warner's "American Men of Letters" series. It is in some sort the story of American literature, which came to be pretty much what it is in the course of Mr. Bryant's life of eighty-four years, or at least had assumed, before he died, its main characteristics. But we do not think a dispassionate estimate of his work would claim for him that primacy which the warmth of Mr. Bigelow's personal affection awards him. Mr. Bryant was a great journalist, a statesman-like and incorruptible politician, and as truly a poet as any that has lived; but he was not the foremost American man of letters, and while Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and Poe were his contemporaries he could not have been first among his peers. He was in a few things their superior, in many their equal, in others distinctly their inferior. No one, we believe not Mr. Bigelow himself, would think of matching him with Irving for grace and gayety of spirit; with Emerson for reach of thought and electrical beauty of phrase; with Hawthorne for imagination; with Longfellow for breadth of culture and sympathetic loveliness of art; with Lowell for the flower-like delicacy of feeling that in his robust and vigorous poetry makes you think of a tree in blossom; with Holmes for wit and nimbleness of mind; with Whittier for impassioned humanity breaking into song; with Poe for weird fancy and artistic sense. Yet Bryant was a very great man; and though he never embodied to his country or to the world at large the fact of our literary importance as any of these others did, he was thoroughly and magnificently American. During the latter part of his life he was somewhat cheapened to hasty criticism by the flattery, the adoration, of a not very intellectual metropolis; but this was an effect which could not outlast his life, and we may now see him in the true proportions of his grandeur. He gave proofs of greatness in his boyhood by a poem which for lofty eloquence is unexcelled in our literature, and there was an early maturity in all he did which was wholly unlike prematurity. He never reverted afterward to the shallower sources of inspiration, as precocious talent is fatally apt to do, but he kept to the end the high level which he attained so soon. The achievement of his prime was all the more astonishing because there was nothing hurried or heated in his nature; on most occasions and to most people he was a cold man, of unready and reluctant expression as regarded his feelings. But this was largely the effect of a self-control that he studied, and of a scrupulous regard for the truth, which often makes people of the Puritanic strain silent till they can be sure of the truth. He had depths of tenderness for those he knew, and he was ideally faithful to his friends as long as they were faithful to the right. Even when they were not very wise, as sometimes happens with one's friends, he stood by them as closely as their folly would allow. An instance of this constancy appears in his management of the difficulty with Irving which the zeal of his friend Leggett involved him in. Bryant had asked Irving's good offices in the republication of his poems in England, and Irving had gladly given them at some trouble to himself; but he had consented, in the interest of the book, to change a few words in one of the lines which the English publisher thought might offend the English public. It was a generous mistake, and Irving paid for it in being held up to patriotic scorn as a toady and a snob by Mr. Leggett, who was the near friend of Mr. Bryant, and had been his partner. Irving could not help protesting in a letter to Leggett's paper, expressing with perfect dignity and good temper his sense of injury, and his surprise that it should come from a friend of Bryant's. Leggett could only affirm the fact that Bryant had nothing to do with his onslaught, and on his part Bryant could only express his regret that Irving had been wounded, while he forbore to inflict upon Leggett the snub which he richly deserved. The affair ended with a letter of the most gracious sweetness from Irving; but it is doubtful if such a hurt can ever be perfectly healed; and the reader remains with a sense of the cruelty of Bryant's position, and with something like a wish that he had relieved himself from it at the expense of Leggett.

Still, constancy is a virtue, and in this case its exercise was magnanimous. As for that hidden tenderness in a man who was all New England in his emotional make, there is a most touching revelation of it in the unfinished poem found among Bryant's papers after his death. It is to his wife, to whom while she lived he never failed to "repeat and take her judgment

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upon" every poem he wrote, and it thrills with such heartache as only such sorrow can know:

"The morn hath not the glory that it wore,
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I can call thee to my side no more,
To gaze upon the sky.

"Here where I sit alone is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined haply to some kind, commending word
Of those whose praise is fame;

"And then as if I thought thou still wert nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye,
That once I might have read.

"I turn, but see thee not; before my eyes
The image of a hill-side mound appears,
Where all of thee that passed not to the skies
Was laid, with bitter tears.

"And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days
That fled with thee, would gladly now resign
All that the world can give of fame or praise,
For one sweet look of thine.

"Thus, ever, when I read of generous deeds,
Such words as thou didst once delight to hear,
My heart is wrung with anguish as it bleeds
To think thou art not near."

A fragment, and we do not give it all, but enough to leave us loving a man whom we cannot cease to admire and revere.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of March.—The United States Senate confirmed the nomination of Charles Emory Smith as Minister to Russia February 15th.

The new extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain was ratified by the Senate February 18th. Ten additional classes of crimes are made extraditable.

The House, February 24th, on the eighth ballot, selected Chicago as the site of the World's Fair of 1892. The vote was as follows: Whole number, 307; necessary to a choice, 154—Chicago, 157; New York, 107; St. Louis, 25; Washington, 18.

W. B. Allison was re-elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Iowa March 4th.

M. Constans, French Minister of the Interior, resigned March 1st. M. Bourgeois succeeded him.

Seynoid Ali, brother of the late Sultan of Zanzibar, succeeded to the throne February 13th.

A new Peruvian cabinet was formed February 13th.

Herr von Tisza, Premier of Hungary, resigned March 11th, and was succeeded by Count von Szapary.

A battle between Mwanga, assisted by Europeans, and King Kalema, for the throne of Uganda, reported February 14th. The forces of the latter were annihilated. Several hundred fighting slaves and a number of Arab chiefs were killed.

Russia made a demand, February 19th, of the government of Bulgaria for 3,000,000 rubles, arrears on account of the maintenance of the Russian troops in that country during 1878–9.

The elections in Germany, February 20th, resulted in enormous gains for the Socialist party.

News received February 24th of an attack on the French posts at Kotonou, Senegal, by 500 of the King of Dahomey's troops, who were repulsed with sixty killed.—Advices received March 6th state that a second attack made by an increased native force resulted in loss of 400 of the King's troops, including a number of Amazons.

Despatches received March 7th that Major Wissmann attacked the fortified position of Bwana Heri at Melembale January 4th, resulting in a victory for the Germans.

Dr. Raimondo Andulza Palacio was elected President of Venezuela March 7th.

DISASTERS.

February 14th.—Wedding party of ten, together with the bride and groom, thrown from a carriage into the water at Pontivy, France, and drowned.

February 17th.—Reports received of loss of passenger steamer *Duburg* in the China Sea; 400 persons drowned.—More than twenty-five people reported drowned by floods in northern Queensland between December 25th and January 2d.

February 18th.—Sinking of passenger steamer *Coral Queen* with sixteen people after collision with Rotterdam steamer *Brinio* off the river Tees.—Colliery explosion near Decize, department of Nièvre, France. Thirty-four miners killed.

February 22d.—Breaking of dam across Hassayampa River, Arizona, drowning fifty persons.

March 1st.—British steamer *Quetta* reported lost with one hundred and twenty persons.

March 10th.—Explosion in the Morsa Colliery, Glamorganshire, Wales. Eighty-eight lives lost.

OBITUARY.

February 3d.—In Fairfax County, Virginia, William W. Boyce, Congressman, aged seventy-one years.

February 13th.—Report received of the death of Seyyid Khalifah ben Saïd, Sultan of Zanzibar.

February 14th.—In London, John Robert Townshend, Earl Sidney, aged eighty-four years.

February 16th.—At Bath, the Right Hon. Sir Louis Mallet, C.B., aged sixty-six years.

February 18th.—In Buda-Pesth, Count Julius Andrassy, statesman, aged sixty-six years.—In Brooklyn, New York, Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, lawyer and author, in his sixtieth year.

February 19th.—In Clapham, England, Joseph Gillis Biggar, M.P., Home-Ruler, aged sixty-one years.

February 20th.—In Paris, Count Napoleon Daru, Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Second Empire, and member of the French Institute, aged eighty-two years.

February 22d.—In New York, John Jacob Astor, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

March 2d.—In New Haven, Connecticut, James E. English, ex-Governor of Connecticut, aged seventy-seven years.

March 4th.—In Cleveland, Ohio, Edwin Cowles, editor of the Cleveland *Leader*, aged sixty-five years.

March 5th.—In London, Abraham Lincoln, grandson of President Lincoln, aged seventeen years.

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Editor's Drawer.

A FAIR correspondent—has the phrase an old-time sound?—thinks the Drawer should pay more attention to men. In a revolutionary time, when great questions are in issue, minor matters, which may nevertheless be very important, are apt to escape the consideration they deserve. The Drawer shares its correspondent's interest in men, but it must plead the pressure of circumstances. When there are so many Woman's Journals devoted to the wants and aspirations of women alone, it is perhaps time to think of having a Man's Journal, which should try to keep his head above-water in the struggle for social supremacy. When almost every number of the leading periodicals has a paper about Woman—written probably by a woman—Woman To-day, Woman Yesterday, Woman To-morrow; when the inquiry is daily made in the press as to what is expected of woman, and the new requirements laid upon her by reason of her opportunities, her entrance into various occupations, her education—the impartial observer is likely to be confused, if he is not swept away by the rising tide of femininity in modern life.

But this very superiority of interest in the future of women is a warning to man to look about him, and see where in this tide he is going to land, if he will float or go ashore, and what will be his character and his position in the new social order. It will not do for him to sit on the stump of one of his prerogatives that woman has felled, and say with Brahma, "They reckon ill who leave me out," for in the day of the Subjection of Man it may be little consolation that he is left in.

It must be confessed that man has had a long inning. Perhaps it is true that he owed this to his physical strength, and that he will only keep it hereafter by intellectual superiority, by the dominance of mind. And how in this generation is he equipping himself for the future? He is a money-making animal. That is beyond dispute. Never before were there such business men as this generation can show—Napoleons of finance, Alexanders of adventure, Shakespeares of speculation, Porsons of accumulation. He is great in his field, but is he leaving the intellectual province to woman? Does he read as much as she does? Is he becoming anything but a newspaper-made person? Is his mind getting to be like the newspaper? Speaking generally of the mass of business men—and the mass are business men in this country—have they any habit of reading books? They have clubs, to be sure, but of what sort? With the exception of a conversation club here and there, and a literary club, more or less perfunctory, are they not mostly social clubs for comfort and idle lounging, many of them known, as other workmen are, by their "chips"? What sort of a book would a member make out of "Chips from my Workshop"? Do the young men, to any extent, join in Browning clubs and Shakespeare clubs and Dante clubs? Do they meet for the study of history, of authors, of literary periods, for reading, and discussing what they read? Do they in concert dig in the encyclopædias, and write papers about the correlation of forces, and about Savonarola, and about the Three Kings? In fact, what sort of a hand would the Three Kings suggest to them? In the large cities the women's clubs, pursuing literature, art, languages, botany, history, geography, geology, mythology, are innumerable. And there is hardly a village in the land that has not from one to six clubs of young girls who meet once a week for some intellectual purpose. What are the young men of the villages and the cities doing meantime? How are they preparing to meet socially these young ladies who are cultivating their minds? Are they adapting themselves to the new conditions? Or are they counting, as they always have done, on the adaptability of women, on the facility with which the members of the bright sex can interest themselves in base-ball and the speed of horses and the chances of the "street"? Is it comfortable for the young man, when the talk is about the last notable

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book, or the philosophy of the popular poet or novelist, to feel that laughing eyes are sounding his ignorance?

Man is a noble creation, and he has fine and sturdy qualities which command the admiration of the other sex; but how will it be when that sex, by reason of superior acquirements, is able to look down on him intellectually? It used to be said that women are what men wish to have them, that they endeavored to be the kind of women who would win masculine admiration. How will it be if women have determined to make themselves what it pleases them to be, and to cultivate their powers in the expectation of pleasing men, if they indulge any such expectation, by their higher qualities only? This is not a fanciful possibility. It is one that young men will do well to ponder. It is easy to ridicule the literary and economic and historical societies, and the *naïve* courage with which young women in them attack the gravest problems, and to say that they are only a passing fashion, like decorative art and a mode of dress. But a fashion is not to be underestimated; and when a fashion continues and spreads like this one, it is significant of a great change going on in society. And it is to be noticed that this fashion is accompanied by other phenomena as interesting. There is scarcely an occupation once confined almost exclusively to men in which women are not now conspicuous. Never before were there so many women who are superior musicians, performers themselves and organizers of musical societies; never before so many women who can draw well; never so many who are successful in literature, who write stories, translate, compile, and are acceptable workers in magazines and in publishing houses; and never before were so many women reading good books, and thinking about them, and talking about them, and trying to apply the lessons in them to the problems of their own lives, which are seen not to end with marriage. A great deal of this activity, crude much of it, is on the intellectual side, and must tell strongly by-and-by in the position of women. And the young men will take notice that it is the intellectual force that must dominate in life.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE WIT'S EPITAPH.

HERE lies good Witticus, whose jests
Made joy in all his fellows' breasts.
He scorned a tear; he loved a laugh!
Who boasts a better epitaph?

SOME HIBERNIANISMS.

THE spirit of Sir Boyle Roche is by no means extinct in the world. On the contrary it daily grows stronger, and needs but the reincarnation of its knightly possessor to reach the pinnacle of perfection.

Among other bulls that have recently taken oral shape unto themselves is one of an Irish gardener, who, being in no sense in love with his labors, forcibly observed that "Av oi wasn't paid for doin' this worruk, oi wudn't do it av ye paid me."

The ambition to desert the fields in which he had for a long time labored led the same individual to seek preferment in the post-office, the position he had in view being that of carrier.

"But, Mike," said his employer, for whose influence he had applied, "you cannot read."

"Thrue, sorr," replied the gardener; "but oi thought that phwat wid th' letthers an' posthals comin' an' goin' oi'd not be long a-learnin'."

His employer was forced to admit that there was something in the man's argument, but he withheld the desired recommendation until Mike knew his own letters from those of other people.

Not precisely in the form of a bull is this bit of repartee, the quickness and aptness of which probably saved the speaker from immediate discharge. Mike, in addition to his duties as gardener, had the care of the furnace. To the irritation of the household, there came a morning, bitterly cold, when the furnace gave forth no heat, for the very good reason that, as investigation showed, there remained not one spark or ember in the grate.

"Mike," cried the angry paterfamilias, "the furnace fire went out last night."

"So did I, sorr," returned the culprit, serenely unconscious that this explanation did not lift the load of responsibility from his shoulders and place it upon those of his master.

A number of patriotic sons of Erin were seated around a table one night discussing a little of everything, when one of them began a lamentation over a light-weight silver dollar he had in his pocket.

"Th' hid an' th' tail's worn down thot foine ye wouldn't know th' hid from th' tail if it wasn't that the hid's always on th' other soide."

"Got worn thot way by cirkylation?"

"So they say; but oi belave some smar-r-rt divil's tuk a jack-plane an' shcraped a doime or two off her for luck. Cirkylation can't wear a dhollar down loike thot."

"It can, too, an' oi'll prove it," said a third. "Have ye got a good dhollar, Dinny?"

Dinny, curiously enough, had one, and produced it.

"Now pass it round th' table."

Around it went.

"Twicet more."

Twice more it went.

"Wance more, an' let me hov it."

Once again it circulated, and finally rested in the palm of the instigator of the performance. He then leaned over to the owner of the dollar and handed him a silver quarter.

"Phwat's this?" asked the latter.

"Thot's yer dhollar!"

Circulation, history says, left its mark that evening upon something more than pure dross.

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TOUCHING GRATITUDE.

A WEALTHY man spent the past summer in his native town, a quiet, almost unheard-of little village in a New England valley. His ancestors for nearly a century had been buried in the cemetery on the hill back of the town, and while there he enlarged the family lot, that room might be made for the final resting-place of himself and his own family.

He had, during his stay, made the town gifts of a small library and a drinking fountain, and had been most generous in other ways.

The evening before his departure for his city home he was waited upon by a large delegation of the most prominent citizens of the town, who came to make some acknowledgment of his generosity. The spokesman of the party delivered himself of a long and highly eulogistic harangue, ending it with these words:

"And when, as is your avowed intention, you come among us in the guise of a corpse, it will be our highest duty and our chief pleasure to see that your grave is kept green."

J. L. HARBOUR.

A KINDLY HOST.

"*The earth is a host who murders all his guests.*"—HAFIZ.

AH, Persian, you indeed were right; but why complain?
If earth let all men live, egad! it would be found
That ere a single century began to wane
Enough of earth would not be left to go around.

Now surely, poet, this would break all cosmic laws.
If earth one moment stopped his turning, all our race,
'Tis clear, for this most simple solitary cause
Would spend the rest of time a-tumbling down thro' space.

HENRY HERBERT HARKNESS.

A BETTER WAY.

AN individual whose orthography is often at fault, besides being absent-minded, but who knows how to get out of a tight place, wrote a friend hurriedly that he could not meet an engagement as a *loss-suit* prevented him. The friend met him soon after and joked him about his peculiar spelling of lawsuit. He blushed slightly, but quickly replied that he never won a case in his life, and therefore he spelled the word more appropriately than Webster.

A CHANGE CAME O'ER THE SPIRIT OF HIS DREAM.

DURING the late war Mr. Smith, a slave-owner near Perryville, Kentucky, owned a stalwart boy named Charlie, who was enticed away to join the Union army, then encamped near by. Two weeks passed, and Charlie did not appear; but a short time after, Mr. Smith, while riding near the encampment, met the runaway upon undress parade.

"Hello, Charlie! Is that you?"

"Yes, massa; dis is me. I's j'ined de army."

And he looked as though he meant to run, as he warily watched his master's eye.

"That's right, Charlie—that's right. It's a noble thing to fight for your country."

"Yes, massa;" and Charlie grinned with delight.

"A fine thing to march into battle and kill all the rebels."

"Yes, yes, massa," grinned Charlie, smacking his hands in glee.

"Glorious to wear shiny buttons, and step up to the music."

"Sartainly, sir, massa; dat's so, massa;" and Charlie's lips stretched from ear to ear.

"A grand thing to hear the shot falling like hail, and the cannon roar like thunder, and see the men rolling in the dust, bleeding at every pore—a grand thing, Charlie." Charlie's mouth stopped half-way. "Oh yes, there's nothing like it. Then a minie-ball might come along and take off one of your arms, you know. But you'll be fighting for your country, you know, and everybody will say what a brave soldier he was." Charlie gave a sickly smirk, and stealthily felt of his arms. "And a bayonet, cold and sharp, might run into your side; but that will be glory, you know."

"Ouch!" screamed Charlie, pressing his sides.

"And a shell might take off both your legs. But you'll have so much glory, you won't want legs."

"Ouch!" screamed Charlie again, catching at his legs.

"Then a big cannon-ball might tear right through your bowels."

"Ow-wow!" yelled Charlie, clutching at his middle.

"But you won't care for that. You'll be a grand soldier, and soldiers like to be shot."

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!" trembled Charlie.

"And best of all, a thundering bomb-shell might whiz along and take your head right off. Just think of the glory!"

"Ouch! oh Lord!" squealed Charlie, grabbing his woolly head with both hands.

"I tell you what, I'm proud of you, Charlie. Go ahead. There's nothing like being a soldier. I'm proud of you."

Mr. Smith rode on, leaving the hero's ebon face of an ashen hue.

Next morning a familiar sound greeted the master as he approached the wood-yard. He took a quiet survey. Charlie was there in his old jeans suit, sawing away.

"Hi, Charlie! what's up? Not going for a soldier?" called Mr. Smith.

"I's changed my mind, massa."

AH, YES!

"I SEE no good in his books."

"I read them with considerable profit to myself."

"You did?"

"Yes. I was paid twenty-five dollars for correcting the proof-sheets."

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AN ACCOMMODATING CALLER.

YOUNG LADY. "Did any one call while I was down town, Jenks?"
MAID. "Yes, miss, such a nice gentleman called, for he was just as glad to find you out as he would have been to see you."

THE EVER-READY POLICEMAN.

IT is not only in the funny columns of the daily papers or in the journals entirely devoted to humor that we find food for laughter. The following news item from a prominent New York journal, in spite of its tragic qualities, is as delicious a bit of humor as one would care to read: "Yesterday afternoon a large and shaggy black dog was seen running up Greenwich Street, snapping at the different objects it passed. When it reached the corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich streets it made a savage lunge at a workman who was passing and bit him in the arm. The man at once took in the situation, and grasping the brute by the throat, threw it to the ground and fell upon its body. After he had secured a good grip on the dog's windpipe with one hand, he seized its tongue with the other, and held on until the animal was dead. *At that moment a police-officer made his appearance, and shot the dog in the head three times.*"

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

THE Drawer hears of a young woman who, on becoming engaged for a second time, was somewhat astonished at receiving from number two the identical ring she had returned to her first love.

"Why, Charles," she said, "this is the same ring I had when I was engaged to Harry."

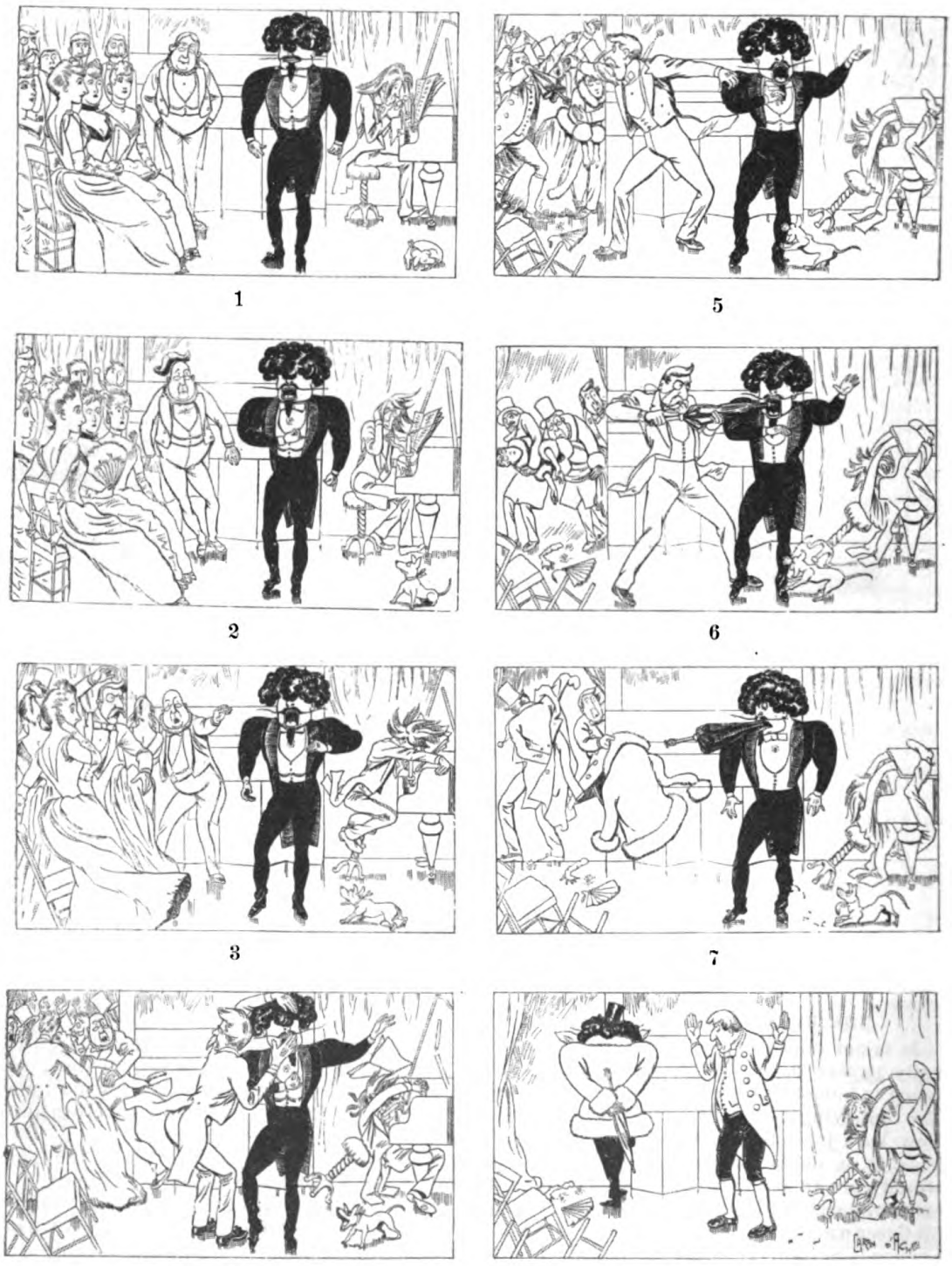
"I know it," replied the young man. "Harry is an old friend of mine, and when he heard of our engagement he came around to congratulate me, and offered to sell me the ring for half cost. He said you liked it very much and it fitted, so I took it. Good scheme, eh?"

The young woman's sensations are not described.

A MARRIAGE RHYME.

FOR ten long years we quarrelled, but
With this our fighting's done:
Two parties to a row must be,
And now we twain are one.

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TOO MUCH TALENT.—Drawn by Caran d'Ache.

PILING OSSA ON PELION.

WHY dost thou wear, Clarice, that diamond star,
When even they that nightly stud the skies
In brilliance equal not, no, not by far,
The jewels nature gave thee in thine eyes?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

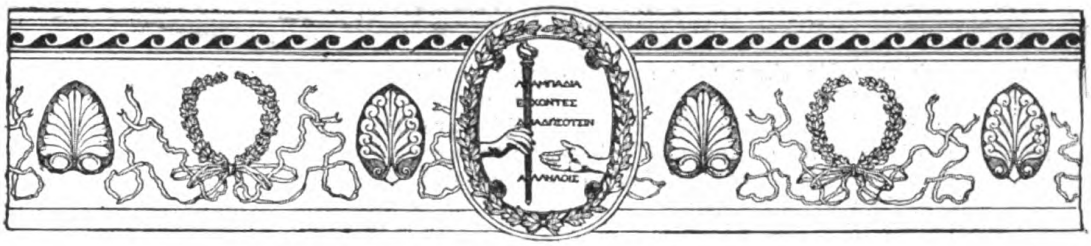
A LINGUIST.

"DOES baby love his papa?"

"Bwabwab-gargar bwup."

"Dear little soul! Mamma, come here, and hear how plainly baby tells his papa that he loves him."

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LITERARY NOTES.

BY LAURENCE HUTTON.

MR. THEODORE CHILD'S *Delicate Feasting*[1] is to the ordinary cook-book what Mr. Owen Meredith's impassioned verses upon Dining, in "Lucille," is to Bishop Still's apostrophe to vulgar appetite in "Gammer Gurton's Needle." The modern poet sings of gastronomic classicism; the ancient, of "vittles and drink"; the modern says that good cooking comes from the heart as well as from the brain, and therefore it is not a science but an art; the cook of the present day who is a real artist and whose dishes are works of art will experience, according to the author of "Delicate Feasting," emotion as poignant over his saucepans as that which Benvenuto Cellini felt when he was creating one of his immortal bronze statues; on the other hand, the only emotion felt by our forbears was a fear that there would not be good ale enough to go round, whether it were new or old. Quoting Balzac's aphorism that if there is anything sadder than unrecognized genius it is the misunderstood stomach, and quoting Magny's epigram that a good restaurant is like a more or less epic poem, which cannot be improvised in a day, tradition, knowledge, experience, even genius, being necessary to its proper composition, Mr. Child devotes some two hundred pages to an eloquent disquisition upon the interesting subject of the higher cultivation of the Stomach (Italian *stomaco*, French *estomac*), and pays no attention whatever to the belly (Anglo-Saxon *belg*, *bylig*, Old English *beli*, *beley*), which was the receptacle for food most familiar to our fathers when Gammer Gurton and her good-man Hodge flourished three centuries ago.

Mr. P. Z. Didsbury, an epicurean expert and a profound philosopher, whose literary style and culinary tastes are singularly similar to those of Mr. Child, prefaces "Delicate Feasting" with an Introductory Letter, in which he speaks in the kindest and most encouraging way of the progress of the art of cooking in our own country. He says that it is now possible (with the aid of French *chefs*) to obtain at *one or two* restaurants (the italics are not his own) in each of the principal cities of the United States, and in many of the clubs, a dinner fairly well prepared, and passably served; and he is good enough to add that "in certain American families whose members have travelled, and whose tastes and opportunities have led them specially to observe the arrangements of a dinner in a first-class French restaurant or private house, he has found that matchless cookery and perfection in all the details of table service without which a dinner is a failure." This will be a great surprise to a very large portion of the civilized world which hitherto has imagined that the Americans have no higher ideas of feasting upon delicacies than is comprised in the consumption of a peculiar species of fresh-water tortoise stewed in wine, of moulting crustaceans fried in butter, and of a variety of wild ducks which are devoured without any perceptible cooking of any kind.

"Delicate Feasting," naturally, is not written for the class of readers who profit by the study of Miss Corson's "Family Living on $500 a Year." No family living on less than five hundred a month, notwithstanding the fact that its members may have observed all of the arrangements of a public or a private dinner in France, can begin to live up to the rules formulated by Mr. Child. Nevertheless even those who from force of habit, or from force of circumstance, "eat, but do not dine," will find much to interest and amuse, and something to help them, in a careful perusal of this work. It is written by an artist thoroughly familiar with his art and profoundly impressed by its importance, and there is, moreover, a vein of philosophic reasoning running through it which is very unusual in books of its kind. Its author treats of "The Gastronomic Art" in all of its bearings; he devotes long and scholarly chapters to "The Chemistry of Cooking," to "The Conditions Requisite for Healthy Digestion," to "The Theory of Soups," to the ethics of "The Dining-room," of "The Dining Table," of "The Table Service," to "The Art of Eating at Table," and to "Paratriptics"; preparing, seasoning, serving, and decorating each subject with that heart and brain which he himself says make delicate feasting more than a science.

"Tea, coffee, and tobacco," according to Mr. Child, "come under the heading to which scientific men have given the name of Paratriptics; the demand for them is based upon their power to prevent waste in the body, so that by their help and stimulus men can do more work and endure more privation with a smaller amount of actual food. Tea, coffee, and tobacco are not food, although temporarily and continuously they supplement it. The physi-

[1] *Delicate Feasting.* By THEODORE CHILD, Author of "Summer Holidays." pp. x, 212. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 25. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ologist Moleschott calls them 'the savings-banks of the tissues.'"

The word "paratriptics" is not to be found in any of the dictionaries of any of the languages, or of any of the sciences, or of any of the arts, within the reach of the ordinary student; and the scientific man who first used it was, no doubt, Professor Didsbury himself, who may be regarded as the Mrs. Harris of High Living. Paratriptics, according to several etymological authorities to whom it has been submitted by a collector of rare and curious words, is coined (perhaps) from a Greek verb, the primary meaning of which is "to rub one thing against another." It is generally conceded to be what Mr. Polonius would have termed "a vile phrase"; but it serves Mr. Child as the text for a short sermon upon the digestive savings institutions of the tissues, a sermon which is so valuable to depositors that the attempt to put paratriptics into general circulation can almost be excused.

IN the days of the Gurtons in Merry England, before Delicate Feasting came in, with knives and forks and napkins, it was the custom of the châtelaine, after her household had eaten the last of her bullocks, to place upon the table in the grand hall of her castle a dish which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs—a delicate intimation to her riders that they must shift for themselves for their next repast. This was a hint from recognized genius which even Balzac's misunderstood stomach could not have misunderstood. *The Splendid Spur*[2] which the genius of a writer, concealing his identity under the pen-name "Q," has just served to the novel-devouring public, is what its own hero would have called a solid square meal of fighting and adventure. Mr. John Marvel, a servant of his late Majesty Charles the First, in the years 1642–3, related how he drew his sword for "church and king," and Mr. "Q," as editor of the Memoirs, puts them into language understanded of the people of the present time; kindly relieving the narrative of those painful anachronisms of speech, which are so frequently used by the modern writers of ordinary stories of by-gone days, and which some one has happily called "Wardour Street English."

"The Splendid Spur" suggests in many respects "The History of Nicolas Muss," noticed in these columns some months ago, and taken from the French by a translator who did not even sign his—or her—work with an initial, but who may perhaps have been "Q" himself. That history describes an epoch of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, told like the present tale, and if anything told in a better way, by a fairly well-educated soldier of fortune in the first person, and with a rough eloquence and a simplicity and directness of style which are very refreshing. Nicolas Muss lived in trying times, and he gave and received hard knocks in 1572, for what he believed to be a good cause; John Marvel, who won "The Splendid Spur," fought as hard and suffered as much seventy years later for a cause not quite so good, and not more successful. John was a scholar of Trinity College, in Oxford, on the 29th of November, anno 1642, and he began his tale at three o'clock on that afternoon, when the King, with the Prince of Wales (newly recovered of the measles), the Princes Rupert and Maurice, and a great company of lords and gentlemen, horse and foot, came marching back from Reading after the battle of Edge Hill. Chance put into John's hands a letter from his Majesty to the Army of the West, and upon the fate and delivery of that letter does the history hinge. The best characters in the book are "Bill Pottery, cap'n o' the *Godsend*, and as deaf as nails," and "Joan o' the Tor," a half-naked savage, with the heart of a lady and the nerve of a hero. A short dialogue between John and Joan will best describe Joan's character and intellectual capacity. "Jack, forgot to ax, what be all this bloodshed about?" "For church and king, Joan." "H'm! same knowledge ha' I o' both—and that's naught. But I dearly loves fair play!"

Joan saw the fight at Braddock Down, and saved the Army of the West by putting the King's letter into the right hands at the right moment; and Jack rewarded her by permitting her to die for him, like the noble soul that she was. Delia who had John's heart was a gentlewoman who was hardly worth the love he gave her. After the manner of Mr. Ibsen's silly and untruthful Nora, who slammed the front door of The Doll's House behind her in the last scene, Mr. "Q's" saucy and flippant Delia left John, in the final paragraph, in a state of absolute uncertainty as to whether she intended to come back to him or not. While she looked sweetly and affectionately into one side of his face, she banged the door of reconciliation violently in the other.

WHEN Professor Quackenbos's *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature*[3] was first published in 1878, it was at once accepted as a standard work, and it has since maintained its excellent reputation. It grew out of its author's experience as a lecturer at Columbia College, and when prepared as a text-book, it quickly found its way into the class-rooms of the leading high-schools, academies, and universities of the country. It contains a clear account of the literature of the earliest nations who figure in the history of the earth, and it is written in an attractive and popular form. Beginning

[2] *The Splendid Spur.* Being Memoirs of the Adventures of Mr. John Marvel, a Servant of his late Majesty King Charles I., in the years 1642-3: written by himself. Edited in Modern English by Q. [*Harper's Franklin Square Library.*] 8vo, Paper, 35 cents. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[3] *Illustrated History of Ancient Literature, Oriental and Classical.* By JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, A.M., M.D. With Engravings and Colored Maps. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. pp. 432. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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at the beginning, it leaves untouched no great creations of the human mind which are now extant, and it treats lucidly and succinctly of the remains of Oriental letters and written thoughts which have been brought to light by recent research, dealing in turn with the Sanscrit, the Persian, the Chinese, the Hebrew, the Chaldean, the Assyrian, the Arabic, the Phœnician, and the Egyptian, before taking up the productions of the writers of Greece and Rome. Popularizing and facilitating the study of the rise and growth of general literature by furnishing a carefully condensed account of it, the volume is of very great importance, as many instructors and students throughout the United States have cheerfully testified, and as its own large sales have already proved.

In the few words of Preface to the present edition Professor Quackenbos explains that he has thoroughly revised the text, the diagrams, and the maps, in order that the progress made in philological study during the past ten years may be shown to the thousands of his pupils who do not belong to his own classes, and who, therefore, can never listen to his voice. The value of the revision he feels he has enhanced by the introduction of a carefully selected bibliography, and by frequent reference to standard monographs upon his subject; and he dwells particularly upon the importance of the chapter devoted to Egyptian writing and literature, which shows the results of the vast amount of labor expended in this most interesting and important field since the History first appeared.

As being itself a piece of excellent literature, this work can be recommended to those students who are not scholars in the stricter sense of the word, and it can be enjoyed beside the domestic hearth as well as in the lecture-room or the recitation-room. The short biographical sketches of the creators of ancient literature to be found in the narrative, and the brief specimens of the methods and the matter of their writings, make the volume as entertaining as it is instructive, and will enable its readers to understand with comparative clearness current allusions to the works of other ages and other countries, and to obtain, at the same time, a varied knowledge of our own literature and language.

In looking over Professor Quackenbos's pages one is constantly struck with the presentation of some new fact or of some half-forgotten fact, which comes as a pleasant surprise and upon which the mind likes to dwell. It is interesting to be told again, for instance, that of the more than one hundred and twenty thousand words which constitute our vocabulary to-day, but three thousand are in common use, and that while the Old Testament was translated with the help of only five thousand six hundred and forty-two English words, Milton used almost double that number, and Shakspere twice as many as Milton. Another interesting fact brought to light in this work is that our present system of punctuation was not invented until the sixteenth century, grammarians for over two thousand years before that time having been content with the system of Aristophanes, which consisted of a single dot (.), that dot having the force of our period, colon, or comma, according as it was placed after the top, the bottom, or the middle of the final letter. The true philosopher who feels that he has not spent a day in vain in which he has learned something worth learning, will be able to pass many satisfactory days in the perusal of the "History of Ancient Literature."

THIS same true philosopher will find the books of the present month peculiarly full of valuable information, and turning from serious history to light romance, he will feel, if he reads carefully the Introduction to the translation of Mr. Jorge Isaacs's *María*,[4] that still another sun has gone down upon another day well spent. Mr. Janvier says: "It is a fact—but a fact not adequately appreciated—that American literature was born and for a long while received its nourishment in the Spanish colonies. The first book printed on this continent was a Spanish book. It came from the press in the year 1537, and it antedated the 'Bay Psalm-book' by three years more than a century." All of which will come with startling surprise to the generality of readers, and perhaps will astonish those pupils of Mr. Quackenbos who know more about the "Veda" than they know about the "New England Primer." Mr. Janvier speaks of a "Bibliografia Mexicana" which contains a list of one hundred and sixteen titles of books published in Mexico before the year 1600; and he speaks of still another work, printed some seventy years ago, which gives a catalogue of nearly twelve thousand Mexican books by nearly four thousand Mexican authors, adding, "So far from abating, this extraordinary literary fecundity has increased steadily during the present century, while the quality of the work produced has been steadily refined."

This first American book, by-the-way, was "The Book of St. John Climacus, commonly called 'The Ladder of Paradise,'" and it was translated from the Latin into the Castilian. The authorities give it different dates—1532, 1535, and 1537—although they agree in the belief that a number of works appeared from the same press a few years later. "The Bay Psalm-book" was printed in 1640. No copy of "The Ladder of Paradise" is known to be in existence now. Mr. Janvier might have gone even further, and shown that "The Liar," one of the most familiar of the old English comedies, is Mexican by direct descent. Mr. Brander Matthews thus traces its pedigree.

[4] *María*. A South-American Romance. By JORGE ISAACS. Translated by ROLLO OGDEN. An Introduction by THOMAS A. JANVIER. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental. $1 00. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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As played upon the stage of Wallack's Theatre, "The Liar" was Lester Wallack's revision of Charles J. Mathews's version of "The Lyar" of Foote. Foote took it, through Steele's "Lying Lover," from Corneille's "Menteur," which was founded in its turn upon Alarcon's "Verdad Sospechosa," and Alarcon was born in a province of Mexico toward the end of the sixteenth century!

Our ignorance of the early literature and even of the early history of our near neighbors to the south of us is very remarkable, and not a little discreditable, particularly when we compare it with our knowledge of the works of the men who lived and wrote before Moses was born, and on the other side of the globe; and, strange as it may seem, we have no more acquaintance with the books of contemporary South American authors than we have with their most ancient literary productions. "María: a South American Romance," to which Mr. Thomas A. Janvier asks the public attention in the prefatory note, portions of which have been quoted above, has been immensely popular among our Spanish cousins who live next door to us since it originally appeared in 1867; a number of editions of it have been printed in Colombia, Mexico, and Spain; it has been compared with "Paul and Virginia" and with "Atala," and it has been hailed as a classic on both sides of the Atlantic. Like the story of the Mauritian lovers, over whom European and American lovers have wept for more than an hundred years, "María" is a sad tale, delicate in tone and simple in theme. It presents an admirable and what would seem to be a correct picture of the almost patriarchal domestic life in the republic of Colombia, the author being perfectly familiar with the scenes and the people he describes, which are as strange to us of the North as would be a romance of Mars. Jorge Isaacs, according to Mr. Janvier, who speaks of him in the past tense, was the son of an English Jew married to a South American woman of Spanish blood. He was born in the town of Cali, in the state of Cauca—names which mean nothing to the average citizen of the United States—he was carried to Bogota at an early age, where and whereabouts the rest of his life would appear to have been passed. He published a volume of verses, which were well received, and twenty-three years ago he wrote this story of "María," "and so at a stroke won for himself enduring literary fame."

While it is hardly possible to accept the enthusiastic opinions of Mr. Janvier and of the Spanish critics whom he quotes regarding this romance, it is easy to praise it in all sincerity for its purity, for its tender sentiment, and for the air of realism which pervades it; and it is certainly important as introducing to this country a school of fiction and a picture of social life hitherto almost entirely unexploited and unexplored.

Mr. Janvier's familiarity with the literature, history, and geography of Spanish America is well known to American readers. He is the author of a guide to Mexico which is the best in existence, and his Mexican romance, entitled *The Aztec Treasure-House*,[1] which has been running through the columns of Harper's Weekly for a number of months, and is now published in book form, with many illustrations, will show his knowledge of Mexican traditions and his keen observation of Mexican character. The story is told in the first person by Professor Thomas Palgrave, Ph.D., a studious, book-loving man, who once occupied the Chair of Topical Linguistics in the University of Michigan, and who has spent the better part of his life in the preparation of a great work to be called "Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America." In his search for original material for this work, by which he believes a complete revolution in all existing conceptions of American archæology and ethnology are to be wrought, he sets out with four companions to search for the great treasure that was hidden in a curiously secret place among the Mexican mountains by Chaltzantzin, the third of the Aztec kings, more than a thousand years ago.

Professor Palgrave is a very delightful creation, and the charm of his narrative lies not so much in what he has to say as in the manner of his saying it. He relates his surprising experiences in a quaint matter-of-fact way, full of droll conceits and humorous expressions, which is purely American, and very pleasant when compared with the prosaic heaviness of the dialogues and descriptions to be found in so many of the romances of the same kind which have come from English pens. Mr. Janvier's hero is never a bore nor a braggart, and his fellow-travellers are as amusing as he is, particularly El Sabio, "The Wise One," a small gray ass of great beauty and of phenomenal sapience, who is a very important actor in every scene. "The Aztec Treasure-House" is one of the few books of Munchausen adventure printed of late years which is worth reading for style as well as for story. That "strain" which Professor Palgrave confesses to be "in him, and which urges him, even along ways that are both rough and dangerous, to get beyond book knowledge, and to examine for himself the abstractions of thought and the concretions of men and things out of the consideration whereof books are made," has resulted in a romance which is not only thrilling and entertaining, but which at the same time shows scholarly research into Mexican antiquities, and an excellent appreciation of the proper employment of English words.

[1] *The Aztec Treasure-House.* A Romance. By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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ONE OF OUR MOST IMPORTANT TROPICAL PRODUCTS.

AMONG the tropical products which find their way into the markets of the world are some which are yielded spontaneously in such large quantities that they are never cultivated on a commercial scale. Such are the timber-trees which furnish the rarer cabinet woods, and the numerous plants from which come certain dye-stuffs and tanning materials. There are others, however, which are cultivated, although in a somewhat rude manner; for example, the plants from which we obtain the more common tropical fruits, such as pineapples, bananas, and the like. But there is a third group of plants which does not fall naturally in either of the foregoing classes. To this third group belong the plants which demand more assiduous attention, either in cultivation, or at least in the care of the products which they yield. The plants of this group have had their range extended more or less rapidly from their native place until now, under the conditions of modern enterprise, they are found in almost every climate adapted to their growth.



Among the best examples of this group is Cinchona, formerly searched for in its wild state in the higher lands of portions of South America, and now found under cultivation in the East Indies as well as in the West Indies, while its range is greatly extended in its native country. Coffee is another excellent illustration of the same wide extension of range. Originally grown in the Old World, it is now cultivated in the New, under conditions which have proved exceedingly favorable. In fact it appears to be true of tropical and subtropical plants, as well as of those of a more temperate climate, that removal to similar climatic condition in another land increases the energy with which they flourish. A third example of the group to which reference is made is the well-known Chocolate-plant. A native of the warmer regions of the New World, it is now found under more or less successful cultivation in parts of Asia and Africa. Like most of the other plants to which attention has been called in this list, the character of the product differs somewhat under different styles of culture and under different skies.

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The Chocolate-plant is a small tree, bearing its flowers in a manner hardly familiar to any dweller in the temperate zone. Instead of coming out on the youngest and freshest parts of the new wood, they are borne on the older portion in a surprising fashion; and where the flowers are produced the fruit of course forms, and from the firm shoots remains suspended until its maturity. When ripe, the fruits are about as large as well-grown cucumbers, and although rather more pointed at the lower end, have somewhat that shape.

In the pulp within the fruit numerous seeds are embedded. These seeds constitute the product for which the plant is



cultivated—if such a term as cultivation can be properly applied to the simple care which the plants receive.

The seeds are treated in different ways in different places; but most of the processes resolve themselves into the exposure of the mass of seeds and pulp to a more or less rapid fermentation, the seeds are freed from the pulp, and are then dried for transportation.

In modern manufacture the seeds are subjected to the process of roasting for the purpose of developing the flavor peculiar to them, while by this process the thin shell becomes detached. After separation from the shell they are ground either with or without sugar, and with some flavoring substance. This product is chocolate.

It is a surprising fact that this product is essentially the same in all respects as the chocolate used by the natives on the discovery of America. Modern inventiveness has replaced the rude and simple flat stone, having a second flat stone moved by hand, by complicated milling arrangements, and the fineness of the paste is now as great as can be reached by any appliance; but in the earliest methods of the natives of Central and South America was the germ of manufacture as it exists to-day.

To show how much care can be well laid out in a single important industry like this, it may be worth while to trace the course of the product from the tropics to the breakfast-table, in the case of the oldest firm in America engaged in the manufacture.

It is of no slight importance to Americans, and it is certainly a source of great pride to them, that a firm established in 1780, in the native home of the Chocolate-plant, should still maintain its supremacy as regards the excellence of its numerous products.

In the instance of their chocolate, the prepared seeds, selected with scrupulous care as to quality, are roasted, cracked, freed from their shells, and ground by apparatus of the most elaborate construction. The oldest product of the firm is known as Baker's No. 1, the purest plain chocolate which art can possibly make. It is gener-



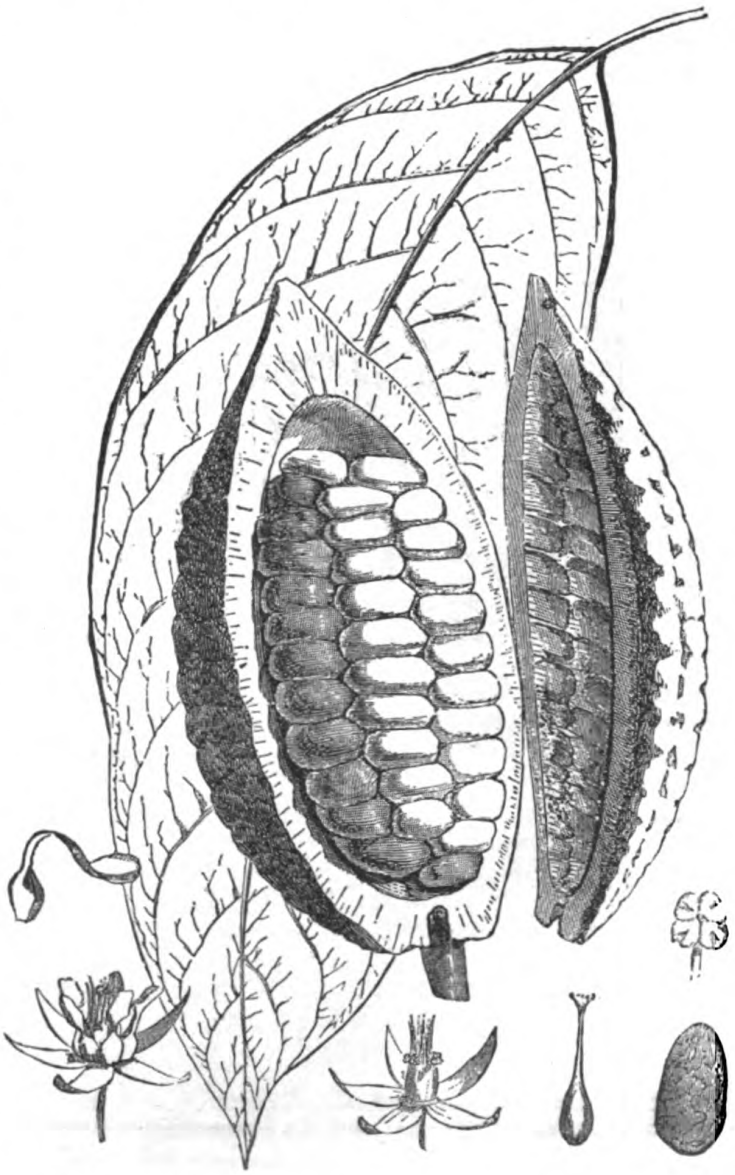
ally known that certain substitutes for the flavor of vanilla are widely employed, on account of cheapness, in the manufacture of chocolates; but the firm of Walter Baker & Co. has held aloof from all of these, and

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confines itself to-day, as it did in 1780, to the pure flavor of the choicest vanilla-beans. It is rightly held that for a product which has so long been recognized as being without a rival the best of everything should be used. Owing to the care exercised in keeping to the old landmarks, Baker's No. 1 Chocolate has to-day the same incomparable keeping qualities and exquisite flavor which it had a century ago.

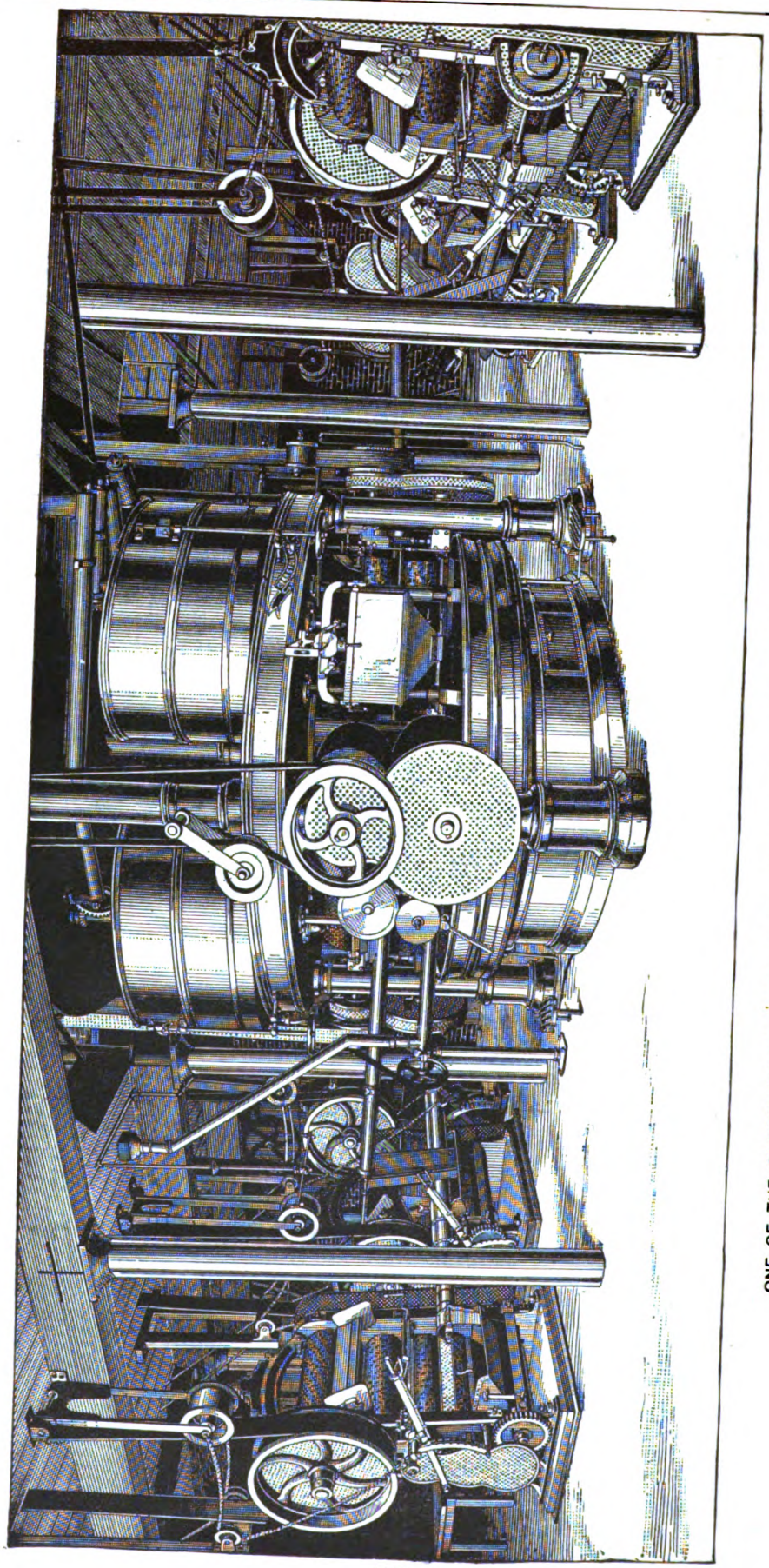
Chocolate-seed contains a certain percentage of a pure oil, free from rancidity, and grateful as an article of food. But there are many persons who find that the normal chocolates possess too large a quantity of this oil, and to meet their preference there have been prepared the articles variously known as Cacao or Cocoa. These, when well made, consist of the finest seeds properly roasted, ground, and freed from a definite proportion of the oil. The pressed cake is ground again, sifted, and is then ready for use. In what is known as the Dutch Process for preparing Cocoa, the seeds are acted upon by some alkalies or alkaline salt.

Walter Baker & Co. have taken a decided stand against the employment of the alkalies, potash, soda, or ammonia, believing that the ingenious mechanical process peculiar to their Cocoa is far superior to any violent chemical process. By their method of manufacture the tissues of the cocoa are as perfectly unlocked, and as ready for infusion, as any of the dark and perfumed cocoas thrust upon the market. In Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa the purchaser is sure of finding the good qualities of the purest cocoa uninjured by any chemical torturing. By their process is made a fine, pure cocoa, which, on the addition of boiling water, is fragrant of cocoa and not of foreign flavors of any kind. It is not excelled in solubility, and it is not approached in purity, by any product in the market. It represents the highest point of perfection which modern science has yet reached in the preparation of a soluble cocoa, and has



the great advantage over all others of being made of the best blends of choicest seeds. The marvellous growth of this industry indicates that our people appreciate a pure and perfect product.

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Brooklyn, N. Y., *Feb.* 11, 1890.

"I have used Allcock's Porous Plasters for some years for myself and family, and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used Allcock's Porous Plasters for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and, by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars."

The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction."

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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The EVERETT PIANO.

Unexcelled in Power and Singing Quality of Tone.

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The JOHN CHURCH CO., - - CINCINNATI, O.

"From Andante to Allegro," a beautifully illustrated pamphlet, will be mailed to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose two cents in stamps.

SOZODONT



BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE

Are communicated to the mouth by

SOZODONT

which renders the Teeth pearly white, the Gums rosy, and the Breath sweet. By those who have used it, it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth without injuring the enamel.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND FANCY-GOODS DEALERS.

"In the Wash"



That's where your delicate handkerchiefs come to be "more hole-y than righteous"—certainly not in the show-like service required of them—more or less true of all things washed.

Give two equally delicate handkerchiefs equal service for one year.

Wash one with soap—usual way—the other with *Pearline without rubbing*, as directed on each package—wash the one you value most with Pearline—it will be far the best at the end of the year.

The old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, is slow work, poor work, slow death to women—quick death to fine things, and renders coarse things useless long before their time. *Pearline* does away with all this. Costs but five cents to try it; directions for easy washing on every package; *easy for you, easy on things washed.* We *can't make* you try *Pearline*—you *would thank* us if we could. Millions are grateful for its help. Envious soap makers try to imitate it—borrowed brains are cheap—and so are their productions.

Send it back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your groer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 174 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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In the World,

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ALSO,

BEST OF LIFE COMPANIES.

No other Life Policies as liberal cost as little money,
no others as cheap give as much for the money.

Assets, $11,528,649.30

Surplus, $2,365,534.06

Paid Policy-holders $1,500,000 in 1889.

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5 O'Clock Teas.



THE subjoined illustrations are suggestive to every feminine mind of the social delights of the Tea-table, of which these are the necessary accessories, and which are kept in well-chosen variety. The value of the Tea Caddy, richly hand-wrought, 5 in. in height, is $24. The Tea Scoop, $1.75. The Tea Ball, $5; and others of varied fashion cost from $3.50 to $8. We may also mention the Hot-Water Kettle with lamp, the most elaborate, with hand-wrought chasing, containing 12 cups, cost $75. These are also supplied, heavily plated, from $13 to $20. Also dainty Sugar Dishes or Baskets, quaint and pretty Cream Pitchers, Sugar Tongs, Teaspoons, of which 36 reproductions of Mediæval English and Dutch models, including the Apostle spoons, are attractive. The expectation is that the accompanying cuts, though meagre, may serve to encourage orders by mail, which will receive exceptional attention. Descriptive catalogues supplied, with some indications of Rich Table Porcelain, Bronzes, Clocks, and other Solid Silver, of which each department presents a creditable exhibit.

Ovington Brothers,

330 Fifth Ave., New York. Brooklyn House, Fulton & Clark Sts.

ALSO AT BAR HARBOR.

A Piece of Sterling Silver

inlaid in the backs of spoons and forks at points most exposed to wear and then plated entire.

Guaranteed to contain more silver than any "Quadruple Plate."

More durable than light Sterling Silver and not half the cost.

Be sure to see that each piece you purchase bears the trade-mark ◇EDWARDS⊞



Showing silver inlaid before plating.

These will last a lifetime.

Manufactured only by

The Holmes & Edwards Silver Company,

Bridgeport, Conn.

Put Money in Thy Purse.

After the wedding you found your friends had given you 14 bon-bon dishes, 10 dozen after-dinner coffee spoons, 8 sets of oyster forks, 4 salad sets, etc. Your grandparents would have stored these duplicates in a Safe Deposit Co.—this age is too practical for that, and your friends would be better pleased if you sent them to us to exchange or purchase—that's our business! Buying, selling, or exchanging these duplicates, marked or not, it makes no difference—we have a process of erasing inscriptions. We can sell you an appropriate gift in sterling silver below manufacturers' cost. Send for Price-List.

Why not stop paying storage on your old useless silver and send it to us with your old worn-out jewelry? We will take it in exchange or buy it of you.

J. H. JOHNSON & CO., 150 Bowery, N.Y.

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Awarded the FIRST PRIZE,

GOLD MEDAL,

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At a grand *concours* of typewriters in Paris, called by several prominent scientists of France at Mayoralty Hall, Second Arrondissement, the **HAMMOND** made a record of **170 words per minute,** but the others, although present, declined to compete.

THE SPEED of the "HAMMOND," measured not in words, but in correct finger movements, is **15 per cent. greater** than that of any other typewriter.

THE HAMMOND TYPEWRITER CO.,
447 & 449 East 52d St., N.Y.

77 Nassau St., New York. | 300 Washington St., Boston.
198 La Salle St., Chicago. | 209 N. 8th St., St. Louis.
116 S. 6th St., Phila. | 42 W. 4th St., Cincinnati.

The "Old Reliable."

I HAVE BEEN USING



Waterman's
Ideal Fountain Pen

in my court work for several years, with the greatest satisfaction. The ink flows from it at the instant it touches the paper, and it flows steadily and without a break as long as the work is continued. The stenographer who works without it makes a decided mistake. — **W. W. Osgoodby,** Stenographer of the New York Supreme Court, Rochester, N. Y.

A pen with which a stenographer writes as fast as a man talks is "reliable" for any writer.

You will not lose anything in giving it a trial, for if it is not entirely satisfactory it can be returned, and your money will be refunded.

See advertisements in previous numbers.

Send for illustrated price-list, with testimonials.

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L. E. Waterman Co.,
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Ideal Pocket, for pens and pencils. Price of pocket: nickel, 15 cents; with leather cover, 30 cents.

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PARIS COSTUMES,
* WRAPS, * * * *
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FROM THE LEADING PARIS MODISTES,

which, with the productions of

THEIR OWN WORKROOMS,

enable them to offer at all seasons the largest and choicest collections to be found in the city.

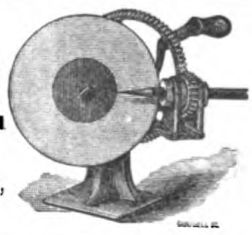
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With a large staff of the most competent fitters and designers, they are in position to give the utmost satisfaction.

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For Schools and Offices.
Sharpens both Lead and Slate Pencils.

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Send for Circular.



PRINT Your Own CARDS PRESS, $3. Circular size, $8. Newspaper size, $44. Type-setting easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue presses, type, cards, &c., to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

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JAS. G. WILSON, Patentee and Manufacturer,

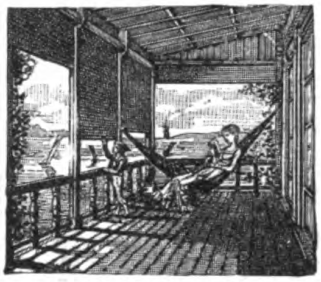
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English Venetian Blinds.



Rolling Partitions.


Rolling Venetian Blinds.


Outside Venetian.

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THE BEST

The word **"LOWELL" APPEARS IN CAPITAL LETTERS** in the back of **Lowell, Wilton,** and **Body Brussels** at every repeat of the pattern. **LOOK CAREFULLY** to the trade-marks, and be sure you get the genuine **LOWELL CARPETS.**

The LOWELL INGRAINS are wound upon a hollow stick, which the United States Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The stick is in two solid pieces, with the name of the **LOWELL COMPANY** stamped within. **BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

These goods are invariably full width, and may be had in a large variety of designs, which for technique and coloring are unequalled, rendering them especially appropriate for artistic homes.

For Sale by all First-class Dealers.

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GAS FIXTURES, LAMPS, ELECTROLIERS.

For this season's furnishings, our artists have produced many original designs, which, being made in the most careful manner, carry out the standard of excellence heretofore maintained.

These goods are now supplied in old-silver finish, and make artistic and harmonious fixtures for special rooms.

Wrought-Iron Chandeliers and Hall Lights in Unique Designs.

Prices Reasonable.

Correspondence Solicited. Estimates given.

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Successor to MITCHELL, VANCE & CO.,

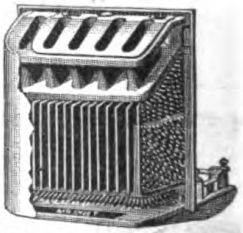
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Introducing Heated Out-Door Air.
Heating two or more floors if desired.

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Over 200 different styles of design and finish.

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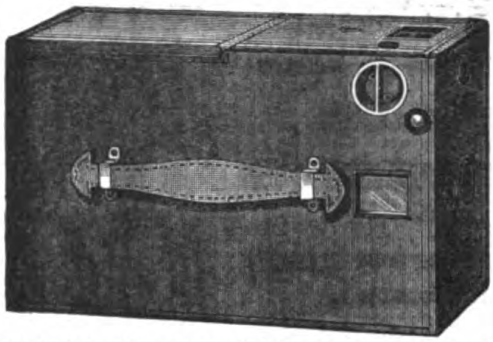
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Draw a bead, touch the trigger, and the picture is taken.

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100 Pictures without Reloading.

PRICES, $15 TO $50.

Don't think of purchasing a Camera until sending for the Hawk-Eye Booklet, new edition, with sample photograph.

WHEN SO DESIRED, WE WILL DO THE DEVELOPING AND FINISHING.

THE BLAIR CAMERA CO.,

Manufacturers,

471 to 477 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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208 State Street, Chicago, Ill.; 918 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Hawk-Eye is sold by Dealers in Photo. Goods everywhere.



STEAM YACHTS, ROW-BOATS, and CANOES.



Racine Automatic Oil-Burning Outfits. Fuel, either **Crude Oil or Kerosene.** Automatic Fire, Automatic Steam Regulator, Automatic Water Regulator, Automatic Engineer after starting. Automatic cleanliness and safety; in short a genuine **Automatic Success.**

Also, Racine Automatic Stationary Engines, same fuel. Also, Racine Automatic Pumping Outfits, same fuel.

We are also large manufacturers of Pleasure Boats and Canoes (not automatic). Send stamp, specifying catalogue desired, Yacht, Boat, or Stationary Engine.

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IF YOU RIDE HORSEBACK USE THE Ready Riding-Strap.

Being attached to the shoe and trousers on the inside of the foot, they are entirely concealed from view, and the trousers appear to hang naturally, giving the rider a good appearance.



The end hooks are connected by a wire spring so that they will fit any shoe. All metal parts nickel plated. 50 cts. per pair, postage paid. Agents wanted.

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To Every Crowned Head in Europe.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD.

All Designs and **Models are original**, and cannot be duplicated.

Reasonable Prices, **Exclusive Cloths**, Perfect Fit and Finish.

All Garments made under the direct supervision of one of the Firm.

210 Fifth Ave., through to 1132 Broadway, N. Y.





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The popular Silk for Spring and Summer wear is variously known as India, China, or Japan Silk. It is most durable and comfortable and is peculiarly adapted to prevailing styles of dress.

Plain Colors, light and dark, are 65 cents, 90 cents, $1.00, and $1.25 per yard.

Fancy Patterns, in great variety, 75 cents, 85 cents, $1.00, $1.25 per yard; and two lines unusually fine at $1.50 and $1.75.

Wash Silks, in stripes, checks, and plaids, at $1.00 per yard.

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UNFADING ASIATIC DYES.

Sensational advertising is always strictly avoided in offering BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S FAST-DYED EMBROIDERING SILKS, but the fact that there are in the market many WORTHLESS IMITATIONS THAT WILL NOT WASH of BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG'S ROPE, FILO, OUTLINING, TWISTED, KNITTING, CROCHETING, UNDERWEAR, NATURELLE, and COUCHING SILKS, necessitates a word of *Caution to Art Embroiderers. See that every Skein, Hank, Ball, or Spool bears our name. No other is genuine.*

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FACTORIES, NEW LONDON, CONN.,

Leading Manufacturers in the world of materials for high-class Needlework and Decorative Embroidering.

EIGHT REASONS why every Lady should use

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It is absolutely harmless: the purest science can produce. Does not show; will not rub off. Is used by society and dramatic ladies. Purifies and beautifies the complexion; gives freshness to the skin. Is made in 3 shades: white, pink and cream. Is an old and tried preparation, thousands of ladies having used it for years. Ask your druggist for it, or send 50c. or 25c. for a box by mail. Send 2-cent stamp for lovely perfumed blotters.

A full box will be sent FREE to any one who, mentioning this paper, sends us the names and addresses of ten ladies who use OTHER POWDERS. Send also three two-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing.

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This Picture will suggest the many advantages of our Patent Desk and Fall. When the key-board is uncovered the whole front frame swings forward automatically and forms the ideal music-desk.

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WE OFFER TO SHIP ON APPROVAL, piano to be returned, railway freights both ways at our expense if unsatisfactory on examination and trial in your home.

DISTANCE MAKES NO DIFFERENCE—one mile or 2000 miles are alike to us. We know our goods. The risk is ours. We take old instruments in exchange and make terms of payment suit each customer's reasonable convenience.

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ALL MAKERS

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HALLET & DAVIS.

EVERY *desirable* improvement that has been invented during the 50 *years* they have been in business is found in their pianos, resulting in an instrument that has taken **83 Gold Medals and First Prizes,** receiving the unqualified endorsement of the leading musicians of the world, and delighting all who have purchased or listened to this unrivalled

PIANO.

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179 Tremont St., BOSTON, MASS.





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PIANOS! ✣ $35. ✣ ORGANS!

Direct from the Factory at Manufacturer's Prices. No such offer ever made before. Every man his own agent. Examine in your home before paying. Write for particulars. Address

THE T. Swoger & Son Pianos & Organs
BEAVER FALLS, PENNSYLVANIA.



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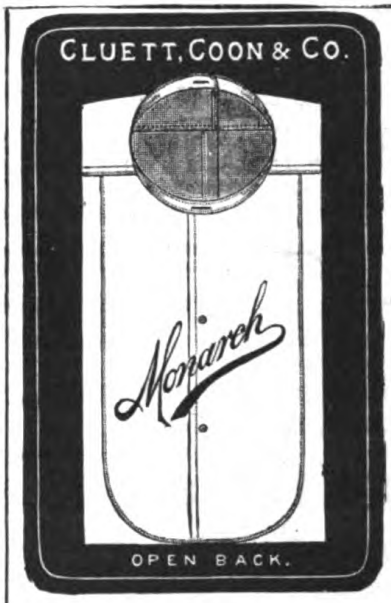
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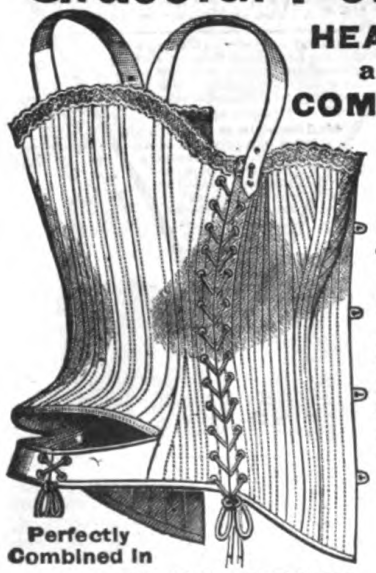
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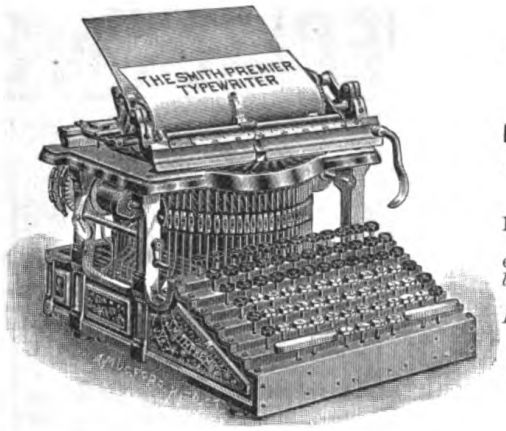
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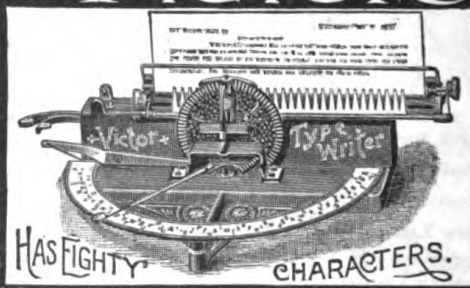
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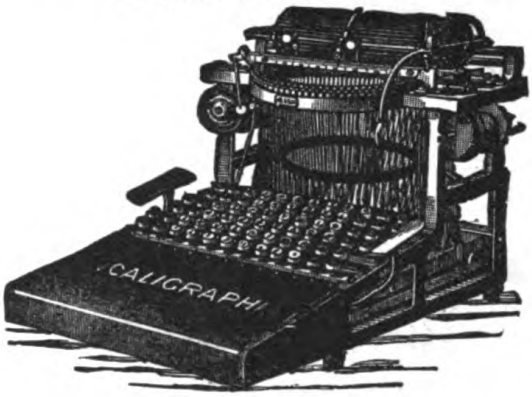
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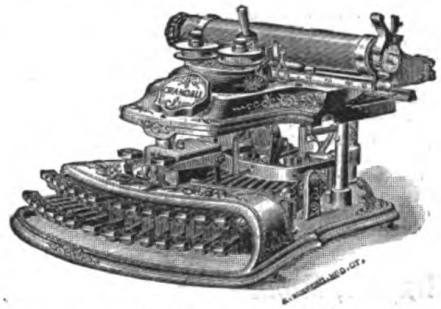
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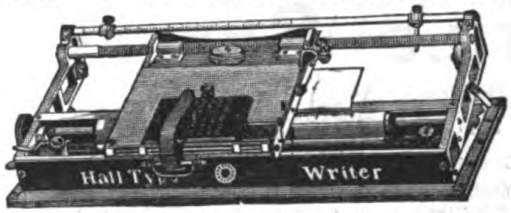
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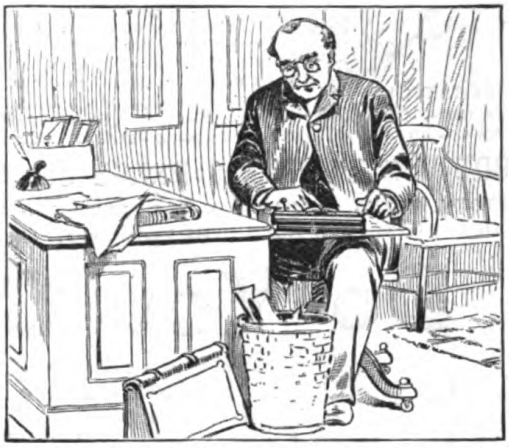
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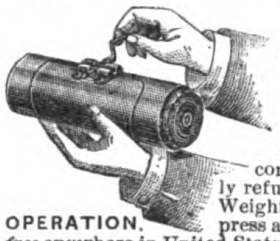
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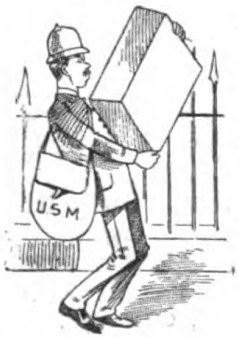


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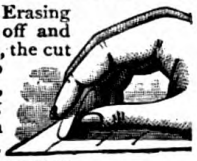
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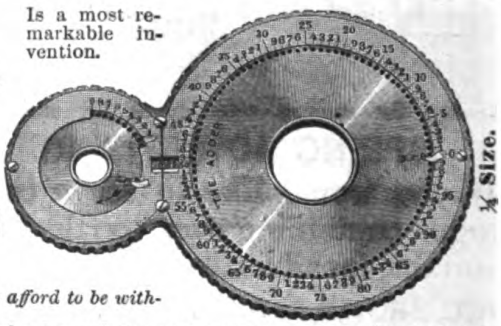
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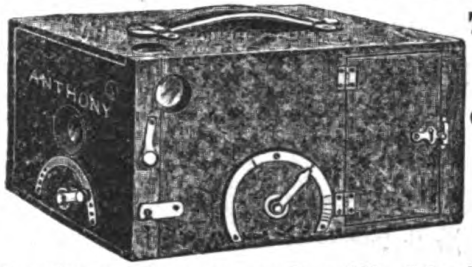
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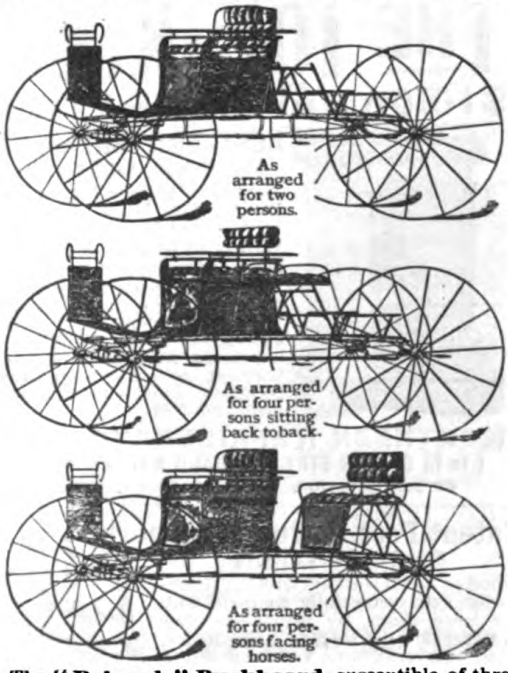
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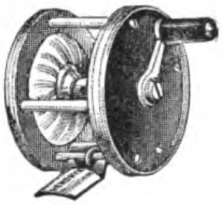
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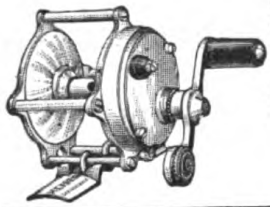
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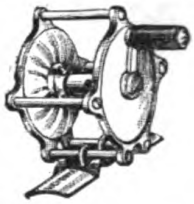
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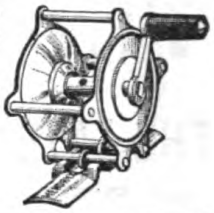
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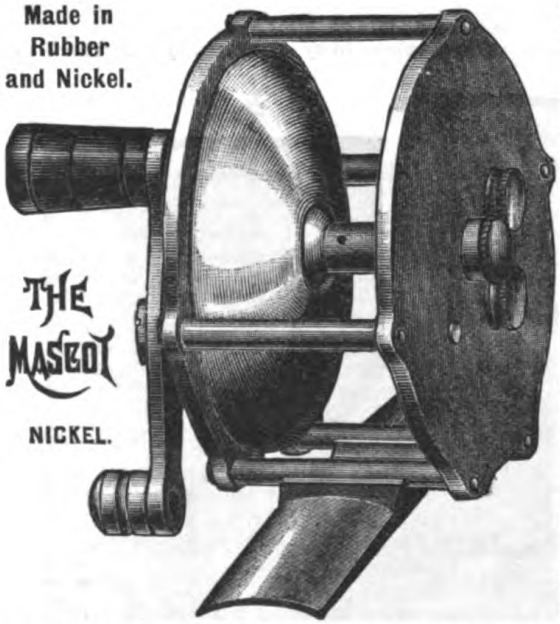
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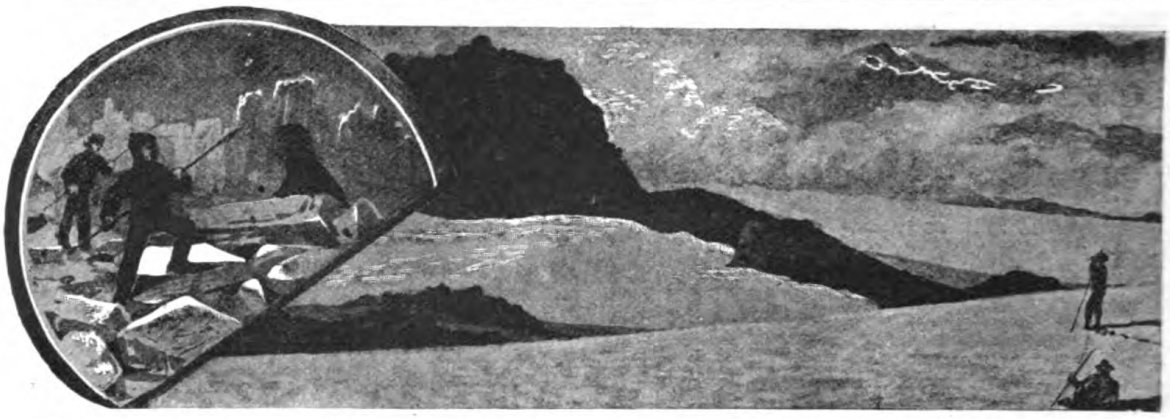
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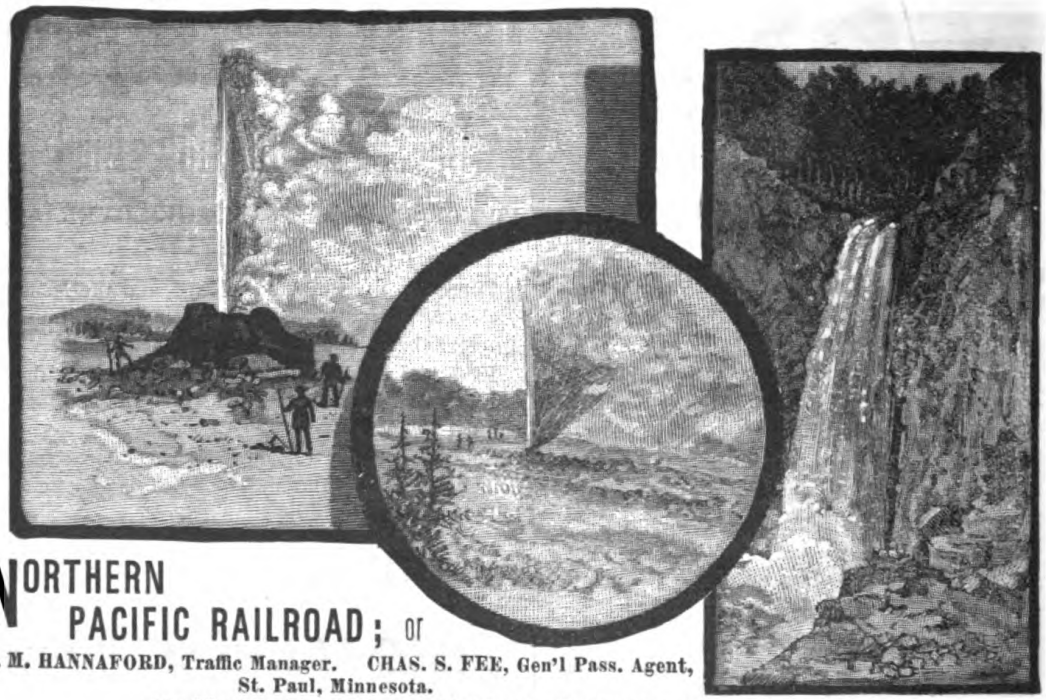
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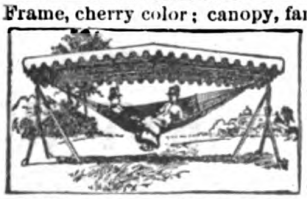


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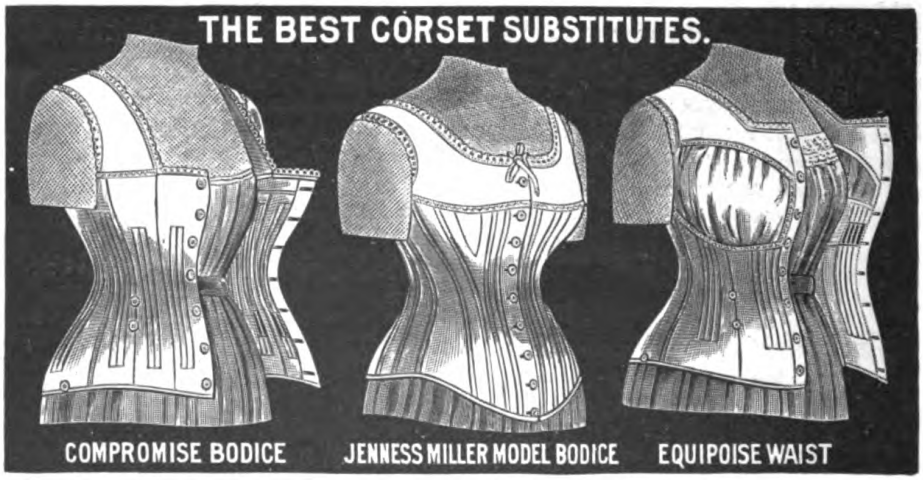
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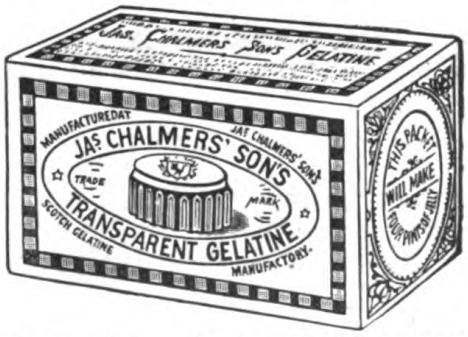
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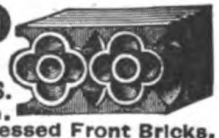
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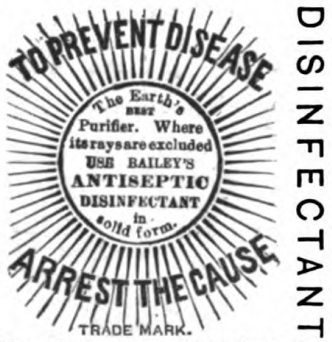
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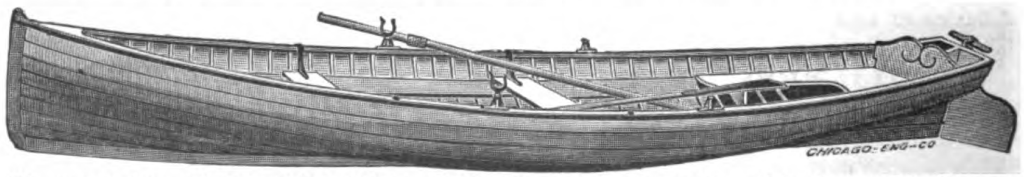
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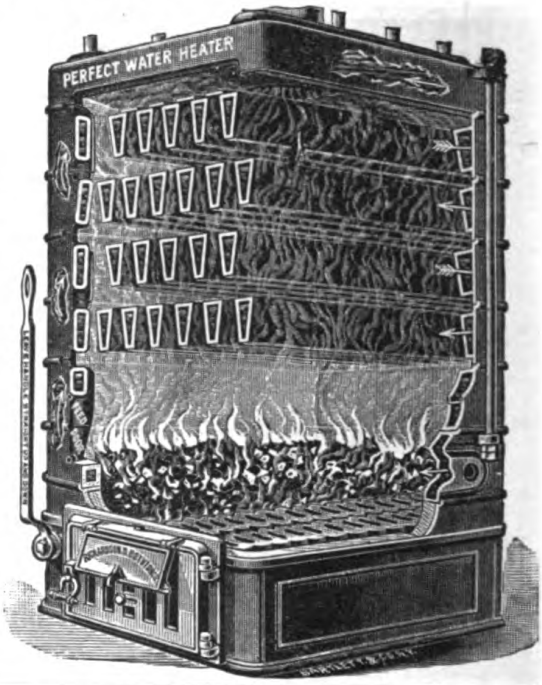
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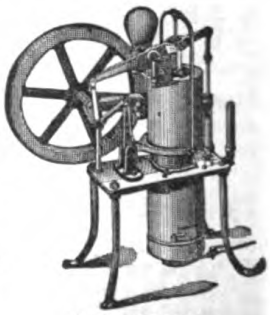
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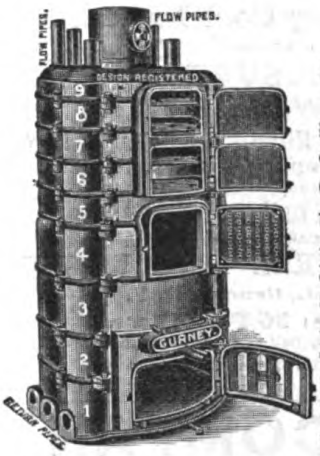
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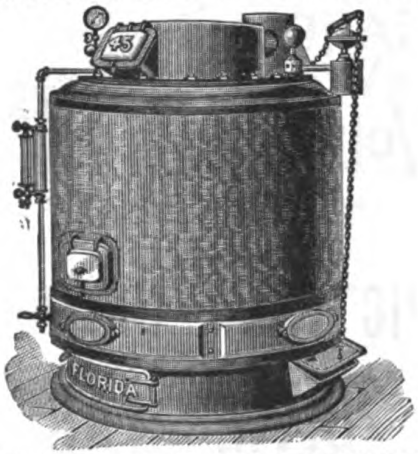
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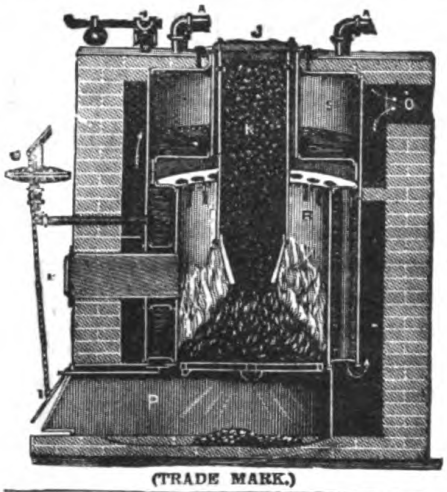
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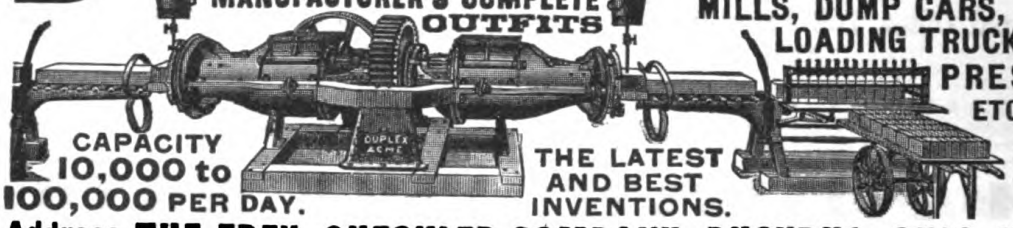
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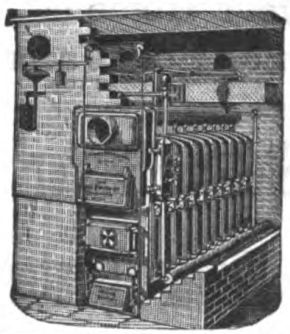
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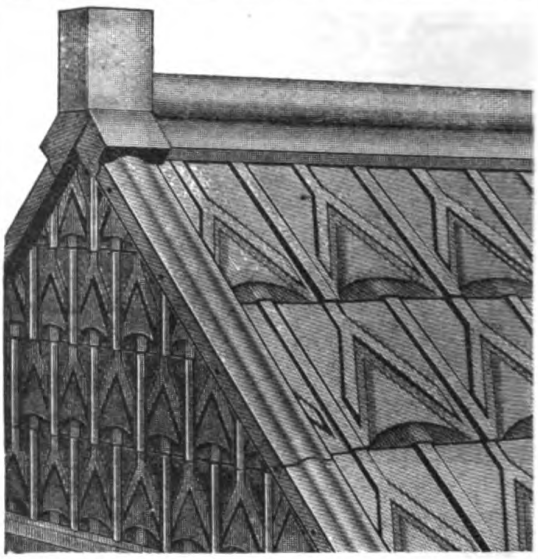
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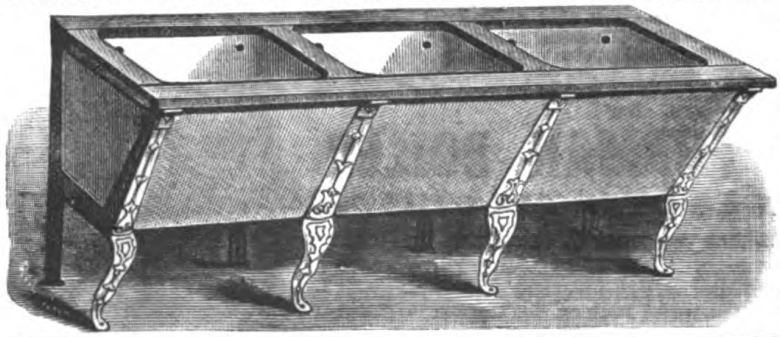
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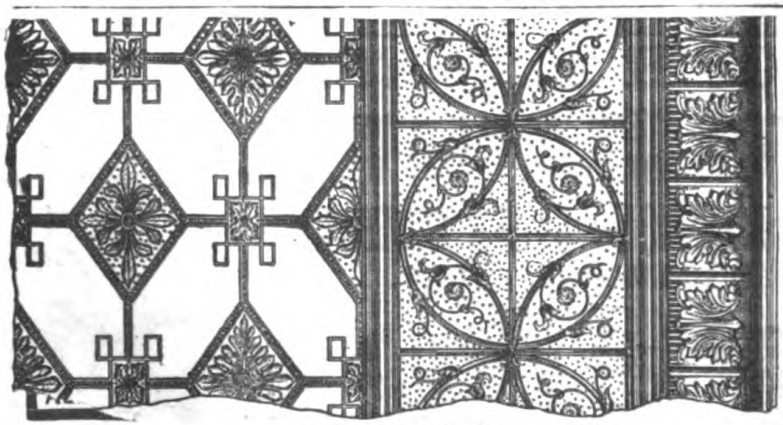
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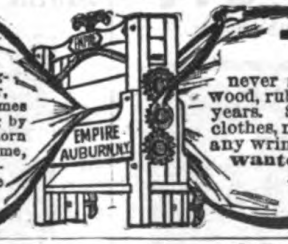
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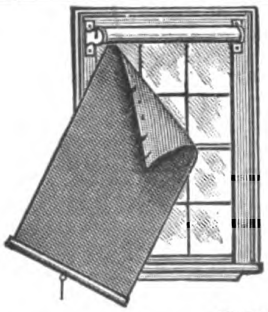
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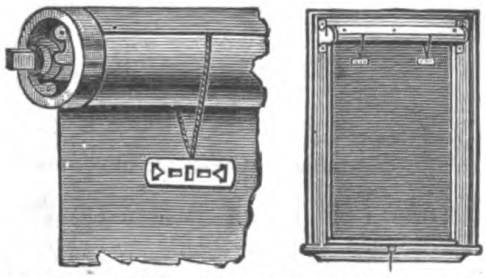
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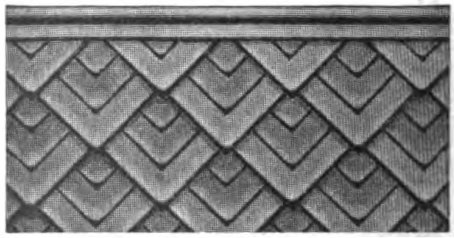


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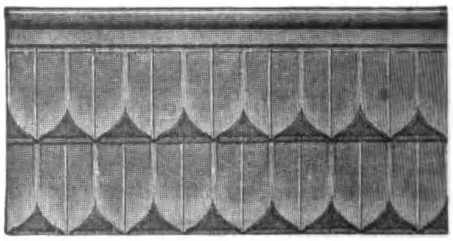
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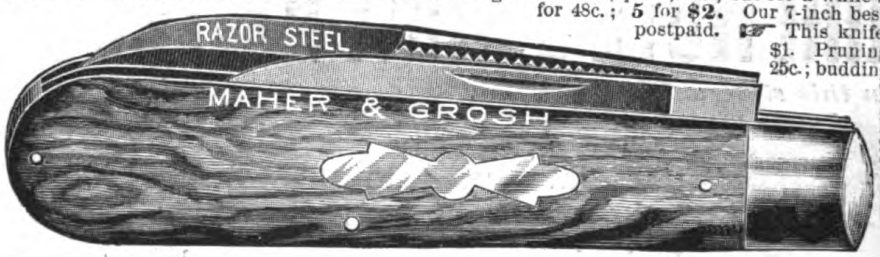
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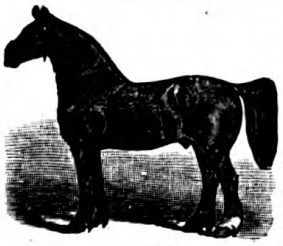
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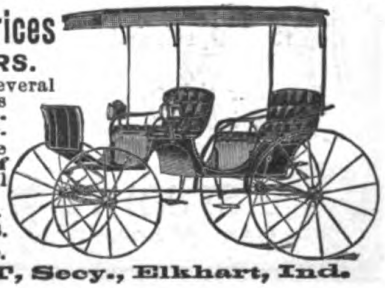
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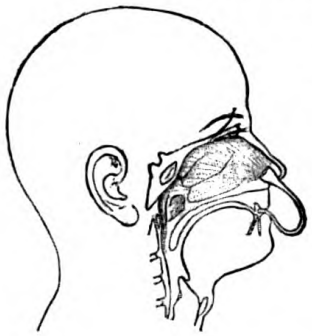
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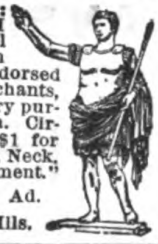
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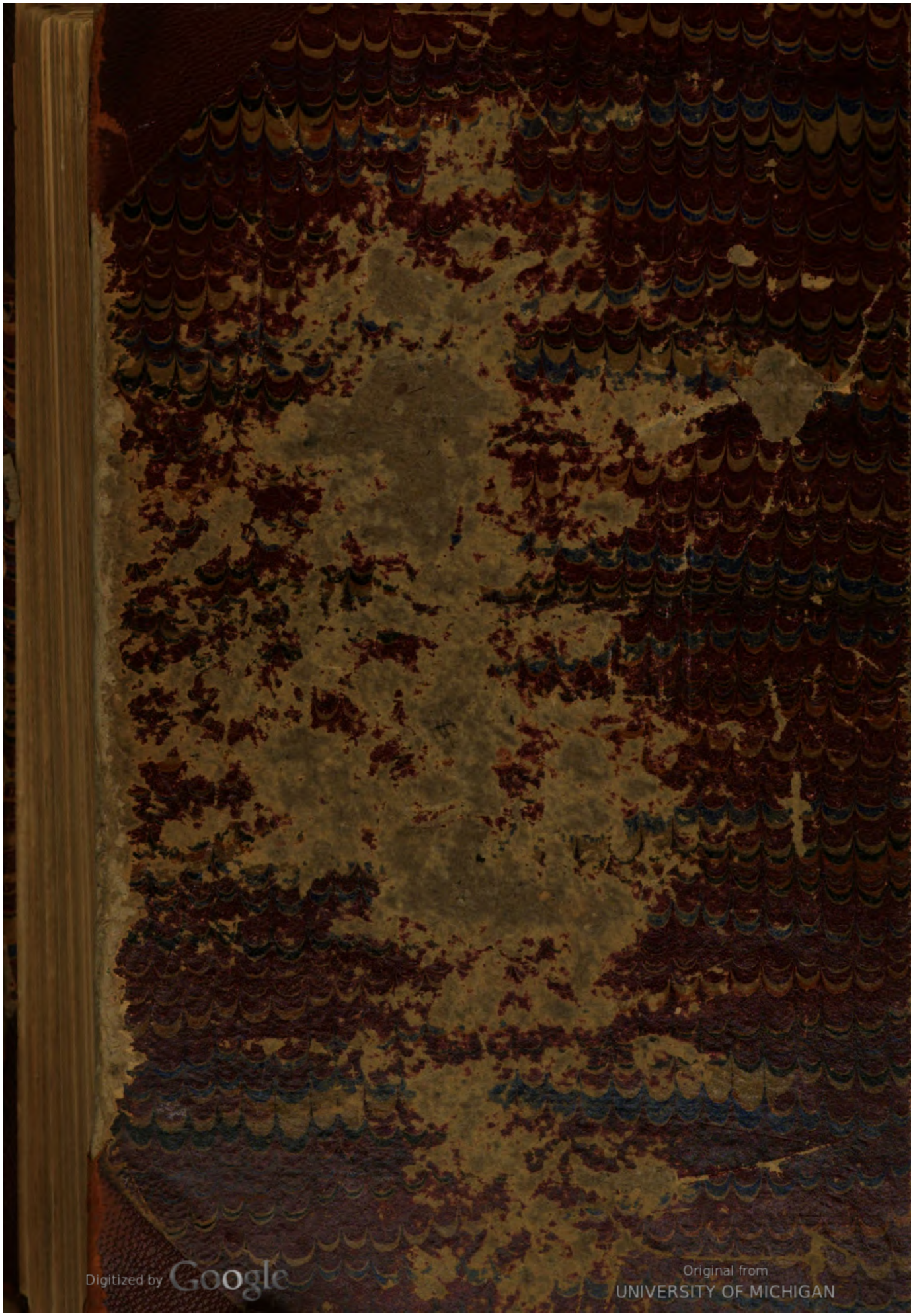
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